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SPECIMENS
OF THE
EARLY ENGLISH POETS;

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,
AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE
RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH POETRY
AND LANGUAGE,

WITH A
Biography of each Poet,
&c.

BY
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SPECIMENS,

&c.

JAMES I.

(1603 to 1625.)

It has been remarked by Bishop Percy, that almost all the poetry which was composed during the early part of the preceding reign was remarkable for the facility and musical flow of its versification ; whereas the compositions of Donne, Jonson, and many of their contemporaries are, in general, unusually harsh and discordant.

Indeed, our literature could not fail of reflecting, in some degree, the manners of the court. Our maiden queen, unable to submit without some degree of peevishness and regret to the ravages made in her charms by the attacks of age and infirmity, spread uneasiness and constraint all around her ; and the playful gallantry inseparable from a female court was gradually succeeded by a more cold and gloomy system of manners. Poetry, which had long been busied with the loves and graces, was now only occupied with the abstruse researches of science ; and fancy seemed to be crushed and overlaid by the weight of learning.

The accession of James I., who brought to the throne the accomplishments and dispositions of a pedagogue, contributed to the growth of pedantry and affectation ; and at the same time the sullen spirit of puritanism, which

began to be widely diffused, concurred in vitiating the national taste. The theatres alone seem to have been the refuge of genius, nor has any æra of our history produced so many models of dramatic excellence : but the wretched spirit of criticism which prevailed in the closet is evinced by the multiplied editions of Donne, Herbert, and similar versifiers ; by the general preference of Jonson to Shakespeare ; and by the numberless volumes of patchwork and shreds of quotation which form the prose compositions of this age.

It is remarkable, that the series of Scottish poets terminates abruptly in this reign, and that no name of eminence occurs between those of Drummond and Thomson. Indeed it is not extraordinary that the period which intervened between the union of the two crowns and that of the countries should have proved highly unpropitious to Scottish literature. Scotland, becoming an appendage to the sister kingdom, was subjected, as Ireland has since been, to the worst of all governments, being abandoned to the conflict of rival families, who were alternately supported by the English administration, so that it exhibited a species of anarchy under the auspices of a legitimate sovereign.

James I. was himself a poet, and specimens of his talent, such as it was, are to be found in many of our miscellanies. He also wrote some rules and *cautels*, for the use of professors of the art, which have been long, and perhaps deservedly, disregarded.

The most favourable sample of his Majesty's poetic skill has been lately obtained from the College library, Edinburgh, and will be found in the following page. It is prefixed to Fowler's translation of the *Triumphs of Petrarch*, a MS. before described.

JAMES I.

SONNET.

WE find by proof that *into* every age
 In Phœbus' art some glistering star did shine,
 Who, worthy scholars to the Muses sage,
 Fulfill'd their countries with their works divine.
 So Homer was a sounding trumpet fine
 Amongst the Greeks, *into* his learned days ;
 So Virgil was among the Romans *syne*
 A sprite sublim'd, a pillar of their praise !
 So lofty Petrarch his renown did blaze
 In tongue Italic, in a sugar'd style,
 And to the circled skies his name did raise :
 For he, by poems that he did compile,
 Led in triùmph Love, Chastness, Death, and Fame :
 But thou triùmphs o'er Petrarch's proper name !
Signed " J. Rex."

ROBERT BURTON,

OTHERWISE known by the name of Democritus junior, was born in 1576, of an ancient and genteel family, at Lindley, in Leicestershire. In 1593, he was entered a commoner at Brazennose College, in 1599 elected student of Christ-Church, and in 1616 made vicar of St. Thomas's, Oxford, which preferment, with the rectory of Segrave in Leicestershire, "he kept," says Wood, "*with much ado to his dying day.*" The same writer adds, "He was an exact mathematician, *a curious calculator of nativities*, a general-read scholar, a thro'-paced philologist, and *one that understood the surveying of lands well;*" and though "a melancholy and *humorous* person," yet "of great honesty, plain-dealing, and charity." Wood had also heard some of the *antients* of Christ-Church often say, "that his company was *very merry, facete, and juvenile.*" His "Anatomy of Melancholy," a very singular work, in which Dr. Ferriar has detected the source of many of Sterne's most admired passages, was first published in 4to, 1621, and, after subsequently passing through seven editions in folio, has been lately republished. Wood says the bookseller got an estate by it; and that "'tis a book so full of variety of reading, that gentlemen who have lost their time, and are *put to a push for invention*, may furnish themselves with matter for common or scholastical discourse and writing." From what he farther observes, it should seem that Sterne was not without precedent in his depredations upon Burton. "Several authors have unmercifully stolen matter from the said book without any acknowledgment, particularly one Will. Greenwood," &c., "who, as others of the like humour do, sometimes

takes his quotations without the least mention of Democritus junior." Dr. Johnson thought highly of the "Anatomy of Melancholy;" see Boswell's Life; and Mr. Warton, in his notes to Milton's minor poems, p. 94, second edition, supposes that great poet "to have borrowed the subject of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, together with some particular thoughts, expressions, and rhymes," from the subsequent specimen. "As to the very elaborate work," says Mr. Warton, "to which these visionary verses are no unsuitable introduction, the writer's variety of learning, his quotations from scarce and curious books, his pedantry, sparkling with rude wit and shapeless elegance, miscellaneous matter, intermixture of agreeable tales and illustrations, and perhaps, above all, the singularities of his feelings, cloathed in an uncommon quaintness of style, have contributed to render it, even to modern readers, a valuable repository of amusement and information."

Burton was fond of poetry, and left behind him a very curious poetical and miscellaneous library, out of which he bequeathed to the Bodleian all the books not already contained in it. He died in 1639, (*very near the time of his own calculation,*) and was buried in Christ-Church Cathedral, where his bust may be seen, as well as a short Latin inscription, his own composition, on a monument erected by the care of his brother William, the antiquary and historian of Leicestershire.

The Abstract of Melancholy.

[Prefixed to "The Anatomy of Melancholy."]

WHEN I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things foreknown,
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow, and void of fear,

REIGN OF JAMES I.

Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet.

All my joys to this are folly,
Nought so sweet as melancholy.

When I lie waking, all alone,
Recounting what I have ill done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannise,
Fear and sorrow me surprise ;
Whether I tarry still, or go,
Methinks the time moves very slow.

All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so sad as melancholy.

When to myself I act, and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brook-side, or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought-for, or unseen,
A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soul with happiness.

All my joys besides are folly,
None so sweet as melancholy.

When I lie, sit, or walk alone,
I sigh, I grieve, making great moan,
In a dark grove, or irksome den,
With discontents and furies, then
A thousand miseries at once
Mine heavy heart and soul ensconce.

All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so sour as melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Sweet music, wondrous melody,
Towns, palaces, and cities fine,
Here now, then there, the world is mine ;
Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine,
Whate'er is lovely or divine.

All other joys to this are folly,
None so sweet as melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Ghosts, goblins, fiends :—my fantasy
Presents a thousand ugly shapes,
Headless bears, black men, and apes.
Doleful outcries, and fearful sights,
My sad and dismal soul affrights.

All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so damn'd as melancholy.

Methinks I court, methinks I kiss,
Methinks I now embrace my miss :
O blessed days, O sweet content !
In Paradise my time is spent !
Such thoughts may still my fancy move,
So may I ever be in love !

All my joys to this are folly,
Nought so sweet as melancholy.

When I recount love's many frights,
My sighs and tears, my waking nights,
My jealous fits ; O mine hard fate
I now repent, but 'tis too late.
No torment is so bad as love,
So bitter to my soul can prove.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so harsh as melancholy.

Friends and companions, get you gone !
'Tis my desire to be alone ;
Ne'er well, but when my thoughts and I
Do domineer in privacy.
No gem, no treasure like to this,
'Tis my delight, my crown, my bliss.
All my joys to this are folly,
Nought so sweet as melancholy.

'Tis my sole plague to be alone ;
I am a beast, a monster grown ;
I will no light nor company,
I find it now my misery.
The scene is turn'd, my joys are gone,
Fear, discontent, and sorrows come.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so fierce as melancholy.

I'll not change life with any king ;
I ravish'd am ! can the world bring

More joy, than still to laugh and smile,
In pleasant toys time to beguile?
Do not, O do not trouble me,
So sweet content I feel and see.

All my joys to this are folly,
None so divine as melancholy.

I'll change my state with any wretch
Thou canst from jail or dunghill fetch.
My pain past cure ; another hell ;
I may not in this torment dwell ;
Now, desperate, I hate my life :
Lend me a halter or a knife.

All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so damn'd as melancholy.

FRANCIS DAVISON,

SON of the secretary of state who suffered so much from the affair of Mary Queen of Scots, published a poetical miscellany, in 1602, under the title of "A Poetical Rapsody," containing small pieces by the compiler himself, by his brother Walter, by a friend whom he calls *Anomos*, by Sir John Davis, the Countess of Pembroke, Sir P. Sidney, Dr. Campion, &c. A second edition appeared in 1608, a third in 1611, and a fourth in 1621.

WHEN I to you of all my woes complain,
 Which you make me endure without release,
 With scornful smiles you answer me again,
 That lovers true must bear, and hold their peace.
 Dear, I will bear, and hold my peace, if you
 Will hold your peace, and bear what I shall do.

Desires Government.

WHERE Wit is over-rul'd by Will,
 And Will is led by fond desire,
 There Reason were as good be still,
 As speaking, kindle greater fire.
 For where Desire doth bear the sway,
 The heart must rule, the head obey.

What boots the cunning pilot's skill,
To tell which way to shape their course,
When he that steers will have his will,
And drive them where he list perforce ?
So Reason shows the truth in vain
Where fond Desire as king doth reign.

*An Altar and Sacrifice to Disdain, for freeing him
from Love.*

MY Muse, by thee restored to life,
To thee, Disdain, this altar rears ;
Whereon she offers causeless strife,
Self-spending sighs, and bootless tears.

Long suits in vain,
Hate for good will,
Still-dying pain,
Yet living still :
Self-loving pride,
Looks coyly strange,
Will, reason's guide,
Desire of change,
And last of all
Blind Fancy's fire,
False Beauty's thrall,
That binds Desire :

All these I offer to Disdain,
By whom I live from Fancy free ;
With vow that if I love again
My life the sacrifice shall be.

Strephon's Palinode.

SWEET, I do not pardon crave
Till I have
By deserts this fault amended :
This, I only this desire,
That your ire
May with penance be suspended.

Not my will, but fate did fetch
Me, poor wretch,
Into this unhappy error ;
Which to plague, no tyrant's mind
Pain can find
Like my heart's self-guilty terror.

Then, O then ! let that suffice,
Your dear eyes
Need not, need not more afflict me ;
Nor your sweet tongue dipt in gall
Need at all
From your presence interdict me.

By my love, long, firm, and true,
 Borne to you,
By these tears, my grief expressing,
By this pipe, which nights and days
 Sounds your praise,
Pity me my fault confessing.

Or, if I may not desire
 That your ire
May with penance be suspended ;
Yet, let me full pardon crave,
 When I have
With soon death my fault amended.

*A Fiction how Cupid made a Nymph wound herself
 with his arrows¹.*

It chanc'd of late a shepherd's swain,
 That went to seek a strayed sheep,
Within a thicket, on the plain,
 Espied a dainty nymph asleep.

Her golden hair o'erspread her face,
 Her careless arms abroad were cast,
Her quiver had her pillow's place,
 Her breast lay bare to every blast.

¹ Erroneously ascribed in Dryden's Misc. (vol. iv. p. 274) to Sidney Godolphin, under the title of "Cupid's Pastime."

The shepherd stood and gaz'd his fill,
Nought durst he do, nought durst he say;
When chance, or else perhaps his will,
Did guide the god of love that way.

The crafty boy, that sees her sleep,
Whom, if she wak'd, he durst not see,
Behind her closely seeks to creep,
Before her nap should ended be.

There come, he steals her shafts away,
And puts his own into their place;
He dares he any longer stay,
But, ere she wakes, hies thence apace.

Scarce was he gone when she awakes,
And spies the shepherd standing by;
Her bended bow in haste she takes,
And at the simple swain let fly.

Forth flew the shaft, and pierc'd his heart,
That to the ground he fell with pain;
Yet up again forthwith he start,
And to the nymph he ran amain.

Amaz'd to see so strange a sight,
She shot, and shot, but all in vain:
The more his wounds, the more his might,
Love yieldeth strength in midst of pain.

Her angry eyes are great with tears,
She blames her hands, she blames her skill ;
The bluntness of her shafts she fears,
And try them on herself she will.

Take heed, sweet nymph, try not thy shaft !
Each little touch will prick the heart ;
Alas ! thou know'st not Cupid's craft,
Revenge is joy, the end is smart.

Yet try she will, and prick some bare ;
Her hands were glov'd, and next to hand
Was that fair breast, that breast so rare,
That made the shepherd senseless stand.

That breast she prick'd, and through that breast
Love finds an entry to her heart :
At feeling of this new-come guest,
Lord ! how the gentle nymph doth start.

She runs not now, she shoots no more ;
Away she throws both shafts and bow :
She seeks for that she shunn'd before,
She thinks the shepherd's haste too slow.

Though mountains meet not, lovers may,
So others do, and so do they ;
The god of love sits on a tree,
And laughs that pleasant sight to see.

THOMAS CAMPION

WAS a physician in the reign of James I. and author of two Masques ; one presented at Whitehall, on the marriage of Lord Hayes, printed 1607, 4to, and the other represented at Lord Knowles's, at Cawsome-house, &c., printed 1613, 4to. The following pieces are taken from Davison's miscellany.

Of Corinna's Singing.

WHEN to her lute Corinna sings,
Her voice revives the leaden strings,
And doth in highest notes appear,
As any challeng'd echo clear :
But when she doth of mourning speak,
E'en with her sighs the strings do break.

And as her lute doth live or die,
Led by her passions, so must I :
For when of pleasure she doth sing,
My thoughts enjoy a sudden spring ;
But if she do of sorrow speak,
E'en from my heart the strings do break.

Of his Mistress's Face.

AND would you see my mistress' face ?
It is a flowery garden-place,
Where knots of beauty have such grace,
That all is work, and no where space.

It is a sweet delicious morn,
Where day is breeding, never born :
It is a meadow yet unshorn,
Which thousand flowers do adorn.

It is the heaven's bright reflex,
Weak eyes to dazzle and to vex :
It is th' idea of her sex,
Envy of whom doth world perplex.

It is a face of death that smiles,
Pleasing, though it kill the whiles,
Where death and love, in pretty wiles,
Each other mutually beguiles.

It is fair beauty's freshest youth :
It is the feigned Elysium's truth,
The spring that winter'd hearts renew'th ;—
And this is that my soul pursu'th.

GEORGE SANDYS,

ONE of the most harmonious versifiers of his age, was the youngest son of Edwin Sandys, Archbishop of York, and born at Bishop's-Thorp, 1577. He was entered at St. Mary Hall, Oxford, in 1589, but received his tuition, according to Wood, in Corpus Christi College; and in 1610 began his travels into the East, of which he published an account on his return: a work much esteemed, having passed through many editions since the first in 1615. Wood says he was "an accomplished gentleman,"—"master of several languages, of a fluent and ready discourse, and excellent comportment. He had also naturally a poetical fancy, and a zealous inclination to all human learning." He was gentleman of the privy chamber to Charles I., and intimately acquainted with the celebrated Lucius Lord Falkland, who contributed two copies of verses in honour of his *Tragedy* and his *Psalms*. He died in 1643.

His poetical version of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, once much admired, was originally published in 1627, with the first book of Virgil's *Æneid*, and twice afterwards. His *Tragedy*, called "Christ's Passion," translated from Hugo Grotius, and first printed in 1640, 12mo, is much praised by Langbaine. His "Paraphrase upon the Psalmes of David, and upon the hymnes dispersed throughout the Old and New Testaments," appeared in 1636, 12mo, a book which Wood tells us King Charles "delighted to read in, while prisoner in Carisbroke Castle." This, together with a *Paraphrase upon Job, Ecclesiastes, Lamentations, &c.*, was reprinted in 1638, folio, and in 1676, 8vo. The last contains, besides, a paraphrase on Solomon's *Song*, first published at Oxford in 1641, 4to.

For further particulars the reader may consult Langbaine's and Cibber's [Shiell's] Lives of the Poets.

The two last of the following specimens, besides the harmony of their numbers, have the additional recommendation of exhibiting the order of their Author's publications, and the course of his travels.

PSALM CXLVIII.

You who dwell above the skies,
Free from human miseries ;
You whom highest heaven embowers,
Praise the Lord with all your powers !
Angels, your clear voices raise !
Him you heavenly armies praise !
Sun, and moon with borrow'd light,
All you sparkling eyes of night,
Waters hanging in the air,
Heaven of heavens, his praise declare !
His deserved praise record,
His, who made you by his word—
Made you evermore to last,
Set you bounds not to be past.
Let the earth his praise resound ;
Monstrous whales, and seas profound,
Vapours, lightning, hail, and snow,
Storms, which, when he bids them, blow !
Flowery hills, and mountains high,
Cedars, neighbours to the sky,

Trees, that fruit in season yield,
All the cattle of the field,
Savage beasts, all creeping things,
All that cut the air with wings !
You who awful sceptres sway,
You, inured to obey,
Princes, judges of the earth,
All, of high and humble birth !
Youths, and virgins, flourishing
In the beauty of your spring ;
You who bow with age's weight,
You who were but born of late ;
Praise his name with one consent :
O how great ! how excellent !

Urania to the Queen.

[Prefixed to his " Translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses. '

THE Muses by your favour blest,
Fair queen, invite you to their feast.
The Graces will rejoice and sue,
Since so excell'd, to wait on you.
Ambrosia taste, which frees from death,
And nectar, fragrant as your breath,
By Hebe fill'd, who states the prime
Of youth, and *brails* the wings of Time.

Here in Adonis' gardens grow
 What neither age or winter know.
 The boy with whom Love seem'd to die
 Bleeds in this pale anemony.
 Self-lov'd Narcissus in the mirror
 Of your fair eyes now sees his error,
 And from the flattering fountain turns ;
 The hyacinth no longer mourns.
 This Heliotrope, which did pursue
 Th' adored sun, converts to you.

* * * *

Chaste Daphne bends her virgin-boughs,
 And twines t' embrace your sacred brows.
 Their tops the Paphian myrtles move,
 Saluting you their queen of love.
 Myrrha, who weeps for her offence,
 Presents her tears,—her frankincense
 Leucothoe ; th' Heliades
 Their amber ;—yet you need not these.

* * * *

These azure-plumed Halcyones,
 Whose birth controls the raging seas,
 To your sweet union yield the praise
 Of nuptial loves, of peaceful days.
 Nymph, take this quiver and this bow—
 Diana such, in shape and show ;
 When with her star-like train she crowns
 Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' downs.

There chace the Calydonian boar ;
Here see Actæon fly before
His eager hounds ; wild herds will stand
At gaze, nor fear so fair a hand.
There be, who our delights despise
As shadows, and vain fantasies.
Those sons of earth, enthrall'd to sense,
Condemn what is our excellence.
The air, immortal souls, the skies,
The angels in their hierarchies,
Unseen, to all things seen dispense
Breath, life, protection, influence.
Our high conceptions crave a mind
From earth and ignorance refin'd ;
Crown Virtue ; fortune's pride control ;
Raise objects equal to the soul ;
At will create ; eternity
Bestow on mortals born to die.
Yet we, who life to others give,
Fair Queen, would by your favour live !

Dedication of his " Paraphrase " to King Charles I.

THE Muse who from your influence took her birth,
First wander'd through the many-peopled earth ;
Next sung the change of things : disclos'd th' un-
known,
Then to a nobler shape transform'd her own ;

Fetch'd from Engaddi spice, from Jewry balm,
And bound her brows with Idumæan palm ;
Now, old, hath her last voyage made, and brought
To royal harbour this her sacred fraught :
Who to her king bequeathes the wealth of kings ;
And dying, her own epicedium sings.

*Extract from an Address " Deo Opt. Max." at the
end of the same volume.*

OH ! who hath tasted of thy clemency
In greater measure, or more oft than I ?
My grateful verse thy goodness shall display.
O thou who went'st along in all my way
To where the Morning with perfumed wings
From the high mountains of Panchæa springs ;
To that new-found-out world, where sober Night
Takes from th' Antipodes her silent flight ;
To those dark seas, where horrid winter reigns,
And binds the stubborn floods in icy chains ;
To Libyan wastes, whose thirst no showers assuage,
And where swoln Nilus cools the lion's rage.
Thy wonders in the deep have I beheld ;
Yet all by those on Junah's hills excell'd :
There where the Virgin Son his doctrine taught,
His miracles and our redemption wrought :
Where I, by thee inspir'd, his praises sung,
And on his sepulchre my offering hung :

Which way soe'er I turn my face or feet,
I see thy glory and thy mercy meet.
Met on the Thracian shores ; when in the strife
Of frantic Simoans thou preserv'd'st my life.

* * * * *

Thou sav'd'st me from the bloody massacres
Of faithless Indians, from their treacherous wars,
From raging fevers, from the sultry breath
Of tainted air, which cloy'd the jaws of death,
Preserv'd from swallowing seas, when towering waves
Mix'd with the clouds and open'd their deep graves.

* * * * *

Then brought'st me home in safety, that this earth
Might bury me, which fed me from my birth :
Blest with a healthful age, a quiet mind,
Content with little, to this work design'd :
Which I at length have finish'd by thy aid,
And now my vows have at thy altar paid.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Of this author little appears to be known, except that he was probably a native of Lincolnshire, an actor, and one of the most voluminous writers that ever attempted dramatic composition, as he himself reckons one hundred and twenty plays, in which, says he, "I have had either an entire hand, or at least a main finger." Of these, however, only twenty-four remain, for a catalogue of which, as well as his other works, recourse may be had to the *Biographia Dramatica* and *Langbaine*. The latter regards him as "a general scholar, and an indifferent linguist," and informs us "he has borrowed many ornaments from the ancients." The following extracts are taken from his "*Pleasant Dialogues and Drammas*," &c., 1637, 12mo.

SONG.

PACK clouds away, and welcome day,
 With night we banish sorrow ;
 Sweet air blow soft, mount larks aloft,
 To give my love good-morrow !
 Wings from the wind to please her mind,
 Notes from the lark I'll borrow ;
 Bird prune thy wing, nightingale sing,
 To give my love good-morrow !
 To give my love good-morrow,
 Notes from them both I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin-red-breast,
Sing birds in every furrow ;
And from each hill let music shrill
Give my fair love good-morrow !
Blackbird, and thrush, in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow !
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good-morrow !
To give my love good-morrow,
Sing birds in every furrow !

Shepherd's Song.

WE that have known no greater state
Than this we live in, praise our fate :
For, courtly silks in cares are spent,
When country's russet breeds content.
The power of sceptres we admire,
But sheep-hook for our use desire.
Simple and low is our condition,
For here with us is no ambition ;
We with the sun our flocks unfold,
Whose rising makes their fleeces gold.
Our music from the birds we borrow,
They bidding us, we them, good-morrow.

Our habits are but coarse and plain,
Yet they defend from wind and rain ;

As warm too, in an equal eye,
As those be stained in scarlet dye.
Those that have plenty wear, we see,
But one at once, and so do we.
The shepherd with his home-spun lass
As many merry hours doth pass
As courtiers with their costly girls,
Though richly deck'd in gold and pearls ;
And, though but plain, to purpose woo,
Nay, oft-times, with less danger too.
Those that delight in dainties store
One stomach feed at once, no more :
And, when with homely fare we feast,
With us it doth as well digest ;
And many times we better speed,
For our wild fruits no surfeits breed.
If we sometimes the willow wear,
By subtle swains that dare forswear,
We wonder whence it comes, and fear
They've been at court, and learnt it there.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER,

OF MENSTRIE, EARL OF STERLINE,

WAS born in 1580. Having been early distinguished for his proficiency in classical learning, he was recommended to the Earl of Argyle as a companion in his travels. After some time spent abroad he returned to a rural retirement in Scotland, where he finished his "*Aurora*," a collection of sonnets, &c. in honour of his first mistress, to whom he had become attached at the early age of fifteen, before leaving his own country. This lady, however, proving cruel, and bestowing her hand upon another and more aged admirer, he consoled himself by marrying Janet, the daughter and heir of Sir William Erskine. He was now warmly patronised by James I., who made him in 1613 gentleman-usher to Prince Charles, and in 1614 knighted him. By Charles I. he was in 1630 appointed secretary of state for Scotland (a post which he retained with credit till his death); and in 1633 created Earl of Sterline. He died in 1640.

His works consist of "*Darius*," 1603, Edinburgh, 4to, reprinted in London the following year: to which in 1607 were added three others: viz. "*Croesus*," "*The Alexandrian Tragedy*," and "*Julius Cæsar*," making together a small quarto, with the general title of "*The Monarchicke Tragedies newly enlarged*." These were again printed, with alterations, in a minute 12mo, in 1616, London, professing to be the third edition. "*Aurora*," 1604, 4to. "*A Parænesis to the Prince*," 1604, 4to. "*Doomsday*," a sacred poem in twelve parts, Edinburgh, 1614, 4to, and London, 1641, 4to, and "*Jonathan, an Heroicke Poem*

intended. The first booke." All these various works, excepting "Aurora," were, in 1637, with many changes and amendments, collected into one volume folio, under the title of "Recreations with the Muses."

For further particulars of our author, who deserves considerable praise as a masculine and vigorous writer, abounding with moral and political instruction, see Langbaine, Cibber (i. e. Shiell), the *Biographia Britannica*, and Pinkerton's list prefixed to his *Ancient Scottish Poems*, 1786.

Extract from a Speech of Cælia, in the Tragedy of Cræsus.

[The text is printed from ed. 1637, which agrees almost exactly with ed. 1616.—The various readings at the foot of the page are from ed. 1607.]

FIERCE tyrant, Death, who ¹ in thy wrath didst take
 One half of me, and left one ² half behind,
 Take this to thee, or give the other ³ back,
 Be wholly ⁴ cruel, or be no way ⁵ kind !

But ⁶ whilst I live, believe, thou canst not ⁷ die—
 O ! e'en in spite of death, yet still my choice !
 Oft, with the inward all-beholding ⁸ eye
 I think I see thee, and I hear thy voice.

¹ "that."

² "an."

³ So ed. 1616.—Ed. 1607 and 1637, "me th' other."

⁴ "altogether."

⁵ "all."

⁶ "For."

⁷ "thou canst not wholly."

⁸ "Th' imagination's love-quick."

And, to content my languishing desire,
To ease my mind each thing ¹ some help affords :
Thy fancied form doth oft ² such faith acquire ³,
That in all sounds ⁴ I apprehend thy words.

Then, with such thoughts my memory to wound,
I call to mind thy looks, thy words, thy grace—
Where thou didst haunt, yet I adore the ground !
And where thou stept—O sacred seems that place !

My solitary walks, my widow'd bed,
My dreary sighs, my sheets oft bath'd with tears,
These shall record what life by me is led ⁵
Since first sad news breath'd death into mine ears.

Though for more pain yet spar'd a space by Death ⁶,
Thee first I lov'd, with thee all love I leave ;
For my chaste flames, which quench'd were with
thy breath ⁷,
Can kindle now no more but in thy grave !

¹ " Each thing to ease my mind." ² " Ed. 1616, " whiles."

³ " I fancy whiles thy form—and then a-fire."

⁴ " In every sound."

⁵ Ed. 1607 and 1616, " can record the life that I have led."

⁶ " I live but with despair my sprite to dash."

⁷ " extinguish'd in thy ash."

SONG.

[From "Aurora."]

OH would to God a way were found
 That by some secret sympathy unknown
 My fair my fancy's depth might sound,
 And know my state as clearly as her own !
 Then blest, most blest were I :
 No doubt beneath the sky,
 I were the happiest wight :
 For if my state they knew,
 It ruthless rocks would rue,
 And mend me if they might.

The deepest rivers make least din,
 The silent soul doth most abound in care :
 Then, might my breast be read within,
 A thousand volumes would be written there.
 Might silence show my mind,
 Sighs tell how I were pin'd,
 Or looks my woes relate ;
 Then any pregnant wit,
 That well remarked it,
 Would soon discern my state.

* * * *



Of, those that do deserve disdain

For forging fancies get the best reward ;
Where I, who feel what they do feign,
For too much love am had in no regard.

Behold, by proof we see,
The gallant living free
His fancies doth extend :
Where he that is o'ercome,
Rein'd with respects, stands dumb,
Still fearing to offend.

Then, since in vain I plaints impart

To scornful years, in a contemned scroll,
And since my tongue betrays my heart,
And cannot tell the anguish of my soul ;
Henceforth I'll hide my losses,
And not recount the crosses
That do my joys o'erthrow ;
At least, to senseless things,
Mounts, vales, woods, floods, and springs,
I shall them only show.

Ah ! unaffected lines,

True models of my heart !
The world may see that in you shines
The power of passion, more than art.

WILLIAM HERBERT,

EARL OF PEMBROKE.

THE character of this nobleman is (as Lord Orford has already observed) most admirably drawn by Lord Clarendon. (Hist. Rebellion, vol. i. p. 57.) A collection of poems, partly written by him, partly by Sir Benjamin Ruddier, and partly (as it should seem) transcribed from other writers, was published in 1660, in one volume 8vo. If the following poem be really his, as the prefix denotes, it is highly creditable to his taste.

A SONNET.

So glides along the wanton brook
 With gentle pace into the main,
 Courting the banks with amorous look
 He never means to see again.

And so does Fortune use to smile
 Upon the short-liv'd favourite's face,
 Whose swelling hopes she doth beguile,
 And always casts him in the race.

And so doth the fantastic boy,
The god of the ill-manag'd flames,
Who ne'er kept word in promis'd joy
To lover, nor to loving dames.

So all alike will constant prove,
Both Fortune, running streams, and Love.

EDWARD LORD HERBERT

OF CHERBURY.

THIS noble author is little known as an English poet, and it must be confessed that his younger son, Henry Herbert, who collected and published his poetry, showed more piety than taste by that publication. Its title is "Occasional Verses of Edward Lord Herbert, Baron of Cherbury and Castle-island, deceased in August, 1648," 1655, 12mo.

The following, selected from an Ode of thirty-five stanzas, are the most tolerable verses in this little volume.

*An Ode upon a Question moved, whether Love
should continue for ever ?*

HAVING interr'd her infant birth,
The watery ground that late did mourn
Was strew'd with flowers, for the return
Of the wish'd bridegroom of the earth.

The well-accorded birds did sing
Their hymns unto the pleasant time,
And in a sweet consorted chime
Did welcome in the cheerful spring

To which, soft whistles of the wind,
And warbling murmurs of a brook,
And varied notes of leaves that shook,
And harmony of parts did bind.

When, with a love none can express,
That mutually happy pair,
Melander and Celinda fair,
The season with their loves did bless.

Walking thus tow'rds a pleasant grove,
Which did, it seem'd, in new delight
The pleasures of the time unite,
To give a triumph to their love,

They staid at last, and on the grass
Reposed so, as o'er his breast
She bow'd her gracious head to rest,
Such a weight as no burthen was.

Long their fix'd eyes to heaven bent
Unchanged, they did never move,
As if so great and pure a love
No glass but it could represent.

When with a sweet though troubled look
She first brake silence, saying, "Dear friend,
O that our love might take no end,
Or never had beginning took !

"I speak not this with a false heart ;"
Wherewith his hand she gently strain'd ;
"Or that would change a love maintain'd
With so much love on either part.

"Nay, I protest, though Death with his
Worst counsel should divide us here,
His terrors could not make me fear
To come where your lov'd presence is.

"Only, if love's fire with the breath
Of life be kindled, I doubt,
With our last air 'twill be breath'd out,
And quenched with the cold of death."

Then, with a look, it seem'd denied
All earthly power but hers, yet so
As if to her breath he did owe
This borrow'd life, he thus replied :



“ And shall our love, so far beyond
That low and dying appetite,
And which so chaste desires unite,
Not hold in an eternal bond ?

“ O no, beloved ! I am most sure
Those virtuous habits we acquire,
As being with the soul intire,
Must with it evermore endure.

“ Else should our souls in vain elect ;
And vainer yet were heaven's laws,
When to an everlasting cause
They gave a perishing effect.

“ Nor here on earth then, nor above,
Our good affection can impair :
For, where God doth admit the fair,
Think you that he excludeth love ?

“ These eyes again thine eyes shall see,
And hands again these hands infold ;
And all chaste pleasures can be told
Shall with us everlasting be.

“ For if no use of sense remain
 When bodies once this life forsake,
 Or they could no delight partake,
 Why should they ever rise again ?

* * * * *

“ Let then no doubt, Celinda, touch,
 Much less your fairest mind invade :
 Were not our souls immortal made,
 Our equal loves can make them such.”

The following Epitaph on himself (which is not noticed in Walpole's Life of Lord Herbert) is too characteristic of the writer not to deserve insertion.

THE monument which thou beholdest here
 Presents EDWARD LORD HERBERT to thy sight ;
 A man who was so free from either hope or fear
 To have or lose this ordinary light,
 That, when to elements his body turned were,
 He knew, that as those elements would fight,
 So his immortal soul should find above,
 With his Creator, peace, joy, truth, and love.

DABRIDGCOURT BELCHIER,

THE eldest son of William Belchier, of Gillesborough, in Northamptonshire, Esq., born about 1581, entered at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, in 1597, and afterwards at Christ-Church, Oxford, where he took the degree of B.A. in 1600. Some time after this he went to Utrecht, where he wrote a comedy called "Hans Beer Pot his Invisible Comedy of See me and See me not, acted in the Low Countries by an honest Company of Health Drinkers," 1618, 4to, a work which has little to recommend it except its rarity. But the following song, if it be (like the rest of the comedy) translated from the Dutch, may possibly be thought worth preserving, as a specimen of Batavian fancy.

Belchier died in the Low Countries, 1621, having, according to Wood, "wrote several poems, and made other translations."

WALKING in a shadowy grove,
 Near silver streams fair gliding,
 Where trees in ranks did grace those banks,
 And nymphs had their abiding ;
 Here as I staid, I saw a maid,
 A beauteous lovely creature ;
 With angel face, and goddess' grace,
 Of such exceeding feature :

Her looks did so astonish me,
And set my heart a quaking ;
Like stag that gaz'd, was I amaz'd,
And in a stranger taking ;
Yet rous'd myself to see this elf,
And, lo, a tree did hide me ;
Where I, unseen, beheld this queen
Awhile, ere she espied me.

Her voice was sweet, melodiously
She sung in perfect measure,
And thus she said, with trickling tears :
“ Alas, my joy and treasure,
I'll be thy wife, or lose my life,
There's no man else shall have me :
If God say so, I will say no ;
Although a thousand crave me.

“ Oh stay not long, but come, my dear,
And knit our marriage knot ;
Each hour a day, each month a year,
Thou know'st I think, God wot.
Delay not then, like worldly men,
Good works till wither'd age :
'Bove other things the King of Kings
Bless'd lawful marriage.”

With that she rose, like nimble roe,
The tender grass scarce bending,
And left me there perplex'd with fear
At this her sonnet's ending.
I thought to move this dame of love,
But she was gone already :
Wherefore I pray, that those that stay
May find their loves as steady !

PHINEAS FLETCHER

WAS of a Kentish family, cousin to the celebrated dramatic writer, and son to the learned Dr. Giles Fletcher, whom Wood calls an excellent poet (ambassador to Russia, and author of the History of that Commonwealth, a little volume, suppressed on its first publication in 1591, but reprinted in 1643). Phineas, like his father, was educated at Eton, and King's College, Cambridge, where he entered in 1600, and afterwards took the degrees of A.B. and A.M. In 1621 he was presented to the benefice of Hilgay, in Norfolk, which he seems to have held twenty-nine years. He was the author of "Siceledes," a piscatory drama or pastoral, 4to, 1631, (originally intended to have been performed before James I., in 1614,) and "The Purple Island, or the Isle of Man," in twelve cantos of seven-lined stanzas, being an allegorical description of the human body and mind. This poem, which deserves to be better known, was printed at Cambridge, 1633, 4to, "together with Piscatorie Eclogs and other Poeticall Miscellanies." Mr. Headley, whose remarks on Fletcher well merit the reader's attention, observes that "Milton read and imitated him, and that he is eminently entitled to a very high rank among our old English classics."

Fletcher's "Purple Island" may be found in Dr. Anderson's Poets, with a biographical account prefixed.

[LOVE.]

[From the sixth Piscatory Eclogue.]

Love's sooner felt than seen ; his substance thin
Betwixt those snowy mounts in ambush lies ;

Oft in the eyes he spreads his subtle gin ;
He therefore soonest wins that fastest flies.
Fly thence, my dear, fly fast, my Thomalin !
Who him encounters once, for ever dies.
But if he lurk between the ruddy lips,
Unhappy soul, that thence his nectar sips,
While down into his heart the sugar'd poison slips !

Oft in a voice he creeps down through the ear ;
Oft from a blushing cheek he lights his fire ;
Oft shrouds his golden flame in likest hair ;
Oft in a soft smooth skin doth close retire ;
Oft in a smile ; oft in a silent tear :
And if all fail, yet Virtue's self he'll hire.
Himself's a dart, when nothing else can move :
Who then the captive soul can well reprove,
When Love and Virtue's self become the darts of
Love.

To Mr. Jo. Tomkins.

THOMALIN, my *lief*, thy music strains to hear
More wraps my soul, than when the swelling winds
On craggy rocks their whistling voices tear :
Or when the sea, if stopt his course he finds,
With broken murmurs thinks weak shores to *fear*,
Scorning such sandy cords his proud head binds :

More than where rivers in the summer ray,
Through covert glades cutting their shady way,
Run tumbling down the lawns, and with the pebbles
play.

Thy strains to hear, old Chamus from his cell
Comes guarded with an hundred Nymphs around;
An hundred Nymphs, that in his rivers dwell,
About him flock with water-lilies crown'd :
For thee the Muses leave their silver well,
And marvel where thou all their art hast found.
There sitting they admire thy dainty strains,
And, while thy sadder accent sweetly plains,
Feel thousand sugar'd joys creep in their melting
veins.

How oft have I, the Muses' bower frequenting,
Miss'd them at home, and found them all with thee,
Whether thou sing'st sad Eupathus lamenting,
Or tunest notes to sacred harmony,
The ravish'd soul with thy sweet songs consenting,
Scorning the carth, in heavenly ecstacy,
Transcends the stars, and with the angels' train
Those courts surveys; and now, come back again,
Finds yet another heaven in thy delightful strain.

Ah ! could'st thou here thy humble mind content
Lowly with me to live in country cell,

And learn suspect the court's proud blandishment,
Here might we safe, here might we sweetly dwell.
Live Pallas in her towers and marble tent,
But ah ! the country bowers please me as well.
There with my Thomalin I safe would sing,
And frame sweet ditties to thy sweeter string ;
There would we laugh at spite and Fortune's thundering.

No Flattery, Hate, or Envy lodgeth there ;
There no Suspicion wall'd in proved steel,
Yet fearful of the arms herself doth wear ;
Pride is not there ; no tyrant there we feel.
No clamorous laws shall deaf thy music ear :
They know no change, nor wanton Fortune's wheel :
Thousand fresh sports grow in those dainty places,
Light Fawns and Nymphs dance in the woody spaces,
And little Love himself plays with the naked Graces.

But seeing fate my happy wish refuses,
Let me alone enjoy my low estate,
Of all the gifts that fair Parnassus uses,
Only scorn'd poverty and Fortune's hate
Common I find to me and to the Muses ;
But with the Muses welcome poorest fate !
Safe in my humble cottage will I rest ;
And lifting up from my untainted breast
A quiet spirit to heaven, securely live and blest.

GILES FLETCHER,

BROTHER of the preceding, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of B.D., and died at Alderton in Suffolk, 1623, "equally beloved," says Wood, "of the Muses and Graces." He published "Christ's Victorie and Triumph in Heaven and Earth over and after Death," Cambridge, 1610, 4to, in four parts, written in stanzas of eight lines. Mr. Headley calls it "a poem rich and picturesque, and on a happier subject than that of his brother." See his "Select Beauties of Ancient English Poetry." Another edition appeared in 1632, which in 1640 was furnished with a new title, and decorated with engravings. This is reprinted in Dr. Anderson's Poets with a Life.

The latter of the two following extracts, taken from the conclusion of the poem, is an elegant tribute to the talents of his brother, from which it appears that in 1610 "The Purple Island" was already written : indeed Phineas himself, in the dedication prefixed to his volume, describes its contents as the *raw essays of his very unripe years and almost childhood.*

[*Panglory's Wooing-song.*]

LOVE is the blossom where there blows
 Every thing that lives or grows ;
 Love doth make the heavens to move,
 And the sun doth burn in love :
 Love the strong and weak doth yoke,
 And makes the ivy climb the oak,

Under whose shadows lions wild,
Softened by Love, grow tame and mild.
Love no medicine can appease ;
He burns the fishes in the seas :
Not all the skill his wounds can stanch,
Not all the sea his fire can quench.
Love did make the bloody spear
Once a heavy coat to wear,
While in his leaves there shrouded lay
Sweet birds, for love that sing and play ;
And of all Love's joyful flame
I the bud and blossom am.

Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be !

See, see the flowers that below
Now as fresh as morning blow,
And of all the virgin rose,
That as bright Aurora shows,
How they all unleaved die
Losing their virginity :
Like unto a summer shade,
But now born and now they fade.
Every thing doth pass away ;
There is danger in delay.
Come, come gather then the rose ;
Gather it, or it you lose.
All the sand of Tagus' shore
In my bosom casts his ore :

All the valleys swimming corn
To my house is yearly borne :
Every grape of every vine
Is gladly bruis'd to make me wine ;
While ten thousand kings, as proud
To carry up my train, have bow'd,
And a world of ladies send me
In my chambers to attend me :
All the stars in heaven that shine,
And ten thousand more, are mine.
 Only bend thy knee to me,
 Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

PART IV. ST. XLVIII.

BUT let the Kentish lad that lately taught
 His oaten reed the trumpet's silver sound,
Young Thyrsilis, and for his music brought
 The willing spheres from heaven to lead a round
 Of dancing nymphs, and herds that sung and
 crown'd
Eclecta's hymen with ten thousand flowers
Of choicest praise, and hung her heavenly bowers
With saffron garlands, drest for nuptial paramours,

Let his shrill trumpet, with her silver blast,
 Of fair Eclecta and her spousal bed
Be the sweet pipe, and smooth encomiast ;
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But my green Muse, hiding her younger head
Under old Chamus' flaggy banks, that spread
Their willow locks abroad, and all the day
With their own watery shadows wanton play,
Dares not those high amours and love-sick songs
assay.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT,

DESCENDED of an ancient Leicestershire family, son of Francis Beaumont the judge, and brother of Francis Beaumont the poet, was author of "Bosworth Field," with a variety of other poems, printed in 1629, 12mo. According to Wood, he was entered a gentleman-commoner of Broadgate's Hall, Oxford, in 1596, at the age of fourteen, consequently born in 1582. Having remained here about three years, he retired to one of the inns of court, and afterwards to his native country, where he married, and was in 1626 made a baronet. "The former part of his life," says Wood, "he successfully employed in poetry, and the latter he as happily bestowed on more serious and beneficial studies." He died in 1628. Dr. Kippis commends the harmonious versification of Sir John Beaumont, and says it was much above the general cast of the age. See Biog. Brit. vol. ii. 88.

A Description of Love.

LOVE is a region full of fires,
 And burning with extreme desires
 An object seeks, of which possess,
 The wheels are fix'd, the motions rest,
 The flames in ashes lie opprest.

This meteor, striving high to rise,
(The fuel spent) falls down and dies.

Why then should lovers (most will say)
Expect so much th' enjoying day ?
Love is like youth : he thirsts for age,
He scorns to be his mother's page :
But when proceeding times assuage
The former heat he will complain,
And wish those pleasant hours again.

We know that Hope and Love are twins ;
Hope gone, fruition now begins :
But what is this ? unconstant, frail,
In nothing sure, but sure to fail,
Which, if we lose it, we bewail ;
And when we have it, still we bear
The worst of passions, daily fear !

When Love thus in his centre ends,
Desire and Hope, his inward friends,
Are shaken off ; while Doubt and Grief,
The weakest givers of relief,
Stand in his council as the chief.
And now he, to his period brought,
From Love becomes some other thought.

These lines I write not to remove
United souls from serious love:
 The best attempts by mortals made
 Reflect on things which quickly fade;
 Yet never will I men persuade
To leave affections, where may shine
Impressions of the love divine.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

JOHN FLETCHER, son of the Bishop of London, was born in 1576, and Francis Beaumont in 1585 ; but it is impossible to separate two names so closely united during their lives. It is generally supposed that Fletcher was superior in wit and imagination, Beaumont (though the younger man), in taste and judgment. Their earliest composition was "The Woman hater," printed in 1707, 4to. Beaumont died in the twenty-ninth, and Fletcher in the forty-ninth year of his age. They were both educated in the University of Cambridge.

SONG.

[In "The Knight of the Burning Pestle."]

'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood,
 More than wine, or sleep, or food.
 Let each man keep his heart at ease :
 No man dies of that disease.
 He that would his body keep
 From diseases must not weep :
 But whoever laughs and sings,
 Never he his body brings
 Into fevers, gouts, or rheums,
 Or lingeringly his lungs consumes ;
 Or meets with aches in the bone,
 Or catarrhs, or griping stone :

But contented lives for aye :
The more he laughs the more he may.

SONG.

[In "The Nice Valour."]

HENCE all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly !
There's nought in this life sweet,
If men were wise to see't,
But only melancholy,
Oh sweetest melancholy !

Welcome folded arms, and fixed eyes ;
A sigh that, piercing, mortifies ;
A look that's fasten'd to the ground ;
A tongue chain'd up without a sound !

Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves ;
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly hous'd save bats and owls !
A midnight bell, a parting groan,
These are the sounds we feed upon !
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley :
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

SONG.

[In "The Masque," &c.]

YE should stay longer if we durst——
Away.—Alas, that he that first
Gave Time wild wings, to fly away,
Has now no power to make him stay !
But though these games must needs be play'd,
I would this pair, when they are laid,
 And not a creature nigh them,
Could catch his scythe as he doth pass,
And clip his wings, and break his glass,
 And keep him ever by them.

A sad Song.

[In "The Queen of Corinth."]

WEEP no more, nor sigh, nor groan !
Sorrow calls no time that's gone.
Violets pluck'd the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again.
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully ;
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see.
Joys, as winged dreams, fly fast ;
Why should sadness longer last ?
Grief is but a wound to wo ;
Gentlest fair ! mourn, mourn no mo.

SONG.

[In "The Captain."]

"TELL me, dearest, what is love?"

'Tis a lightning from above;

'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire;

'Tis a boy they call Desire;

'Tis a grave

Gapes to have

Those poor fools that long to prove.

"Tell me more, are women true?"

Yes, some are, and some as you.

Some are willing, some are strange,

Since you men first taught to change;

And, till troth

Be in both,

All shall love, to love anew.

"Tell me more yet, can they grieve?"

Yes, and sicken sore, but live,

And be wise, and delay

When you men are as wise as they:

"Then I see

Faith will be

Never till they both believe."

SONG.

[In "The Elder Brother."]

BEAUTY clear and fair,
Where the air
 Rather like a perfume dwells ;
Where the violet and the rose
Their blue veins in blush disclose,
 And come to honour nothing else !

Where to live near
And planted there,
 Is to live and still live new ;
Where to gain a favour is
More than light, perpetual bliss ;
 Make me live by serving you !

[In "A Wife for a Month."]

LET those complain that feel Love's cruelty,
 And in sad legends write their woes :
With roses gently he has corrected me ;
 My war is without rage or blows !
My mistress' eyes shine fair on my desires,
And hope springs up inflam'd with her new fires.

No more an exile will I dwell,
With folded arms and sighs all day,
Reckoning the torments of my hell,
And flinging my sweet joys away.
I am call'd home again to quiet peace ;
My mistress smiles, and all my sorrows cease.

Yet what is living in her eye,
Or being blest with her sweet tongue,
If these no other joys imply ?—
A golden gyve, a pleasing wrong.—
To be your own but one poor month, I'd give
My youth, my fortune, and then leave to live.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

A CHARM.

[From his "Poems," 1640, 4to.]

SLEEP, old man ! let silence charm thee ;
Dreaming slumbers o'ertake thee ;
Quiet thoughts, and darkness arm thee,
That no creaking do awake thee.

Phœbe hath put out her light,
All her shadows closing :
Phœbe lends her horns to-night
To thy head's disposing.

Let no fatal bell nor clock
Pierce the hollow of thy ear :
Tongueless be the early cock,
Or what else may add a fear.

Let no rat, nor silly mouse
Move the senseless rushes ;
Nor a cough disturb this house
Till Aurora blushes.

Come, my sweet Corinna, come,
Laugh, and leave thy late deploring !
Sable midnight makes all dumb
But thy jealous husband's snoring ;

And with thy sweet perfumed kisses
Entertain a stranger ;
Love's delight and sweetest bliss is
Got with greatest danger.

On the Life of Man ¹.

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood,—
E'en such is man—whose borrow'd light
Is straight call'd in and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The spring intomb'd in autumn lies,
The dew's dried up, the star is shot,
The flight is past—and man forgot.

¹ This is also contained in Bishop King's Poems, 1657.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND,

OF Hawthornden, son to Sir John Drummond, was born in 1585 ; educated at the High School and University, Edinburgh ; studied the civil law in France from 1606 to 1610, after which he retired to his romantic and beautiful residence on the banks of the Eske, where he employed himself in reading the Greek and Roman authors, and composing his "Cypress Grove," (an eloquent rhapsody, written after a severe fit of sickness,) and his "Flowres of Sion." Having formed an attachment to a lady of the name of Cunningham, of an ancient family and extremely beautiful, he had the mortification of losing her by a fever, after the day of marriage had been appointed. To this he alludes in most of his subsequent poems, and to divert his grief he forsook his retirement and studies, and travelled for eight years through Germany, France, and Italy, visiting the Universities, conversing with learned men, and forming a valuable collection of books, ancient and modern, many of which he presented on his return to the College of Edinburgh, as may be seen by the curious catalogue printed in 1627, 4to. Finding Scotland on the eve of a civil war, he again withdrew into retirement, and composed his prose history of the five James's. When he was forty-five years of age, he fell in love with the daughter of Sir Robert Logan, of Restalrig, from her supposed resemblance to his former mistress, and married her, by whom he had several children. For the remainder of his life he continued to reside at Hawthornden, much esteemed by the learned, and in habits of correspondence with Drayton and B. Jonson ; the latter of whom walked into Scotland in 1619 for the purpose of seeing him, and passed

some time at his house. The heads of their conversation are recorded by our poet. Being warmly attached to the cause of Charles I. he was much harassed by the prevailing party, and employed a part of his leisure in composing political reflections on the distracted state of his country, the true interests of which, as a real patriot, he had always earnestly at heart. He died in 1649.

Drummond was a man of many and various accomplishments ; he is said to have spoken Italian, French, and Spanish, as well as his mother-tongue ; and to have been not unskilled in the amusements of dancing, singing, and playing on the lute : besides which he excelled in the mathematics, mechanics especially, restoring ancient, and discovering original contrivances, of naval, military, and civil utility. For his poetical character, the reader is referred to Mr. Headley and Mr. Pinkerton, the latter of whom considers him, and justly, as the next of all the Scottish poets after Dunbar. His " Poems " appeared in 4to, Edin. 1616 ; his " Flowres of Sion," 4to, Edin. 1630 : and both are contained, though with considerable variations in the text, in the 8vo edition, London, 1656, which was published by Edward Phillips, the nephew of Milton. under the direction of Drummond's brother-in-law, Sir John Scot of Scotstarvat. The collection of all his works, printed by Watson, with a good life by Bishop Sage, Edinburgh, 1711, folio, is also esteemed ; but a correct and classical edition of this charming poet is much wanted, and, as it is said, may be expected from Dr. Robert Anderson.

In the following extracts the text of ed. 1657 has been followed, as giving, in all probability, the last corrections of the author ; but for the satisfaction of the curious reader the variations of the original edition are subjoined.

SONG.

PHŒBUS arise,
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white, and red !
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tithon's bed,
That she thy *câreer* may with roses spread !
The nightingales thy coming each-where sing :
Make an eternal spring :
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead !
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou wast wont before,
And, emperor-like, *decure*
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair !
Chase hence the ugly night,
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.

* * * * *
This is the morn should bring unto this grove
My Love, to hear, and recompense my love !
Fair king, who all preserves,
But show thy blushing beams,
And thou two sweeter eyes
Shall see, than those which by Penéus' streams
Did once thy heart surprise.

* * * * *
Now Flora deck thyself in fairest guise !
If that ye, Winds, would hear
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,

Your furious ¹ chiding stay !
 Let Zephyr only breathe,
 And with her tresses play.

* * * *

The winds all silent are,
 And Phœbus in his chair,
 Ensaffroning sea and air,
 Makes vanish every star.
 Night like a drunkard, reels
 Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels.
 The fields with flowers are deck'd in every hue,
 The clouds with orient gold spangle ² their blue ;
 Here is the pleasant place,
 And nothing wanting is, save SHE, alas ³ !

SLEEP, Silence' child, sweet father of soft Rest,
 Prince, whose approach peace to all mortal brings,
 Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings ;
 Sole comforter of minds which are ⁴ opprest !
 Lo ! by thy charming rod all breathing things
 Lie slumbering, with forgetfulness possess ;
 And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
 Thou spar'st ⁵, alas ! who cannot be thy guest.

¹ " stormy."

² " bespangle with bright gold."

³ " every thing save her who all should grace."

⁴ " with grief."

⁵ " spares."

Since I am thine, oh, come ; but with that face
 To inward light which thou art wont to show,
 With feigned solace ease a true-felt wo !
 Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
 Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath
 I long to kiss the image of my death.

SONNET.

[*To his Lute.*]

My lute, be as thou wert ¹, when thou didst ² grow
 With thy green mother in some shady grove,
 When immelodious winds but made thee move,
 And birds their *ramage* did on thee ³ bestow.
 Since ⁴ that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,
 Which wont ⁵ in such harmonious strains to flow,
 Is reft from earth to tune those spheres above,
 What art thou but a harbinger of wo ?
 Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
 But orphan's ⁶ wailings to the fainting ear,
 Each stroke ⁷ a sigh, each sound draws forth a
 tear.
 For which be ⁸ silent as in woods before ;
 Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
 Like widow'd turtle still her loss complain.

¹ "wast."² "didst."³ "on thee their *ramage* did "⁴ "Sith."⁵ "us'd."⁶ "orphan."⁷ "stop."⁸ "Be therefore."

SONNET.

[*To the Nightingale.*]

DEAR quirister, who from those shadows sends
 (Ere that the blushing Morn¹ dare show her light)
 Such sad lamenting strains,, that Night attends,
 Become all ear ; Stars stay to hear thy plight !
 If one, whose grief e'en reach of thought transcends,
 Who ne'er, (not in a dream,) did taste delight,
 May thee importune, who like case pretends,
 And seems to joy in wo, in wo's despatch ;
 Tell me, (so may thou fortune milder try,
 And long, long sing !) for what thou thus com-
 plains,
 Since Winter's gone, and² Sun in dappled sky
 Enamour'd smiles on woods and flowery³ plains ?
 The bird, as if my questions did her move,
 With trembling wings sigh'd⁴ forth, " I love, I
 love ! "

SONNET.

THRICE happy he, who by some shady grove,
 Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own ;
 Though solitary⁵, who is not alone,
 But doth converse with that Eternal Love.

¹ " dawn."² " Sith (winter gone) the."³ " Now smiles on meadows, mountains, woods, and."⁴ " sobb'd."⁵ " solitare, yet "

O how more sweet is birds' harmonious moan,
 Or the hoarse¹ sobbings of the widow'd dove,
 Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's
 throne,
 Which good make doubtful, do the ill approve !
 O how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
 And sighs embalm'd², which new-born³ flowers
 unfold,
 Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath !
 How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold !
 The world is full of horrors, troubles⁴, slights ;
 Woods' harmless⁵ shades have only true de-
 lights.

SONNET.

SWEET Spring, thou turn'st, with all thy goodly
 train,
 Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with
 flowers !
 The Zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
 The Clouds for joy in pearls weep down their
 showers.
 Thou turn'st¹, sweet youth ! but ah ! my pleasant
 hours

¹ "soft."² "perfum'd."³ "do the."⁴ "falshoods."⁵ "silent"⁶ So ed. 1616.—Ed. 1657, "Dost return ?"

And happy days with thee come not again !
 The sad memorials only of my pain
 Do with thee turn, which turn my sweets to ¹ sours !
 Thou art the same which still thou wert ² before ;
 Delicious, lusty ³, amiable, fair :
 But she whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome air
 Is gone ! nor gold nor gems can her ⁴ restore.
 Neglected Virtue ! seasons go and come,
 When ⁵ thine, forgot, lie closed in a tomb.

[*To the Nightingale.*]

SWEET bird, that sing'st away the early hours,
 Of winters past or coming void of care,
 Well pleased with delights which present are ;
 Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers :
 To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leavy bowers,
 Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
 And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare ;
 A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
 What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
 Attir'd in sweetness sweetly is not driven
 Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
 And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven ?

¹ " in."

² " wast."

³ " wanton "

⁴ " her can."

⁵ " While."

Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angel's lays !

THIS world a hunting is ;
The prey poor man ; the Nimrod fierce is Death ;
His speedy greyhounds are
Lust, sickness, envy, care,
Strife, that ne'er falls amiss,
With all those ills which haunt us while we breathe.
Now, if by chance we fly
Of these the eager chase,
Old age, with stealing pace,
Casts on his nets, and there we panting die.

[The following Sonnet is taken from "The Flowres of Sion," ed.
1656. The variations noted at the foot of the page are from ed.
1630.]

THE weary mariner so far¹ not flies
An howling tempest, harbour to obtain,
Nor shepherd hastes, when frays of wolves arise,
So fast to fold, to save his bleating train,
As I, wing'd with contempt and just disdain,
Now fly the world, and what it most doth prize,
And sanctuary seek, free to remain

¹ "fast."

From wounds of abject times, and Envy's eyes.
To me the world did once ¹ seem sweet and fair,
While senses light, mind's p^érspective ² kept blind,
Now like imagin'd landscape in the air,
And weeping rain-bows her best joys I find :
Or if ought here is had that praise should have,
It is an obscure life ³ and silent grave.

¹ "Once did this world to me."

² "prospective."

³ "a life obscure."

DAVID MURRAY.

THE following specimen is to be found in his "Cælia, containing certaine Sonets" annexed to "The Tragical Death of Sophonisba," 12mo, 1611, London. Concerning this author we have no particulars to add, except that he signs himself "Scoto-Brittaine," and that complimentary verses are inscribed to him, under the title of "loving cousin," by John Murray; of "kind friend," by M. Drayton; and of "dear friend," by Simon Graham. As the two first sonnets, however, in the volume are addressed to Henry Prince of Wales, it appears not improbable that he may have been Sir David Murray, gentleman of the bedchamber, and afterwards groom of the stole to that prince.

TO AURORA.

PALE sad Aurora, leave thy showers to rain,
 (Of pearl-like chrystal tears thou daily sheds,)
 In tender bosoms of the flowery meads,
 Wailing his death who at Ilion's siege was slain!
 Oh, let thy soul appeas'd with this remain,
 That those thy tears pleads pity by their sight,
 And more, the great bright pattern of the light
 To quench his drought, carouses them again.
 Cease then to weep, and leave me still to mourn;
 Complaining best becomes my mirthless state,
 Who in quenchless flames of luckless love does burn!
 Thy Memnon's loss requires no more regret.

And, since my own cannot procure but scorn,
Lend me thy moving tears, sweet weeping Morn!

SONNET.

PONDER thy cares, and sum them all in one,
Get the account of all thy heart's disease ;
Reckon the torments do thy mind displease,
Write up each sigh, each plaint, each tear, each groan :
Remember on thy grief conceiv'd by day,
And call to mind thy night's disturbed rest :
Think on those visions did thy soul molest,
While as thy wearied corpse a-sleeping lay :
And when all those thou hast enroll'd aright
Into the 'count-book of thy daily care,
Extract them truly : then present the sight,
With them of flinty Cælia, the fair,
That she may see if yet mo ill remains
For to be paid to her unjust disdains.

GEORGE WITHER.

THE first productions of this author gave proof of genuine poetical talents, till his headstrong and restless disposition forced him out of the path of the Muses into the busy and turbulent scene of puritanical politics. After which, his almost innumerable works, though marked with strong original sense and ardent party zeal, began, necessarily from the subject, to degenerate in their style and tone, and to lose that playful fancy, pure taste, and artless delicacy of sentiment, which distinguish the poetry of his early youth.

The history of his education and first entrance into life is told by himself in his "Abuses stript and whipt." It appears that he was born in Manydowne, in Hampshire, 1588, and in 1604 entered at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he had no sooner acquired the means of relishing academical learning, than he was sent for home, much against his will, before he could take a first degree, in order to be bred either a farmer or mechanic; but finding that *mere country business was not his calling*, he went to London, and fixed himself at one of the inns of court, when, in consequence of being "too busy and satyrical" in the work above mentioned, he was committed prisoner for several months to the Marshalsea. He was now "cried up," says Wood, "by the puritanical party, for his profuse pouring forth of English rhyme, and more afterwards by the vulgar sort of people for his prophetic poetry." In 1639 he served under Lord Arundel against the Scots, in whose regiment he was captain and quarter-master general. But afterwards siding with the presbyterians, he raised a troop for the Parliament, be-

came a major, and, though taken prisoner by the cavaliers, was appointed by the Long Parliament justice of peace for Hampshire, &c., and by Oliver major-general of the forces in the county of Surrey. On the Restoration he lost all the royalists' lands which he had bought or obtained, and was committed prisoner to Newgate for a libel, and afterwards close prisoner in the Tower, where he remained three years. "At length," says Wood, "after this our author had lived to the age of seventy-nine years, mostly spent in a rambling and unsettled condition, he concluded this life in 1667."

A list of Wither's pieces is given in Wood's account of his life (*Ath.* vol. ii. p. 391), and at the end of a small pamphlet called "*Extracts from Juvenilia*," &c., selected by Mr. Dalrymple, 1785; but a more complete catalogue may be found annexed to his "*Fides Anglicana*," 1662.

[The following Extracts, except the last but one, are all to be found in his "*Mistresse of Phil'arcte*," 1622: though in the first and seventh pieces the text of the pirated edition (1620) has been sometimes preferred. The rejected readings, however, of the authorized copy are subjoined for the satisfaction of the reader.]

SONNET.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be ¹ pin'd,
'Cause I see a woman kind ?
Or a well-disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature ?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove or pelican ;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be ?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love ?
Or her merit's value ² known,
Make me quite forget mine own ?
Be she with that goodness blest,
Which may gain her name of *best* ;
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be ?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die ?
Those that bear a noble mind
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do,
That without them dare to woo ;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I though great she be ?

¹ "Should my heart be griev'd or."

² "well-deserving."

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair :
If she love me, this believe,
I will die e'er she shall grieve ;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go ;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be ?

AMARYLLIS I did woo,
And I courted Phillis too ;
Daphne for her love I chose ;
Chloris for that damask rose
In her cheek I held as dear ;
Yea, a thousand lik'd, well-near ;
And, in love with all together,
Feared the enjoying either ;
'Cause to be of one possest,
Barr'd the hope of all the rest.

LORDLY gallants, tell me this :
Though my safe content you weigh not,
In your greatness what one bliss
Have you gain'd, that I enjoy not ?
You have honours, you have wealth ;
I have peace, and I have health ;

All the day I merry make,
And at night no care I take.

Bound to none my fortunes be ;
This or that man's fall I fear not ;
Him I love that loveth me ;
For the rest a pin I care not.
You are sad when others chafe,
And grow merry as they laugh !
I, that hate it, and am free,
Laugh and weep as pleaseth me.

WANTONS ! 'tis not your sweet eyings,
Forced passions, feigned dyings,
Gesture's temptings, tear's beguilings,
Dancings, singings, kissings, smilings,
Nor those painted sweets, with which
You unwary men bewitch,
(All united, nor asunder)
That can compass such a wonder,
Or to win you love prevails,
Where her moving virtues fails.

Beauties ! 'tis not all those features
Placed in the fairest creatures,
Though their best they should discover,
That can tempt from her a lover.

'Tis not those soft snowy breasts,
Where love, rock'd in pleasure, rests,
And by their continual motions
Draweth hearts to vain devotions ;
Nor the nectar that we sip
From a honey-dropping lip ;
Nor those eyes, whence beauty's lances
Wound the heart with wanton glances ;
Nor those sought delights, that lie
In Love's hidden treasury,—
That can liking gain, where she
Will the best-beloved be.

For, should those, who think they may
Draw my love from her away,
Bring forth all their female graces,
Wrap me in their close embraces,
Practice all the art they may,
Weep, or sing, or kiss, or pray ;

* * * *

One poor thought of her would arm me
So as Circe could not harm me.
Since, beside those excellences
Wherewith others please the senses,
She, whom I have prized so,
Yields delights for reason too.
Who could doat on things so common
As mere outward-handsome woman ?

So, by my defects supplying,
From all changing keep thou me :
That unmatched we may prove,
Thou for beauty ; I for love.

SONG.

[From 12 stanzas.]

SAD eyes, what do you ail,
To be thus ill disposed ?
Why doth your sleeping fail,
Now all men's else are closed ?
Was't I, that ne'er did bow
In any servile duty,
And will you make me now
A slave to Love and Beauty ?

What hopes have I that she
Will hold her favours ever,
When so few women be
That constant can perséver ?
Whate'er she do protest,
When Fortunes do deceive me,
Then she, with all the rest,
I fear, alas ! will leave me.

Shall then in earnest truth
My careful eyes observe her ?
Shall I consume my youth
And short my time to serve her ?
Shall I beyond my strength
Let passion's torments prove me,—
To hear her say at length,
“ Away—I cannot love thee ?”

O, rather let me die
Whilst I thus gentle find her ;
'Twere worse than death, if I
Should find she proves unkind !
One frown, though but in jest,
Or one unkindness, feigned,
Would rob me of more rest
Than e'er could be regained.

But in her eyes I find
Such signs of pity moving,
She cannot be unkind,
Nor err, nor fail in loving.
And on her forehead this
Seems written to relieve me ;
My heart no joy shall miss,
That Love or she can give me.

* * * *

And this shall be the worst
 Of all that can betide me,
 If I, like some, accurs'd,
 Should find my hopes deride me ;
 My cares will not be long,
 I know which way to mend them ;
 I'll think who did the wrong,
 Sigh, break my heart, and end them.

[From 10 stanzas.]

HENCE, away, thou Syren ¹, leave me !
 Pish ² ! unclasp these ³ wanton arms !
 Sugar'd words can ⁴ ne'er deceive me,
 Though thou prove a thousand charnis.
 Fie, fie, forbear !
 No common snare
 Can ⁵ ever my affection chain :
 Thy ⁶ painted baits,
 And poor deceits,
 Are all bestow'd on me in vain.

I'm no slave to such as you be,
 Nor shall that soft ⁷ snowy breast,

" you Syrens."

² " And."

³ " your."

" shall."

⁵ " could."

⁶ " Your."

" Neither shall a."

Rolling¹ eye, and ² lip of ruby,
 Ever rob me of my rest.
 Go, go, display
 Thy beauty's ray
 'To some more-soon-enamour'd³ swain :
 Those forced⁴ wiles
 Of sighs and smiles
 Are all bestow'd on me in vain.

I have elsewhere vow'd a duty ;
 Turn away thy tempting eye⁵ !
 Shew not me thy painted⁶ beauty ;
 These⁷ impostures I defy⁸.
 My spirit loaths
 Where gaudy clothes
 And feigned oaths may love obtain :
 I love her so
 Whose looks swear *no*
 That all thy labour will be vain.

Can he prize the tainted posies
 Which on other's⁹ breast are worn,
 That may pluck the virgin¹⁰ roses
 From the¹¹ never-touched thorn ?

1 "Wanton."

2 "or."

3 "o'er-soon-enamour'd."

4 "common."

5 "eyes."

6 "a naked."

7 "Those."

8 "despise."

9 "every."

10 "spotless."

11 "their."

I can go rest
On her sweet breast
That is the pride of Cynthia's train :
Then stay thy tongue ¹,
Thy ² mermaid song ³
Is ⁴ all bestow'd on me in vain.

He's a fool that basely dallies
Where each peasant mates with him.
Shall I haunt the thronged vallies,
Whilst there's noble hills to climb ?
No, no ;—though clowns
Are scar'd with frowns,
I know the best can but disdain :
And those I'll prove,
So will thy ⁵ love
Be all bestow'd on me in vain.

I do scorn to vow a duty
Where each lustful lad may woo :
Give me her whose sun-like beauty
Buzzards dare not soar unto.
She, she it is
Affords that bliss

¹ "hold your tongues."

³ "songs."

⁵ "shall your."

² "Your

⁴ "Are."

For which I would refuse no pain :

But such as you,

Fond fools, adieu !

You seek to captive me in vain.

* * * *

Leave me then, thou Syren ¹, leave me !

Seek no more to work my harms :

Crafty wiles cannot deceive me ;

I² am proof against your charms.

Your labour may

To lead astray

The heart that constant shall remain ;

And I the while

Will sit and smile

To see you spend your time in vain.

* * * *

[*On his Muse.*]

[From "The Shepherd's Hunting."]

* * * *

AND though for her sake I'm crost,

Though my best hopes I have lost,

And knew she would make my trouble

Ten times more than ten times double,

¹ "you Syrens."

² "Who."

I should love and keep her too,
Spite of all the world could do.
For though banish'd from my flocks,
And confin'd within these rocks,
Here I waste away the light,
And consume the sullen night.
She doth for my comfort stay
And keeps many cares away.
Though I miss the flowery fields,
With those sweets the spring-tide yields,
Though I may not see those groves
Where the shepherds chant their loves,
And the lasses more excel
Than the sweet-voic'd Philomel ;
Though of all those pleasures past
Nothing now remains at last,
But remembrance, poor relief,
That more makes than mends my grief ;
She's my mind's companion still,
Maugre Envy's evil will.
Whence she should be driven too,
Were't in mortals' power to do.
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow,
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace,
And the blackest discontents
To be pleasing ornaments.

In my former days of bliss
Her divine skill taught me this,
That from every thing I saw
I could some invention draw,
And raise pleasure to her height
Through the meanest object's sight.
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rusteling ;
By a daisy whose leaves spread.
Shut when Titan goes to bed ;
Or a shady bush or tree
She could more infuse in me,
Than all nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.
By her help I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladness
In the very gall of sadness.
The dull liveness, the black shade
That these hanging vaults have made,
The strange music of the waves,
Beating on these hollow caves ;
This black den, which rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss ;
The rude portals that give light
More to terror than delight ;
This my chamber of neglect,
Wall'd about with disrespect ;

From all these, and this dull air
A fit object for despair,
She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this,—
POESY !—thou sweet'st content
That e'er heaven to mortals lent.
Though they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thoughts can not conceive thee ;
Though thou be to them a scorn
That to nought but earth are born ;
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee.
Though our wise ones call thee madness,
Let me never taste of gladness
If I love not thy maddest fits
More than all their greatest wits.
And though some too seeming holy
Do account thy raptures folly,
Thou dost teach me to contemn
What makes knaves and fools of them.
Oh, high power ! that oft doth carry
Men above————

The following Rhomboidal Dirge is inserted on account of its singularity.

Ah me !
Am I the swain,
That late, from sorrow free,
Did all the cares on earth disdain ?
And still untouch'd, as at some safer games,
Play'd with the burning coals of love and beauty's flames?
Was't I, could dive, and sound each passion's secret depth at will,
And from those huge o'erwhelmings rise by help of reason still?
And am I now, O heavens! for trying this in vain,
So sunk, that I shall never rise again ?
Then, let despair set sorrow's string
For strains that dolefull'st be,
And I will sing
Ah me !

But why,
O fatal time,
Dost thou constrain, that I
Should perish in my youth's sweet prime ?
I, but a while ago, you cruel powers,
In spite of fortune cropt contentment's sweetest flowers !
And yet unscorned serve a gentle nymph, the fairest she
That ever was belov'd of man, or eyes did ever see.
Yea, one whose tender heart would rue for my distress :
Yet I, poor I, must perish ne'ertheless ;
And, which much more augments my care,
Unmoaned I must die,
And no man e'er
Know why !

Thy leave,
My dying song,
Yet take, ere grief bereave
The breath which I enjoy too long!
Tell thou that fair one this : my soul prefers
Her love above my life ; and that I died hers.
And let him be for evermore to her remembrance dear
Who lov'd the very thought of her, whilst he remained here.
And now farewell, thou place of my unhappy birth,
Where once I breath'd the sweetest air on earth.
Since me my wonted joys forsake,
And all my trust deceive,
Of all I take
My leave.

Farewell,
Sweet groves, to you !
You hills that highest dwell,
And all you humble vales adieu !
You wanton brooks, and solitary rocks ;
My dear companions all, and you my tender flocks !
Farewell, my pipe ! and all those pleasing songs whose moving strains
Delighted once the fairest nymphs that dance upon the plains.
You discontents, whose deep and over-deadly smart
Have without pity broke the truest heart,
Sighs, tears, and every sad annoy,
That erst did with me dwell,
And others joy,
Farewell !

Adieu,
Fair shepherdesses !
Let garlands of sad yew
Adorn your dainty golden tresses.
I, that lov'd you, and often with my quill
Made music that delighted fountain, grove, and hill,
I, whom you loved so, and with a sweet and chaste embrace,
Yea, with a thousand rarer favours would vouchsafe to grace,
I now must leave you all alone of love to plain ;
And never pipe, nor never sing again.
I must, for evermore, be gone,
And therefore bid I you,
And every one
Adieu !

I die !
For, oh ! I feel
Death's horrors drawing nigh,
And all this frame of nature reel.
My hopeless heart, despairing of relief,
Sinks underneath the heavy weight of saddest grief,
Which hath so ruthless torn, so rack'd, so tortur'd every vein ;
All comfort comes too late to have it ever cur'd again.
My swimming head begins to dance death's giddy round ;
A shuddering chillness doth each sense confound ;
Benumb'd is my cold-sweating brow ;
A dimness shuts my eye ;
And now, oh now,
I die !

RICHARD BRATHWAIT,

AUTHOR of "The English Gentleman and Gentlewoman," born in Westmoreland, 1588, entered at Oriel College, Oxford, 1604, where he continued about three years. He then removed to Cambridge, and retiring into his native country, afterwards became a trained-band captain, a deputy-lieutenant, a justice of peace, and a noted wit and poet. He died in 1673 at Appleton, in Yorkshire, where he went to reside after his second marriage, leaving behind him, says Wood, the character of a well-bred gentleman and a good neighbour. His publications were numerous. Vide *Athen. Oxon.* vol. ii. p. 516. The latter of the following pieces was selected from a work not enumerated by Wood.

SONG.

From "The Shepherd's Tales," annexed to "Nature's Embassie,"
1621, 8vo.]

IF marriage life yields such content,
 What heavy hap have I !
 Whose life with grief and sorrow spent,
 Wish death, yet cannot die.
 She's bent to smile when I do storm,
 When I am cheerful too
 She seems to lower : then, who can cure
 Or counterpoise my wo ?

My marriage-day chac'd you¹ away,
For I have found it true,
That bed which did all joys display
Became a bed of *rue* ;
Where asps do browse on fancy's flower,
And beauty's blossom too :
Then where's that power on earth, may cure
Or counterpoise my wo?

I thought love was the lamp of life,
No life withouten love ;
No love like to a faithful wife ;
Which when I sought to prove,
I found her birth was not on earth,
For ought that I could know ;
Of good ones I perceiv'd a dearth ;
Then who can cure my wo?

My board no dishes can afford
But *chafing-dishes* all !
Where self-will domineers as lord
To keep pòor me in thrall.
My discontent gives her content ;
My friend she vows her foe :
How should I then my sorrows vent,
Or cure my endless wo !

No cure to care; farewell all joy ;
Retire, poor soul, and die !
Yet ere thou die, thyself employ
That thou may'st mount the sky :
Where thou may move commanding Jove
That Pluto he might go
To wed thy wife, who end't thy life ;
For this will cure thy wo !

Care's Cure, or a Fig for Care ¹.

[From "Panedone, or Health from Helicon," 1621, 8vo.]

HAPPY is that state of his,
Take the world as it is.
Lose he honour, friendship, wealth ;
Lose he liberty or health ;
Lose he all that earth can give,
Having nought whereon to live ;
So prepar'd a mind's in him,
He's resolv'd to sink or swim.

Should I ought dejected be,
'Cause blind Fortune frowns on me?
Or put finger in the eye
When I see my Damon die ?

¹ Much of this poem seems to be an imitation of Wither's celebrated ode, inserted p. 75.

Or repine such should inherit
More of honours than of merit ?
Or put on a sourer face,
To see virtue in disgrace?

Should I weep, when I do try
Fickle friends' inconstancy,
Quite discarding mine and me,
When they should the firmest be ?
Or think much when barren brains
Are possess'd of rich domains,
When in reason it were fit
They had wealth unto their wit ?

Should I spend the morn in tears,
'Cause I see my neighbour's ears
Stand so slopwise from his head,
As if they were horns indeed ?
Or to see his wife at once
Branch his brow and break his sconce,
Or to hear her in her spleen
Callet like a butter-quean ?

Should I sigh, because I see
Laws like spider-webs to be,
[Where] lesser flies are quickly ta'en,
While the great break out again ?
Or so many schisms and sects,
Which foul heresy detects,

To suppress the fire of zeal
Both in church and common-weal ?

No, there's nought on earth I fear
That may force from me one tear.
Loss of honours, freedom, health,
Or that mortal idol, wealth ;
With these babes may grieved be,
But they have no power o'er me.
Less my substance, less my share
In my fear and in my care.

Thus to love, and thus to live,
Thus to take, and thus to give,
Thus to laugh, and thus to sing,
Thus to mount on pleasure's wing,
Thus to sport, and thus to speed,
Thus to flourish, nourish, feed,
Thus to spend, and thus to spare,
Is to bid *a fig for care*.

WILLIAM BROWNE

SEEMS to have been born about 1590 at Tavistock, in Devonshire, where he was instructed in grammatical learning. Having passed some time at Exeter College, Oxford, he quitted the University without a degree, entered into the Society of the Middle Temple, and published in 1613 the first part of his "Britannia's Pastorals," fol. In 1614 was published his "Shepherd's Pipe," 8vo, (contained also in the pirated edition of Wither, 1620,) and in 1616 the second part of the Pastorals, folio. Both parts were reprinted in 1625, 8vo. In 1624 he returned to Exeter College, and became tutor to Robert Dormer, afterwards Earl of Carnarvon. During his stay he was created A.M., being styled in the public register "*Vir omni humanâ literaturâ et bonarum artium cognitione instructus.*" He then went into the family of the Earl of Pembroke, obtained wealth, and purchased an estate, and is supposed to have died in 1645. See Wood (*Ath. Ox.* i. 491), who says, "that as he had a little body, so a great mind." A neat edition of his works, which were become scarce, was published in 1772, in three small volumes, by Mr. Thomas Davies, the laudable reviver of several forgotten poets.

We are indebted to Browne for having preserved in his "Shepherd's Pipe" a curious poem by Occleve. Mr. Warton conceives his works to "have been well known to Milton," and refers to "Britannia's Pastorals" for the same assemblage of circumstances in a morning landscape as were brought together more than thirty years afterwards by Milton, in a passage of *L'Allegro*, which has

been supposed to serve as a repository of imagery on that subject for all succeeding poets. Warton's *Milton*, second ed. p. 51.

LAY.

[In "Britannia's Pastorals," book ii. Song 2.]

SHALL I tell you whom I love ?

Hearken then a while to me :

And if such a woman move

As I now shall versifie,

Be assur'd 'tis she, or none,

That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right,

As she scorns the help of art ;

In as many virtues dight

As e'er yet embrac'd a heart ;

So much good, so truly tried,

Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath, without desire

To make known how much she hath ;

And her anger flames no higher

Than may fitly sweeten wrath ;

Full of pity as may be,

Though, perhaps, not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,
And her virtues grace her birth ;
Lovely as all excellence,
Modest in her most of mirth ;
Likelihood enough to prove
Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is ; and if you know
Such a one as I have sung,
Be she brown, or fair, or—so,
That she be but sometime young ;
Be assur'd 'tis she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

Thyrsis' Praise of his Mistress.

[From "England's Helicon."]

ON a hill that grac'd the plain
Thyrsis sate, a comely swain,
Comelier swain ne'er grac'd a hill ;
Whilst his flock, that wander'd nigh,
Cropt the green grass busily,
Thus he tun'd his oaten quill :

" Ver hath made the pleasant field
Many several odours yield,

Odours aromatical :
From fair Astra's cherry lip
Sweeter smells for ever skip,
They in pleasing passen all.

“ Leavy groves now mainly ring
With each sweet bird's sonnetting,
Notes that make the echoes long :
But when Astra tunes her voice,
All the mirthful birds rejoice,
And are listening to her song.

“ Fairly spreads the damask rose,
Whose rare mixture doth disclose
Beauties, pencils cannot feign :
Yet, if Astra pass the bush,
Roses have been seen to blush ;
She doth all their beauties stain.

“ Fields are blest with flowery wreath,
Air is blest when she doth breathe ;
Birds make happy every grove,
She each bird when she doth sing ;
Phœbus heat to earth doth bring,
She makes marble fall in love.”

* * * *

The Syren's Song.

[In "The Inner Temple Mask."]

STEER, hither steer your winged pines,
All beaten mariners !
Here lie Love's undiscover'd mines,
A prey to passengers :
Perfumes far sweeter than the best
Which make the Phoenix' urn and nest.
Fear not your ships,
Nor any to oppose you, save our lips ;
But come on shore,
Where no joy dies till Love hath gotten more.
For swelling waves, our panting breasts,
Where never storms arise,
Exchange, and be a while our guests ;
For stars gaze on our eyes ;
The compass Love shall hourly sing,
And, as he goes about the ring,
We will not miss
To tell each point he nameth with a kiss.
Then come on shore,
Where no joy dies till Love hath gotten more.

THOMAS FREEMAN,

A GLOUCESTERSHIRE man, entered in 1607 (being about sixteen years of age), at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he took the degree of B.A. On quitting the University for the metropolis, he set up for a poet. and, according to Wood, was shortly after held in esteem by Daniel, Owen, Donne, Shakespeare, Chapman, T. Heywood, and others. In 1614 he produced two books of epigrams, entitled, "Rubbe and a great Cast," and "Runne and a great Cast, the second Bowle," 4to. From this publication Mr. War-ton has quoted an epigram in praise of Donne, and another on the increasing size of the city of London ; but the following stanzas exhibit a more favourable specimen of the author's poetical talents, and afford a very flattering testimony in honour of Cornwall and its inhabitants. They were selected by the Rev. Mr. Brand from a copy of the book in his possession.

Encomion Cornubiæ.

I LOVE thee, Cornwall, and will ever,
 And hope to see thee once again !
 For why ?—thine equal knew I never
 For honest minds and active men :

Where true religion better thrives,
 And God is worshipp'd with more zeal ;
 Where men will sooner spend their lives
 To good their king and common-weal.

Where virtue is of most esteem,
And not for fear, but love, embrac'd ;
Where each man's conscience doth seem
To be a law, and bind as fast.

Where none doth more respect his purse
Than by his credit he doth set ;
Where words and bonds have equal force,
And promise is as good as debt.

Where none envies another's state,
Where men speak truth without an oath,
And, what is to be wonder'd at,
Where men are rich and honest both.

Where's strict observance of the laws,
And, if there chance some little wrong,
Good neighbours hear and end the cause,
Not trust it to a lawyer's tongue.

Where, as it seems, by both consents
The sea and land such plenty brings,
That landlords need not rack their rents,
And tenants live like petty kings.

Where goodness solely is regarded,
And vice and vicious men abhorr'd,

Where worth in meanest is rewarded,
And,—to speak briefly in a word,—
I think not all the world again
So near resembles Saturn's reign !

HENRY KING

WAS born in 1591 at Wornal, in Bucks, and educated at Westminster, whence he was elected a student of Christ-Church, Oxford, in 1608. Having taken the degrees in Arts, he "became a most florid preacher," says Wood, and successively chaplain to James I., archdeacon of Colchester, residentiary of St. Paul's, canon of Christ-Church, chaplain to Charles I., doctor of divinity, and dean of Rochester, from which he was advanced to the bishopric of Chichester in 1641, which he held till the time of his death in 1669.

He turned the Psalms into verse, (12mo, 1651, and 1654,) being disgusted with the old translation, and published in 1657 a small volume of "Poems, Elegies, Paradoxes, and Sonnets." His Elegies are written on the deaths of Gustavus Adolphus, Prince Henry, Sir Walter Raleigh, Dr. Donne, Ben Jonson, and others, more particularly his father, Dr. John King, Bishop of London.

His poems are terse and elegant, but, like those of most of his contemporaries, deficient in simplicity.

The Dirge.

WHAT is th' existence of man's life,
But open war, or slumber'd strife;
Where sickness to his sense presents
The combat of the elements;

And never feels a perfect peace
Till Death's cold hand signs his release ?

It is a storm, where the hot blood
Outvies in rage the boiling flood ;
And each loose passion of the mind
Is like a furious gust of wind,
Which beats his bark with many a wave
Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower, which buds, and grows,
And withers as the leaves disclose ;
Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,
Like fits of waking before sleep ;
Then shrinks into that fatal mould
Where its first being was enroll'd.

It is a dream, whose seeming truth
Is moraliz'd in age and youth ;
Where all the comforts he can share
As wandering as his fancies are ;
Till in a mist of dark decay
The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a dial, which points out
The sun-set, as it moves about ;
And shadows out in lines of night
The subtle stages of time's flight ;

Till all-obscuring earth hath laid
The body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude,
Which doth short joys, long woes include ;
The world the stage, the prologue tears,
The acts vain hope and varied fears ;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but death.

SONNET.

To Patience.

DOWN ! stormy Passions, down ! no more
Let your rude waves invade the shore
Where blushing Reason sits, and hides
Her from the fury of your tides.

* * * *
Fall, easy Patience, fall, like rest,
Whose soft spells charm a troubled breast !
And where those rebels you espy,
O ! in your silken cordage tie
Their malice up ! so shall I raise
Altars to thank your power, and praise
The sovereign virtue of your balm,
Which cures a tempest by a calm.

The Surrender.

My once dear love, hapless that I no more
 Must call thee so, the rich affection's store
 That fed our hopes lies now exhaust and spent,
 Like sums of treasure unto bankrupts lent!
 We,—that did nothing study but the way
 To love each other, with which thoughts the day
 Rose with delight to us, and with them set,—
 Must learn the hateful art, how to forget.
 We,—that did nothing wish that heaven could give
 Beyond ourselves, nor did desire to live
 Beyond that wish,—all these now cancel must,
 As if not writ in faith, but words, and dust.

Yet, witness those clear vows which lovers make!
 Witness the chaste desires that never brake
 Into unruly hearts! witness that breast
 Which in thy bosom anchor'd his whole rest!
 'Tis no default in us, I dare acquite
 Thy maiden faith, thy purpose fair and white
 As thy pure self. Cross planets did env'y
 Us to each other, and heaven did untie
 Faster than vows could bind— * *
 * * * * * Like turtle doves
 Dislodged from their haunts, we must in tears
 Unwind a love knit up in many years.
 In this last kiss I here surrender thee
 Back to thyself; so thou again art free.

Thou, in another, sad as that, re-send
The truest heart that lover e'er did lend.
Now turn from each : so fare our sever'd hearts
As the divorc'd soul from her body parts.

FRANCIS QUARLES

WAS a very voluminous and very popular writer ; and though, as Mr. Headley justly observes, "he too often mistook the enthusiasm of devotion for the inspiration of fancy," he certainly deserved a great part of the reputation for which he was principally indebted to his loyalty and devotion. Mr. Jackson of Exeter, in his "Thirty Letters," and Dr. Anderson, in his *Life of P. Fletcher*, have defended him against the contempt of Pope.

His principal works are his "Emblems," "Divine Poems," consisting of pieces first published separately, "Argalus and Parthenia," and "Solomon's Recantation," all of which, especially the "Emblems," have passed through various editions. His "Enchiridion," 1658, small 12mo, a collection of brief observations in prose, is highly and deservedly praised by Mr. Headley.

Quarles was of an ancient family, nephew to Sir Robert Quarles ; born 1592 ; educated at Christ's College, Cambridge ; studied in Lincoln's Inn ; afterwards cup-bearer to the Queen of Bohemia, secretary to the primate of Ireland, and chronologer to the city of London. He died in 1644.

See Mr. Headley's more particular account, as well as the specimens he has given, amply sufficient to vindicate our author's fame.

The following lines, extracted from his "Shepherd's Oracles," 1646, 4to, will perhaps be thought worth preserving, as they describe with some humour the taste of the Puritans.

Song of Anarchus.

Know then, my brethren, heaven is clear,
 And all the clouds are gone ;
 The righteous now shall flourish, and
 Good days are coming on :
 Come then, my brethren, and be glad,
 And eke rejoice with me ;
 Lawn sleeves and rochets shall go down,
 And hey ! then up go we !

We'll break the windows which the whore
 Of Babylon hath painted,
 And when the popish saints are down,
 Then Barrow shall be sainted.
 There's neither cross nor crucifix
 Shall stand for men to see ;
 Rome's trash and trumperies shall go down,
 And hey ! then up go we !

* * * *

We'll down with all the 'Varsities,
 Where learning is profess'd,
 Because they practise and maintain
 The language of the beast.
 We'll drive the doctors out of doors,
 And arts, whate'er they be ;
 We'll cry both arts and learning down,
 And hey ! then up go we !

* * * *

If once that Anti-Christian crew
Be crush'd and overthrown,
We'll teach the nobles how to crouch,
And keep the gentry down.
Good manners have an ill report,
And turn to pride we see ;
We'll therefore cry good manners down,
And hey ! then up go we !

The name of lord shall be abhorr'd,
For every man's a brother ;
No reason why, in church, or state,
One man should rule another.
But when the change of government
Shall set our fingers free,
We'll make the wanton sisters stoop,
And hey ! then up go we !

Our coblers shall translate their *souls*
From caves obscure and shady ;
We'll make Tom T*** as good as my lord,
And Joan as good as my lady.
We'll crush and fling the marriage ring
Into the Roman *see* ;
We'll ask no bands, but e'en clap hands,
And hey ! then up go we !

GEORGE HERBERT,

THIRD brother of the celebrated Lord Herbert of Cherbury, was born in 1593. Nature seems to have intended him for a knight-errant, but disappointed ambition made him a saint. Walton tells us that no less than ten thousand copies of his poems were sold ; a circumstance which proves the religious zeal, much more than the good taste, of his contemporaries.

There is less reason to wonder at the popularity of his " Priest to the Temple, or the Country Parson, his Character, and Rule of Holy Life," 1652, 12mo, in prose, a work of unpretending practical utility, exhibiting the duties and employments of a character never to be mentioned without respect, that of a conscientious clergyman residing in his parish.

He was fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and orator of the University ; and (because not desiring, says Fuller,) had no higher preferment than the benefice of Bemerton, near Salisbury, and the prebend of Leighton, in the cathedral of Lincoln ; at the former of which he built a parsonage, and at the latter a church. He died in 1632-3.

LIFE.

I MADE a posy, while the day ran by :
 Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
 My life within this band.
 But time did beckon to the flowers, and they
 By noon most cunningly did steal away,
 And wither'd in my hand.

IZAAC WALTON.

THIS author was born at Stafford in 1593. He was by trade a sempster, in Chancery-lane, but in 1643 quitted London, finding it dangerous to remain there any longer, and lived sometimes at his native place, though chiefly in the families of eminent clergymen, "of whom," says Wood, "he was much beloved." He died at Winchester in 1688, at the house of his son-in-law Dr. William Hawkins, one of the prebendaries. He is justly celebrated for his biographical pieces, and has described the characters of Sir H. Wotton, Bishop Sanderson, Donne, Hooker, and George Herbert, with a degree of minuteness which he alone could render interesting. But he is principally known by his "Complete Angler;" a truly original treatise on the theory of an art, from which the invincible patience of some men is able to extract amusement.

The Angler's Wish.

I IN these flowery meads would be ;
 These crystal streams should solace me ;
 To whose harmonious bubbling noise
 I with my angle would rejoice,
 Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
 Court his chaste mate to acts of love.

Or on that bank feel the west wind
 Breathe health and plenty, please my mind

To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then wash'd off by April-showers ;
Here hear my Kenna sing a song,
There see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a *leverock* ¹ build her nest ;
Here give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitch'd thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love :
Thus free from law-suits, and the noise
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice.

Or with my *Bryan* ², and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford-brook :
There sit by him and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set ;
There bid good morning to next day,
There meditate my time away,
And angle on, and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

¹ Laverock, lark.

² Supposed to be the name of a favourite dog.

JAMES SHIRLEY

WAS born in London, about 1594, educated at Merchant Tailors' school, entered at St. John's College, Oxford, and afterwards, having taken no degree, removed to Catharine-Hall, Cambridge (Vid. Bancroft's Epigrams, 4to, 1639, b. i. ep. 18). He successively became an English divine, a Popish schoolmaster, and a deservedly celebrated writer of plays (of which he published thirty-nine), from 1629 to 1660. He was patronized by William Duke of Newcastle (whom he assisted, according to Wood, in the composition of his plays, as well as Ogilby by notes for his translations), and followed this his patron's fortunes in the wars, till the decline of the royal cause, when he retired obscurely to London. Here he was countenanced by his learned friend T. Stanley, Esq., and during the suppression of the theatres, followed his old trade of school-teaching, in which he educated many eminent men. He died in 1666, immediately after the great fire of London, and was interred in the same grave with his second wife, who died the same day, and was supposed, as well as Shirley, to have owed her death to the fright occasioned by that calamity. Besides his plays he published a volume of poems, 1646, 12mo.

Upon his Mistress sad.

MELANCHOLY, hence ! and get
 Some piece of earth to be thy seat.
 Here, the air and nimble fire
 Would shoot up to meet desire.

Sullen humour leave her blood,
Mix not with the purer flood,
But let pleasures swelling here
Make a spring-tide all the year.
Love, a thousand sweets distilling,
And with pleasure bosoms filling,
Charm all eyes, that none may find us,
Be above, before, behind us !
And, while we thy raptures taste,
Compel Time himself to stay ;
Or by fore-lock hold him fast,
Lest occasion slip away.

The Garden.

THIS garden does not take my eyes,
Though here you show how art of men
Can purchase nature at a price
Would stock old Paradise again.

These glories while you dote upon,
I envy not your spring, nor pride.
Nay, boast the summer all your own !
My thoughts with less are satisfied.

Give me a little plot of ground,
Where, might I with the Sun agree,
Though every day he walk the round,
My garden he should seldom see.

Those tulips, that such wealth display
To court my eye, shall lose their name :
Though now they listen, as if they
Expected I should praise their flame.

But I would see myself appear
Within the violet's drooping head,
On which a melancholy tear
The discontented Morn hath shed.

Within their buds let roses sleep,
And virgin lilies on their stem,
Till sighs from lovers glide, and creep
Into their leaves to open them.

I' th' centre of my ground, compose
Of bays and yew my summer room,
Which may, so oft as I repose,
Present my arbour, and my tomb.

* * * *

No birds shall live within my pale
To charm me with their shames of art,
Unless some wandering nightingale
Come here to sing and break her heart ;

Upon whose death I'll try to write
An epitaph in some funeral stone,
So sad and true, it may invite
Myself to die, and prove mine own.

[From "The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses for the Armour of Achilles."]

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate ;
Death lays his icy hand on kings.
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
But their strong nerves at last must yield ;
They tame but one another still.
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds !
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds !
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb ;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

THOMAS HAY,

A CELEBRATED poet and historian, born about 1596, in Sussex, of a worshipful but decayed family, says Fuller : bred fellow-commoner in Sidney College, Cambridge, and afterwards resident in Westminster and about the court. He died suddenly in 1652, and lies buried in Westminster Abbey. See his character in Lord Clarendon's History. His English version of Lucan's *Pharsalia*, and his Latin Supplement to the same, have been much esteemed. He translated also Virgil's *Georgics*, (1628, small 12mo,) and selected epigrams of Martial (1629, small 12mo) : besides which he wrote metrical histories of Henry II. (1633, 12mo,) and Edward III. (1635, 12mo,) a History of the Parliament, in prose, both Latin and English, and five plays.

SONG.

[From "The Old Couple," 1658, 4to.]

DEAR, do not your fair beauty wrong,
 In thinking still you are too young !
 The rose and lilies in your cheek
 Flourish, and no more ripeness seek.

Your cherry lip, red, soft, and sweet,
 Proclaims such fruit for taste most meet .
 Then lose no time ! for Love has wings,
 And flies away from aged things.

PATRICK HANNAY

APPEARS to have served in a military capacity under Sir Andrew Gray, Knt., a colonel of foot, and general of artillery to the King of Bohemia. His "Happy Husband, with a Wife's Behaviour after Marriage," was printed in 1619, and again, with "Philomela, the Nightingale," "Sheretine and Mariana," "Elegies," "Songs and Sonnets," in 1622. These productions he describes to be the "fruit of some hours he with the Muses spent."

SONG.

Amantium ira amoris redintegratio est.

CÆLIA jealous, lest I did

In my heart affect another,
Me her company forbid.

Women cannot passion smother.

The dearer love, the more disdain,

When truth is with distrust requited.
I vow'd (in anger) to abstain.
She found her fault, and me invited.

I came with intent to chide her,

'Cause she had true love abus'd,
Resolved never to abide her :
Yet, her fault she so excus'd,

As it did me more entangle ;
Telling " True love must have fears."—
They ne'er lov'd that ne'er did wrangle ;
Lovers' jars but love endears.

SONG.

" SERVANT, farewell !"—Is this my hire ?
Do my deserts no more require ?
No ! do not think to cheat me so ;
I will have more yet ere you go.

Thy lov'd idea I'll arrest,
And it imprison in my breast :
In sad conceit it there shall lie,
My jealous love shall keep the key.

Nor think it ever shall part thence,
Or that I will with it dispense :
Thy love alone can me avail,
Thyself alone I'll take for bail.

* * * *

[Extracted from "Philomela."]

* * * *

THE maple with a scarry skin
Did spread broad pallid leaves ;
The quaking aspin, light and thin,
To th' air light passage gives ;
Resembling still
The trembling ill
Of tongues of womankind,
Which never rest,
But still are prest
To wave with every wind.

* * * *

JOHN HAGTHORPE.

A SMALL volume of his poems, consisting of "Divine Meditations and Elegies," was published in 1622, and in the next year a second collection, which he calls "Visiones Rerum, the Visions of Things." All of these bear testimony to his learning and piety, but his subjects were too sublime for his genius. Of the anecdotes of his life I know nothing.

On Time.

TIME ! I ever must complain
 Of thy craft and cruel cunning ;
 Seeming fix'd here to remain,
 When thy feet are ever running :
 And thy plumes
 Still resumes
 Courses new, repose most shunning.

Like calm winds thou passest by us ;
 Lin'd with feathers are thy feet ;
 Thy downy wings with silence fly us,
 Like the shadows of the night ;

Or the stream
That no beam
Of sharpest eye discerns to fleet.

Therefore mortals all, deluded
By thy grave and wrinkled face,
In their judgments have concluded
That thy slow and snail-like pace
Still doth bend
To no end,
But to an eternal race.

Budding youth's vain blooming wit
Thinks the spring shall ever last,
And the gaudy flowers that sit
On Flora's brow shall never taste
Winter's scorn,
Nor forlorn
Bend their heads with chilling blast.

Riper age expects to have
Harvests of his proper toil,
Times to give and to receive
Seeds and fruits from fertile soil :
But at length
Doth his strength,
Youth, and beauty, all recoil.

Cold December hope retains,
That the spring, each thing reviving,
Shall throughout his aged veins
Pour fresh youth, past joys *reprivng* :
But thy scythe
Ends his strife,
And to Lethe sends him driving.

UNCERTAIN AUTHORS.

[From Alison's "Hour's Recreation in Musick," 1606.]

* * * *

IN hope a king doth go to war ;
 In hope a lover lives full long ;
 In hope a merchant sails full far ;
 In hope just men do suffer wrong ;
 In hope the ploughman sows his seed :
 Thus hope helps thousands at their need :
 Then faint not, heart, among the rest ;
 Whatever chance, hope thou the best.

Though Wit bids Will to blow retreat,
 Will cannot work as Wit could wish.
 When that the roach doth taste the bait,
 Too late to warn the hungry fish.
 When cities burn on fiery flame,
 Great rivers scarce may quench the same.
 If Will and Fancy be agreed,
 Too late for Wit to bid take heed.

[From Wilbye's "Second set of Madrigales," 1609.]

LOVE not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part,
No, nor for my constant heart :
For those may fail, or turn to ill,
So thou and I shall sever ;
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not why.
So hast thou the same reason still
To doat upon me ever.

[From the same.]

DRAW on, sweet Night, best friend unto those cares
That do arise from painful melancholy !
My life so ill through want of comfort fares,
That unto thee I consecrate it wholly.

Sweet Night, draw on ! my griefs, when they be told
To shades and darkness, find some ease from
paining ;
And while thou all in silence dost in-fold,
I then shall have best time for my complaining. .

[From the same.]

So light is Love, in matchless beauty shining,
 When she revisits Cyprus' hallow'd bowers,
 Two feeble doves, harness'd in silken twining,
 Can draw her chariot 'midst the Paphian flowers.
 Lightness to Love how ill it fitteth,
 So heavy on my heart she sitteth.

[From the same.]

HAPPY, oh happy he who, not affecting
 The endless toils attending worldly cares,
 With mind repos'd, all discontents rejecting,
 In silent peace his way to heaven prepares !
 Deeming his life a scene, the world a stage,
 Whereon man acts his weary pilgrimage.

Hymen's Eglogue between Admetus and Menalchas.

[From "A New Spring, Shadowed in sundry Pithie Poems, signed
 Musophilus," 1619, 4to.]

Menalchas.

WHAT makes Admetus sad ?—Whate'er it be,
 Some cause there is that thus hath alter'd thee !
 Is it the loss of substance ? or of friends ?
 Or, thy content in discontentment ends ?

Is it some scruple in thy conscience,
Which unresolv'd, doth leave thee in suspense?
Is it, that thou thy long wish'd love should *leese*?

Admet. No, no, Menalchas, it is none of these!

Men. Thou art not sick?

Admet. Nor sick, nor greatly well.

Men. Where lies thy grief?

Admet. My countenance can tell.

Men. Smooth is thy brow! thy count'nance fresh
enough!

Admet. But cares have made my wreakful mind as
rough.

Men. Of cares, Admetus?

Admet. Yes, I have my share.

Men. Yet hope of cure!

Admet. No hope of cure to care.

Men. Nay, then I see, 'tis love that thee doth wring.

Admet. Thou err'st, Menalchas, there is no such
thing.

Men. If neither loss of friends, nor loss of wealth,
Want to enjoy thy love, nor want of health,
If neither discontent, nor grief, do show
Care in thy face, nor sorrow in thy brow,
If thou be free, as we all know thee free,
Engag'd to none,—what is it grieveth thee?

Admet. Wouldst know, Menalchas?

Men. Yes.

Admet. I'll tell thee *than* :

The case is alter'd!—I'M A MARRIED MAN!

The Shrift.

[From the same.]

[This is inserted on account of the singularity of its versification.]

A TIME there was, and divers there be yet
Whose riper years can well remember it,
When folks were shriven for sins they did commit,
And had their absolution, as was fit ;
'Mongst which, as one crime doth another get,
Where hope of pardon doth authorize it,
(For Virtues, turtle-like, do single sit,
But th' troops of Vices still in squadrons meet,)

A boon companion, to his liquor given,
Came thither with his neighbours to be shriven.
"Stephen," quoth friar, (for's Christian name was
Stephen,)
"What sins hast done to grieve the Lord of heaven?
Speak freely, man! and it is ten to seven
But by due penance I will make all even.
Confession is the way, when man is driven
Into despair, that guides him unto heaven."

"I have been drunk last day, and this day too,
And may-be next day too for ought I know :
Tell me then, holy friar, directly, how
Or in what sort I may my penance do ?"
"Drunk?" quoth the friar; "now by the faith I owe,
I know not what it means! nor, as I trow,

Under confession had it e'er till now !
Yet come next day, thou's hear what thou shalt do."

Meanwhile, the friar would not neglect his time
To know the secret of this drunken crime :
Therefore betime, ere four o'clock did chime,
This profane practice grew to be divine ;
For *upsefreese*¹ he drank from four to nine,
So as each sense was steeped well in wine ;
Yet still he kept his 'rouse, till he in fine
Grew extreme sick with hugging Bacchus' shrine.

Upward and downward it did work so sore,
As if his vital spirits could work no more,
Or that he were arriving on the shore
Where mortals must arrive ; but, rid of store
That did oppress his stomach o'er and o'er,
At last he got a nap upon the floor ;
Which having tempered his brains, he swore
To try conclusions with the pot no more.

Stephen kept his *steaven*², and, to the time he gave,
Came to demand, what penance he should have ?
"What penance?" quoth the friar ; "I'll tell thee,
 knave !
I think it fit this penance to receive.

¹ Quære.

² Appointment. Sax.

Go and be drunk again ! for if it have
Th' effect with thee it had with me, I'd crave
No sharper penance for the sinfull'st slave :
For soon it would possess me of my grave !"

* * * *

[STANZAS.]

[Extracted out of " Alcilia, Philoparthen's loving Folly," &c.
By J. C. 1628, 4to, second edition.]

WHAT thing is Beauty, Nature's dearest minion ?
The snare of Youth ; like the inconstant moon,
Waxing and waning ; error of opinion ;
A morning's flower that withereth ere noon ;
A swelling fruit, no sooner ripe than rotten,
Which sickness makes forlorn, and time forgotten.

In looking back unto my follies past,
While I the present with times past compare,
And think how many hours I then did waste,
Painting on clouds, and building in the air,
I sigh within myself, and say in sadness,
"This thing, which fools call love, is nought but
madness."

How vain is youth, that, cross'd in his desire,
Doth fret and fume, and inwardly repine,
As though 'gainst heaven itself he would conspire,
And with his frailty 'gainst his fate combine :
Who of itself continues constant still,
And doth us good oft-times against our will.

Thy large smooth forehead wrinkled shall appear ;
Vermilion hue to pale and wan shall turn ;
Time shall deface what Youth hath held most dear ;
Yea, those clear eyes, which once my heart did
burn,
Shall in their hollow circles lodge the night,
And yield more cause of terror than delight.

Lo, here the record of my follies past,
The fruits of wit unstaid, and hours mis-spent !
Full wise is he that perils can forecast,
And so by others' harms his own prevent.
All worldly pleasure that delights the sense
Is but a short sleep, and time's vain expence.

CHARLES I.

(1625 to 1649.)

It is difficult to peruse the annals of this turbulent and calamitous reign, without feeling some astonishment at the contrast which is exhibited between their literary and their political character. It is true that the preceding reign, however inglorious to the monarch, and disgraceful to the military reputation of the country, had been highly favourable to the growth of our national wealth and prosperity, to the increase of comforts, and even of luxury, as well as to the diffusion of knowledge.

The minds of men, continually irritated by the pretensions, and emboldened by the weakness of the crown, had been habituated to discuss the most important interests of society ; and in the progress of the dispute under Charles I., every passion was awakened, and an enthusiastic love of liberty was opposed to a spirit of loyalty almost equally enthusiastic. Such a period, therefore, might reasonably be expected to be propitious to the growth of genius ; and we are not surprised that the scholastic pedantry of the former age should have given place to a more rational and manly style, equally adapted to the sublime conceptions of Milton, to the various and sparkling imagination of Cowley, and to the wit and sagacity of Butler.

But it is very remarkable, that the general characteristics of the poetry composed during this period are such as indicate a very high degree of refinement ; a curious and elaborate selection of words and images, a nice arrangement of versification, and a tone of gallantry so easy and

playful, that we should suspect the writers of having formed their compositions amidst the peaceful splendour and luxury of Versailles, rather than at the court or in the camp of a prince, who passed from the throne to the scaffold through a continued series of anxiety and struggle.

In fact, Charles I., though generally in embarrassed, and often in necessitous circumstances, was always the active and liberal patron of literature, as well as of the fine arts, all of which he loved, and perfectly understood. "During the prosperous state of the king's affairs," says Lord Orford, *Hist. Paint.* vol. ii. p. 147, "the pleasures of the court were carried on with much taste and magnificence. Poetry, painting, music, and architecture, were all called in to make them rational amusements; and I have no doubt but the celebrated festivals of Louis XIV. were copied from the shows exhibited at Whitehall in its time THE MOST POLITE COURT IN EUROPE. Ben Jonson was the laureat; Inigo Jones, the inventor of the decorations; Lanieri and Ferabosco composed the symphonies; the king, the queen, and the young nobility, danced in the interludes." Taste, and wit, and gaiety, disappeared during the subsequent reign of republicanism; and the general gloom was seldom interrupted, except by the compositions of a few cavaliers, who amused themselves by harassing with ridicule the dull and insipid manners of their puritanical enemies.

The reader will find in Bishop Percy's "*Reliques of ancient English Poetry*," (vol. ii. p. 338, fourth ed.) some verses by Charles I., which Lord Orford has, rather too hastily, condemned as "most uncouth and unharmonious," at the same time that he has recognized in them "strong thoughts, some good sense, and a strain of majestic piety."

THOMAS CAREW,

"YOUNGER brother," says Wood, "to Sir Matthew Carew, a great Royalist in the time of the Rebellion," of a Gloucestershire family, but descended from an ancient one in Devonshire of the same name, was educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, though never matriculated. "Afterwards improving his parts by travelling and conversation with ingenious men in the metropolis," "he was made gentleman of the privy chamber and sewer in ordinary to Charles I., who always esteemed him, to the last, one of the most celebrated wits in his court." Mr. Headley, in his *Biographical Sketches*, p. 39, has very justly observed, that "Carew has the ease, without the pedantry of Waller, and perhaps less conceit. He reminds us of the best manner of Lord Lyttleton. 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." Lord Clarendon, however, has remarked of his poems, that, "for the sharpness of the fancy, and the elegance of the language in which that fancy was spread, they were at least equal, if not superior, to any of that time. But his glory was that, after *fifty years* of his life spent with less severity or exactness than they 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."

Carew is generally supposed to have died young in 1639, and I have therefore placed his birth about 1600, though, from the preceding passage from Clarendon, it seems probable that his birth ought to be placed earlier,

or his death later. The earliest edition of his works that I have seen was printed in 1642, which, however, is called in the title the second edition.

SWEETLY breathing Vernal Air,
That with kind warmth dost repair
Winter's ruins ; from whose breast
All the gums and spice of th' east
Borrow their perfumes ; whose eye
Gilds the morn, and clears the sky ;
Whose dishevell'd tresses shed
Pearls upon the violet-bed ;
On whose brow, with calm smiles drest,
The halcyon sits, and builds her nest ;
Beauty, youth, and endless spring,
Dwell upon thy rosy wing !

Thou, if stormy Boreas throws
Down whole forests when he blows,
With a pregnant flowery birth
Canst refresh the teeming earth.
If he nip the early bud,
If he blast what's fair or good,
If he scatter our choice flowers,
If he shake our halls or bowers,
If his rude breath threaten us,
Thou canst stroke great Æolus,
And from him the grace obtain
To bind him in an iron chain.

Persuasions to love.

THINK not, 'cause men flattering say,
You're fresh as April, sweet as May,
Bright as is the morning star,
That you are so ; or though you are,
Be not therefore proud, and deem
All men unworthy your esteem :
For, being so, you lose the pleasure
Of being fair, since that rich treasure
Of rare beauty and sweet feature
Was bestow'd on you by nature
To be enjoy'd, and 'twere a sin
There to be scarce, where she hath been
So prodigal of her best graces :
Thus common beauties, and mean faces,
Shall have more pastime, and enjoy
The sport you lose by being coy.
Did the thing for which I sue
Only concern myself, 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 madness not to grant
That which affords (if you consent)
To you, the giver, more content,
Than me, the beggar. Oh then be
Kind to yourself, if not to me !

Starve not yourself, because you may
Thereby make me pine away :
Nor let brittle beauty make
You your wiser thoughts forsake !
For that lovely face will fail :
Beauty's sweet, but beauty's frail ;
'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done,
Than summer's rain or winter's sun ;
Most fleeting, when it is most dear ;
'Tis gone, while we but say 'tis here !
These curious locks, so aptly twin'd,
Whose every hair and soul doth bind,
Will change their auburn hue, and grow
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 cheek, chin, nose,
Nor lily shall be found, nor rose.
And what will then become of all
Those whom now you servants call ?
Like swallows, when your summer's done,
They'll fly, and seek some warmer sun.
Then wisely choose one to your friend,
Whose love may (when your beauties end)
Remain still firm : be provident,
And think before the summer's spent
Of following winter : like the ant
In plenty hoard for time of scant,

Call out, amongst the multitude
Of lovers that seek to intrude
Into your favour, one that may
Love for an age, not for a day,

* * * *

For, when the storms of time have mov'd
Waves on that cheek which was below'd ;
When a fair lady's face is pin'd,
And yellow spread where red once shin'd ;
When beauty, youth, and all sweets leave her,
Love may return, but lover never !
And old folks say there are no pains
Like itch of love in aged veins.
Oh, love me then ! and now begin it ;
Let us not lose this present minute !
For time and age will work that wrack,
Which time or age shall ne'er call back.
The snake each year 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 never know a second May.
O then be wise ! and whilst your season
Affords you days for sport, do reason !
Spend not in vain your life's short hour,
But crop in time your beauty's flower,

Which will away, and doth together
Both bud and fade, both blow and wither !

Persuasions to enjoy.

IF the quick spirits in your eye
Now languish, and anon must die ;
If every sweet, and every grace
Must fly from that forsaken face ;
Then, Celia, let us reap our joys
Ere time such goodly fruit destroys.

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 fear not, Celia, to bestow
What, still being gather'd, still must grow.

Thus either Time his sickle brings
In vain, or else in vain his wings.

Good Counsel to a young Maid.

WHEN you the sun-burnt pilgrim see,
Fainting with thirst, haste to the springs ;
Mark how, at first, with bended knee
He courts the crystal Nymphs, and flings

His body to the earth, where he
Prostrate adores the flowing deity.

But when his sweaty face is drench'd
In her cool waves, when from her sweet
Bosom his burning thirst is quench'd,
Then mark how with disdainful feet
He kicks her banks, and from the place
That thus refresh'd him moves with sullen pace.

So shalt thou be despis'd, fair maid,
When by the sated lover tasted !
What first he did with tears invade
Shall afterwards with scorn be wasted :
When all thy virgin springs grow dry,
When no streams shall be left but in thine eye.

Disdain returned.

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires,—
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,

Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

The Primrose.

Ask me why I send you here
This firstling of the infant year ;
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose, all bepearl'd with dew ;—
I straight will whisper in your ears,
The sweets of love are wash'd with tears.
Ask me why this flower doth shew
So yellow, green, and sickly too ;
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And bending, yet it doth not break ;—
I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and fears are in a lover.

The Inquiry.

Amongst the myrtles as I walk'd,
Love and my sighs thus intertalk'd :
“ Tell me,” said I in deep distress,
“ Where may I find my shepherdess ?”

"Thou fool," said Love, "know'st thou not this ?
In every thing that's good she is.
In yonder tulip go and seek,
There thou may'st find her lip, her cheek :

"In yon enamell'd pansy by,
There thou shalt have her curious eye :
In bloom of peach, in rosy bud,
There wave the streamers of her blood."

* * * *

"Tis true," said I ; and thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one,
To make of parts a union :
But, on a sudden, all was gone.

With that I stopt. Said Love, "These be,
Fond man, resemblances of thee ;
And, as these flowers, thy joys shall die,
E'en in the twinkling of an eye ;

And all thy hopes of her shall wither
Like these short sweets thus knit together."

SONG.

Good Counsel to a young Maid.

GAZE not on thy beauty's pride,
Tender maid, in the false tide
That from lovers' eyes doth slide !

Let thy faithful crystal show
How thy colours come and go :
Beauty takes a foil from wo.

Love, that in those smooth streams lies,
Under Pity's fair disguise,
Will thy melting heart surprise.

Nets, of passion's finest thread,
Snaring poems, will be spread,
All to catch thy maidenhead.

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

Rather let the lover pine,
Than his pale cheek should assign
A perpetual blush to thine.

Boldness in love.

MARK how the bashful Morn in vain
Courts the amorous Marigold
With sighing blasts and weeping rain,
Yet she refuses to unfold.
But, when the planet of the day
Approacheth with his powerful ray,

Then she spreads, then she receives
His warmer beams into her virgin leaves.

So shalt thou thrive in love, fond boy !

If thy tears and sighs discover

Thy grief, 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 charms

With open ears, and with unfolded arms.

Ingrateful Beauty threatened.

Know, Celia, (since thou art so proud,)

'Twas I that gave thee thy renown !

Thou hadst in the forgotten crowd

Of common beauties liv'd unknown,

Had not my verse exhal'd thy name,

And with it imp'd the wings of Fame.

That killing power is none of thine ;

I gave it to thy voice and eyes ;

Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine ;

Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies.

Then dart not from thy borrow'd sphere

Lightning on him that fix'd thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
Lest what I made I uncreate !
Let fools thy mystic forms adore ;
I'll know thee in thy mortal state.
Wise poets, that wrapp'd Truth in tales,
Knew her themselves through all her veils.

SONG.

*To one, who, when I praised my Mistress' beauty,
said I was blind.*

WONDER not though I am blind,
For you must be
Dark in your eyes, or in your mind,
If, when you see
Her face, you prove not blind, like me !
If the powerful beams that fly
From her eye,
And those amorous sweets that lie
Scatter'd in each neighbouring part,
Find a passage to your heart ;
Then, you'll confess your mortal sight
Too weak for such a glorious light.
For, if her graces you discover,
You grow, like me, a dazzled lover :
But, if those beauties you not spy,
Then are you blinder far than I.

SONG.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose ;
For, in your beauty's orient deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day ;
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past ;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

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

Ask me no more if east or west
The Phoenix builds her spicy nest :
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

SONG ¹.*Conquest by flight.*

LADIES, fly from Love's smooth tale !
Oaths steep'd in tears do oft prevail ;
Grief is infectious, and the air
Inflam'd with sighs will blast the fair.
Then stop your ears when lovers cry !
Lest yourself weep when no soft eye
Shall with a sorrowing tear repay
That pity which you cast away.

Young men, fly, when Beauty darts
Amorous glances at your hearts !
The fixed mark gives the shooter aim ;
And ladies' looks have power to maim,
Now 'twixt their lips, now in their eyes,
Wrapp'd in a smile or kiss, Love lies.—
Then fly betimes ; for only they
Conquer Love that run away.

¹ The second stanza of this song is also to be found in "Festum Voluptatis, or the Banquet of Pleasure," by S[amuel] P[ecke], 1639, 4to. .

DIALOGUE.

[From a MS. in the possession of Mr. Malone.]

Q. TELL me, Utrechia ¹, (since my fate,
 And thy more powerful form decrees
 My heart an immolation at thy shrine,
 Where I am only ² to incline,)
 How I must love, and at what rate ;
 By what despairs ³, and what degrees,
 I may ⁴ my hopes enlarge, and my desires confine ?

A. First, when thy flames begin,
 See they burn all within ;
 And so, as lookers-on may not descry
 Smoke in a sigh, or sparkles ⁵ in an eye.
 I would have had my ⁶ love a good while there,
 Ere thine own heart had been ⁷ aware :
 And I myself would choose to know it,
 First, by thy care and cunning not to show it.

Q. When my love is, your own way ⁸, thus betray'd,
 Must it still be ⁹ afraid ?
 May it not be sharp-sighted then ¹⁰, as well,
 And see you know ¹¹ that which it durst ¹² not tell,

¹ "Eutresia."

³ "And by what steps."

⁵ "sparkle."

⁷ "should be."

⁹ "be still."

¹¹ "know thou know'st."

² "it is ever."

⁴ "shall."

⁶ "I'd have thy."

⁸ "flame thine own way is."

¹⁰ "too."

¹² "dares."

And from ¹ that knowledge, hope ² it may
Tell itself ³ a louder way ?

A. Let it ⁴ alone a while :
And ⁵ so, thou may'st beguile
My heart, perhaps ⁶, to a consent
Long ere it meant.
For whilst I dare not disapprove,
Lest I ⁷ betray a knowledge of thy love,
I shall be so accustom'd to allow,
That I shall scarce ⁸ know how
To be displeas'd when thou shalt it avow.

Q. When, by love's powerful ⁹ silent sympathy,
Our souls are got thus nigh,
And that, by one another seen,
They need ¹⁰ no breath to go between,
Though in the main agreement of our breasts
Only ¹¹ our hearts subscribe as interests ;
Yet, it will ¹² need
Our tongues' ¹³ sign too, as witness to the deed.

A. Speak then : but when you whisper out ¹⁴ the tale
Of what you ail,

1 "by."	2 "find."	3 "itself o'er."
4 "me."	5 "For."	6 "perhaps" is wanting.
7 "that."	8 "not."	9 "powerful secret."
10 "There needs."		11 "Only" is wanting.
12 "Will it not."		13 "The tongue's."
14 "tell."		

Let it be so disorder'd, that I may
Guess only thence what you would say.
Then, to be able¹ to speak sense
Were an offence :
And, 'twill thy passion tell the subtlest way,
Not to know what to say.

¹ " to be able " wanting.

N.B. The variations in the notes are from a copy printed in the works of Sir R. Fanshaw, who translated this dialogue into Latin hexameters.

WILLIAM STRODE

WAS born about 1600, and died in 1644. He became D.D. and canon of Christ-Church, having served the offices of proctor and public orator to the University, and had the reputation of being a good preacher, an exquisite speaker, and an eminent poet.

The following specimens are extracted from a miscellany called "Wit restored," 1658, 12mo.

Answer to "The Lover's Melancholy."

[Vide p. 55 of this volume.]

RETURN, my joys ! and hither bring
 A tongue not made to speak, but sing,
 A jolly spleen, an inward feast,
 A causeless laugh without a jest,
 A face which gladness doth anoint,
 An arm, for joy, flung out of joint,
 A spriteful gait that leaves no print,
 And makes a feather of a flint,
 A heart that's lighter than the air,
 An eye still dancing in its sphere,
 Strong mirth which nothing shall control,
 A body nimbler than a soul,

Free wandering thoughts, not tied to muse,
Which, thinking all things, nothing choose,
Which, ere we see them come, are gone ;—
These life itself doth feed upon.

Then take no care but only to be jolly :
To be more wretched than we must, is folly.

SONG.

In Commendation of Music.

WHEN whispering strains do softly steal
With creeping passion through the heart,
And when at every touch we feel
Our pulses beat, and bear a part ;
When threads can make
A heart-string quake ;—
Philosophy
Can scarce deny,
The soul consists ¹ of harmony.

* * * *

Oh, lull me, lull ² me, charming air,
My senses rock'd ³ with wonder sweet !
Like snow on ⁴ wool thy fallings are,
Soft like a spirit are thy feet.

¹ "Our souls consist."

³ "rock."

² "Lull, lull, lull."

⁴ "and."

Grief¹ who need² fear
That hath an ear?
Down let him lie,
And slumbering die,
And change his soul for harmony.

¹ "Griefs."

² "needs."

N.B. The variations in the text of this song are taken from a copy in Bishop Sancroft's MS. collection of poetry in the Bodleian Library, dated 1647, to which Strode's name is subjoined. The printed copy is anonymous.

ROBERT GOMERSALL

WAS born in 1600, and in 1614 sent to Christ-Church, Oxford, where he was afterwards made a student. Having taken the degree of A.M. and entered into orders, he became a celebrated preacher, and published several sermons (vide Wood's Ath. vol. i. p. 598). He wrote "The Levite's Revenge, containing Poeticall Meditations upon the nineteenth and twentieth chapters of Judges" (a sort of heroic poem), 1628, and "The Tragedie of Lodovick Sforza, Duke of Millan." Both were reprinted with a few occasional verses in 1633, 12mo.

Upon our vain Flattery of Ourselves, that the succeeding Times will be better than the former.

How we dally out our days!
 How we seek a thousand ways
 To find death! the which, if none
 We sought out, would show us one.

* * * * *

Never was there morning yet
 Sweet as is the violet
 Which man's folly did not soon
 Wish to be expir'd in noon;
 As though such an haste did tend
 To our bliss, and not our end.

Nay, the young ones in the nest
Suck this folly from the breast ;
And no stammering ape but can
Spoil a prayer to be a man.

But suppose that he is heard,
By the sprouting of his beard,
And he hath what he doth seek,
The soft clothing of the cheek,
Would he yet stay here ?—or be
Fix'd in this maturity ?—

Sooner shall the wandering star
Learn what rest and quiet are :
Sooner shall the slipper rill
Leave his motion and stand still.

Be it joy, or be it sorrow,
We refer all to the morrow ;
That, we think, will ease our pain ;
That, we do suppose again,
Will increase our joy ; and so
Events, the which we cannot know,
We magnify, and are (in sum)
Enamour'd of the time to come.

Well, the next day comes, and then
Another next, and so to ten,

To twenty we arrive, and find
No more before us than behind
Of solid joy ; and yet haste on
To our consummation ;

* * * *

(Till the forehead often have
The remembrance of a grave ;)
And, at last, of life bereav'd,
Die unhappy and deceiv'd.

SIR KENELM DIGBY.

THIS celebrated English philosopher was born in 1603, and entered a commoner at Gloucester Hall, Oxford, in 1618, where he remained two years, and was pronounced "the *Mirandula* of his age." The succeeding events of his life are to be found in all our biographical dictionaries. He died at his house in Covent Garden in 1665, having been a convert to popery for the last twenty years of his life. His works are carefully enumerated by Wood, (*Ath.* vol. ii. p. 351,) who calls him the "magazine of all arts." The poem from which the following lines are extracted is attributed to him in a miscellany called "*Wit's Interpreter*," 1671, though it is elsewhere ascribed to Sir H. Wotton, under whose name it is printed in Mr. Headley's collection.

FAME, honour, beauty, state, trains, blood, and birth,
 Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.
 I would be great ; but that the sun doth still
 Level his rays against the rising hill.
 I would be high ; but see the proudest oak
 More subject to the rending thunder-stroke.
 I would be rich ; but see men, too unkind,
 Dig out the bowels of the richest mine.
 I would be wise ; but that the fox I see
 Suspected guilty, whilst the ass goes free.

I would be fair ; but see that champion proud,
The bright sun, often setting in a cloud.
I would be poor ; but see the humble grass
Trampled upon by each unworthy ass.
Rich, hated ; wise, suspected ; scorn'd, if poor ;
Great, fear'd ; fair, tempted ; high, still envied more.

JASPER MAYNE

WAS born in 1604, entered a servitor at Christ Church 1623, afterwards chosen student, and made D.D. 1646, as a reward, says Wood (*Ath.* vol. ii. p. 507), for having preached before the king and his parliament at Oxford, early in the rebellion. He was much admired on account of his learning, his wit, and his loyalty ; in consequence of which he was promoted after the restoration to a canonry of Christ Church, and to the archdeaconry of Chichester. He died in 1672. In his youth he composed two plays, viz., "The City Match," 1639 ; and "The Amorous War," 1648 ; both reprinted in 1659, 8vo, Oxford. From the latter the following specimen is extracted.

SONG.

TIME is a feather'd thing,
 And, whilst I praise
 The sparklings of thy looks, and call them rays,
 Takes wing ;
 Leaving behind him, as he flies,
 An unperceived dimness in thine eyes.

His minutes, whilst they're told,
 Do make us old,
 And every sand of his fleet glass,
 Increasing age as it doth pass,

Insensibly sows wrinkles there
Where flowers and roses do appear.

Whilst we do speak, our fire
Doth into ice expire ;
Flames turn to frost,
 And, ere we can
 Know how our crow turns swan,
 Or how a silver snow
 Springs there where jet did grow,
Our fading spring is in dull winter lost.

SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT

WAS son of "a sufficient vintner" in the city of Oxford, of which he was mayor, born in 1605, sent to Lincoln College about 1621, and terminated a life of the most astonishing activity in 1668, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. For the history of this ingenious and singular man, —who "was by turns a soldier, a projector, a manager, an envoy, and a wit," whose careless intrepidity no dangers could disturb; who began an epic poem in exile, interrupted it for the purpose of settling a colony in Virginia, and then calmly continued it in prison, and under condemnation; and who, while still under proscription by the fanatics, undertook the conduct of a theatre in the centre of fanaticism;—the reader is referred to Wood's *Athenæ*; Mr. Headley's biographical sketches; and Dr. Anderson's account, prefixed to a selection from his works, in "The Poets of Great Britain." His life is also written very much at large in the "*Biographia Dramatica*," where it is followed by a list of his dramatic pieces, twenty-five in number, which appeared between 1629 and 1674. His works, published at various times, consisting of "*Gondibert*," "*Madagascar*," several small poems, and sixteen plays, were printed in 1673, in a large volume folio.

The Dream.

[From 26 stanzas.]

No victor, when in battle spent,
When he at night asleep doth lie

Rich in a conquer'd monarch's tent,
E'er had so vain a dream as I.

Methought I saw the earliest shade,
And sweetest that the spring can spread,
Of jasmin, briar, and woodbine made ;
And there I saw Clorinda dead.

Though dead she lay, yet could I see
No cypress, nor no mourning yew,
Nor yet the injur'd lover's tree ;
No willow near her coffin grew :

But all show'd unconcern'd to be,
As if just Nature there did strive
To seem as pitiless as she
Was to her lover when alive.

And now, methought, I lost all care
In losing her ; and was as free
As birds let loose into the air,
Or rivers that are got to sea.

Yet soon, now from my princess free,
I rather frantic grew than glad ;
For subjects, getting liberty,
Get but a license to be mad.

Birds that are long in cages aw'd,
If they get out, a while will roam ;
But straight want skill to live abroad,
Then pine, and hover near their home.

And to the ocean rivers run,
From being pent in banks of flowers ;
Not knowing that th' exhaling sun
Will send them back in weeping showers.

Soon thus, for pride of liberty,
I low desires of bondage found ;
And vanity of being free
Bred the discretion to be bound.

But as dull subjects see too late
Their safety in monarchical reign,
Finding their freedom in a state
Is but proud strutting in a chain ;

Then, growing wiser when undone,
In winter's nights sad stories sing
In praise of monarchs long since gone,
To whom their bells they yearly ring :

So now I mourn'd that she was dead
Whose single power did govern me ;
And quickly was by reason led
To find the harm of liberty.

My soul, in sleep's soft fetters bound,
Did now for vital freedom strive ;
And straight, by horror wak'd, I found
The fair Clorinda still alive.

Yet she's to me but such a light
As are the stars to those who know
We can at most but guess their height,
And hope they mind us here below.

The Mistress.

WHEN Nature heard men thought her old,
Her skill in beauteous forms decay'd,
Her eyes grown dim, and fingers cold;
Then to her poet thus she said :

“ Catch, as it falls, the Scythian snow,
Bring blushing roses steep'd in milk,
From early meadows scent and show,
And from the Persian worm her silk.

“ Fetch from the east the morning's breath,
And from the Phoenix gums and spice,
Such as she culls, when at her death
The world does smell her sacrifice.”

Nature of these a *mistress* made ;
But would have form'd a *lover* too ;

And such as might this nymph persuade
To all that love for love should do.

This second work she well began
With leisure, and by slow degrees ;
But found it hard to make a man
That could so choice a beauty please.

She wrought, and wrought, and then gave o'er ;
Then did another model try ;
But, less contented than before,
She laid the work for ever by.

I ask'd the cause ; and straight she said,
“ 'Tis very possible, I find,
To match the body which I made ;
But I can never fit her mind.

“ For that still various seems and strange ;
And since all lovers various be,
And apt as mistresses to change,
I cannot make my work agree.

“ Now sexes meet not by design,
When they the world's chief work advance,
But in the dark they sometimes join,
As wandering atoms meet by chance.”

EDMOND WALLER

Was born in 1605, and died in 1687.

CHLORIS, farewell ! I now must go :
 For, if with thee I longer stay,
 Thy eyes prevail upon me so,
 I shall prove blind and lose my way.

Fame of thy beauty, and thy youth,
 Among the rest me hither brought :
 Finding this fame fall short of truth
 Made me stay longer than I thought.

For I'm engag'd by word and oath
 A servant to another's will :
 Yet for thy love I'd forfeit both,
 Could I be sure to keep it still.

But what assurance can I take,
 When thou, fore-knowing this abuse,
 For some more worthy lover's sake,
 May'st leave me with so just excuse ?

For thou may'st say, 'twas not thy fault
That thou didst thus inconstant prove,
Being by my example taught
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.

No, Chloris, no! I will return,
And raise thy story to that height,
That strangers shall at distance burn,
And she distrust me reprobate.

Then shall my love this doubt displace,
And gain such trust, that I may come
And banquet sometimes on thy face,
But make my constant meals at home.

Of Sylvia.

Our sighs are heard; just heaven declares
The sense it has of lovers' cares.
She that so far the rest outshin'd,
Sylvia, the fair, while she was kind,
As if her frowns impair'd her brow,
Seems only not unhandsome now.
So when the sky makes us endure
A storm, itself becomes obscure.

Hence 'tis that I conceal my flame,
Hiding from Flavia's self her name;

Lest she, provoking heaven, should prove
How it rewards neglected love.
Better a thousand such as I,
Their grief untold, should pine and die,
Than her bright morning, overcast
With sullen clouds, should be defac'd.

Of Love.

ANGER in hasty words or blows
Itself discharges on our foes ;
And sorrow, too, finds some relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief.
So every passion, but fond love,
Unto its own redress does move :
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs ;
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep ;
Postures which render him despis'd,
Where he endeavours to be priz'd.
For, women, born to be controll'd,
Stoop to the forward and the bold,
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic, and the loud.
Who first the generous steed oppress,
Not kneeling did salute the beast,

But with high courage, life, and force,
Approaching, tam'd th' unruly horse.

Unwisely we the wiser east
Pity, supposing them opprest
With tyrant's force, whose law is will,
By which they govern, spoil, and kill :
Each nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no less rigour here.
Should some brave Turk, that walks among
His twenty lasses, bright and young,
And beckons to the willing dame
Preferr'd to quench his present flame,
Behold as many gallants here
With modest guise and silent fear
All to one female idol bend,
Whilst her high pride does scarce descend
To mark their follies, he would swear
That these her guard of eunuchs were ;
And that a more majestic queen,
Or humbler slaves, he had not seen.

All this with indignation spoke,
In vain I struggled with the yoke
Of mighty Love : that conquering look,
When next beheld, like lightning strook
My blasted soul, and made me bow
Lower than those I pitied now.

So the tall stag, upon the brink
Of some smooth stream about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With shame remembers that he fled
The scorned dogs ; resolves to try
The combat next ; but if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He straight resumes his wonted care,
Leaves the untasted spring behind,
And, wing'd with fear, outflies the wind.

SONG.

Go, lovely Rose !
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That, hadst thou sprung
In desarts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd :
Bid her come forth,

Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die ! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee ;
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair !

To Phillis.

PHILLIS, why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the day ?
Could we (which we never can)
Stretch our lives beyond their span,
Beauty like a shadow flies,
And our Youth before us dies.
Or would Youth and Beauty stay,
Love has wings, and will away.
Love has swifter wings than Time ;
Change in love to heaven does climb :
Gods, that never change their state,
Vary oft their love and hate.
Phillis, to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us two.
Let not you and I require
What has been our past desire ;

On what shepherds you have smil'd,
Or what nymphs I have beguil'd.
Leave it to the planets too
What we shall hereafter do :
For the joys we now may prove
Take advice of present Love.

On a Girdle.

THAT which her slender waist confin'd
Shall now my joyful temples bind :
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer :
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move !

A narrow compass ! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair :
Give me but what this ribbon bound ;
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

To the mutable Fair.

HERE, Cælia, for thy sake I part
With all that grew so near my heart ;

The passion that I had for thee,
The faith, the love, the constancy :
And, that I may successful prove,
Transform myself to what you love !

Fool that I was ! so much to prize
Those simple virtues you despise !
Fool ! that with such dull arrows strove,
Or hop'd to reach a flying dove !
For you, that are in motion still,
Decline our force, and mock our skill,
Who, like Don Quixote, do advance
Against a windmill our vain lance.

Now will I wander through the air,
Mount, make a stoop at every fair,
And, with a fancy unconfin'd,
As lawless as the sea or wind,
Pursue you wheresoe'er you fly,
And with your various thoughts comply.

The formal stars do travel so
As we their names and courses know ;
And he that on their changes looks,
Would think them govern'd by our books.
But never were the clouds reduc'd
To any art : the motion us'd
By those free vapours is so light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd sight

Despairs to find the rules that guide
Those gilded shadows as they slide.
And therefore of the spacious air
Jove's royal consort had the care ;
And by that power did once escape,
Declining bold Ixion's rape :
She with her own resemblance grac'd
A shining cloud, which he embrac'd.

Such was that image, so it smil'd
With seeming kindness, which beguil'd
Your Thyrsis lately, when he thought
He had his fleeting Cælia caught ;
'Twas shap'd like her, but for the fair
He fill'd his arms with yielding air.

A fate for which he grieves the less,
Because the gods had like success.
For in their story, one, we see,
Pursues a nymph, and takes a tree.
A second with a lover's haste
Soon overtakes whom he had chas'd ;
But she that did a virgin seem,
Possess'd, appears a wandering stream.
For his supposed love, a third
Lays greedy hold upon a bird,
And stands amaz'd to find his dear
A wild inhabitant of th' air.

To these old tales such nymphs as you
Give credit, and still make them new.
The amorous now like wonders find
In the swift changes of your mind.

But, Cælia, if you apprehend
The Muse of your incensed friend,
Nor would that he record your blame,
And make it live ;—repeat the same :
Again deceive him, and again,
And then he swears he'll not complain.
For still to be deluded so
Is all the pleasure lovers know ;
Who, like good falconers, take delight
Not in the quarry, but the flight.

To a Lady in a Garden.

SEES not my love how Time resumes
The glory which he lent these flowers ?
Though none should taste of their perfumes,
Yet must they live but some few hours.
Time what we forbear devours.

Had Helen, or th' Egyptian queen,
Been ne'er so thrifty of their graces,
Those beauties must at length have been
The spoil of Age, which finds out faces
In the most retired places.

Should some malignant planet bring
A barren drought or ceaseless shower
Upon the autumn or the spring,
And spare us neither fruit nor flower ;
Winter would not stay an hour.

Could the resolve of love's neglect
Preserve you from the violation
Of coming years ; then, more respect
Were due to so divine a fashion ;
Nor would I indulge my passion.

Of English Verse.

POETS may boast, as safely vain,
Their works shall with the world remain :
Both bound together, live or die,
The verses and the prophecy.

But who can hope his lines should long
Last in a daily-changing tongue ?
While they are new, envy prevails,
And as that dies, our language fails.

When architects have done their part,
The matter may betray their art :
Time, if we use ill-chosen stone,
Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets, that lasting marble seek,
Must carve in Latin or in Greek :
We write in sand ; our language grows,
And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

Chaucer his sense can only boast,
The glory of his numbers lost !
Years have defac'd his matchless strain,
And yet he did not sing in vain.

The beauties which adorn'd that age,
The shining subjects of his rage,
Hoping they should immortal prove,
Rewarded with success his love.

This was the generous poet's scope,
And all an English pen can hope,
To make the fair approve his flame,
That can so far extend their fame.

Verse, thus design'd, has no ill fate,
If it arrive but at the date
Of fading beauty ; if it prove
But as long-liv'd as present love.

SONG.

WHILE I listen to thy voice,
Chloris, I feel my life decay :
That powerful noise
Calls my flitting soul away.
Oh ! suppress that magic sound,
Which destroys without a wound !

Peace, Chloris, peace ! or singing die,
That together you and I
To heaven may go :
For all we know
Of what the blessed do above,
Is that they sing, and that they love.

WILLIAM HABINGTON

WAS born in 1605, of a Roman Catholic family, in Worcestershire, and educated at Paris and St. Omer's. His literary accomplishments, and particularly his historical knowledge, recommended him to the favour of Charles I., at whose command he composed his "History of Edward IV." folio, 1640, in which, Wood says, his father, Thomas Habington, had a considerable hand. He also wrote "Observations upon History," 8vo, 1641; a tragi-comedy, called "The Queene of Arragon," folio, 1640; and a small volume of love-poems, under the title of "Castara;" (second ed. 1635, third ed. corrected and augmented, 1640,) remarkable for their unaffected tenderness and moral merit. These were addressed to Lucia, daughter of Lord Powis, whom he afterwards married. He died in 1654.

SONG.

[From "The Queene of Arragon."]

FINE young folly, though you were
 That fair beauty I did swear,
 Yet you ne'er could reach my heart;
 For we courtiers learn at school
 Only with your sex to fool;—
 You're not worth the serious part.

When I sigh and kiss your hand,
Cross my arms, and wondering stand,
 Holding parley with your eye ;
Then dilate on my desires,
Swear the sun ne'er shot such fires ;—
 All is but a handsome lie.

When I eye your curl or lace,
Gentle soul, you think your face
 Straight some murder doth commit ;
And your virtue doth begin
To grow scrupulous of my sin ;—
 When I talk to show my wit.

Therefore, Madam, wear no cloud,
Nor to check my love grow proud,
 For, in sooth, I much do doubt
'Tis the powder in your hair,
Not your breath, perfumes the air ;
 And your clothes that set you out.

Yet though truth has this confess'd,
And I vow, I love in jest ;
 When I next begin to court,
And protest an amorous flame,
You'll swear I in earnest am :—
 Bedlam ! this is pretty sport.

SONG.

[From the same.]

Not the Phoenix in his death,
Nor those banks where violets grow,
And Arabian winds still blow,
Yield a perfume like her breath :
But, oh ! marriage makes the spell,
And 'tis poison if I smell.

The twin beauties of the skies,
(When the half-sunk sailors haste
To rend sail and cut their mast)
Shine not welcome as her eyes :
But those beams, than storms more black,
If they point at me, I wrack.

Then for fear of such a fire,
Which kills worse than the long night
Which benumbs the Muscovite,
I must from my life retire.
But, oh no ! for if her eye
Warm me not, I freeze and die.

The description of Castara.

Like the violet, which alone
Prosper in some happy shade,

My Castara lives unknown,
To no looser eye betray'd.
For she's to herself untrue
Who delights i' th' public view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
Have enrich'd with borrow'd grace ;
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious blood :—
She is noblest, being good.

She her throne makes Reason climb,
While wild Passions captive lie ;
And, each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to heaven fly.
All her vows religious be,
And her love she vows to me.

Of True Delight.

WHY doth the ear so tempt the voice
That cunningly divides the air ?
Why doth the palate buy the choice
Delights o' th' sea t' enrich her fare ?

As soon as I my ear obey,
The echo's lost e'en with the breath ;
And when the sewer takes away,
I'm left with no more taste than death.

Be curious in pursuit of eyes,
To procreate new loves with thine ;
Satiety makes sense despise
What superstition thought divine.

Quick fancy how it mocks delight !
As we conceive things are not such :
The glow-worm is as warm as bright,
Till the deceitful flame we touch.

The rose yields her sweet blandishment,
Lost in the folds of lovers' wreaths :
The violet enchants the scent,
When early in the spring she breathes.

But winter comes, and makes each flower
Shrink from the pillow where it grows ;
Or an intruding cold hath power
To scorn the perfume of the rose.

Our senses, like false glasses, show
Smooth beauty where brows wrinkled are,
And make the cozen'd fancy glow :
Chaste Virtue's only true and fair.

To Castara.

GIVE me a heart, where no impure
Disorder'd passions rage,
Which jealousy doth not obscure,
Nor vanity t' expence engage ;
Nor woo'd to madness by quaint oaths,
Or the fine rhetoric of clothes ;
Which not the softness of the age
To vice or folly doth decline :
Give me that heart, Castara !—for 'tis thine.

Take thou a heart, where no new look
Provokes new appetite ;
With no fresh charm of beauty took,
Or wanton stratagem of wit ;
Not idly wandering here and there,
Led by an amorous eye or ear,
Aiming each beauteous mark to hit ;
Which virtue doth to one confine :
Take thou that heart, Castara !—for 'tis mine.

THOMAS RANDOLPH,

SON of the steward to Edward Lord Zouch, was born in Northamptonshire, 1605, educated on the foundation of Westminster, and in 1623 sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he afterwards became fellow. Having taken the degree of A.M. he was admitted ad eundem at Oxford, and "became," says Wood, "famous for his ingenuity, an adopted son of Ben Jonson, and accounted one of the most pregnant wits of his age." He died in his twenty-ninth year, 1634, coming to an untimely end, according to the authority just quoted, "*by indulging himself too much with the liberal conversation of his admirers ; a thing incident to poets.*" Langbaine tells us, he was "too much addicted to the principles of his predecessor Aristippus, pleasure and contempt of wealth."

He left six plays behind him, five of which are to be found in the collection of his poems published by his brother after his death, 12mo, 1640, and several times afterwards : the fifth edition, in 1664, professing to be much enlarged and corrected. See a high character of these, particularly "The Muses' Looking-glass," in Langbaine, and the *Biographia Dramatica*. The former allows Randolph, what he grants to very few, the praise of originality ; and Phillips observes, that "the quick conceit and clear poetic fancy discovered in his extant poems, seemed to promise something extraordinary." Vide also the *Biographia Britannica*.

ODE

*To Mr. Anthony Stafford, to hasten him into the
Country.*

COME, spur away !
I have no patience for a longer stay ;
 But must go down
 And leave the chargeable noise of this great town.
I will the country see,
Where old Simplicity,
 Though hid in grey,
 Doth look more gay
Than Foppery in plush and scarlet clad.
 Farewell, you city wits, that are
 Almost at civil war !
'Tis time that I grow wise when all the world grows
 mad.

More of my days
I will not spend to gain an idiot's praise :
 Or to make sport
 For some slight puny of the inns of court.
Then, worthy Stafford, say,
How shall we spend the day,
 With what delights
 Shorten the nights,

When from this tumult we are got secure ?
Where Mirth with all her freedom goes,
Yet shall no finger lose,
Where every word is thought, and every thought is
pure.

There, from the tree
We'll cherries pluck, and pick the strawberry ;
And every day
Go see the wholesome country-girls make hay :
Whose brown hath lovelier grace
Than any painted face
That I do know
Hyde Park can show ;
Where I had rather gain a kiss, than meet
(Though some of them in greater state,
Might court my love with plate)
The beauties of the Cheap, and wives of Lombard-
street.

But think upon
Some other pleasures ; these to me are none.
Why do I prate
Of women, that are things against my fate ?
I never mean to wed
That torture to my bed.
My Muse is she
My love shall be.
Let clowns get wealth and heirs !—When I am gone,

And the great bugbear, grisly Death,
Shall take this idle breath,
If I a poem leave, that poem is my son.

Of this no more—
We'll rather taste the bright Pomona's store :
No fruit shall 'scape
Our palates, from the damson to the grape.
Then full, we'll seek a shade,
And hear what music's made ;
How Philomel
Her tale doth tell,
And how the other birds do fill the quire ;
The thrush and blackbird lend their throats,
Warbling melodious notes.
We will all sports enjoy, which others but desire.

Ours is the sky,
Where at what fowl we please our hawk shall fly.
Nor will we spare
To hunt the crafty fox, or timorous hare ;
But let our hounds run loose
In any ground they'll choose :
The buck shall fall,
The stag and all :
Our pleasures must from their own warrants be.
For to my Muse, if not to me,
I'm sure all game is free ;
Heaven, earth, are all but parts of her great royalty.

And when we mean
To taste of Bacchus' blessings now and then,
And drink by stealth
A cup or two to noble Barkley's health,
I'll take my pipe and try
The Phrygian melody,
Which he that hears
Lets through his ears
A madness to distemper all the brain.
Then I another pipe will take,
And Doric music make
To civilize with graver notes our wits again.

EPITHALAMIUM.

MUSE, be a bridemaïd ! dost not hear
How honour'd Hunt and his fair Deer
This day prepare their wedding cheer ?

The swiftest of thy pinions take,
And hence a sudden journey make
To help 'em break their bridal cake.

Haste then to church ; tell them, Love says,
Religion breeds but fond delays
To lengthen out the tedious days.

Chide the slow priest, that so goes on
As if he fear'd he should have done
His sermon ere the glass be run :

Bid him post o'er his words as fast
As if himself were now to taste
The pleasure of so fair a waist.

Now lead the blessed couple home,
And serve a dinner up for some :
Their banquet is as yet to come.

Maids, dance as nimbly as your blood,
Which I see swell a purple flood,
In emulation of that good

The bride possesseth ! for I deem
What she enjoys will be the theme,
This night, of every virgin's dream.

But envy not their blest content,
The hasty night is almost spent,
And they of Cupid will be shent.

The sun is now ready to ride :
Sure, 'twas the morning I espied,
Or 'twas the blushing of the bride.

See how the lusty bridegroom's veins
Swell, 'till the active torrent strains
To break those o'erstretch'd azure chains !

And the fair bride, ready to cry
To see her pleasant loss so nigh,
Pants like the sealed pigeon's eye !

Put out the torch ! Love loves no lights :
Those that perform his mystic rites
Must pay their orisons by nights.

Nor can that sacrifice be done
By any priest or nun alone,
But when they both are met in one.

Now you that taste of Hymen's cheer,
See that your lips do meet so near
That cockles might be tutor'd there.

And let the whispering of your love
Such short and gentle murmurs prove,
As they were lectures to the dove.

And in such strict embraces twine,
As if you read unto the vine,
The ivy, and the columbine.

Thence may there spring many a pair
Of sons and daughters strong and fair.—
How soon the gods have heard my prayer !

Methinks already I espy
The cradles rock, the babies cry,
And drowsy nurses lullaby.

SIR ASTON COKAIN

WAS born of a knightly and ancient family at Ashbourn, in the Peak of Derbyshire, 1608 ; educated at both the Universities, especially Cambridge, being a fellow-commoner of Trinity College ; and having continued for some time at the inns of court "for fashion sake," says Wood, travelled with Sir Kenelm Digby, and married on his return. He lived a studious life upon his estate in Warwickshire, and suffered much during the civil wars for the king's cause, and his religion, which was that of Rome. We are told, he "was esteemed by many an ingenious gentleman, a good poet, and a great lover of learning ; yet by others *a perfect boon fellow*, by which means he wasted all he had." He died at Derby, 1683.

His "Poems of divers sorts," appeared in 1658, and had various titles (vide Gentleman's Magazine for 1797). They may perhaps be consulted with advantage by those who search after anecdotes of contemporary characters, or pictures of their manners. The following appeared the most advantageous specimen of his poetry.

To Plautia.

AWAY, fond thing ! tempt me no more !
 I'll not be won with all thy store !
 I can behold thy golden hair,
 And for the owner nothing care :
 Thy starry eyes can look upon,
 And be mine own when I have done :

Thy cherry ruby lips can kiss,
And for fruition never wish :
Can view the garden of thy cheeks,
And slight the roses there as leeks :
Can hear thee sing with all thine art,
Without enthralling of mine heart :
My liberty thou canst not wrong
With all the magic of thy tongue :
Thy warm snow-breasts and I can see,
And neither sigh nor wish for thee :
Behold thy feet, which we do bless
For bearing so much happiness,
Yet they at all should not destroy
My strong preserved liberty :
Could see thee naked, as at first
Our parents were, when both uncurs'd,
And with my busy searching eyes
View strictly thy hid rarities ;
Yet, after such a free survey,
From thee no lover go away.
For thou art false, and wilt be so :
I else no other fair would woo.
Away, therefore, tempt me no more !
I'll not be won with all thy store.

SIR RICHARD FANSHAW,

BROTHER to Thomas Lord Fanshaw ; born in 1607, and educated at Cambridge : was secretary at war to Prince Charles, 1644 ; treasurer of the navy under Prince Rupert, 1648 ; created baronet 1650, and envoy to Spain ; afterwards, being recalled into Scotland, employed there with high credit (though no covenanter) as secretary of state. Having been taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester, 1651, he was sent to London, and is said during his confinement to have written several of his poetical productions. In 1659 he joined Charles II. at Breda, was knighted the following year, and made secretary of the Latin tongue, and master of the requests. In 1661 being Burgess for the town of Cambridge, he was sworn one of the privy council of Ireland, and sent envoy to Portugal, and again as ambassador in 1662. Having taken his place at the privy council in 1663, he was finally appointed ambassador to both the crowns of Spain and Portugal, where he experienced a marked and unusually splendid reception, in consideration of his former deportment, according to some, though see the *Biographia Britannica*. He died of a fever at Madrid in 1666. Vide Wood's *Fasti*, ii. 43, and *Langbaine*.

His writings consist principally of translations, viz. The *Lusiad* of Camoens ; the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini ; a dramatic romance paraphrased from the Spanish of Ant. De Mendoza, entitled " *Querer Por Solo Querer* ;" and a Latin metrical version of Fletcher's " *Faithful Shepherdess*," under the Italian title of " *La Fida Pastora*."

The following extract is taken from his poems, published with " *Il Pastor Fido*," 1648, 4to, and 1676, 8vo. The four first lines are part of another sonnet.

THOU blushing Rose, within whose virgin leaves
The wanton Wind to sport himself presumes,
Whilst from their rifled wardrobe he receives
For his wings purple, for his breath perfumes !

Blown in the morning, thou shalt fade e'er noon !
What boots a life which in such haste forsakes thee ?
Thou'rt wondrous frolic, being to die so soon,
And passing proud a little colour makes thee.

If thee thy brittle beauty so deceives,
Know then, the thing that swells thee is thy bane ;
For the same beauty doth in bloody leaves
The sentence of thy early death contain.

Some clown's coarse lungs will poison thy sweet
flower,
If by the careless plough thou shalt be torn,
And many Herods lie in wait each hour,
To murder thee as soon as thou art born ;

Nay, force thy bud to blow, their tyrant breath
Anticipating life, to hasten death.

JOHN MILTON

WAS born in 1608, and died in 1674. As the minor poems of Milton are too popular to require reprinting, only the two following short specimens are given of this great master.

On May Morning.

Now the bright Morning Star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire !
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing :
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long !

SONNET

When the Assault was intended to the City.

CAPTAIN, or colonel, or knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,

Guard them, and him within protect from harms !
He can requite thee ! for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower !
The great Emathian conqueror did spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground : and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save th' Athenian walls from ruin bare.

RICHARD CRASHAW,

AUTHOR of "Steps to the Temple. Sacred Poems, with other Delights of the Muses," 12mo, 1646, seems to have resembled Herbert in his turn of mind, but possessed more fancy and genius. His translations have considerable merit, but his original poetry is full of conceit. The time of his birth is unknown. Having been educated at the Charter-house, he was for some time a scholar of Pembroke, and a fellow of Peter-house, Cambridge; and afterwards changing his religion, died a canon of Loretto, 1650.

His Latin poems were first printed in 1634, and have been much admired, though liable to the same objections as his English. For some particular information respecting Crashaw and his works, consult Headley, Dr. Anderson, and Mr. Hayley's account in the new Biographia Britannica.

Out of Catullus.

COME and let us live, my dear,
 Let us love, and never fear
 What the sourest fathers say !
 Brightest Sol, that dies to-day,
 Lives again as blithe to-morrow :
 But if we, dark sons of sorrow,
 Set ; oh then, how long a night
 Shuts the eyes of our short light !

Then let amorous kisses dwell
On our lips ; begin, and tell
A thousand, and a hundred score,
An hundred, and a thousand more ;
'Till another thousand smother
That, and that wipe off another.
Thus, at last, when we have number'd
Many a thousand, many a hundred,
We'll confound the reckoning quite,
And lose ourselves in wild delight :
While our joys so multiply
As shall mock the envious eye.

Love's Horoscope.

LOVE, brave Virtue's younger brother,
Erst had made my heart a mother.
She consults the conscious spheres,
To calculate her young son's years :
She asks if sad or saving powers
Gave omen to his infant hours :
She asks each star that then stood by
If poor Love shall live or die.

Ah, my heart ! is that the way ?
Are these the beams that rule thy day ?

Thou know'st a face, in whose each look
Beauty lays ope Love's fortune-book :
On whose fair revolutions wait
Th' obsequious motions of Love's fate.
Ah, my heart ! her eyes and she
Have taught thee new astrology !
Howe'er Love's native hours were set,
Whatever starry synod met,
'Tis in the mercy of her eye,
If poor Love shall live or die.

If those sharp rays, putting on
Points of death, did Love begone,
(Though the heavens in council sate
To crown an uncontrolled fate ;
Though their best aspects, twin'd upon
The kindest constellation,
Cast amorous glances on his birth,
And whisper'd the confederate earth
To pave his paths with all the good
That warms the bed of youth and blood ;)
Love has no plea against her eye :
Beauty frowns, and Love must die.

But if her milder influence move,
And gild the hopes of humble Love ;
(Though heaven's inauspicious eye
Lay black on Love's nativity ;

Though every diamond in Jove's crown
Fix'd his forehead to a frown ;)
Her eye a strong appeal can give :
Beauty smiles ; and Love shall live.

*Epitaph upon Husband and Wife, which died and
were buried together.*

To these, whom Death again did wed,
This grave's the second marriage-bed.
For though the hand of Fate could force
'Twixt soul and body a divorce,
It could not sever man and wife,
Because they both liv'd but one life.
Peace, good reader, do not weep !
Peace ! the lovers are asleep.
They, sweet turtles, folded lie
In the last knot that Love could tie.
[And though they lie as they were dead,
Their pillow stone, their sheets of lead ;
Pillow hard, and sheets not warm,
Love made the bed, they'll take no harm.]
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
'Till this stormy night be gone,

And th' eternal morrow dawn ;
Then the curtains will be drawn,
And they waken with that light
Whose day shall never sleep in night.

The lines inclosed in brackets are in no printed edition : they were found in a MS. copy, and are perhaps not Crashaw's.

SIDNEY GODOLPHIN

WAS brother to the treasurer Godolphin, "a young gentleman of incomparable parts," says Lord Clarendon, who has given him a very high character, drawn with great minuteness, in the Account of his own Life, and in the History of the Rebellion. He was born in 1610, sent to Exeter College, Oxford, 1624, where he continued about three years, and killed at the attack of Chagford, in Devonshire, Jan. 1642-3. His translation of the fourth book of the *Æneid*, in which he was assisted by Waller, was printed in 1658, 12mo, and may be found in Dryden's *Miscellanies* (ed. 1716), vol. iv. p. 134.

The following specimen was copied from a MS. in the possession of Mr. Malone, containing several small poems by Godolphin, Waller, Carew, and others.

OR love me less, or love me more ;
 And play not with my liberty :
 Either take all, or all restore ;
 Bind me at least, or set me free !
 Let me some nobler torture find
 Than of a doubtful wavering mind :
 Take all my peace ! but you betray
 Mine honour too, this cruel way.

'Tis true that I have nurs'd before
That hope, of which I now complain ;
And, having little, sought no more,
Fearing to meet with your disdain.
The sparks of favour you did give,
I gently blew, to make them live ;
And yet have gain'd, by all this care,
No rest in hope, nor in despair.

I see you wear that pitying smile
Which you have still vouchsaf'd my smart,
Content thus cheaply to beguile
And entertain an harmless heart :
But I no longer can give way
To hope which doth so little pay ;
And yet I dare no freedom owe,
Whilst you are kind, though but in show.

Then give me more, or give me less :
Do not disdain a mutual sense ;
Or your un pitying beauties dress
In their own free indifference !
But show not a severer eye,
Sooner to give me liberty ;
For I shall love the very scorn
Which, for my sake, you do put on.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT

WAS born, according to Wood, in 1611 ; and in 1628 sent to Christ-Church, Oxford, where he died, soon after his nomination to the office of junior proctor, in 1643. His learning, his eloquence in the pulpit, and his poetical talents, are extolled by all his contemporaries ; and his poems and plays were ushered into the world in 1651 with no less than fifty copies of commendatory verses. For this torrent of panegyric he was probably indebted to the sweetness of his manners, and his proficiency in academical learning, because his poetry, as Mr. Headley has justly observed, is not remarkable for "elegance or even neatness of style," though certainly recommended by "good sense and solidity." Many high testimonies to his character may be seen in the *Biographia Dramatica*.

ODE.

[In "The Lady-Errant."]

To carve our loves in myrtle rinds,
 And tell our secrets to the woods ;
 To send our sighs by faithful winds,
 And trust our tears unto the floods ;
 To call where no man hears,
 And think that rocks have ears,
 To walk and rest, to live and die,
 And yet not know whence, how, or why ;

To have our hopes with fears still check'd,
To credit doubts, and truth suspect ;—
 This, this is what we may
 A lover's absence say.

Love but one.

SEE these two little brooks that slowly creep
 In snaky windings through the plains !
I knew them once one river, swift and deep,
 Blessing and blest by poets' strains !

But, since it broke itself, and double glides,
 The naked banks no dress have worn ;
And yon dry barren mountain now derides
 These valleys, which lost glories mourn.

O Chloris, think how this presents thy love !
 Which when it ran but in one stream,
We happy shepherds thence did thrive, and 'prove,
 And thou wast mine and all men's theme.

But since 't hath been imparted to one more,
 And in two streams doth weakly creep,
Our common Muse is thence grown low and poor,
 And mine as lean as these my sheep.

But think withal what honour thou hast lost,
Which we did to the full stream pay !
Whilst now that swain that swears he loves thee most
Slakes but his thirst and goes away !

FALSEHOOD.

[An Extract.]

STILL do the stars impart their light
To those that travel in the night :
Still time runs on, nor doth the hand
Or shadow on the dial stand :
The streams still glide and constant are :
Only thy mind
Untrue I find,
Which carelessly
Neglects to be
Like stream or shadow, hand or star.

Lesbia on her Sparrow.

TELL me not of joy ! there's none,
Now my little sparrow's gone :
He, just as you,
Would sigh and woo,

He would chirp and flatter me ;
 He would hang the wing a while,
 Till at length he saw me smile,
Lord ! how sullen he would be !

He would catch a crumb, and then
Sporting let it go again ;
 He from my lip
 Would moisture sip,
He would from my trencher feed ;
 Then would hop, and then would run,
 And cry *Phillip* when he'd done ;
Oh ! whose heart can choose but bleed ?

Oh ! how eager would he fight,
And ne'er hurt though he did bite.
 No morn did pass,
 But on my glass
He would sit, and mark, and do
 What I did ; now ruffle all
 His feathers o'er, now let them fall,
And then straightway sleek them too.

Whence will Cupid get his darts
Feather'd now, to pierce our hearts ?
 A wound he may,
 Not love, convey,

Now this faithful bird is gone.
Oh ! let mournful turtles join
With loving redbreasts, and combine
To sing dirges o'er his stone.

SONG.

[From "The Ordinary."]

WHILES early light springs from the skies,
A fairer from your bride doth rise ;
A brighter day doth thence appear,
And make a second morning there.
Her blush doth shed
All o'er the bed
Clear shame-fac'd beams,
That spread in streams,
And purple round the modest air.

I will not tell what shrieks and cries,
What angry pishes, and what fies,
What pretty oaths, then newly born,
The listening taper heard there sworn :
Whiles forward she,
Most peevishly,
Did yielding fight
To keep o'er night
What she'd have proffer'd you ere morn.

Fair, we know maids do refuse
To grant what they do come to lose.
Intend a conquest, you that wed !
They would be chastely ravished :
 Not any kiss
 From Mrs. Pris,
 If that you do
 Persuade and woo.
Know, pleasure's by extorting fed.

Oh, may her arms wax black and blue
Only by hard encircling you ;
May she round about you twine,
Like the easy twisting vine ;
 And whiles you sip
 From her full lip
 Pleasures as new
 As morning dew,
Let those soft ties your hearts combine.

SONG.

[From the same.]

COME, O come, I brook no stay ;
He doth not love that can delay !
 See, how the stealing night
 Hath blotted out the light,
And tapers do supply the day !

To be chaste, is to be old,
And that foolish girl that's cold,
Is fourscore at fifteen ;
Desires do write us green,
And looser flames our youth unfold.

See, the first taper's almost gone !
Thy flame like that will straight be none ;
And I, as it expire,
Unable to hold fire :
She loseth time that lies alone.

O let us cherish then these powers,
Whiles we yet may call them ours !
Then we best spend our time,
When no dull zealous chime,
But sprightful kisses strike the hours.

THOMAS NABBES.

LANGBAIN, without giving us any particulars of his life, only tells us that he was *pretty much esteemed* by his contemporaries. The first of the following specimens, extracted from his poems (subjoined to "The Spring's Glory," a masque, Lond. 4to, 1639), has some originality : the second would not have been disowned by his patron, Suckling. See *Biographia Dramatica*.

Upon excellent Strong Beer, which he drank at the town of Wich, in Worcestershire, where salt is made.

THOU ever youthful god of wine,
 Whose burnish'd cheeks with rubies shine,
 Thy brows with ivy chaplets crown'd ;
 We dare thee here to pledge a round !
 Thy wanton grapes we do detest ;
 Here's richer juice from barley press'd.

Let not the Muses vainly tell,
 What Virtue's in the horse-hoof well,
 That scarce one drop of good blood breeds,
 But with mere inspiration feeds :
 Oh let them come and taste this beer,
 And water henceforth they'll forswear.

If that the Paracelsian crew
The virtues of this liquor knew,
Their endless toils they would give o'er,
And never use extractions more.

'Tis medicine ; meat for young and old ;
Elixir ; blood of tortur'd gold.

It is sublim'd ; it's calcinate ;
'Tis rectified ; precipitate ;
It is Androgena, Sol's wife ;
It is the Mercury of life ;
It is the quintessence of malt ;
And they that drink it want no salt.

It heals, it hurts ; it cures, it kills ;
Men's heads with proclamations fills ;
It makes some dumb, and others speak ;
Strong vessels hold, and crack'd ones leak ;
It makes some rich, and others poor ;
It makes, and yet mars many a score.

On a Mistress of whose affection he was doubtful.

WHAT though with figures I should raise
Above all height my mistress' praise ;
Calling her cheek a blushing rose,
The fairest June did e'er disclose ;

Her forehead, lilies ; and her eyes,
The luminaries of the skies ;
That on her lips ambrosia grows,
And from her kisses nectar flows ?—
Too great hyperboles ! unless
She loves me, she is none of these.
But, if her heart and her desires
Do answer mine with equal fires,
These attributes are then too poor.—
She is all these, and ten times more.

HENRY GLAPTHORNE.

A POET who, like many of his contemporaries, seems to have mistaken extravagance and exaggeration for tenderness and fancy. His best composition is entitled "to my Friend, Advice :—" it contains much good sense, and some good poetry, but it is too long for insertion here. Of his lighter pieces the following is perhaps the least unfavourable specimen. His poems were printed in a small 4to, 1639. He wrote, besides, nine plays, five of which were printed singly in 1639 and 1640. Phillips pronounces him "not altogether ill-deserving of the English stage."

UNCLOSE those eye-lids, and outshine
 The brightness of the breaking day !
 The light they cover is divine ;
 Why should it fade so soon away ?
 Stars vanish so, and day appears ;
 The sun's so drown'd i' th' morning's tears.

Oh ! let not sadness cloud this beauty,
 Which if you lose you'll ne'er recover !
 It is not love's, but sorrow's duty,
 To die so soon for a dead lover.
 Banish, oh ! banish grief, and then
 Our joys will bring our hopes again.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING,

SON of Sir John Suckling, Knt., of Whitton, in Middlesex (comptroller of the household to James I. and Charles I., member of the privy council, and secretary of state); is said to have been born in 1613. This date, however, seems to be inaccurate; for Mr. Lysons (*Env. of Lond.* vol. iii.) has given the day of his baptism, from the parish register, four years earlier, viz. Feb. 10, 1608-9. Langbaine, not content with informing us that his birth was delayed to "the beginning of the eleventh month," (*"according to his mother's reckoning,"*) adds that *his life was not less remarkable*, "for he had so *pregnant a genius*, that he spoke Latin at five years old, and writ it at nine."

In the course of his travels he made a campaign under Gustavus Adolphus; during which he was present at three battles, five sieges, and as many skirmishes; but a magnificent regiment of cavalry, raised at his own expense, (1200*l.*) in the beginning of our civil wars, which became equally conspicuous for cowardice and finery, threw a considerable degree of ridicule on his military reputation.

His plays have little merit, though Phillips says that in his time they still brought audience to the theatres. But the grace and elegance of his songs and ballads are inimitable: they "have a pretty touch," says the author just quoted, "of a gentle spirit, and seem to savour more of the grape than lamp." His prose writings have been also much admired. He died of a fever, in 1641, aged only thirty-two years. For further particulars, see Cibber's *Lives*, and Grainger's *Biographical History of England*.

His works were published in 1646, 8vo, and his "*Last Remains*" in 1659. They have been several times reprinted.

SONG.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover ?
Prithee, why so pale ?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail ?
Prithee, why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?
Prithee, why so mute ?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't ?
Prithee, why so mute ?

Quit, quit for shame ; this will not move,
This cannot take her :
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her.
The devil take her !

HONEST lover whosoever,
If in all thy love there ever
Was one wavering thought, if thy flame
Were not still even, still the same ;
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,

And, to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If, when she appears i' th' room,
Thou dost not quake, and art struck dumb,
And in striving this to cover
Dost not speak thy words twice over ;
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,

And, to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If fondly thou dost not mistake,
And all defects for graces take ;
Persuad'st thyself that jests are broken,
When she hath little or nothing spoken ;
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,

And, to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when thou appear'st to be within,
Thou lett'st not men ask, and ask again,
And, when thou answer'st, if it be
To what was ask'd thee properly ;
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,

And, to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when thy stomach calls to eat,
Thou cutt'st not fingers 'stead of meat ;
 And, with much gazing on her face,
 Dost not rise hungry from the place ;
 Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss,
And, to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If by this thou dost discover
That thou art no perfect lover ;
 And, desiring to love true,
 Thou dost begin to love anew ;
 Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss,
And, to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

'Tis now, since I sat down before
 That foolish fort, a heart,
(Time strangely spent!) a year and more,
 And still I did my part ;

Made my approaches, from her hand
 Unto her lip did rise ;
And did already understand
 The language of her eyes :

Proceeded on with no less art ;
 (My tongue was engineer ;)
I thought to undermine the heart
 By whispering in the ear.

When this did nothing, I brought down
 Great cannon oaths, and shot
A thousand thousand to the town,
 And still it yielded not.

I then resolv'd to starve the place,
 By cutting off all kisses,
Praising and gazing on her face,
 And all such little blisses.

To draw her out and from her strength,
 I drew all batteries in ;
And brought myself to lie, at length,
 As if no siege had been.

When I had done what man could do,
 And thought the place mine own,
The enemy lay quiet too,
 And smil'd at all was done.

I sent to know, from whence, and where,
 These hopes and this relief ?
A spy inform'd, Honour was there,
 And did command in chief.

"March, march," quoth I ; " the word straight give,
Let's lose no time, but leave her ;
That giant upon air will live,
And hold it out for ever.

" To such a place our camp remove
As will no siege abide ;
I hate a fool that starves her love,
Only to feed her pride."

*A Ballad upon a Wedding*¹.

I TELL thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen ;
Oh ! things without compare !
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing-cross, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs ;
And there did I see coming down
Such folk as are not in our town,
Forty at least, in pairs.

¹ Occasioned by the marriage of Roger Boyle, the first earl of Orrery (then Lord Broghill), with Lady Margaret Howard, daughter of the earl of Suffolk.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine
(His beard no bigger though than thine)
Walk'd on before the rest :
Our landlord looks like nothing to him ;
The king, (God bless him !) 'twould undo him,
Should he go still so drest.

At course-a-park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the maids i' th' town ;
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the green,
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But, wot you what ? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing ;
The parson for him staid ;
Yet, by his leave (for all his haste,)
He did not so much wish all past
(Perchance) as did the maid.

The maid, (and thereby hangs a tale ;
For, such a maid no Whitsun ale
Could ever yet produce)—
No grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring,
It was too wide a peck :
And to say truth, for out it must,
It look'd like the great collar, just,
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light :
But oh ! she dances such a way—
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight !

He would have kiss'd her once or twice,
But she would not, she was so nice,
She would not do't in sight :
And then she look'd as who should say,
“ I will do what I list to-day,
And you shall do't at night.”

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison,
(Who sees them is undone ;)
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a catherine pear
(The side that's next the sun).

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin
 (Some bee had stung it newly);
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
 Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
 That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
 And are not spent a whit.

If wishing should be any sin,
The parson himself had guilty been,
 She look'd that day so purely;
And, did the youth so oft the feat
At night as some did in conceit,
 It would have spoil'd him surely.

Passion, oh me! how I run on!
There's that that would be thought upon,
 I trow, besides the bride.
The business of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat,
 Nor was it there denied.

Just in the nick the cook knock'd thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey :
Each serving man, with dish in hand,
March'd boldly up, like our train'd band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife or teeth was able
To stay to be intreated ?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace
The company was seated ¹.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse,
Healts first go round, and then the house,
The bride's came thick and thick ;
And when 'twas nam'd another's health,
Perhaps he made it her's by stealth ;
(And who could help it, Dick ?)

O' th' sudden up they rise and dance ;
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance ;

¹ In the first edition of Suckling's works the three preceding stanzas were differently arranged. The order adopted above, which the sense indeed seems to require, is justified by a copy in "Witt's Recreations," 1654, and has been followed by the later editors.

Then dance again and kiss :
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Till every woman wish'd her place,
And every man wish'd his.

By this time all were stol'n aside
To counsel and undress the bride :—
But that he must not know :—
But yet 'twas thought he guess'd her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.

When in he came, Dick, there she lay,
Like new-fall'n snow melting away :
('Twas time, I trow, to part.)
Kisses were now the only stay,
Which soon she gave, as who would say,
“ Good boy ! with all my heart.”

But just as heavens would have, to cross it,
In came the bride-maids with the posset ;
The bridegroom ate in spite ;
For had he left the women to 't,
It would have cost two hours to do 't,
Which were too much that night.

At length the candle's out, and now
All that they had not done they do ;
 What that is, who can tell ?
But I believe it was no more
Than thou and I have done before
 With Bridget and with Nell.

SIR JOHN DENHAM,

"DESERVEDLY considered," says Dr. Johnson, "as one of the fathers of English poetry," was born in Dublin, 1615, and entered in 1631 gentleman-commoner at Trinity College, Oxford, where it is said he was chiefly addicted to gaming, and exhibited no signs of genius; and that his tragedy, "The Sophy," which he wrote in 1641, and his beautiful poem on Cooper's Hill, composed soon after, were received by the world with astonishment. Waller said, "he broke out like the Irish Rebellion, threescore thousand strong, when nobody was aware, or in the least suspected it." Though but an indifferent soldier, his address and knowledge of mankind were often of service to Charles I., and after the restoration he was much admired by Charles II., who is said to have frequently suggested the subjects of his poetry. He died in 1668.

Vide Wood's *Athenæ*, ii. 422, and Dr. Johnson's *Lives*.

His poems were printed, together with "The Sophy," a tragedy, in 1668, 8vo, again in 1671, and repeatedly afterwards. His Version of the Psalms, which Wood never saw, did not appear, I believe, till 1714, when it was published in 8vo, from the original MS.

SONG.

MORPHEUS, the humble god that dwells
In cottages and smoky cells,
Hates gilded roofs, and beds of down;
And, though he fears no prince's frown,
Flies from the circle of a crown.

Come, I say, thou powerful god,
And thy leaden charming rod,
Dipp'd in the Lethean lake,
O'er his wakeful temples shake,
Lest he should sleep, and never wake.

Nature, alas! why art thou so
Obliged to thy greatest foe?
Sleep, that is thy best repast,
Yet of death it bears a taste,
And both are the same thing at last.

JOHN TATHAM.

GRANGER says, he was erroneously called *City Poet*, but has omitted to give his reasons for this assertion; which, indeed, is contradicted by a pageant written by Tatham in celebration of Sir John Frederick's mayoralty in 1661, and preserved in the British Museum.

He was the author of four plays; of "Fancy's Theatre," a volume of poems, printed in 1640, 12mo, and of "Ostella, or the Faction of Love and Beauty reconciled," 1650, 4to, a scarce volume, though not otherwise valuable. The following specimen, taken from the latter collection, is very near being elegant.

The Swallow.

MARK, Ostella, when the Spring
 Hath dissolv'd the frosty king,
 And reseats herself on earth,
 Giving flowers and plants a birth;
 When the glorious sun doth shine
 Full of heat, as do thy eyn;
 * * * * *
 Then, oh then, to us will come,
 To our cottage, to our home,
 An amorous guest, who will salute
 You from the chimney-top with flute-

like notes, when you least need the same :
To sing to you 'twill be on flame !
But, when the tedious winter's night
Comes on, that wants both heat and light,
And that his pretty music may
With pleasure pass the time away,
Which else perhaps might sadness bring—
Your guest is hoarse, and cannot sing.

Acquaintance so leaves man in misery
Who did adore him in prosperity.

SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE.

THIS learned translator was born in 1618, and was constant to the royal cause during the reign of Charles I., in whose armies he held the post of commissary-general of artillery. From March 1654, till October 1659, he travelled through great part of Europe with his pupil Sir John Coventry. As a reward for his loyalty, he was knighted by Charles II. in 1682 ; but suffered inconvenience on James II.'s abdication. His " Poems and Translations, amorous, lusory, moral, and divine," printed in 1651, 12mo, exhibit marks of considerable genius, which, however, is not sufficiently regulated by judgment. He translated three tragedies from Seneca, viz. *Medea*, *Troades*, and *Phædra and Hippolitus*, and the philosophical poem of *Manilius*, with notes, 1675, folio. The poet Stanley was his friend and kinsman.

For further particulars, see Wood's *Fasti*, ii. 18, or the *Biographia Britannica*.

Ice and Fire.

NAKED Love did to thine eye,
 Chloris, once, to warm him, fly :
 But its subtle flame and light
 Scorch'd his wings, and spoil'd his sight.

Forc'd from thence, he went to rest
 In the soft couch of thy breast :

But there met a frost so great
As his torch extinguish'd straight.

When poor Cupid thus (constrain'd
His cold bed to leave) complain'd,
"Alas ! what lodging's here for me,
If all ice and fire she be ?"

The Surprise.

THERE's no dallying with Love,
Though he be a child, and blind ;
Then let none the danger prove
Who would to himself be kind :
Smile he does when thou dost play,
But his smiles to death betray.

Lately with the boy I sported ;
Love I did not, yet love feign'd ;
Had no mistress, yet I courted ;
Sigh I did, yet was not pain'd :
'Till at last this love in jest
Prov'd in earnest my unrest.

When I saw my fair-one first,
In a feigned fire I burn'd ;
But true flames my poor heart pierc'd,
When her eyes on mine she turn'd :

So a real wound I took
For my counterfeited look.

None who loves not, then, make shew ;
Love's as ill deceiv'd as fate :
Fly the boy, he'll cog and woo ;
Mock him, and he wounds thee straight.
Ah ! who dally boast in vain ;
False love wants not real pain.

Love once, love ever.

SHALL I, hopeless, then pursue
A fair shadow that still flies me ?
Shall I still adore and woo
A proud heart that does despise me ?
I a constant love may so,
But, alas ! a fruitless, show.

Whilst these thoughts my soul possess,
Reason Passion would o'ersway,
Bidding me my flames suppress,
Or divert some other way ;
But what Reason would pursue,
That my heart runs counter to.

So a pilot, bent to make
 Search for some unfound-out land,
Does with him the magnet take,
 Sailing to the unknown strand;
But that (steer which way he will)
To the loved north points still.

The Sun-rise.

[An Extract.]

THOU youthful goddess of the morn,
 Whose blush they in the east adore,
Daughter of Phœbus, who before
Thy all-enlightening sire art born !
Haste and restore the day to me,
That my love's beauteous object I may see !

Too much of time the night devours ;
 The cock's shrill voice calls thee again :
Then quickly mount thy golden wain,
Drawn by the softly-sliding hours,
And make apparent to all eyes
With what enamel thou dost paint the skies !

* * * *

Ah, now I see the sweetest dawn !
 Thrice welcome to my longing sight !
Hail, divine beauty, heavenly light !
I see thee through yon cloud of lawn

Appear, and as thy star does glide,
Blanching with rays the east on every side !

Dull Silence, and the drowsy king
Of sad and melancholy dreams,
Now fly before thy cheerful beams,
The darkest shadows vanquishing :
The owl, that all the night did keep
A hooting, now is fled, and gone to sleep.

But all those little birds, whose notes
Sweetly the listening ear enthrall,
To the clear water's murmuring fall
Accord their disagreeing throats ;
The lustre of that greater star
Praising, to which thou art but harbinger.

With holy reverence inspir'd,
When first the day renews its light,
The earth, at so divine a sight,
Seems as if all one altar fir'd,
Reeking with perfumes to the skies,
Which she presents, her native sacrifice.

The humble shepherd, to his rays
Having his rustic homage paid,
And to some cool retired shade
Driven his bleating flocks to graze,

Sits down, delighted with the sight
Of that great lamp, so mild, so fair, so bright.

The bee through flowery gardens goes,
 Buzzing, to drink the morning's tears,
 And from the early Lily bears
A kiss commended to the Rose,
And, like a wary messenger,
Whispers some amorous story in her ear¹.

¹ The remainder of this poem would now be thought forced and unnatural.

SIR FRANCIS KINASTON,

AUTHOR of "Leoline and Sydanis," with "Cynthiades," 1641, son of Sir Edward Kinaston, knt., of Otely in Shropshire, became gentleman-commoner of Oriel College, 1601, took his master's degree in Cambridge, and returned to Oxford 1611. Thence he went to Court, was knighted in 1619, and afterwards made esquire of the body of Charles I. He was the first regent of the academy called *the Musæum Minervæ*, 1635. He printed this year two books of a Latin translation of Chaucer's Troilus and Cresseid; and died 1642, or thereabouts, says Wood, who adds: "This is the person also who by experience falsified the alchymists' report, that a hen being fed for certain days with gold, beginning when Sol was in Leo, should be *converted into gold*, and should *lay golden eggs*; but indeed became very fat."

To Cynthia, on concealment of her beauty.

Do not conceal thy radiant eyes,
The star-light of serenest skies;
Lest, wanting of their heavenly light,
They turn to chaos' endless night!

Do not conceal those tresses fair,
The silken snares of thy curl'd hair;
Lest, finding neither gold nor ore,
The curious silk-worm work no more!

Do not conceal those breasts of thine,
More snow-white than the Appennine;
Lest, if there be like cold and frost,
The lily be for ever lost !

Do not conceal that fragrant scent,
Thy breath, which to all flowers hath lent
Perfumes ; lest, it being supprest,
No spices grow in all the east !

Do not conceal thy heavenly voice,
Which makes the hearts of gods rejoice ;
Lest, music hearing no such thing,
The nightingale forget to sing !

Do not conceal, nor yet eclipse
Thy pearly teeth with coral lips ;
Lest that the seas cease to bring forth
Gems which from thee have all their worth !

Do not conceal no beauty, grace,
That's either in thy mind or face ;
Lest virtue overcome by vice
Make men believe no Paradise !

To Cynthia, on her Mother's decease.

APRIL is past ! then do not shed,
Nor do not waste in vain
Upon thy mother's earthy bed
Thy tears of silver rain.

Thou canst not hope that her cold earth
By watering will bring forth
A flower like thee, or will give birth
To one of the like worth.

'Tis true the rain fall'n from the sky,
Or from the clouded air,
Doth make the earth to fructify,
And makes the heaven more fair.

✱

With thy dear face it is not so,
Which if once overcast,
If thou rain down thy showers of wo,
They like the Syrens blast.

Therefore, when sorrow shall becloud
Thy fair serenest day,
Weep not ! my sighs shall be allow'd
To chase the storm away.

THOMAS BEEDOME

WAS the author of "Poems Divine and Humane," 12mo, London, 1641 (with an address to the reader, signed "Hen. Glapthorne," as well as Latin and English verses by the same). These posthumous poems contain many good lines, but in general wretchedly marred by extravagant conceits. The following is, perhaps, the least faulty specimen.

From the numerous complimentary verses by contemporary wits, which, according to the custom of the times, usher in the author and his productions with hyperbolical praise, it appears that Beedome died very young.

The Question and Answer. ❁

WHEN the sad ruin of that face
 In its own wrinkles buried lies,
 And the stiff pride of all its grace,
 By time undone, falls slack and dies ;
 Wilt not thou sigh, and wish, in some vex'd fit,
 That it were now as when I courted it ?

And when thy glass shall it present
 Without those smiles which once were there,
 Showing, like some stale monument,
 A scalp departed from its hair ;

At thyself frightened, wilt not start, and swear
That I belied thee when I call'd thee fair ?

Yes, yes, I know thou wilt ; and so
Pity the weakness of thy scorn,
That now hath humbled thee to know,
Though fair it was, it is forlorn.
Love's sweets thy aged corpse embalming not,
What marvel if thy carcase' beauty rot ?

Then shall I live ; and live to be
Thy envy, thou my pity : say
Whene'er thou see me, or I thee,
(Being nighted from thy beauty's day)
“ 'Tis he ! and had my pride not wither'd me,
I had, perhaps, been still as fresh as he.”

Then shall I smile, and answer, “ True ; thy scorn
Left thee thus wrinkled, slackt, corrupt, forlorn.”

HENRY DELAUNE,

A WRITER concerning whom nothing seems to be known, except that he published a small volume in 1651, under the title of "*Πατρικὸν Δωρον*, or, a legacy to his sons, being a miscellany of precepts, theological, moral, political, and œconomical, digested into seven centuries of quadrins," which was reprinted in 1657. These moral and religious epigrams (for such they are) appear to be the real dictates of paternal solicitude, and the result of long experience. A few specimens, taken casually from the concluding century, may serve as examples of the author's style ; which is uniformly nervous, correct, and creditable to his learning and good sense as well as piety, but seldom very eminently poetical.

WHEN the straight columns, on whose well-knit chine
 Some stately structure leans its weighty head,
 Are from their centre mov'd, or made incline,
 The pile soon sinks, and shrinks to its first bed :

So, when you see Death's agents daily come,
 And from the earth just men and good translate,
 A sure and sad prognostic 'tis of some
 Impending judgment on a realm or state.

Ere God on Sodom stretch'd his flaming hand,
He had a care to send just Lot away ;
So mostly still, when he will scourge a land,
Whom he best loves he puts out of the way.

Early set forth to your eternal race ;
Th' ascent is steep and craggy you must climb :
God, at all times, has promis'd sinners grace
If they repent ; but he ne'er promis'd *time*.

Cheat not yourselves, as most ; who then prepare
For death, when life is almost turn'd to fume :
One thief was sav'd that no man might despair ;
And *but one* thief, that no man might presume.

Wealth, honour, friends, wife, children, kindred, all
We so much doat on, and wherein we trust,
Are withering gourds ; blossoms that fade and fall ;
Landscapes in water ; and deeds drawn in dust.

How many has the morn beheld to rise
In their youth's prime, as glorious as the sun,
Who, like a flower cropt, have had their eyes
Clos'd up by Death before the day was done !

Poison, a knife, a pistol, thousands more
Sad instruments, set periods to our fates.
Nature lets in to life but at one door ;
But, to go forth, Death opens many gates.

RICHARD LOVELACE,

ELDEST son of Sir Wm. Lovelace, of Woolwich, in Kent, knt., was born in 1618, educated at the Charter-house, and Gloucester-hall, Oxford, where he entered as a gentleman-commoner when sixteen years of age ; and while the king and queen were in the University, at *the request of a great lady* made to the chancellor, was created A.M., though then but of two years' standing. Wood says of him, that he was "accounted the most amiable and beautiful person that eye ever beheld : a person also of innate modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment," and that he was "much admired and adored by the female sex." He died in extreme want at a mean lodging near Shoe-lane, in 1658, after having frequently risked his life, and consumed his whole patrimony in useless efforts to serve his sovereign. He wrote two plays, never printed, called "The Scholar," and "The Soldier," and a volume of poems, 1649, 12mo, called "Lucasta," in honour of Lucy Sacheverel, a lady of great beauty and fortune, whom he usually styled *Lux Casta*, and who, supposing him dead of his wounds received at Dunkirk, where he commanded a regiment, married another.

After his death, his "Posthume Poems" were published, in the year 1659, 12mo, by his brother, Dudley Posthumus-Lovelace.

SONG.

The Scrutiny.

WHY should you swear I am forsworn,
 Since thine I vow'd to be ?
 Lady, it is already morn ;

And 'twas last night I swore to thee
That fond impossibility.

Have I not lov'd thee much, and long ;
A tedious twelve-hour's space ?
I must all other beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace,
Could I still doat upon thy face.

SONG.

To Amarantha, that she would dishevel her hair.

AMARANTHA, sweet and fair,
Ah! braid no more that shining hair !
As my curious hand or eye,
Hovering round thee, let it fly.

Let it fly as unconfin'd
As its calm ravisher the Wind ;
Who hath left his darling th' east
To wanton o'er that spicy nest.

Every tress must be confest
But neatly tangled at the best ;
Like a clew of golden thread,
Most excellently ravelled.

Do not then wind up that light
In ribbons, and o'ercloud in night,
Like the Sun in's early ray,
But shake your head and scatter day !

SONG.

To Lucasta. Going to the wars.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field ;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore ;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Lov'd I not honour more.

WHEN I by thy fair shape did swear
(And mingled with each vow a tear)

I lov'd, I lov'd thee best,
I swore as I profest ;
For all the while you lasted warm and pure
My oaths too did endure ;
But once turn'd faithless to thyself, and old,
They then with thee incessantly grew cold.

SONG.

To Althea, from prison.

WHEN Love, with unconfined wings,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates ;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fetter'd to her eye,—
The birds¹, that wanton in the air,
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames ;

¹ In the original it is "gods." The correction, which is very happy, is Dr. Percy's.

When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,—
Fishes, that tipple in the deep,
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I ¹
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king ;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,—
Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,—
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

¹ Dr. Percy has changed this line into " When, linnet-like, confined I," which is more intelligible.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Was born in 1618, and died in 1667.

HERE'S to thee, Dick!—this whining love despise ;
Pledge me, my friend. and drink till thou be'st wise!

It sparkles brighter far than she :

'Tis pure and right, without deceit,

And such no woman e'er will be :

No, they are all sophisticate.

Follies they have so numberless in store,
That only he who loves them can have more.

Neither their sighs nor tears are true ;

Those idly blow, these idly fall,

Nothing like to our's at all ;

But sighs and tears have sexes too.

Here's to thee again ; thy senseless sorrows drown'd,
Let the glass walk, till all things too go round !

Again ! till these two lights be four :—
 No error here can dangerous prove :
 Thy passion, man, deceiv'd thee more ;
 None double see like men in love.

[Extract from " The Spring."]

THOUGH you be absent here, I needs must say
 The trees as beauteous are, and flowers as gay
 As ever they were wont to be :
 Nay, the bird's rural music too
 Is as melodious and free
 As if they sung to pleasure you.
 I saw a rose-bud ope this morn—I'll swear,
 The blushing morn open'd not more fair.

[From " The Request."]

* * * *

I ASK not one in whom all beauties grow—
 Let me but love, whate'er she be,
 She cannot seem deform'd to me ;
 And I would have her seem to others so.

* * * *

That happy ¹ thing a lover grown,
 I shall not see with others' eyes—scarce with mine
 own.

* * * *

¹ " When I'm that "—Ed. 1647.

But do not touch my heart, and so be gone :
Strike deep thy burning arrows in :
Lukewarmness I account a sin
As great in love as in religion.
Come arm'd with flames, for I would prove
All the extremities of mighty love !

[From " Not fair."]

'Tis very true, I thought you once as fair
As women in th' idea are :
Whatever here seems beauteous, seem'd to be
But a faint metaphor of thee.
But then, methought, there something shin'd within
Which cast this lustre o'er thy skin.

* * * *

But since I knew thy falsehood, and thy pride,
And all thy thousand faults beside ;
A very Moor, methinks, plac'd near to thee,
White as his teeth would seem to be ;

* * * *

Nay, when the world but knows how false you are,
There's not a man will think you fair.

* * * *

[From "The Change."]

Love in her sunny eyes does basking play,
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair,
Love does on both her lips for ever stray,
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there.
In all her outward parts Love's always seen ;—
But oh ! he never went within.

[From "The Soul."]

If mine eyes do e'er declare
They've seen a second thing that's fair,
Or ears, that they have music found
Besides thy voice in any sound ;
If my taste do ever meet
After thy kiss with aught that's sweet :
If my abused touch allow
Aught to be smooth or soft but you ;
If what seasonable springs,
Or the eastern summer brings,
Do my smell persuade at all
Aught perfume but thy breath to call ;

* * * *

May I as worthless seem to thee,
As all but thou appear to me.

If I ever anger know,
Till some wrong be done to you ;

* * * *

If ever I an hope admit,
Without thy image stamp'd on it ;
Or any fear, till I begin
To find that you're concern'd therein ;
If a joy e'er come to me,
That tastes of any thing but thee ;
If any sorrow touch my mind
Whilst you are well and not unkind ;
If I a minute's space debate,
Whether I shall curse and hate
The things beneath thy hatred fall,
Though all the world, myself and all ;

* * * *

If any passion of my heart,
By any force or any art,
Be brought to move one step from thee,
May'st thou no passion have for me.

[From "The Wish."]

WELL, then ; I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree.
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy :

And they, methinks, deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buzz, and murmurings,
Of this great hive, the city.

Ah! yet, ere I descend to th' grave,
May I a small house and large garden have ;
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too !
And (since Love ne'er will from me flee,)
A mistress, moderately fair,
And good, as guardian-angels are ;
Only belov'd, and loving me !

* * * * *

How happy here should I,
And one dear she, live, and embracing die ?
She who is all the world, and can exclude
In desarts solitude.

[From "The Inconstant."]

I NEVER yet could see that face
Which had no dart for me ;
From fifteen years to fifty's space
They all victorious be.

Colour or shape, good limbs or face,
Goodness, or wit, in all I find :
In motion or in speech a grace ;
If all fail, yet 'tis womankind.

If tall, the name of *proper* slays ;
If fair, she's pleasant as the *light* ;
If low, her *prettiness* does please ;
If black, what lover loves not *night* ?

The fat like plenty fills my heart,
The lean with love makes me so too ;
If straight, her body's *Cupid's dart*
To me ; if crooked, 'tis his *bow*.

Thus with unwearied wings I flee
Through all Love's gardens and his fields ;
And, like the wise industrious bee,
No weed but honey to me yields.

Honour.

SHE loves, and she confesses too ;
There's then at last no more to do.

The happy work's entirely done ;
Enter the town which thou hast won.
The fruits of conquest now begin :
Iô triumphe ! enter in.

What's this, ye gods ! what can it be ?
Remains there still an enemy ?
Bold Honour stands up in the gate,
And would yet capitulate.
Have I o'ercome all real foes,
And shall this phantom me oppose ?

Noisy nothing ! stalking shade !
By what witchcraft wert thou made ?
Empty cause of solid harms !
But I shall find out counter-charms,
Thy airy devilship to remove
From this circle here of love.

Sure I shall rid myself of thee
By the night's obscurity,
And obscurer secresy.
Unlike to every other sprite,
Thou attempt'st not men t'affright,
Nor appear'st but in the light.

REIGN OF CHARLES I.

BALLAD.

The Chronicle.

MARGARITA first possess'd,
If I remember well, my breast,
Margarita, first of all :
But when a while the wanton maid
With my restless heart had play'd,
Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catharine.
Beauteous Catharine gave place
(Though loath and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en :
Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favourites she chose,
Till up in arms my passion rose,
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Ann,
Both to reign at once began,

Alternately they swayed :
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Ann the crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obey'd.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose :
A mighty tyrant she !
Long, alas, should I have been
Under that iron-scepter'd queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me ;
But soon those pleasures fled ;
For the gracious princess died
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
Judith held the sovereign power ;
Wondrous beautiful her face ;
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,
Arm'd with a resistless flame,

And th' artillery of her eye :
Whilst she proudly march'd about
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan by the bye.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-ey'd Bess, her viceroy maid,
To whom ensued a vacancy :
Thousand worse passions then possess'd
The interregnum of my breast :
Bless me from such an anarchy !

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary next began ;
Then Joan, and Jane, and Andria :
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Catharine,
And then a long etcetera.

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state,
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
That make up all their magazines :

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts ;

The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
Numberless, nameless mysteries !

And all the little lime-twigs laid
By Machiavel, the waiting maid :
I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I, like them, should tell
All change of weather that befell)
Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me :
An higher and a nobler strain
My present empress does claim,
Eleonora, first o' th' name,
Whom God grant long to reign.

ANDREW MARVELL.

THE life of this accomplished man, who, though principally distinguished by his inflexible patriotism, was generally and justly admired for his learning, his acuteness in controversial writing, his wit, and his poetical talents, is to be found in almost every biographical work (excepting Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*); and is, besides, incapable of being so far compressed as to find its place in this little miscellany.

He was born in 1620, at Kingston-upon-Hull (the town which he so long represented in Parliament), was admitted in 1635 of Trinity College, Cambridge, and died in London, 1678.

A neat edition of his poems was published by Davis, in two small volumes, 1772. But the most complete and splendid collection of his works appeared in three volumes, 4to, 1776, under the care of Capt. Edward Thomson.

Daphnis and Chloe.

[From 27 stanzas.]

DAPHNIS must from Chloe part :

Now is come the dismal hour

That must all his hopes devour,

All his labour, all his art.

Nature, her own sex's foe,

Long had taught her to be coy :

But she neither knew t' enjoy,

Nor yet let her lover go.

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

* * * *

He, well read in all the ways
By which men their siege maintain,
Knew not that, the fort to gain,
Better 'twas the siege to raise.

But he came so full possess'd
With the grief of parting thence,
That he had not so much sense
As to see he might be bless'd ;

Till love in her language breath'd
Words she never spake before ;
But than legacies no more
To a dying man bequeath'd.

* * * *

As the soul of one scarce dead,
With the shrieks of friends aghast,
Looks distracted back in haste,
And then straight again is fled ;

So did wretched Daphnis look,
Frighting her he loved most.
At the last, this lover's ghost
Thus his leave resolved took.

“ Are my hell and heaven join’d,
More to torture him that dies ?
Could departure not suffice,
But that you must then grow kind ?

“ Ah my Chloe ! how have I
Such a wretched minute found,
When thy favours should me wound
More than all thy cruelty ?

“ So to the condemned wight
The delicious cup we fill,
And allow him all he will,
For his last and short delight.

“ But I will not now begin
Such a debt unto my foe ;
Nor to my departure owe
What my presence could not win.

* * * *

“ Gentler times for love are meant :
Who for parting pleasure strain
Gather roses in the rain,
Wet themselves, and spoil their scent.

“ Farewell therefore all the fruit
Which I could from love receive !
Joy will not with sorrow weave,
Nor will I this grief pollute.

“ Fate, I come, as dark, as sad,
As thy malice could desire ;
Yet bring with me all the fire
That Love in his torches had.”

At these words, away he broke,
As who long has praying lien
To his head's-man makes the sign,
And receives the parting stroke.

* * * *

Young Love.

[From 8 stanzas.]

COME, little infant ! love me now,
While thine unsuspected years
Clear thine aged father's brow
From cold jealousy and fears.

Pretty, surely, 'twere to see
By young Love old Time beguil'd,
While our sportings are as free
As the nurse's with the child.

Common beauties stay fifteen ;
Such as your's should swifter move,
Whose fair blossoms are too green
Yet for lust, but not for love.

Love as much the snowy lamb,
Or the wanton kid does prize,
As the lusty bull, or ram,
For his morning sacrifice.

Now then love me ! Time may take
Thee before thy time away ;
Of this need we'll virtue make,
And learn love before we may.

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

ALEXANDER BROME.

THE character of this witty loyalist, styled by Phillips "the English Anacreon," whose writings are supposed to have contributed very essentially to the Restoration of Charles II., is thus drawn by honest Izaak Walton, in what he calls "An *humble Eglog*, written on the 29th of May, 1660."

DAMON AND DORUS.

* * * *

Damon. Let rebel's spirits sink, let those
That like the Goths and Vandals rose
To ruin families, and bring
Contempt upon our Church, our king,
And all that's dear to us, be sad ;
But be not thou : let us be glad.
And Dorus, to invite thee, look,
Here's a collection in this book
Of all those cheerful songs that we
Have sung so oft and merrily,
As we have march'd to fight the cause
Of God's anointed, and our laws :

* * * *

Such songs as virgins need not fear
To sing, or a grave matron hear.
Here's love dress'd neat, and chaste, and gay
As gardens in the month of May ;
Here's harmony, and wit, and art,
To raise thy thoughts, and cheer thy heart.

Dorus. Written by whom ?

Damon. A friend of mine,

And one that's worthy to be thine ;
 A civil swain, that knows his times
 For business, and that done, makes rhymes,
 But not till then : my friend's a man
 Lov'd by the Muses, dear to Pan ;
 He blest him with a cheerful heart,
 And they with this sharp wit, and art,
 Which he so tempers, as no swain
 That's loyal does or should complain.

* * * * *

Brome was by profession an attorney in the lord mayor's court, and preserved his loyalty untainted through the whole of the civil wars and the protectorship. He was born in 1620, and died in 1666. In 1651 he published a comedy intitled "The Cunning Lovers," and in 1666 a translation of Horace by himself and others. He was also the editor of the dramatic works of his brother, Richard Brome. See Phillips and Langbaine.

The following extracts are taken from his "Songs and other Poems," of which the first edition appeared in 1660, the second in 1664, and the third in 1668.

SONG.

To a coy Lady.

I PRITHEE leave this peevish fashion ;
 Don't desire to be high-priz'd !
 Love's a princely noble passion,
 And doth scorn to be despis'd.
 Though we say you're fair, you know
 We your beauty do bestow,
 For our fancy makes you so.

Don't be proud 'cause we adore you,
We do't only for our pleasure ;
And those parts in which you glory
We by fancy weigh and measure.
When for deities you go,
For angels or for queens, pray know
'Tis our fancy makes you so.

Don't suppose your majesty
By tyranny's best signified,
And your angelic natures be
Distinguish'd only by your pride.
Tyrants make subjects rebels grow,
And pride makes angels devils below,
And your pride may make you so.

Palinode.

No more, no more of this ! I vow
'Tis time to leave this fooling now,
Which few but fools call wit :
There was a time when I begun,
And now 'tis time I should have done,
And meddle no more with it.
He physic's use doth quite mistake
That physic takes for physic's sake.

My heat of youth, and love, and pride,
Did swell me with their strong spring-tide,

Inspir'd my brain and blood ;
And made me then converse with toys
Which are call'd Muses by the boys,
And dabble in their flood.
I was persuaded in those days
There was no crown like love and bays.

But now my youth and pride are gone,
And age and cares come creeping on,
And business checks my love,
What need I take a needless toil,
To spend my labour, time, and oil,
Since no design can move ?
For, now the cause is ta'en away,
What reason is't th' effect should stay ?

'Tis but a folly now for me
To spend my time and industry
About such useless wit ;
For when I think I have done well,
I see men laugh ; but cannot tell
Whe'r 't be at me, or it.
Great madness 'tis to be a drudge,
When those that cannot write dare judge.

Besides the danger that ensu'th
To him that speaks or writes the truth,
The premium is so small ;

To be call'd poet, and wear bays,
And factor turn of songs and plays ;
 This is no wit at all !
Wit, only good to sport and sing,
's a needless and an endless thing.

Give me the wit that can't speak sense,
Nor read it, but in's own defence,
 Ne'er learn'd, but of his grannam ;
He that can buy, and sell, and cheat,
May quickly make a shift to get
 His thousand pound per annum,
And purchase, without much ado,
The poems, and the poet too.

Upon his Mare, stolen by a Trooper, in 1644.

WHY let her go.—I'll vex myself no more,
Lest my heart break, as did my stable door.
'Twas but a mare ; if she be gone, she's gone ;
'Tis not a mare that I do stand upon.
Now, by this cross ! I am so temperate grown,
I'll bridle nature, since my mare is gone.
I have a little learning—and less wit—
That wealth is sure : no thief can pilfer it.
Riches, they say, have wings : my mare had so ;
For though she'd legs, yet she could hardly go :

But thieves, and fate, have such a strong command
To make those go which have no feet to stand.
I'll mount on Pegasus ; for he's so poor
From thief or true man one may ride secure.
I would not rack invention for a curse
To plague the thief, for fear I make him worse :
In charity I wish him no more pain,
But to restore me home my mare again.
And, 'cause I would not have good customs alter,
I wish who has the mare may have the halter.

SIR ROBERT HOWARD,

A YOUNGER son of Thomas earl of Berkshire, was probably born about 1622, and educated at Magdalen College, Oxford. Having shared in his father's sufferings, and distinguished himself by his loyalty and courage, he became, after the Restoration, a knight, a M.P., and a place-man, and died in 1698. For a list of his dramatic and other works, and farther particulars of his life, vide Wood's Ath. ii. 1018, and the *Biographia Dramatica*. His poems, consisting of songs and sonnets, panegyrics, translations, &c. were published, together with his first comedy, "The Blind Lady," in 1660 ; but Sir Robert is principally known to posterity by his controversy with his brother-in-law Dryden.

SONG.

To the inconstant Cynthia.

IN thy fair breast, and once fair soul,
 I thought my vows were writ alone :
 But others' oaths so blurr'd the scroll,
 That I no more could read my own.
 And am I still oblig'd to pay,
 When you had thrown the bond away ?
 Nor must we only part in joy ;
 Our tears as well must be unkind :
 Weep you, that could such truth destroy,
 And I, that could such falseness find !

Thus we must unconcern'd remain
In our divided joys and pain.
Yet we may love, but on this different score,
You what I am, I what you were before.

The Resolution.

No, Cynthia ; never think I can
Love a divided heart and mind :
Your sunshine love to every man
Appears alike as great as kind.

None but the duller Persians kneel,
And the bright god of beams implore ;
Whilst others equal influence feel,
That never did the god adore.

Though I resolve to love no more,
Since I did once, I will advise :
The love of conquests now give o'er ;
Disquiets wait on victories.

To your much injur'd peace and name
Love's farewell as a tribute pay ;
Grow now reserv'd, and raise your fame
By your own choice, not your decay.

She that to age her charms resigns,
And then at last turns votary,
Though virtue much the change inclines,
'Tis sullied by necessity.

ROBERT HERRICK

WAS author of a poetical volume published under the title of "*Hesperides*," 1648, 8vo, which contains two little pieces, printed among Carew's poems, under the titles of "the Primrose," and "the Inquiry." Phillips, in his "*Theatrum Poetarum*," thinks him "not particularly influenced by any nymph or goddess, except his *maid Pru*:" but allows him to have shown occasionally "a pretty flowery and pastoral gale of fancy," &c. Wood tells us (*Ath.* ii. 122) that he was a Londoner born, though of a Leicestershire family; elected fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, from St. John's, but took no degree; that being patronized by the Earl of Exeter, he afterwards resided in Devonshire, much beloved, till, forced to withdraw, he retired to London, where he was still living, subsequent to the Restoration. For farther particulars, see the "*Gentleman's Magazine*" for 1796, p. 461. 645.

To Virgins.

HEAR, ye virgins, and I'll teach
 What the times of old did preach.
 Rosamond was in a bower
 Kept, as Danae in a tower:
 But yet love, who subtle is,
 Crept to that, and came to this.
 Be ye lock'd up like to these,
 Or the rich *Hesperides*;

Or those babies in your eyes,
In their crystal nunneries ;
Notwithstanding, Love will win,
Or else force a passage in ;
And as coy be as you can,
Gifts will get ye, or the man.

A Meditation for his Mistress.

You are a tulip, seen to-day,—
But, dearest, of so short a stay,
That where you grew scarce man can say.

You are a lovely July-flower,—
Yet one rude wind or ruffling shower
Will force you hence, and in an hour.

You are a sparkling rose i' th' bud,—
Yet lost, ere that chaste flesh and blood
Can show where you or grew, or stood.

You are a dainty violet,—
Yet wither'd, ere you can be set
Within the virgin's coronet.

You are the queen all flowers among,—
But die you must, fair maid, ere long,
As he, the maker of this song.

The Bag of the Bee.

[To be found also in "Wit a sporting in a pleasant Grove of new
fancies," collected by H. B. 1657.]

ABOUT the sweet bag of a bee
Two Cupids fell at odds ;
And whose the pretty prize should be
They vow'd to ask the gods.

Which Venus hearing, thither came,
And for their boldness stript them,
And, taking from them each his flame,
With rods of myrtle whipt them.

Which done, to still their wanton¹ cries,
When quiet grown she'd seen them,
She kiss'd, and wip'd their dove-like eyes,
And gave the bag between them.

¹ "the wantons'," in "Wit a sporting."

To a Gentlewoman, objecting to him his grey hairs.

Am I despis'd because you say,
And I dare swear that I am grey ?
Know, lady, you have but your day,
And time will come, when you shall wear
Such frost and snow upon your hair.
And when, (though long it comes to pass)
You question with your looking-glass,
And in that sincere crystal seek,
But find no rose-bud in your cheek ;
Nor any bed to give the shew
Where such a rare carnation grew ;

Ah ! then too late, close in your chamber keeping,
It will be told
That you are old
By those true tears you're weeping.

The Mad Maid's Song.

Good-morrow to the day so fair !
Good-morning, sir, to you !
Good-morrow to mine own torn hair,
Bedabbled with the dew !

· Good-morning to this primrose too !
Good-morrow to each maid,

REIGN OF CHARLES I.

That will with flowers the tomb bestrew
Wherein my love is laid!

I'll seek him there! I know, ere this,
The cold, cold earth doth shake him ;
But I will go, or send a kiss
By you, sir, to awake him.

Pray, hurt him not ! though he be dead
He knows well who do love him ;
And who with green-turfs rear his head,
And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender—pray, take heed!—
With bands of cowslips bind him ;
And bring him home—but 'tis decreed
That I shall never find him.

THOMAS STANLEY,

THE very learned editor of *Æschylus*, and author of "The History of Philosophy," was the only son of Sir Thomas Stanley, *knt.*, of Cumberlow-green in Hertfordshire, and nephew to Sandys, the traveller and poet. He pursued his studies, first at home, and afterwards in Pembroke-hall, Cambridge, under the direction of Mr. Wm. Fairfax, son to the celebrated translator of Tasso. Having continued at the University till he had taken the degree of A.M., and been admitted to the same at Oxford, 1640, he then travelled in foreign countries : and on his return lived, during part of the civil wars, in the Middle Temple. He was the friend of Shirley, Sherburne, Hall, and Suckling. His poems, printed in 1651, 12mo, consist principally of translations, with a few original compositions, from which the following specimens are borrowed. He married when young, and died in 1678.

Phillips, after commending his other works, adds, that Stanley was "particularly honoured for his smooth air and gentile spirit in poetry ; which appears not only in his own genuine poems, but also from what he hath so well translated out of ancient Greek, and modern Italian, Spanish, and French poets, as to make his own."

See Langbaine, *Wood's Fasti*, i. 284, and the *Biographia Britannica*.

The Deposition.

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

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

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

Love's Heretic.

HE whose active thoughts disdain
To be captive to one foe,
And would break his single chain,
Or else more would undergo ;

Let him learn the art of me
By new bondage to be free.

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

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

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

She that doth by skill dispense
Every favour she bestows,
Or the harmless innocence
Which nor court nor city knows,

Both alike my soul inflame,
That wild beauty, and this tame.

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

Both the wanton and the coy
Me with equal pleasures move;
She whom I by force enjoy,
Or who forceth me to love:
This, because she'll not confess,
That, not hide her happiness.

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

Nor doth she with power less bright
My divided heart invade,
Whose soft tresses spread, like night,
O'er her shoulders a black shade;

For the star-light of her eyes
Brighter shines through those dark skies.

Black, or fair, or tall, or low,
I alike with all can sport,
'The bold sprightly Thais woo,
Or the frozen vestal court.
Every beauty takes my mind,
Tied to all, to none confin'd.

The Exequies.

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

No verse,
No epicedium bring ;
Nor peaceful requiem sing,
To charm the terrors of my herse !
No profane numbers must flow near
The sacred silence that dwells here :

Vast griefs are dumb: softly, oh softly mourn!
Lest you disturb the peace attends my urn.

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

SONG.

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

Thus, whilst the difference thou shalt prove
Betwixt a feign'd and real love,
Whilst he, more happy, but less true,
Shall reap those joys I did pursue,

And with those pleasures crowned be
By Fate, which love design'd for me,
Then thou perhaps thyself wilt find
Cruel too long, or too soon kind.

ROBERT HEATH

I know nothing more of, than that he was the author of "Clarastella," (a collection of love-verses) "together with Poems occasional, Elegies, Epigrams, Satyrs," in one volume, 12mo, printed in 1650.

INVEST my head with fragrant rose,
That on fair Flora's bosom grows !
Distend my veins with purple juice,
That mirth may through my soul diffuse !
 'Tis wine and love, and love in wine,
 Inspires our youth with flames divine.

Thus, crown'd with Paphian myrtle, I
In Cyprian shades will bathing lie ;
Whose snow if too much cooling, then
Bacchus shall warm my blood again.
 'Tis wine and love, and love in wine,
 Inspires our youth with flames divine.

Life's short, and winged pleasures fly ;
Who mourning live, do living die.

On down and floods then, swan-like, I
Will stretch my limbs, and singing die.
 'Tis wine and love, and love in wine,
Inspires our youth with flames divine.

*To Clarastella saying she would commit herself to a
Nunnery.*

[From 9 stanzas.]

STAY, Clarastella, prithee stay !
Recall those frantic vows again !
Wilt thou thus cast thyself away,
As well as me in fond disdain ?
Wilt thou be cruel to thyself? chastise
Thy harmless body, 'cause your powerful eyes
Have charm'd my senses by a strange surprize ?

Is it a sin to be belov'd ?
If but the cause you could remove,
Soon the effect would be remov'd ;
Where beauty is, there will be love.
Nature, that wisely nothing made in vain,
Did make you lovely to be lov'd again,
And, when such beauty tempts, can love refrain ?
When Heaven was prodigal to you,
And you with beauty's glory stor'd,
He made you, like himself, for view,
To be beheld, and then ador'd.

Why should the gold then fear to see that sun
That form'd it pure? why should you live a nun,
And hide those rays Heaven gave to you alone?

Thyself a holy temple art,
Where Love shall teach us both to pray;
I'll make an altar of my heart,
And incense on thy lips will lay.
Thy mouth shall be my oracle, and then
For beads we'll tell our kisses o'er again,
Till they, breath'd from our souls, shall cry, *Amen.*

S. SHEPPARD

WAS son of Dr. Harman Sheppard, a physician, and is said by Oldys to have been imprisoned for writing the *Mercurius Elencticus*. His Six books of Epigrams, Latin and English, The Socratick Session (a dramatic satire on Julius Scaliger), and A Mausolean Monument over his deceased parents, with three Pastorals, were published in a 12mo. volume, 1651.

The same name occurs in the title of "The Committee Man curried," 1647, 4to, a sort of political drama in two parts, more remarkable, we are told, for its plagiarism than its poetry. In 1652 appeared "Discoveries. Or an Exploration and Explication of some Ænigmatical Verities," 12mo, by S. Sheppard, in prose, a strange medley; which, the preface informs us, was undertaken in consequence of *his friends having been pleased to tax his studies (referring to somewhat he lately divulged) as incompatible with his profession*. In all probability, therefore, he was a clergyman, as well as responsible for the above-mentioned productions. What follows, "He that thinks worse of those rhimes, than myself, I scorn him, for he cannot: he that thinks better is a fool," must be supposed to apply to the drama, not the epigrams, otherwise he very ungratefully leaves his numerous friends in the lurch, whose warm encomiums introduce the volume. Vide Langbaine and the *Biographia Dramatica*.

The following specimen, not unfavourable to his abilities, is taken from the collection of 1651.

In memory of our famous Shakespeare.

SACRED spirit! whiles thy lyre
Echo'd o'er th' Arcadian plains,
E'en Apollo did admire,
Orpheus wonder'd at thy strains.

Plautus sigh'd, Sophocles wept
Tears of anger, for to hear
(After they so long had slept)
So bright a genius should appear;

Who wrote his lines with a sun-beam,
More durable than time or fate!
Others boldly do blaspheme,
Like those that seem to preach but prate.

Thou wert truly priest elect,
Chosen darling to the Nine,
Such a trophy to erect
By thy wit and skill divine,

That, were all their other glories
(Thine excepted) torn away,
By thy admirable stories
Their garments ever shall be gay.

Where thy honour'd bones do lie,
(As Statius once to Maro's urn)
Thither every year will I
Slowly tread, and sadly mourn.

JOHN HALL

WAS author of a small volume of "Poems" printed at Cambridge, 1646, and dedicated to "his truly noble, and worthily honoured friend, Thomas Stanley, Esq." Wood tells us he was born in Durham, of genteel parents, 1627. Being kept from the University by the civil war, he studied at home till 1646, when he entered a commoner at St. John's College, Cambridge, and, after a year's residence, removed in high credit to Lincoln's Inn. He published in favour of the Commonwealth, and was about 1650 called to the bar, and sometimes pleaded. In 1655 he left London in a bad state of health, and died at Durham 1656, in his twenty-ninth year. As to his character for abilities, Phillips says, that "besides his juvenile poems, memorable only for their airy and youthful wit, he improved afterwards to a more substantial reputation for what he wrote as well in verse as prose ; but a poem he began, of great and general expectation among his friends, had he lived to complete it, would doubtless have very much advanced and completed his fame." And Hobbes observes, that "had not his debauches and intemperance diverted him from the more serious studies, he had made an extraordinary person : for no man had ever done so great things at his age." For a list of his works, vide Wood's *Athenæ*, i. 534, 5.

The Crystal.

THIS crystal here,
That shines so clear,
 And carries in its womb a little day,
Once hammer'd, will appear
 Impure as dust, as dark as clay.

E'en such will prove
Thy face, my love,
 When age shall soil the lustre of thine eyes,
And all that red remove
 That on thy spicy lip now lies !

Nor can a hand
Again command,
 By any art, these ruins into frame ;
But they will sever'd stand,
 And ne'er compose the former same.

Such is the case,
Love, of thy face ;
 Both desperate, in this you disagree ;
Thy beauty needs must pass :
 It, of itself, will constant be.

SONG.

DISTIL not poison in mine ears,
Aerial Syrens, nor untie
These sable fetters ! yonder spheres
Dance to a silent harmony.

Could I but follow where you lead,
Disrob'd of earth, and plum'd by air,
Then I my tenuous self might spread,
As quick as fancy every where.

But I'll make sallies now and then ;
Thus can my unconfined eye
Take journey and return again,
Yet on her crystal couch still lie.

EDMUND PRESTWICH

WAS author of "Hippolitus, translated out of Seneca, together with divers other poems," 1651, 12mo. Langbaine, who mentions this work, professes never to have seen it. See Prestwich's "Respublica," 1777.

The Meteor.

[From 9 stanzas.]

DID you behold that glorious star, my dear,
 Which shin'd but now, methought, as bright
 As any other child of light,
 And seem'd to have as good an interest there?
 How suddenly it fell, our eyes
 Pursuing it through all the spacious skies,
 Through which the now extended flame
 Had chalk'd the way to earth, from whence it
 came?

And were you not with wonder struck, to see
 Those forms, which the creation had
 At first in number perfect made,
 Thus sometimes more, and sometimes less to be?
 Or rather, in this second birth,
 To see heaven copied out so near by earth,

As, were it not for their own fall,
We should not know which were th' original ?

Fair one, these different lights do represent
Such as pretend unto the love
Of you, of which some meteors prove,
Some stars ; some high-fix'd in love's firmament,
And some, that seem as bright and fair,
More basely humble, hover in the air
Of words, and with fine dexterous art
Do act a passion never touch'd their heart.

Yet these false glow-worm fires a while do shine
Equal to the most heaven-born flame,
And so well counterfeit the same,
That they, though almost beastly, seem divine.
But should some blind unlucky chance
Deform you any ways, or make your wants
Vie greatness with your beauty, then
They drop to their own element again.

• • • •

A remedy against Love.

[From 8 stanzas.]

If thou like her flowing tresses
Which the unshorn Phœbus stain,

Think what grief thy heart oppresses,
And how every curl's a chain,
Only made to keep thee fast
Till thy sentence be o'erpast.

If thou'rt wounded by her eyes,
Where thou thinkest Cupids lie,
Think thyself the sacrifice,
Those the priests that make thee die.
If her forehead beauteous show,
Think her forehead Cupid's bow.

If the roses thou hast seen
In her cheek still flourishing
Argue that there dwells within
A calm and perpetual spring,
Though she never us'd deceit,
Believe all is counterfeit.

If her tempting voice have power
To amaze and ravish thee,
Syrens sung but to devour,
Yet they sung as well as she.
O beware those poison'd tongues,
That carry death in [all] their songs !

But if virtue please thee most,
And thou like her beauteous mind,

Then I give thee o'er for lost :
There no remedy I find.—
Yet, if she be virtuous, then
Sure she will not murder men.

HENRY VAUGHAN,

Called the *Silurist*, from that part of Wales whose inhabitants were the ancient **SILURES**, was born on the banks of the Uske, in Brecknockshire, and entered in 1638 at Jesus College, Oxford, being then seventeen. He was designed for the law, but retiring to his home at the commencement of the civil wars, became eminent in the practice of physic, and was esteemed by scholars, says Wood, "an ingenious person, but proud and *humorous*." He died in 1695. A list of his works may be seen in *Ath. Ox.* ii. 926-7. The principal are the "*Silex Scintillans*" (sacred poems), 1650, 1655, 12mo, and "*Olor Iscanus*." A collection of some select poems and translations," 1651, 12mo, from the latter of which the following lines are taken, being perhaps the most favourable specimen that can be selected, though even these are too much marked by quaintness and conceit.

To the best and most accomplished Couple—

BLESSINGS as rich and fragrant crown your heads
 As the mild heaven on Roses sheds,
 When at their cheeks, like pearls, they wear
 The clouds that court them in a tear :
 And may they be fed from above
 By him which first ordain'd your love !

Fresh as the hours may all your pleasures be,
And healthful as eternity!
Sweet as the flower's first breath, and close
As th' unseen spreadings of the Rose,
When he unfolds his curtain'd head,
And makes his bosom the sun's bed !

Like the day's warmth may all your comforts be,
Untoil'd for, and serene as he ;
Yet free and full, as is that sheaf
Of sun-beams gilding every leaf,
When now the tyrant Heat expires,
And his cool'd locks breathe milder fires !

RICHARD FLECKNO.

LANGBAINÉ tells us, "This gentleman was as famous as any in his age for indifferent metre;" and adds, "his acquaintance with the nobility was more than with the Muses." He is said to have been originally a Jesuit, and was the author of five dramatic pieces; but is less indebted to them than to the satire of Dryden for the celebrity of his name. Pope terms him an Irish priest who had laid aside (as himself expressed it) the mechanic part of priesthood. Mr. Malone says he died in the summer of 1678. Further particulars may be met with in Langbaine and the *Biographia Dramatica*. The following specimens are taken from his "Miscellania. Or Poems of all sorts, with divers other Pieces," &c. London, 1653, 12mo.

The Ant.

LITTLE think'st thou, poor ant, who there
 With so much toil, and so much time
 A grain or two to th' cell dost bear,
 There's greater work i' the world than thine.

Nor is 't such wonder now in *thee*,
 No more of the world nor things dost know,
 That all thy thoughts o' th' ground should be,
 And mind on things so poor and low.

But that *man* so base mind should bear,
To fix it on a clod of ground,
As there no greater business were,
Nor greater worlds for to be found!

He so much of the man does want
As metamorphos'd quite again,
Whilst thou'rt but man turn'd groveling ant,
Such grovelers seem but ants turn'd men.

Extempore in praise of drinking Wine.

THE fountains drink caves subterrene,
The rivulets drink the fountains dry;
Brooks drink those rivulets again,
And them some river gliding by.
Until some gulph o' th' sea drink them,
And th' ocean drinks up that again.

Of th' ocean then does drink the sky,
When, having brew'd it into rain,
'The earth with drink it does supply,
And plants do drink up that again.
When turn'd to liquor in the vine,
'Tis our turn next to drink the wine.

By this who does not plainly see,
How down our throats at once is hurl'd

(Whilst merrily we drinking be)

The quintessence of all the world ?
Whilst all drink then in land, air, sea,
Let us too drink as well as they.

Invocation of Silence.

STILL-BORN Silence ! thou that art
Flood-gate of the deeper heart !
Offspring of a heavenly kind,
Frost o' th' mouth, and thaw o' th' mind.
Secrecy's confident, and he
Who makes religion mystery !
Admiration's speaking'st tongue !
Leave, thy desert shades among,
Reverend hermits' hallowed cells,
Where retir'd Devotion dwells !
With thy enthusiasms come,
Seize our tongues, and strike us dumb !

MATTHEW STEVENSON,

AUTHOR of "Poems of a miscellany of Sonnets, Satyrs, Drollery, Panegyricks, Elegies, &c." London, 1673, 12mo, a book which sometimes occurs with the title of "Norfolk Drollery;" and in 1685 was called "The Wits, or Poems and Songs on various Occasions." A different volume of "Poems by Matthew Stevenson," appeared in 1665, and "Bellum Presbyteriale," an heroic poem, in 1661. In 1654, he printed a 12mo miscellany, styled "Occasion's Offspring." Stevenson seems to have resembled Fleckno as a poet and publisher. The following song from the first-mentioned miscellany is tolerable.

SONG.

Carolina.

SHOULD I sigh out my days in grief,
 And, as my beads, count miseries,
 My wound would meet with no relief
 For all the balsam of mine eyes :
 I'll therefore set my heart at rest,
 And of bad market make the best.

Some set their hearts on winged wealth,
 Others to honour's towers aspire ;

But give me freedom and my health,
And there's the sum of my desire:
If all the world should pay me rent,
It could not add to my content.

There is no fence against our fate,
Eve's daughters all are born to sorrow;
Vicissitudes upon us wait
That laugh to-day, and lower to-morrow.
Why should we then, with wrinkled care,
Deface what nature made so fair ?

UNCERTAIN AUTHORS.

To his Mistress.

[From "Wit restored," a poetical miscellany, 1658, 12mo.]

I'LL tell you whence the rose did first grow red,
 And whence the lily whiteness borrowed.
 You blush'd; and then the rose with red was dight
 The lily kist your hands; and so came white:
 Before that time the rose was but a stain,
 The lily nought but paleness did contain.
 You have the native colour! these—they die;
 And only flourish in your livery!

Phillada flouts me.

[From the same Collection.]

OH! what a pain is love:
 How shall I bear it?
 She will unconstant prove,
 I greatly fear it.
 She so torments my mind,
 That my strength faileth,

And wavers with the wind,
As a ship that saileth;
Please her the best I may,
She looks another way;
Alack and well-a-day!
Phillada flouts me !

All the fair yesterday
She did pass by me;
She look'd another way,
And would not spy me.
I woo'd her for to dine,
But could not get her.
Will had her to the wine;
He might entreat her.
With Daniel she did dance,
On me she look'd askance,
Oh, thrice unhappy chance !
Phillada flouts me !

Fair maid, be not so coy,
Do not disdain me !
I am my mother's joy,
Sweet, entertain me !
She'll give me, when she dies,
All that is fitting;
Her poultry, and her bees,
And her geese sitting ;

A pair of mattress beds,
And a bag full of shreds ;
And yet for all this goods
Phillada flouts me !

She hath a clout of mine,
Wrought with good *Coventry*,
Which she keeps for a sign
Of my fidelity.
But i' faith, if she flinch,
She shall not wear it;
To Tibb, my t'other wench,
I mean to bear it.
And yet it grieves my heart
So soon from her to part !
Death strikes me with his dart !
Phillada flouts me !

Thou shalt eat curds and cream
All the year lasting ;
And drink the crystal stream,
Pleasant in tasting :
Whig and whey, *whilst* thou burst,
And ramble-berry,
Pye-lid and pastry-crust,
Pears, plumbs, and cherry ;
Thy raiment shall be thin,
Made of a weaver's skin.—
Yet, all's not worth a pin !
Phillada flouts me !

Fair maidens, have a care,
And in time take me !
I can have those as fair,
If you forsake me :
For Doll the dairy-maid
Laugh'd on me lately,
And wanton Winifred
Favours me greatly.
One throws milk on my clothes,
T'other plays with my nose :
What wanton signs are those ?
Phillada flouts me !

I cannot work and sleep
All at a season ;
Love wounds my heart so deep,
Without all reason.
I 'gin to pine away,
With grief and sorrow,
Like to a fatted beast
Penn'd in a meadow.
I shall be dead, I fear,
Within this thousand year,
And all for very fear !
Phillada flouts me !

SONG.

[From "The British Miscellany," where it is stated to be copied
from an ancient MS¹.]

Poor Chloris wept, and from her eyes
The liquid tears ran trickling down ;
(Such melting drops might well suffice
To pay a ransom for a crown)
And as she wept, she sighed and said,
" Alas for me, unhappy maid,
That by my folly am betray'd !

" But when those eyes (unhappy eyes !)
Met with the object of my wo,
Methought our souls did sympathize,
And it was death to hear a *no*.
He woo'd ; I granted ; then befell
My shame, which I do shame to tell :—
Oh, that I had not lov'd so well !

" And had I been so wise as not
T' have yielded up my virgin fort ;
My name had been without a blot,
And thwarted th' envy of report.
But now, my shame hath made me be
A butt for time to point at me,
And but a mark of misery.

¹ It is also to be found with some variations in the Westminster
and Windsor Drolleries.

“ But, now, in sorrow must I sit,
And pensive thoughts possess my breast;
My silly soul with cares is split,
And grief denies me wonted rest.
Come then, black night, and screen me round,
That I may never more be found,
Unless in tears of sorrow drown'd !”

[From an old MS. in Mr. Lloyd's Collection.]

YE nimble dreams, with cobweb wings,
That fly by night from brain to brain,
And represent a world of things
With much ado and little pain !

You, that find out the shortest ways
Through every cranny, hole, or wall,
That no perdues your passing stays,
Nor jealousy, that catcheth all !

You visit ladies in their beds,
And are so lusty in their ease ;
You put fine fancies in their heads !
You make them think on what you please !

How highly am I bound to ye,
Safe messengers of secrecy,
That make my mistress think on me
Just in the place where I would be.

Oh ! would I might myself prefer
To be in place of one of you !
Not for to visit, but serve her,
That she may swear the dream was true.

Upon his Mistress's Inconstancy.

[From the same MS.]

THOU art pretty, but inconstant,
Too, too lovely to be true !
Thine affections, in an instant,
Struggle which shall first be new :
This and that, and here and there,
Only in thy thoughts appear.

Thou art weary, thou art wavering,
Coy, and in a while as kind ;
All thy passions, in a turning,
Shift as often as the wind
To and fro, and up and down :
Change doth all thy actions crown.

But to me thou ne'er art chang'd
In thy wonted cruelty !
Still from me thou keep'st estrang'd ;
There's thy only constancy.
Oh then, let thy next change be
From neglect to love of me !

If in that mind I could find ye,
I would hold thee fast enow.
This should be my trick to bind ye:
Change I would as oft as you.
Then, by my example taught,
Thou shouldst see that change is naught.

*Cupid and the Clown*¹.

[From the same MS.]

As Cupid took his bow and bolt,
Some birding sport to find,
He chanced on a country swain
Which was some yeoman's hind.

Clown. "Well met, fair boy! what sport abroad?"

It is a goodly day;
The birds will sit this frosty morn,
You cannot choose but slay.

"Gadzooks! your eyes are both put out!"

You will not bird, I trow?
Alas, go home, or else I think
The birds will laugh at you."

¹ A copy of this, with some variations, is printed in "Wit restored."

Cupid. "Why, man, thou dost deceive thyself,
Or else my mother lies,
Who said, altho' that I were blind,
My arrows should have eyes."

Clown. "Why then thy mother is a fool,
And thou art but an elf,
To let thy arrows to have eyes,
And go without, thyself."

Cupid. "Not so, sir swain, but hold your prate;
If I do take a shaft,
I'll make thee ken what I can do!"
With that the ploughman laugh'd.

Then angry Cupid drew his bow.

Clown. "For God's sake slay me not!"

Cupid. "I'll make thy lither liver ache."

Clown. "Nay! I'll be loth of that!"

The stinging arrow hit the mark,
And pierc'd his silly soul;
You might know by his hollow eyes
Where Love had made a hole.

And so the clown went bleeding home;
(To stay it was no boot)
And found, that he could see to *hit*,
That could not see to *shoot*.

To his forsaken Mistress.

[The following song had been, in the first edition of this work, assigned to the reign of Charles I. on the internal evidence of its style and sentiment. The editor has lately found it in a musical miscellany, entitled "Select Ayres and Dialogues," of which a second edition was printed for John Playford in 1659.]

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee;
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could move, had power to move thee;
But I can let thee now alone
As worthy to be lov'd by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind
Which kisseth every thing it meets.
And since thou canst with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

The morning rose that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with her briars, how sweet she smells!
But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
Her sweets no longer with her dwells;
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her, one by one.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been a while!

With sere-flowers to be thrown aside,
And I shall sigh, when some will smile,
To see thy love to every one
Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none!

*To the Moon*¹.

[From a MS.]

THOU silent Moon, that look'st so pale,
So much exhausted, and so faint,
Wandering over hill and dale,
Watching oft the kneeling saint—
Hearing his groans float on the gale—
No wonder thou art tir'd and pale.

Yet I have often seen thee bring
Thy beams o'er yon bare mountain's steep;
Then, with a smile, their lustre fling
Full on the dark and roaring deep;
When the pilgrim's heart did fail,
And when near lost the tossing sail.

Sure, that passing blush deceives;
For thou, fair nymph, art chaste and cold!

¹ The editor has to apologize to the authoress of the two following beautiful little poems, Miss Scott, of Ancram, for having printed them without her permission. For inserting compositions so much in the spirit of one of the most interesting periods of our early poetry, though the productions of the reign of George III., he cannot think any apology due to the reader.

Love our blossoms seldom leaves ;
But thou art of a different mould.
Hail, chaste queen ! for ever hail !
And, prithee, look not quite so pale !

Yet stay—perhaps thou’rt travell’d far,
Exulting in thy conscious light ;
Till, as I fear, some youthful Star
Hath spread his charms before thy sight ;
And, when he found his arts prevail,
He left thee, sickening, faint, and pale.

The Owl.

[From the same MS.]

WHILE the Moon, with sudden gleam,
Through the clouds that cover her,
Darts her light upon the stream,
And the poplars gently stir,
Pleas’d I hear thy boding cry !
Owl, that lov’st the cloudy sky,
Sure, thy notes are harmony !

While the maiden, pale with care,
Wanders to the lonely shade,
Sighs her sorrows to the air,
While the flowerets round her fade,—
Shrinks to hear thy boding cry,—

Owl, that lov'st the cloudy sky,
To her it is not harmony!

While the wretch, with mournful dole,
 Wrings his hands in agony,
Praying for his brother's soul
 Whom he pierced suddenly,—
 Shrinks to hear thy boding cry,—
Owl, that lov'st the cloudy sky,
To him it is not harmony.

CHARLES II.

(1660 to 1685.)

“ THE restoration of royalty,” says Lord Orford, “ brought back the arts, not taste. Charles II. had a turn to mechanics, none to the politer sciences—he was too indolent even to amuse himself. He introduced the fashions of the court of France, without its elegance. He had seen Louis XIV. countenance Corneille, Moliere, Boileau, Le Sueur, who forming themselves on the models of the ancients, seemed by the purity of their writings to have studied only in Sparta. Charles found as much genius at home ; but how licentious, how indelicate was the style he permitted or demanded !—The sectaries, in opposition to the king, had run into the extreme against politeness : the new court, to indemnify themselves, and mark aversion to their rigid adversaries, took the other extreme. Elegance and delicacy were the point from which both sides started different ways ; and taste was as little sought by the men of wit, as by those who called themselves the men of God.”

These remarks, though applied to a reign which has been immortalized by Dryden, and which produced the *Paradise Lost* of Milton, and the *Hudibras* of Butler, are certainly just. The detection of much political and religious hypocrisy gradually produced an indifference to the cause of real piety and virtue ; and the morality imported from France by the king and his courtiers was scarcely worth the carriage. Of wit they had enough, and perhaps more than enough ; for gaiety was the business of their lives, not a relaxation : but their manners wanted dignity,

and even decency, and this want is generally observable in their literature.

Dr. Johnson, in his criticisms on the smaller poems of Lord Rochester, has described nearly all the similar productions of his time.

“ As he cannot be supposed to have found leisure for any course of continued study, his pieces are commonly short, such as one fit of resolution would produce.

“ His songs have no particular character ; they tell, like other songs,—of scorn and kindness, dismissal and desertion, absence and inconstancy, with the commonplaces of artificial courtship. They are commonly smooth and easy ; but have little nature, and little sentiment.”

ROBERT BARON

WAS born in 1630, and received his education at Cambridge, after which he became a member of Gray's Inn. At the age of seventeen he published a novel called "The Cyprian Academy," 8vo, in which he introduced two dramatic pieces of his own composition, and in his riper age (says the editor of the *Biographia Dramatica*) wrote the tragedy of "Mirza." He was also the author of a collection of poems, called "Pocula Castalia," 1650, 12mo, in which whatever is poetical appears to be pilfered from other writers. In the following, taken from the first mentioned volume, he has borrowed largely from Milton's *Comus*. Baron was the friend and correspondent of James Howell.

EPITHALAMIUM.

MIRTH and nuptial joys betide
 The happy bridegroom, and fair bride !
 Sol hath quench'd his glowing beam
 In the cool Atlantic stream :
 Now there shines no tell-tale sun ;
 Hymen's rites are to be done :
 Now love's revels 'gin to keep ;
 What have you to do with sleep ?
 You have sweeter sweets to prove ;
 Lovely Venus wakes, and love.—

Goddess of nocturnal sport,
Always keep thy jocund court
In this loving couple's arms !
(O that my prayers might prove charms!)

Goddess of the marriage feast,
Here approach at our request,
Saturnia ! whose car I saw
A harness'd team of peacocks draw
Fiercely through the fleeting sky,
Wherein sat thy majesty.
On thee did an host attend
Of bright goddesses.—Descend
From that chariot, and bless
Julia's womb with fruitfulness !
Make her, when nine months be run,
Mother of a lovely son !
Let every year the queen of love
Her new-fill'd cradle rock and move !
Mirth and nuptial joys betide
The happy bridegroom and fair bride !

APHRA BEHN.

THE very curious life of this lady, who was generally and justly admired for her beauty, her wit, and her accomplishments, is to be found at large in Cibber, vol. III. and the *Biographia Dramatica*, where she is mentioned as the writer of no less than seventeen plays, besides several novels, poems, &c. The time of her birth is not accurately known, though it was during the reign of Charles I. She died in 1689.

Love in fantastic triumph sat,
 While bleeding hearts around him flow'd,
 For whom fresh pains he did create,
 And strange tyrannic power he show'd :
 From thy bright eyes he took his fire,
 Which round about in sport he hurl'd ;
 But 'twas from mine he took desire,
 Enough t' inflame the amorous world.

From me he took his sighs and tears,
 From thee his pride and cruelty,
 From me his languishment and fears,
 And every killing dart from thee.

Thus thou and I the god have arm'd,
And set him up a deity ;
But my poor heart alone is harm'd,
Whilst thine the victor is, and free.

CHARLES COTTON

WAS born at Beresford in Staffordshire, 1630. He received his education at Cambridge, and afterwards travelled : was twice married ; had several children ; resided principally at his family seat ; and died in 1687. A curious anecdote is related of him in the *Biographia Dramatica*.

This pleasing and elegant author was chiefly distinguished by his "Virgil Travestie," and other burlesque translations, and in this style of writing was considered as only inferior to Butler. Vide Shiel's (commonly called Cibber's) *Lives of the Poets*. His "Complete Angler," republished by Sir John Hawkins together with that of Izaak Walton, is also a deservedly popular performance. The following pieces are extracted from his "Poems on several Occasions," 8vo, 1689.

To Chloris.

LORD! how you take upon you still !

How you crow and domineer !

How ! still expect to have your will,

And carry the dominion clear,

As you were still the same that once you were !

Fie, Chloris ! 'tis a gross mistake ;

Correct your error, and be wise !

I kindly still your kindness take,
But yet have learn'd, though love I prize,
Your froward humours to despise,
And now disdain to call them cruelties.

I was a fool whilst you were fair,
And I had youth t' excuse it ;
And all the rest are so that lovers are :
I then myself your vassal sware,
And could be still so (which is rare),

* * *

But on condition that you not abuse it.

'Tis beauty that to woman-kind
Gives all the rule and sway ;
Which once declining, or declin'd,
Men afterwards unwillingly obey.

Yet still you have enough, and more than needs,
To rule a more rebellious heart than mine ;
For as your eyes still shoot, my heart still bleeds,
And I must be a subject still :
Nor is it much against my will,
Though I pretend to wrestle and repine.

Your beauties sweet are in their height,
And I must still adore ;

New years new graces still create,
 Nay, maugre time, mischance, and fate,
 You in your very ruins shall have more
 Than all the beauties that have grac'd the world
 before.

* * * *

[Extract from "Contentation" (32 stanzas,) addressed to Izaak
 Walton.]

* * * *

O SENSELESS man, that murmurs still
 For happiness, and does not know
 (E'en though he might enjoy his will)
 What he would have to make him so !

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

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

Nor is he happy who is trim,
 Trick'd up in favours of the fair :

Mirrors, with every breath made dim,
Birds caught in every wanton snare.

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

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

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

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

* * * * *

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

Thus your very frowns entrap
My desire,
And inflame me to admire
That eyes dress'd in an angry shape
Should kindle as with amorous fire.

ODE.

Laura sleeping.

WINDS, whisper gently whilst she sleeps,
And fan her with your cooling wings,
Whilst she her drops of beauty weeps
From pure, and yet-unrivall'd springs !

Glide over beauty's field, her face,
To kiss her lip and cheek be bold,
But with a calm and stealing pace,
Neither too rude, nor yet too cold.

Play in her beams and crisp her hair,
With such a gale as wings soft love ;

And with so sweet, so rich an air,
As breathes from the Arabian grove.

A breath as hush'd as lover's sigh,
Or that unfolds the morning's door ;
Sweet as the winds that gently fly
To sweep the spring's enamell'd floor.

The Joys of Marriage.

[An Extract.]

How uneasy is his life
Who is troubled with a wife !
Be she ne'er so fair or comely,
Be she ne'er so foul or homely,
Be she ne'er so young and toward,
Be she ne'er so old and froward,
Be she kind with arms infolding,
Be she cross and always scolding,
Be she blithe, or melancholy,
Have she wit, or have she folly,
Be she wary, be she squandering,
Be she staid, or be she wandering,
Be she constant, be she fickle,
Be she fire, or be she *ickle* ;
Be she pious, or ungodly,
Be she chaste, or what sounds oddly :

Lastly, be she good or evil,
Be she saint, or be she devil ;—
Yet, uneasy is his life
Who is married to a wife.

ODE.

Laura weeping.

CHASTE, lovely Laura 'gan disclose,
Drooping with sorrow, from her bed ;
As with ungentle showers the rose,
O'ercharg'd with wet, declines her head.

With a dejected look and pace
Neglectingly she 'gan appear :
When, meeting with her tell-tale glass,
She saw the face of Sorrow there :

Sweet Sorrow dress'd in such a look
As Love would trick to catch Desire ;
A shaded leaf in Beauty's book,
Character'd with clandestine fire.

Then a full shower of pearly dew
Upon her snowy breast 'gan fall,
As in due homage to bestrew
Or mourn her beauty's funeral.

So have I seen the springing Morn
In dark and humid vapours clad,
Not to eclipse, but to adorn
Her glories by that conquer'd shade.

Spare, Laura, spare those beauty's twins,
Do not our world of beauty drown !
Thy tears are balm for others' sins,
Thou know'st not any of thine own.

Then let them shine forth, to declare
The sweet serenity within.
May each day of thy life be fair,
And to eclipse one hour be sin !

MARTIN LLUELLYN

Is mentioned by Winstanley as having been bred a student at Christ-church, and having practised physic. According to Wood (*Fasti*, II. 109) he took the degree of M.D. in 1653. His poem called "Men-Miracles," was published, with a few smaller pieces, in 1646, 12mo again in 1656, and reprinted in 1661, under the title of "Lluelin's Marrow of the Muses." The work is a good satire on travellers, written in what is now called Hudibrastic verse.

Celia in Love.

I FELT my heart, and found a flame
That for relief and shelter came ;
I entertain'd the treacherous guest,
And gave it welcome in my breast.
Poor Celia ! whither wilt thou go ?
To cool in streams, or freeze in snow ?
Or gentle Zephyrus intreat
To chill thy flames, and fan thy heat ?
Perhaps a taper's fading beams
May die in air, or quench in streams :

But love is a mysterious fire,
Nor can in air or ice expire :
Nor will this Phoenix be supprest
But with the ruin of his nest.

JOHN DRYDEN

WAS born in 1631 : died in 1701. From the works of this admirable poet the following specimen is selected, because it seems to have escaped the notice of former collectors, though written with all the characteristic fire and spirit of its author.

[*The Invocation of the Ghost of Laius by Tiresias.*]

[From the Tragedy of “(Edipus.”]

Tir. CHOOSE the darkest part o’ th’ grove ;
 Such as ghosts at noon-day love.
 Dig a trench, and dig it nigh
 Where the bones of Laius lie :
 Altars rais’d of turf or stone
 Will th’ infernal powers have none.—
 Answer me, if this be done.

Chor. ’Tis done.

Tir. Is the sacrifice made fit ?—
 Draw her backward to the pit ;
 Draw the barren heifer back :
 Barren let her be, and black.
 Cut the curled hair that grows.
 Full betwixt her horns and brows :

And turn your faces from the sun.—

Answer me, if this be done.

Chor. 'Tis done.

Tir. Pour in blood, and blood-like wine,

To mother Earth and Proserpine ;

Mingle milk into the stream ;

Feast the ghosts that love the stream :

Snatch a brand from funeral pile ;

Toss it in to make them boil :

And turn your faces from the sun.—

Answer me, if all be done.

Chor. All is done.

1. Hear, ye sullen powers, below !

Hear, ye taskers of the dead !

2. You that boiling cauldrons blow !

You that scum the molten lead !

3. You that pinch with red-hot tongs !

1. You that drive the trembling hosts

Of poor, poor ghosts

With sharpen'd prongs !

2. You that thrust them off the brim !

You that plunge them when they swim !

1. Till they drown;
Till they go
On a row
Down, down, down,
Ten thousand, thousand, thousand fathoms low.
Chor. 'Till they drown, &c.

1. Music for a while
Shall your cares beguile:
Wondering how your pains were eas'd!
2. And disdaining to be pleas'd!
3. Till Alecto free the dead
From their eternal bands;
Till the snakes drop from her head,
And whip from out her hands.

1. Come away,
Do not stay,
But obey
While we play,
For hell's broke up, and ghosts have holy-day.
Chor. Come away, &c.

1. Lais! 2. Lais! 3. Lais!

1. Hear! 2. Hear! 3. Hear!

Tir. Hear and appear!

By the Fates that spun thy thread!

Chor. Which are three—

Tir. By the Furies fierce and dread!

Chor. Which are three—

Tir. By the judges of the dead!

Chor. Which are three—

Three times three—

Tir. By hell's blue flame !

By the Stygian lake !

And by Demogorgon's name

At which ghosts quake !

Hear and appear !

JOHN COLLOP.

HIS productions were printed by himself, with the arrogant title of "Poesis Redeviva : or POESIE REVIV'D," 1656, 12mo. How far this rhyming physician promoted the revival of the Muses, will best appear by the following specimen.

On a retired Lady.

SPRING of beauty, mine of pleasure,
 Why so like a miser treasure ?
 Or a richer jewel set
 In a viler cabinet ?
 Virtue and vice
 Know but one price ;
 Seem both allied ;
 Ne'er distinguish'd if ne'er tried.

The Sun's as fair, as bright as you,
 And yet expos'd to public view ;
 Who, if envious grown, or proud,
 He masks his beauty in a cloud,

* * * *

The Wind and Rain
 Him back again

In sighs and tears
Woo, till smiling he appears.

Ceruse or Stibium can prevail,
No art repairs where age makes fail.
Then, Euphormia, be not still
A prisoner to a fonder will;
Nor let's in vain
Thus Nature blame,
'Cause she confines
To barren grounds the richer mines.

SIR JOHN MENNIS, AND JAMES SMITH.

THESE gentlemen were joint authors of a 12mo volume, twice published, in 1655 and 1656, under the title of "Musarum Deliciæ," from whence the subsequent fanciful little poem is extracted.

The former was born in 1598, and died in 1670. Having studied at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, for some years, he became equally remarkable for the versatility of his talents, and the variety of his occupations. We find him successively a militia officer, commander of a troop of horse, captain of a ship, vice admiral, governor of Dover castle, and chief comptroller of the navy. Besides being a great traveller, and singularly well-versed in marine affairs and ship-building, Wood tells us he was "an honest and stout man, generous and religious, and well skilled in physic and chemistry." To complete all, he was "*poetically given*," and is said not only to have assisted Suckling in his compositions, but to have ridiculed him and his runaway troop in a well-known ballad. (Vide Percy, vol. ii. p. 327, 4th edit.)

Smith was born about 1604, educated at Christ Church and Lincoln Colleges, in Oxford; afterwards naval and military chaplain to H. Earl of Holland, and domestic chaplain to Tho. Earl of Cleveland; and amongst other preferments, on his majesty's return, became canon and chauntor in Exeter cathedral. In 1661 he was created D.D. and died in 1667.

Wood informs us he was much in esteem "with the poetical wits of that time, particularly with Philip Massinger, who call'd him his son."

In "*Wit restored*," a miscellany already quoted, many of his pieces are to be met with.

King Oberon's Apparel.

[From 78 lines.]

WHEN the monthly-horned queen
 Grew jealous that the stars had seen
 Her rising from Endymion's arms,
 In rage she throws her misty charms
 Into the bosom of the night,
 To dim their curious prying light.

Then did the dwarfish fairy elves
 (Having first attir'd themselves)
 Prepare to dress their Oberon king
 In highest robes for revelling:
 In a cob-web shirt, more thin
 Than ever spider since could spin,
 Bleach'd by the whiteness of the snow,
 As the stormy winds did blow
 It in the vast and freezing air:
 No shirt half so fine, so fair.

A rich waistcoat they did bring
 Made of the trout-fly's gilded wing.

* * * *

The outside of his doublet was
 Made of the four-leav'd true-love grass

* * * *

On every seam there was a lace
 Drawn by the unctuous snail's slow trace ;

To it the purest silver thread
Compar'd did look like dull pale lead.
Each button was a sparkling eye
Ta'en from the speckled adder's fry,
Which in a gloomy night and dark
Twinkled like a fiery spark:
And, for coolness, next his skin,
'Twas with white poppy lin'd within.

A rich mantle he did wear
Made of tinsel gossamer,
Be-starred over with a few
Diamond drops of morning dew.

His cap was all of ladies'-love:
So passing light, that it did move,
If any humming gnat or fly
But buzz'd the air in passing by.
About it was a wreath of pearl,
Dropp'd from the eyes of some poor girl
Pinch'd because she had forgot
To leave fair water in the pot.
And, for feather, he did wear
Old Nisus' fatal purple hair.

The sword they girded on his thigh.
Was smallest blade of finest rye.

A pair of buskins they did bring,
Of the cow-lady's coral wing,
Powder'd o'er with spots of jet,
And lin'd with purple violet.
His belt was made of myrtle leaves,
Plaited in small curious threaves,
Beset with amber cowslip studs,
And fring'd about with daisy buds ;
In which his bugle horn was hung,
Made of the babbling Echo's tongue ;
Which, set unto his moon-burn'd lip,
He winds, and then his fairies skip.
At that the lazy dawn 'gan sound,
And each did trip a fairy round.

THOMAS FLATMAN,

A MISERABLE imitator of Cowley, was born about 1635, educated at Winchester School, and New College, Oxford, and becoming afterwards a barrister of the Inner Temple, neglected the law to pursue his inclination to painting and poetry. "Some of his tasteless contemporaries," says Mr. Granger, "thought him equally excellent in both ; but one of his heads is worth a ream of his pindarics, I had almost said, all the pindarics written in this reign. He really excelled as an artist : a man must want an ear for harmony, that can admire his poetry, and even want eyes that can cease to admire his painting." Notwithstanding, the Duke of Ormond was so pleased with Flatman's ode on the death of his son, the Earl of Ossory, that he sent him a diamond ring worth 100*l.* ; and Phillips, by no means an indiscriminate panegyrist, commends his ingenuity in poetry as well as painting. The first edition of his poems appeared in 1674, the fourth in 1682. His death took place in 1688. Vide Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting in England*.

"This person," says Wood, (*Ath.* ii. 826) "was in his younger days much against marriage, and made a song describing the *cumbrances* of it, beginning thus—

" Like a dog with a bottle tied close to his tail ;
Like a tory in a bog, or a thief in a jail," &c.

But being afterwards smitten with a fair virgin, and more with her fortune, did espouse her, 26th Nov. 1672 ; whereupon his ingenious comrades did serenade him that night, while he was in the embraces of his mistress, with the said song.

Of the three following extracts, the first is in the best

style of his poetry ; the second a specimen of his wit ; and the third is remarkable from its having been imitated by Mr. Pope in his ode of " The Dying Christian."

SONG.

The Renegado.

REMOV'D from fair Urania's eyes
 Into a village far away,
 Fond Astrophil began to say ;
" Thy charms, Urania, I despise !
Go, bid some other shepherd for thee die
'That never understood thy tyranny !"

Return'd at length the amorous swain,
 Soon as he saw his deity,
 Ador'd again and bow'd his knee,
Became her slave, and wore her chain.
The needle thus, that motionless did lie,
Trembles and moves when the lov'd loadstone's nigh.

Batchelor's Song.

[Second Part.]

How happy a thing were a wedding,
 And a bedding,

If a man might purchase a wife
For a twelvemonth and a day :
But to live with her all a man's life,
For ever and for aye ;
Till she grow as grey as a cat,—
Good faith, Mr. Parson, I thank you for that.

A Thought of Death.

[From 20 lines.]

WHEN on my sick bed I languish,
Full of sorrow, full of anguish ;
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying,—

Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
Be not fearful, come away !

* * * *

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY,

SON of Sir John Sedley, of Aylesford in Kent, Bart., was born about 1639, entered at Wadham College, Oxford, 1656, where he spent only a short time, lived in retirement during Cromwell's usurpation, and coming to court after the Restoration, soon distinguished himself by superior wit and debauchery amongst the witty and profligate companions of Charles II. His conduct in parliament showed that he possessed in an equal degree the talents necessary for serious business. He was the author of six plays, and of a volume of poems, and died in 1701.

See a more particular account in the *Biographia Dramatica*.

SONG.

PHILLIS, let's shun the common fate,
 And let our love ne'er turn to hate.
 I'll doat no longer than I can,
 Without being call'd a faithless man.
 When we begin to want discourse,
 And kindness seems to taste of force,
 As freely as we met we'll part ;
 Each one possess'd of their own heart.
 Thus, whilst rash fools themselves undo,
 We'll game, and give off savers too.
 So equally the match we'll make,
 Both shall be glad to draw the stake :

A smile of thine shall make my bliss,
I will enjoy thee in a kiss.
If from this height our kindness fall,
We'll bravely scorn to love at all.
If thy affection first decay,
I will the blame on nature lay.
Alas ! what cordial can remove
The hasty fate of dying Love ?
Thus we will all the world excel,
In loving and in parting well.

SONG.

NOT Celia, that I juster am
Or better than the rest ;
For I would change each hour like them,
Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee
By every thought I have :
Thy face I only care to see,
Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is ador'd,
In thy dear self I find ;
For the whole sex can but afford
The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek further store,
And still make love anew ?
When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true.

To Chloris.

CHLORIS, I cannot say your eyes
Did my unwary heart surprise ;
Nor will I swear it was your face,
Your shape, or any nameless grace ;
For, you are so entirely fair,
To love a part injustice were.

No drowning man can know which drop
Of water his last breath did stop :
So when the stars in heaven appear,
And join to make the night look clear,
The light we no one's bounty call,
But the obliging gift of all.

He that doth lips or hands adore
Deserves them only, and no more :
But I love all, and every part,
And nothing less can ease my heart.
Cupid that lover weakly strikes,
Who can express what 'tis he likes.

Indifference excused.

LOVE, when 'tis true, needs not the aid
Of sighs, nor oaths, to make it known :
And to convince the cruel'st maid,
Lovers should use their love alone.

Into their very looks 'twill steal,
And he that most would hide his flame
Does in that case his pain reveal :
Silence itself can love proclaim.

This, my Aurelia, made me shun
The paths that common lovers tread,
Whose guilty passions are begun
Not in their heart, but in their head.

I could not sigh, and with cross'd arms
Accuse your rigour, and my fate ;
Nor tax your beauty with such charms
As men adore, and women hate ;

But careless liv'd, and without art,
Knowing my love you must have spied ;
And thinking it a foolish part
To set to show what none can hide.

To a devout young Gentlewoman.

PHILLIS, this early zeal assuage !

You overact your part :

The martyrs at your tender age

Gave heaven but half their heart.

Old men till past the pleasure ne'er

Declaim against the sin :

'Tis early to begin to fear

The devil at fifteen.

The world to youth is too severe,

And, like a treacherous light,

Beauty the actions of the fair

Exposes to their sight.

And yet this world, as old as 'tis,

Is oft deceiv'd by 't too :

Kind combinations seldom miss :

Let's try what we can do.

SONG.

GET you gone—you will undo me

If you love me, don't pursue me !

Let that inclination perish,

Which I dare no longer cherish !

With harmless thoughts I did begin,
But in the crowd Love enter'd in ;
I knew him not, he was so gay,
So innocent, and full of play.

At every hour, in every place,
I either saw, or form'd your face :
All that in plays was finely writ
Fancy for you and me did fit.

My dreams at night were all of you,
Such as till then I never knew.
I sported thus with young Desire,
Never intending to go higher.

But now his teeth and claws are grown,
Let me the fatal lion shun ;
You found me harmless—leave me so !
For, were I not, you'd leave me too.

Love still has something of the sea,
From whence his mother rose :
No time his slaves from doubt can free,
Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalm'd in clearest days,
And in rough weather tost,
They wither under cold delays,
Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port,
Then straight into the main
Some angry wind, in cruel sport,
The vessel drives again.

At first disdain and pride they fear,
Which if they chance to 'scape,
Rivals and falsehood soon appear,
In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joy they come,
And are so long withstood,
So slowly they receive the sum,
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain,
And to defer a joy,
Believe me, gentle Celemene,
Offends the winged boy.

An hundred thousand oaths your fears
Perhaps would not remove ;
And, if I gaz'd a thousand years,
I could no deeper love.

SONG.

FAIR Amynta, art thou mad,
To let the world in me
Envy joys I never had,
And censure them in thee ?

Fill'd with grief for what is past,
Let us at length be wise ;
And to Love's true enjoyments haste,
Since we have paid the price.

Love does easy souls despise
Who lose themselves for toys,
And escape for those devise
Who taste his utmost joys.

Love should like the year be crown'd
With sweet variety ;
Hope should in the spring abound,
Kind fears, and jealousy.

In the summer, flowers should rise,
And in the autumn, fruit ;
His spring doth else but mock our eyes,
And in a scoff salute.

The Indifference.

THANKS, fair Urania, to your scorn,
I now am free, as I was born.
Of all the pain that I endur'd
By your late coldness I am cur'd.

In losing me, proud nymph, you lose
The humblest slave your beauty knows :
In losing you, I but throw down
A haughty tyrant from her throne.

My ranging love did never find
Such charms of person and of mind ;
You've beauty, wit, and all things know,—
But where you should your love bestow.

I, unawares, my freedom gave,
And to those tyrants grew a slave :
Would you have kept what you had won,
You should have more compassion shown.

Love is a burthen, which two hearts,
When equally they bear their parts,
With pleasure carry ; but no one,
Alas ! can bear it long alone.

I'm not of those who court their pain,
And make an idol of disdain :

My hope in love does ne'er expire,
But it extinguishes desire :

Nor yet of those who, ill receiv'd,
Would have it otherwise believ'd ;
And, where their love could not prevail,
Take the vain liberty to rail.

Whoe'er would make his victor less
Must his own weak defence confess ;
And, while her power he does defame,
He poorly doubles his own shame.

Even that malice does betray,
And speak concern another way ;
And all such scorn in me is but
The smoke of fires ill put out.

He's still in torment, whom the rage
To detraction does engage :
In love, indifference is sure
The only sign of perfect cure.

SONG.

“ HEARS not my Phillis, how the birds
Their feather'd mates salute ?
They tell their passion in their words ;—
Must I alone be mute ?”

Phillis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

“ The god of love in thy bright eyes
Does like a tyrant reign ;
But in thy heart a child he lies,
Without his dart or flame.”
Phillis, &c.

“ So many months in silence past,
And yet in raging love,
Might well deserve one word at last
My passion should approve.”
Phillis, &c.

“ Must then your faithful swain expire,
And not one look obtain,
Which he, to sooth his fond desire,
Might pleasingly explain ?”
Phillis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

SONG.

PHILLIS is my only joy,
Faithless as the winds or seas ;
Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please.

If with a frown
I am cast down,
Phyllis smiling,
And beguiling,
Makes me happier than before.

Though, alas ! too late I find
Nothing can her fancy fix ;
Yet the moment she is kind,
I forgive her all her tricks.
Which though I see,
I can't get free ;
She deceiving,
I believing ;
What need lovers wish for more ?

Out of Lycophron.

WHAT shall become of man so wise
When he dies ?
None can tell
Whether he goes to heaven or hell,
Or, after a few moments dear,
He disappear ;
And at last
Perish entirely like a beast ?

But women, wine, and mirth, we know,
Are all the joys he has below :
Let us then ply those joys we have ;
'Tis vain to think beyond the grave.
 Out of our reach the gods have laid
 Of time to come th' event,
And laugh to see the fools afraid
 Of what the knaves invent.

GEORGE DIGBY, EARL OF BRISTOL,

WAS born in Madrid, 1612 : died 1676. " A singular person," says Lord Orford, " whose life was one contradiction. He wrote against popery, and embraced it ; he was a zealous opposer of the court, and a sacrifice for it ; was conscientiously converted in the midst of his prosecution of Lord Strafford, and was most unconscientiously a prosecutor of Lord Clarendon. With great parts, he always hurt himself and his friends ; with romantic bravery, he was always an unsuccessful commander. He spoke for the test act though a Roman Catholic ; and addicted himself to astrology on the birth-day of true philosophy." For particulars of his life, and a catalogue of his writings, vide Wood, *Ath.* ii. 579.

This eccentric man composed a comedy called " *Elvira*," from whence the following song is extracted. It was printed in 1667, and obtained his lordship a place in Suckling's Session of the Poets.

SONG.

SEE, O see !
 How every tree,
 Every bower,
 Every flower,
 A new life gives to others' joys,
 Whilst that I
 Grief-stricken lie,

Nor can meet
With any sweet
But what faster mine destroys.
What are all the senses' pleasures,
When the mind has lost all measures ?

Hear, O hear !
How sweet and clear
The nightingale
And waters'-fall
In concert join for others' ears.
Whilst to me,
For harmony,
Every air
Echoes despair,
And every drop provokes a tear.
What are all the senses' pleasures,
When the mind has lost all measures !

ROBERT VEEL ,

WAS born at Alveston, in Gloucestershire ; entered of Edmund Hall, Oxford, in 1663, aged fifteen ; “ continued there,” says Wood, “ about ten terms ; went to the great city, lived after the manner of poets, in a debauched way, and wrote partly for the use of his idle and vain companions, but more to gain money to carry on the trade of folly.” Among other things he was the author of “ New Court-Songs and Poems,” 8vo. 1672. He seems to have been an easy versifier, though without much originality,

Vanity of Worldly Happiness.

How eager are our vain pursuits
 Of pleasure, and of worldly joys !
 And yet, how empty are the fruits !
 How full of trouble, grief, and noise !
 We to our ancestors new follies add,
 Proving ourselves less happy, and more mad.

What, but a tempest, is the world,
 Whereon this bark of ours is tost ?
 Which, by ambition wildly hurl'd,
 Is split against a rock, and lost !

The safer vulgar this with wonder see,
And from our ruin learn humility.

With costly silks we do adorn
These stalking pageants, made of clay,
Whose very flowers, while they are worn,
But emblems are of our decay :
Batter'd by sickness, or inflam'd by lust,
Or undermin'd by time, we fall to dust.

Frailty of Beauty.

As poor Aurelia sat alone,
Hard by a river's flowery side,
Envious at Nature's new-born pride,
Her slighted self thus she reflected on.

Alas ! that Nature should revive
These flowers, which after winter's snow
Spring fresh again, and brisker show ;
And for our brighter sex so ill contrive !

Beauty, like them, a short-liv'd thing,
On us in vain she did bestow ;
Beauty, that only once can grow,
An autumn has, but knows no second spring.

SEE how the feather'd blossoms through the air
 Traverse a thousand various paths, to find
On the impurer earth a place that's fair,
 Courting the conduct of each faithless wind !

See how they seem to hover near their end,
 Nicely supported on their doubtful wings,
Yet all by an impulse of fate descend,
 On dunghills some, some on the courts of kings.

Of warmest vapours, which the sun exhales,
 All are compos'd ; and in a short liv'd hour
Their dazzling pride and coyest beauty falls,
 Dissolv'd by Phœbus, or a weeping shower.

All of one matter form'd, to one return :
 Their fall is greatest who are plac'd most high :
Let not the proud presume, or poorest mourn :
 Their fate's decreed, and every one must die.

Boast not of endless wealth, or noble birth ;
From earth all come, all must return to earth.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER,

WAS born in 1648, and died in 1680. The anecdotes of his life are too numerous for abridgment, and too well known to require insertion in this place.

SONG.

INSULTING beauty, you mis-spend
 Those frowns upon your slave ;
 Your scorn against such rebels bend,
 Who dare with confidence pretend
 That other eyes their hearts defend
 From all the charms you have.

Your conquering eyes so partial are,
 Or mankind is so dull,
 That, while I languish in despair,
 Many proud senseless hearts declare,
 They find you not so killing fair,
 To wish you merciful.

They an inglorious freedom boast ;
 I triumph in my chain ;

Nor am I unreveng'd, though lost,
Nor you unpunish'd though unjust,
When I alone, who love you most,
Am kill'd with your disdain.

SIR FRANCIS FANE.

THIS author, who was grandson to the Earl of Westmoreland, and Knight of the Bath, is very highly commended by Langbaine. Besides a few poems printed in Tate's Miscellanies, he published two plays, viz. "Love in the Dark," a comedy, 1675, and "The Sacrifice," a tragedy, 1686 ; and a masque. The following is extracted from his comedy.

SONG.

CUPID, I scorn to beg the art
 From thy imaginary throne,
 To learn to wound another's heart,
 Or how to heal my own.

If she be coy, my airy mind
 Brooks not a siege ; if she be kind,
 She proves my scorn that was my wonder ;
 For, towns that yield I hate to plunder.

Love is a game ; hearts are the prize ;
 Pride keeps the stakes ! Art throws the dice :
 When either's won
 The game is done.
 Love is a coward, hunts the flying prey,
 But when it once stands still, Love runs away.

UNCERTAIN AUTHORS.

SONG.

[From "The Academy of Compliments," edit. 1671.]

COME, Chloris, hie we to the bower,
 To sport us ere the day be done!
 Such is thy power, that every flower
 Will ope to thee as to the sun.

And if a flower but chance to die
 With my sighs' blast or mine eyes' rain,
 Thou can'st revive it with thine eye,
 And with thy breath make sweet again.

The wanton suckling, and the vine,
 Will strive for th' honour, who first may
 With their green arms encircle thine,
 To keep the burning sun away.

[From "Windsor Drollery," London, 1672.]

CUPID once was weary grown
 With women's errands—laid him down
 On a refreshing rosy bed :—
 The same sweet covert harboured

A bee ; and as she always had
A quarrel with love's idle lad,
Stings the soft boy : pain and strong fears
Straight melt him into cries and tears.
As wings and feet would let each other,
Home he hastens to his mother ;
Then on her knees he hangs his head,
And cries, " O mother, I am dead !
An ugly snake, they call a bee,
(O see it swell) hath murder'd me."
Venus with smiles replied, " O sir,
Does a bee's sting make all this stir ?
Think what pains then attend those darts
Wherewith thou still art wounding hearts.
E'en let it smart !—may chance that then
Thou'lt learn more pity towards men."

A Catholic Hymn.

[Printed among other "Miscellanies" in "The Poems of Ben Johnson, junior," 1672. It is also to be found in "Withers Redivivus, in a small new-year's-gift," 4to, 1689, and there called, "A copy from verses long since made." The text of the latter has been preferred in the following extract.]

OPINION rules the human state,
And domineers in every land :
Shall sea or mountain separate
Whom God hath join'd in nature's band ?
Dwell they far off, or dwell they near,
They're all my father's children dear.

Lend me the bright wings of the morn,
That I from hence may take my flight
From Cancer unto Capricorn,
Far swifter than the lamp of night :
Where'er my winged soul doth fly
All's fair and lovely in mine eye.

Features and colours of the hair,
These all do meet in harmony ;
The black, the brown, the red, the fair,
All tinctures of variety :
In single simple love alone
These various colours are but one.

I' th' phlegmatic I sweetness find,
The melancholy, grave, and wise ;
The sanguine, merry to my mind,
From choler flames of love arise :
In single simple love alone
All these complexions are but one.

The nightingale doth never say
(Though he be king of melody)
Unto the cuckoo or the jay,
Why sing you not so sweet as I ?
Each tunes his harp in love alone,
These various notes are all but one.

With open arms let me embrace
The Heathen, Christian, Turk, or Jew,
The lovely and deformed face,
The sober and the jovial crew.
In single simple love alone
All forms and features are but one.

Reason.

[In "Miscellany Poems and Translations by Oxford hands
Printed for Anthony Stephens, 1685, 8vo.]

[From 8 stanzas.]

REASON, thou vain impertinence,
Deluding hypocrite, begone !
And go and plague your men of sense,
But let my love and me alone !

In vain some dreaming thinking fool
Would make thee o'er our senses reign,
And all our noble passions rule,
And constitute this creature man.

In vain some dotard may pretend
Thou art our torch to happiness—
'To happiness—which poor mankind
As little know as Paradise.

At best, thou'rt but a glimmering light,
Which serves not to direct our way ;
But, like the moon, confounds our sight,
And only shows it is not day.

Coyness.

[In the same Collection]

[From 6 stanzas.]

NAY, I confess I should despise
A too, too easy-gotten prize !
Be coy, be cruel yet a while,
Nor grant one gracious look or smile !
Then every little grace from thee
Will seem a heaven on earth to me.

If thou would'st have me still love on
With all the flames I first begun,
Then you must still as scornful be :
For, if you once but burn like me,
My flames will languish and be gone,
Like fire shin'd on by the sun.

* * * *

Nor lay these arts too soon aside,
In hopes your lover fast is tied ;

For I have oft an angler seen,
With over-haste, lose all again ;
When, if the fool had longer stay'd,
The harmless fish had been betray'd.

Ancient Song.

[From Dryden's Collection. Vol. vi. 341, ed. 1716.]

A SILLY shepherd woo'd, but wist not
How he might his mistress' favour gain.
On a time they met, but kiss'd not :—
Ever after that he sued in vain.
Blame her not, alas, though she said *nay*
To him that might, but fled away.

Time perpetually is changing ;
Every moment alteration brings ;
Love and beauty still estranging ;
Women, are, alas, but wanton things !
He that will his mistress' favour gain,
Must take her in a merry vein.

A woman's fancy's like a fever,
Or an ague, that doth come by fits ;
Hot and cold, but constant never,
Even as the pleasant humour hits.
Sick, and well again, and well, and sick,
In love it is a woman's trick.

Now she will, and then she will not ;
Put her to the trial, if once she smile :
Silly youth, thy fortunes spill not ;
Lingering labours oft themselves beguile.
He that knocks, and can't get in,
His pick-lock is not worth a pin.

A woman's *nay* is no denial ;
Silly youths of love are served so ;
Put her to a further trial ;
Haply she'll take it, and say *no*.
For 'tis a trick which women use,
What they love they will refuse.

Silly youth, why dost thou dally ?
Having got time and season fit ;
Then never stand " Sweet, shall I ? shall I ? "
Nor too much commend an after-wit ;
*For, he that will not when he may,
When he will he shall have nay.*

CONCLUSION.

As it was a principal object of this Miscellany, to collect such a series of early poetry as should exhibit specimens of our language through all its gradations, it may, perhaps, be convenient to the reader to bring into one point of view the various conclusions or conjectures which these specimens have suggested. These are dispersed through the first volume of the work, so as to form a succinct and intelligible, if not a satisfactory history of the formation and early progress of the English language.

The Saxon conquerors of this country, having been converted to Christianity towards the close of the sixth century, appear to have engaged in the pursuit of learning with the usual eagerness of proselytes. Great numbers of them, travelling to Rome in quest of religious truth, distinguished themselves by their zeal and industry, and, returning to their own country, brought with them considerable stores of such learning as that age could furnish. At a time when single books were estimated so highly, as to form no trifling part of a valuable patrimony, large libraries were founded at Weremouth, in Northumberland, at Hexham, at York, and other places : and the writings of Venerable Bede, of Alcuinus, and many other scholars who issued from these seminaries, excited universal and merited admiration.

But the scholars of the eighth century, communicating only with each other, and taking little interest in the

concerns of such of their fellow-creatures as were unable to express their happiness or misery in Greek or Latin, do not seem to have produced very extensive benefits to mankind. So much of life was wasted in acquiring erudition, that little remained for the application of it ; and, as nature seldom produces a long succession of prodigies, learning expired with its first professors. Alfred is said to have lamented that, in his youth, *very few priests south of the Humber* understood the ordinary service of the church ; and that he knew *none south of the Thames* who were capable of turning a piece of Latin into Saxon.

It may, perhaps, have been matter of regret to this great monarch that he was unable to naturalize among his subjects the languages of Greece and Rome, which he considered as the depositories of much useful information ; but, by translating into Saxon the most valuable works of antiquity that could then be procured, he accomplished his purpose more effectually. He at the same time enriched and polished his native language ; which, being already the organ of the laws, and becoming, during his reign, the vehicle of religion, of science, and of the arts, acquired a copiousness and elegance, superior to that of any of the Teutonic or Romance dialects then spoken in Europe.

This era of pure Saxon literature was, however, of short duration. The incessant invasions, and ultimate subjugation of the country by the Danes, a nation of kindred origin, but far inferior to the Saxons in civilization, not only checked the progress of improvement, but nearly replunged our language into its pristine barbarism. Its subsequent recovery was prevented, first by the conduct of Edward the Confessor and his courtiers, who took a miserable pride in adopting a foreign idiom, instead of attempting to restore the energy of their own, and, soon afterwards, by the Norman Conquest.

The establishment of our present mixed language, and

indeed every link in the chain of its history, may, perhaps, be traced to this important event, as to its remote cause and origin. But the mode of its operation has not been, I think, satisfactorily explained ; too much having been attributed to the supposed prejudices, and imaginary designs of the Conqueror, while the general circumstances in which he was placed, and the obvious tendency of his general policy, have been too much overlooked.

In the first place it seems evident, that if the Normans, after completing their conquest, had readily mingled with the native inhabitants of the country, they could have effected only a very slight and temporary alteration in the Saxon language. Their numbers were too small. For this reason, the ancestors of these very Normans who established themselves in Neustria, produced no sensible change in the Romance dialect of that province. If some few corruptions had been introduced by the first admixture, they probably would have disappeared after one or two generations ; and the purity of the written language would have been preserved, by means of the almost innumerable models of composition which then existed, and of which considerable remains are still preserved.

But the general disaffection and spirit of revolt, excited among the English by the evident partiality of the Conqueror to the partners of his victory, compelled him to adopt a system of defence for his newly-acquired dominions, which had a necessary tendency to produce the changes that afterwards took place in the language of his subjects.

It has been observed by all our historians, that the Saxons, though a brave and warlike people, had made little progress in the art of fortification, and that to this circumstance the Danes were indebted for the almost constant success of their piratical incursions. The Normans, on the contrary, surpassed all the nations of Europe in this branch of tactics ; and William, availing himself of

this superiority, erected numerous citadels, which, being filled with Norman garrisons, secured and over-awed all the towns in the kingdom, and afforded him the means of assembling his army with safety and expedition.

It is evident that each of these garrisons bore a much higher proportion to the number of inhabitants in the neighbouring cities, at whose expense they were from the first supported, than that of the whole body of Normans to the aggregate population of the kingdom. It was necessary, therefore, that some mercantile jargon should be adopted as a medium of communication between the foreigners and the natives ; and although such a jargon, being only employed for occasional purposes by each, could not immediately displace and become a substitute for the established language of either : though the Normans were, during a very considerable length of time, completely separated from their English neighbours by the strongest opposition of passions and prejudices : though even their commercial intercourse was very limited : it may be doubted whether these circumstances had not the effect of ultimately rendering more complete that alteration of language, which they certainly contributed, in the first instance, to retard.

In fact, the most striking peculiarity in the establishment of our vulgar English is, that it appears to have very suddenly superseded the pure and legitimate Saxon, from which its elements were principally derived, instead of becoming its successor, as generally has been supposed, by a slow and imperceptible process. The Saxon, certainly, never ceased to be cultivated during more than a century after the Conquest, because the conclusion of the Saxon Chronicle, which relates the death of Stephen, cannot have been written before the following reign ; and the translation of Wace by Layamon is not likely to have been composed much before the year 1180. From this period, I believe, the language began to decline, but it

did not cease till much later ; for we have a Saxon charter dated in the 43rd year of Henry III., that is to say, in 1258. It has been often printed, particularly by Lord Lyttelton and Dr. Henry, both of whom have thought it necessary to add an English translation. On the other hand, we possess some English specimens, which, in the opinion of all our antiquaries, cannot be referred to a later period than 1250 : it follows therefore that, during several years after the establishment of our present mixed language, the Saxon continued to be the only form of speech known to a large portion of the inhabitants of this country.

Now, if we consider that the Saxon, however it might have degenerated from its former elegance, still retained the advantage of a regular and established grammar, while the construction of the Anglo-Norman, or English, was extremely fluctuating and barbarous ; it will, probably, be thought that the latter could only have acquired the superiority over its parent language by means of the predominant wealth and influence of that part of the community by whom it was exclusively cultivated. This, I presume, may have been promoted by a succession of fortunate events.

The system devised by the Conqueror, for the purpose of protecting his army against the insurrection of the natives, gave a security to the citizens against the fears of foreign invasion, or domestic oppression, which they had not hitherto enjoyed, and in which the villagers could not equally participate. The increased trade resulting from the foreign dominions of our sovereigns, and the wealth derived from that trade, was confined almost exclusively to the towns. Lastly, the successive immunities which they purchased from our sovereigns, or from their principal barons, and which led to the general establishment of free municipal governments, must have tended, in concurrence with the preceding causes, considerably to augment the proportion which the inhabitants of the cities

had formerly borne to the rest of their countrymen, in point of numbers, wealth, and influence.

As the same happy improvement of their government was likely to obliterate the sources of national hatred between the Norman and English inhabitants ; to create an union of interests ; to promote the adoption of a common language ; and to hasten the improvement of that language by furnishing new and frequent subjects for discussions, at once complicated and interesting ; it seems natural that we should assign the complete formation of our present language to the commencement of the thirteenth century, and perhaps to the establishment of Magna Charta. Every inference, that can be drawn from the inspection of such specimens of very early English as I have had an opportunity of examining, appears to point nearly to the same period.

From this time to the reign of Edward III. our infant language was enriched, or perhaps overloaded, by a constant accession of French words. This, indeed, might be expected. Wealth, when accompanied by freedom, generally gives birth to magnificence, but it does not of necessity and immediately become the parent of taste and invention. During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, even our kings and nobles were in the habit of expending their whole stock of gaiety, as well as their treasure, on the four great festivals of the year ; and the intervening times of leisure were employed in devising modes of amusement, and providing a disposition to be amused. But as the commercial part of the nation had something else to do, they seem to have contented themselves with copying, as nearly as they could, the pleasures of their superiors. Their festivities were conducted with the same minute attention to ceremonial, and diversified with the same or nearly similar sports and representations. Their tables exhibited the same specimens of complicated cookery. The recitation of tales of chivalry was necessary to the solemnity of these festivals ;

and as the French minstrels had, long since, pre-occupied the fabulous era of every known history, their English successors were reduced to the necessity of translating. In executing this task, under the constraint of finding a constant succession of rhymes, in a language which was hitherto rude and untractable, they might often be led to borrow the words and phrases of the original. At least it was their interest to adopt and give a currency to every new term which had acquired the authority of colloquial usage ; so that the compositions of our early writers are become nearly unintelligible to those who are not familiarly acquainted with the Norman vocabulary.

It is very possible that our language may not have received much real improvement from this indiscriminate adoption of foreign idioms ; but perhaps it was in some measure indebted to them for its reception at court, where it supplanted the Norman-French, which had exclusively prevailed there from the time of the Conquest. This alteration, which ensured to our national literature all the advantages that patronage can bestow, seems to have taken place in the reign of Edward III., whose policy led him to excite a hatred of France among his subjects, and who proscribed the exclusive use of French in our laws, and in the elements of education. Gower, as we have seen, commenced his literary career by aspiring to the character of a French poet, and only began his English work in his old age, during the reign and by the command of Richard II. The fashionable dialect, therefore, had probably changed during the interval, and it may be presumed that this change also procured us the advantage of Chaucer's talents, which, from the circumstances of his birth and education, would naturally have been employed, had he written a few years sooner, in cultivating a foreign rather than his native language.

During the whole of this period, the Scottish dialect seems to have been nearly identical with that of England ; but its history is, unfortunately, still more obscure than

our own. We do not possess a single specimen of the original language spoken in Scotland during the eleventh century ; and the only compositions in the Anglo-Norman dialect anterior to the life of Bruce are, the song written about 1285, on the death of Alexander III., which is to be seen in the first volume of this work, and a romance attributed to Thomas of Ercildoun, which, I believe, was first discovered by Mr. Ritson in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh.

This very curious poem is, apparently, coeval with Adam Davie's romance of Alexander¹, which it resembles in some degree, by the shortness and abruptness of its diction. It is written in a very singular and difficult stanza of eleven lines, which proves the author to have possessed a degree of metrical skill very unusual at that early period ; and has, besides, a plausible claim to the still more unusual merit of originality ; as it seems to be quoted in a French metrical fragment of Tristram, which represents the narrative of *Thomas* as of high authority. But it is evident, that, however interesting in itself, or honourable to Scottish poetry, it can give us no assistance in tracing the progress of language in Scotland from any original form into the mixed state in which it is here exhibited.

In this dearth of materials it became necessary to have recourse to conjecture ; and two hypotheses have been offered, both of which are recommended by much acute reasoning, and supported by a number of respectable authorities.

Mr. Pinkerton, in a very ingenious and learned essay, prefixed to his extracts from the Maitland MSS., contends that the original language of Scotland was, like the Saxon and Danish, a dialect of the Gothic ; that it was

¹ I am happy in being able to add that our stock of ancient English literature is likely to be soon enriched with accurate editions of both these very interesting works. The former will be published by Mr. Walter Scott, the latter by Mr. Park.

introduced by the Picts, a Scandinavian tribe who preceded the Scots, a Celtic colony from Ireland : and that the French part of the subsequent mixed language was produced by the frequent intermarriages of the Scottish kings and nobles, during the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, with ladies of Anglo-Norman blood, and by the long residence of these princes in the counties of Northumberland and Cumberland, which they held, as feudatories, of the crown of England.

Mr. Ritson, on the contrary, in a no less elaborate essay, prefixed to his selection of Scottish songs, attempts to prove, by a long chain of authorities, that the Picts were, no less than the Scots, a Celtic nation ; that the Gaelic language was formerly universal in Scotland ; but that having never been employed in works of literature, it was gradually superseded by the English, in consequence of those relations with this country, which resulted from the policy of Malcolm III. and his successors.

It is evidently impossible to reconcile antagonists who have no one opinion in common, and who interpret differently the same authorities, and draw opposite conclusions from the few facts on which they are agreed. I shall therefore content myself with stating, as correctly as I can, the present amount of our information on the subject, and leave the result to the determination of the reader.

It seems to be satisfactorily proved by Mr. Macpherson, in his "Geographical Illustrations of Scottish History," that the kingdom of Northumberland, founded by the Angles in the sixth century, extended from the Humber as far as the southern bank of the Frith of Forth ; and, following that shore to the westward, as far as the Graemis-Dyke, included the provinces of Lothian and Galloway ; a country, in superficial extent, not far short of one-fourth, and in wealth and population equal,

perhaps, to about a third, of what we now call Scotland. These provinces, though claimed by the kings of England after the union of the Heptarchy, were definitively ceded by Edgar to Kenneth king of the Scots and Picts, on condition that "he should do homage for this part of his dominions to the crown of England, and preserve to the inhabitants their ancient customs and laws, as well as the *appellation* and *language* of Englishmen ²."

The whole western region, comprehended between the mountains and the sea, was occupied by the Scots, whose language is universally admitted to have been Gaelic.

Lastly, the eastern coast to the northward of the Forth is to be allotted to the Picts, and when it shall be ascertained who the Picts were, and what was their original dialect, it will only remain to determine when and why they relinquished that dialect, for the purpose of talking English.

Such seems to have been the distribution of the country when Malcolm III. in 1057 mounted the throne of Scotland. We all know, that during the usurpation of Macbeth he had been carried into England, where he spent seventeen years; and that at the end of this time he was reinstated in his dominion, by means of an army raised in Northumberland, the earldom of his uncle Siward.

Hitherto, the usual residence of the kings of Scotland had been at Forteviot, or elsewhere in the neighbourhood of the Tay; but Malcolm was induced, both by motives of taste and policy, to remove his court to the southward, to the castles of Dunfermline and Edinburgh. Having been educated in England, he might naturally prefer a residence in a Saxon province: it was no less

² *Fecitque Kineth Regi Eadgaro homagium, sub cautione multa promittens, quod populo partis illius antiquas consuetudines non negaret, et sub nomine et lingua Anglicanâ permanerent. Quod usque hodie firmum manet.* Wallingford ap. Gale, vol. iii. p. 545.

natural that he should wish to remove from a part of his kingdom where the partisans of his predecessor were perhaps still numerous : and, after the conquest of England by the Normans, it became highly necessary that the kings of Scotland should be enabled, by their vicinity to the frontier, to watch over the conduct of an ambitious and powerful neighbour.

To this essential policy Malcolm was by no means inattentive. He supported to the utmost of his power, both by negociation and by force of arms, the Saxon party in England ; he married the sister of Edgar Atheling ; distributed grants of lands to the companions of her exile ; and afforded an asylum in his dominions to the numerous crowds of fugitives who, during the sanguinary expedition of William the Conqueror, in 1070, were expelled from the northern provinces of England. By these means he probably increased very considerably the population and industry of his country ; he certainly added much to its political influence ; and we are not surprised that his long and active reign should be considered as the commencement of an important era in the history of Scotland, distinguished by a very considerable change in the manners and language of its inhabitants.

What was the precise nature and extent of this change can now only be conjectured. Perhaps it was merely such as tended to diminish the difference between the English and Scottish dialects of the Saxon, and was occasioned by the numerous emigrations from England. At least it does not seem probable, that Malcolm and Edgar Atheling should have introduced into Scotland the language of their bitterest enemies. Mr. Pinkerton, indeed, contends that the Norman was the universal speech of the English nobles during the reign of Edward the Confessor : and it is certain that there existed at his court a strong Norman party ; and that he employed a foreign language in preference to his own, and delighted in the

conversation of Norman favourites. Yet it is rather improbable that the whole body of Saxon nobles,—that the great council of the nation, who in 1052 decreed the banishment of all those foreigners,—and who, for the purpose of securing their country against the dominion of a Norman, raised to the throne a Saxon nobleman, distinguished by his hatred to that nation,—should have imitated the phraseology of Edward, a sovereign whom they generally and justly despised.

But, be this as it may, the Saxon party in England having been annihilated, even before the death of Malcolm, his successors had no motive for continuing an unsuccessful struggle against a power now firmly established. His three sons, Edgar, Alexander, and David, who after the short reign of their uncle, Donald Baan, successively mounted the throne of Scotland, united themselves as closely as possible with the Norman kings of England. Their sister Matilda was married to Henry I.; Alexander to Sybilla, a natural daughter of the same Henry; David to the heiress of Northumberland: and during these three reigns, including a period of fifty-six years, from 1097 to 1153, the intercourse between the two kingdoms appears to have been as uninterrupted as if they had been governed by a common sovereign. David, indeed, who passed many years at the court of his brother-in-law, acquired such an affection for Norman customs, that he was considered by his subjects as a Frenchman. He seems to have adopted the whole system of Norman jurisprudence: he promoted the marriage of his female wards with Norman barons; he encouraged, by numerous privileges, the settlement of English and Norman artizans and merchants in the Scottish towns³;

³ The army of William the Lion in 1173 is said to have contained a considerable number of *English*; and William of Newborough observes that, at this time, they formed the bulk of the inhabitants

and so far increased the commerce of his kingdom, that in the reign of his grandson, William the Lion, the burghs were enabled to furnish three-eighths of the whole national contribution⁴. I should therefore be tempted to ascribe to this reign, and to the concurrence of the above-mentioned causes, that change of language which is generally attributed to the policy of Malcolm III.

If it were proved that the Norman-French was at any time the usual language of the court of Scotland, I should think it must have been so at this period. But it is to be considered that, in these early times, the courts of princes were, during great part of the year, composed solely of their own families and immediate attendants; their *plenar courts*, that is to say, the general councils or assemblies of their nobles, were only periodical; and I should much doubt whether, in such assemblies of Scottish barons, the French language was ever universal, or even general. It is not easy to assign any motive which could have induced these independent chieftains to undergo the drudgery of learning a new phrascology. Besides, in estimating the relative efficacy of the causes which may be supposed to corrupt or change the speech of nations, I should attribute much less to the influence of kings and nobles, who must be comparatively few, than to the active intercourse produced among the more numerous classes of mankind by the relations of commerce.

It is well known, that in Cornwall the Celtic dialect has been, almost within our own memory, completely obliterated; in Wales it has been evidently diminished; and the distinctions of dialect in our English provinces

in all the towns of Scotland. By *English*, the historian probably meant people who talked a language composed of Saxon and French, for it is not credible that the towns of Scotland were peopled with natives of England.

⁴ See Stowe's Annals, A.D. 1205

are daily becoming less conspicuous. The reason seems to be, that in poor countries the price of mere manual labour is usually lower, and that of ingenuity often much higher, than among their richer neighbours. The Cornish and Welsh labourers, therefore, have a constant inducement to emigrate in search of a more plentiful subsistence ; while English miners and mechanics are tempted, by the hope of higher wages, to settle in Wales and Cornwall. A similar transfer and circulation of inhabitants has taken place in our English provinces by the natural operation of the towns, whose constantly decreasing population is supplied from the country, while a certain number of small traders and artisans are driven into the villages, where the profits of their trade or ingenuity are free from the danger of competition. By such a process, all peculiarities of dialect must be ultimately, though slowly and imperceptibly, extinguished.

Now, it is evident that the unreserved communication between the Scots and English, during the twelfth century, could not fail of greatly increasing among the former the catalogue of their artificial wants ; and that this must augment their vocabulary by a large importation of foreign words. And if, to all the articles of luxury, parade, and magnificence, multiplied as they were by the variations of fashion, we add the terms of chicane, and war, and hunting, for all of which our islanders were indebted to Norman ingenuity, we may, perhaps, find sufficient grounds to believe that a language very nearly, if not perfectly identical with the English, was likely to be formed in the southern provinces of Scotland before the termination of the twelfth century.

ALPHABETICAL LIST

SPECIMENS.

- A **FACE** that should content me
wondrous well. Wyatt, ii. 39.
- A **man** may live thrice Nestor's
life. Norton, ii. 114.
- A **neighbour** mine not long ago
there was Sidney, ii. 223.
- A **silly** shepherd woo'd, but wist
not. Anon., iii. 383.
- A **time** there was, and divers
there be yet. Anon., iii. 134.
- A **vale** there is, enwrap with
dreadful shades. Southwell,
ii. 174
- A **woman's** face is full of wiles.
Gifford, ii. 179.
- About the sweet bag of a bee.
Herrick, iii. 286.
- Adieu, desert, how art thou spent.
Anon., ii. 84.
- Ah me. Wither, iii. 91.
- Ah ! when will this long weary
day have end Spenser, ii.
203.
- All my senses, like beacon's
flame. Lord Brook, ii. 232.
- All ye that grieve to think my
death so near. Watson, ii. 274.
- Am I despis'd because you say.
Herrick, iii. 287.
- Amarantha, sweet and fair
Lovelace, iii. 254.
- Amarillis I did woo. Wither,
iii. 77.
- Amongst the myrtles as I walk'd.
Carew, iii. 147.
- And though for her sake I'm
crost. Wither, iii. 87.
- And would you see my mistress'
face. Campion, iii. 17.
- Anger in hasty words or blows.
Waller, iii. 174
- Another scorns the home-spun
thread of rhymes. Hall, ii. 347.
- April is past ' then do not shed.
Kinaston, iii. 247.
- As Cupid took his bow and bolt
Anon., iii. 322
- As it fell upon a day. Barnfeild,
ii. 316.
- As poor Aurelia sat alone. Veel,
iii. 373
- As then the sky was calm and
fair. Peacham, ii. 372.
- Ask me no more where Jove
bestows. Carew, iii. 152.
- Ask me why I send you here
Carew, iii. 147.
- At liberty I sit, and see. Anon.,
ii. 83.
- Away, fond thing ! tempt me no
more. Cokain, iii. 199.
- Away with these self-loving lads.
Lord Brook, ii. 230.
- Beauties, have ye seen this toy.
Jonson, ii. 350.
- Beauty clear and fair. Beau-
mont and Fletcher, iii. 58.
- Beauty, sweet love, is like the
morning dew. Daniel, ii. 281.

- Because I breathe not love to every one. Sidney, ii. 220.
- Before my face the picture hangs. Southwell, ii. 171.
- Being your slave, what should I do, but tend. Shakspeare, ii. 312.
- Beware, fair maid, of mighty courtiers' oaths. Sylvester, ii. 292.
- Blame not my lute, though it do sound. John Hall, ii. 101.
- Blessings as rich and fragrant crown your heads. Vaughan, iii. 308.
- Blow, blow thou winter-wind. Shakspeare, ii. 303.
- But let the Kentish lad that lately taught. G. Fletcher, iii. 49.
- Captain, or colonel, or knight in arms. Milton, iii. 203.
- Chaste, lovely Laura 'gan disclose. Cotton, iii. 340.
- Chloris, farewell! I now must go. Waller, iii. 172.
- Choose the darkest part o' th' grove. Dryden, iii. 344.
- Cloris, I cannot say your eyes. Sedley, iii. 359.
- Come and let us live, my dear. Crashaw, iii. 205.
- Come away, come away, death. Shakspeare, ii. 309.
- Come, Chloris, hie we to the bower. Anon., iii. 378.
- Come, come, dear Night! Love's mart of kisses. Chapman, ii. 257.
- Come, little infant! love me now. Marvell, iii. 273.
- Come, live with me, and be my dear. Raleigh, ii. 193.
- Come, live with me, and be my love. Marlowe, ii. 289.
- Come, my Celia, let us prove. Jonson, ii. 348.
- Come, O come, I brook no stay. Cartwright, iii. 217.
- Come, spur away. Randolph, iii. 192.
- Celia jealous, lest I did. Han- nay, iii. 124.
- Cruel you be, who can say nay. Puttenham, ii. 138.
- Cupid abroad was 'lated in the night. Green, ii. 165.
- Cupid and my Campaspe play'd. Lylie, ii. 209.
- Cupid, I scorn to beg the art. Fane, iii. 377.
- Cupid once was weary grown. Anon., iii. 378.
- Daphnis must from Chloe part. Marvell, iii. 270.
- Dear, do not your fair beauty wrong. May, iii. 123.
- Dear! I to thee this diamond commend. Sir John Harrington, ii. 276.
- Dear quirister, who from those shadows sends. Drummond, iii. 97.
- Did you behold that glorious star, my dear. Prestwich, iii. 304.
- Disdain me not without desert. Wvatt, ii. 37.
- Distil not poison in mine ears. John Hall, iii. 303.
- Divers thy death do diversly bemoan. Earl of Surrey, ii. 52.
- Do not conceal thy radiant eyes. Kinaston, iii. 245.
- Do 'way your physis, I faint no more. Anon., ii. 93.
- Down, stormy Passions, down! no more. King, iii. 109.
- Draw near. Stanley, iii. 293.
- Draw on, sweet Night, best friend unto those cares. Anon., iii. 131.
- Drink to me only with thine eyes. Jonson, ii. 349.
- Early, cheerful, mounting lark Davis, ii. 331.
- E'en such is time; which takes in trust. Raleigh, ii. 192.
- Faint amorist! what, dost thou think. Sidney, ii. 214.
- Fair Amynta, art thou mad. Sedley, iii. 364.
- Fame, honour, beauty, state,

- trains, blood, and birth. Digby, iii. 163.
- Faréwell, Love, and all thy laws for ever. Wyatt, ii. 39.
- Fear no more the heat o' th' sun. Shakspeare, ii. 310.
- Fierce tyrant, Death, who in thy wrath didst take. Earl of Sterline, iii. 29.
- Fine young folly, though you were. Habington, iii. 185.
- From Tuscan came my lady's worthy race. Earl of Surrey, ii. 45.
- Fuscus is free, and hath the world at will. Davis, ii. 331.
- Gaze not on thy beauty's pride. Carew, iii. 148.
- Get you gone—you will undo me. Sedley, iii. 361.
- Give me a heart, where no impure. Habington, iii. 190.
- Give place, ye lovers, here before. Earl of Surrey, ii. 49.
- Give place, you ladies, and be gone. Anon., ii. 86.
- Go, and catch a falling star. Donne, ii. 343.
- Go, lovely Rose. Waller, iii. 176.
- Go, soul, the body's guest. Sylvester, ii. 294.
- Good huswife provides, ere a sickness do come. Tusser, ii. 123.
- Good-morrow to the day so fair. Herrick, iii. 287.
- Good Muse, rock me asleep. Breton, ii. 244.
- Gorbo, as thou cam'st this way. Drayton, ii. 298.
- Great Captain Medon wears a chain of gold. Davis, ii. 330.
- Greensleeves was all my joy. Anon., ii. 354.
- Hail, thou fairest of all creatures. Wither, iii. 80.
- Happy is that state of his. Brathwait, iii. 96.
- Happy, oh happy he who, not affecting. Anon., iii. 132.
- Having interr'd her infant birth. Lord Herbert of Cherbury, iii. 35.
- He first deceas'd; she for a little tried. Wotton, ii. 328.
- He that loves a rosy cheek. Carew, iii. 146.
- He whose active thoughts disdain. Stanley, iii. 290.
- Hear, ye virgins, and I'll teach. Herrick, iii. 284.
- Hears not my Phillis, how the birds Sedley, iii. 366.
- Hence all you vain delights. Beaumont and Fletcher, iii. 55.
- Hence, away, thou Syren, leave me. Wither, iii. 84.
- Here, Cælia, for thy sake I part. Waller, iii. 178.
- Here's to thee, Dick!—this whining love despise. Cowley, iii. 258.
- Honest lover whosoever. Suckling, iii. 224.
- How eager are our vain pursuits. Veal, iii. 372.
- How happy a thing were a wedding. Flatman, iii. 355.
- How uneasy is his life. Cotton, iii. 339.
- How we dally out our days. Gomersall, iii. 160.
- Husband! if thou wilt pure appear. Kendall, ii. 197.
- I ask not one in whom all beauties grow. Cowley, iii. 259.
- I being Care, thou fliest me a ill fortune. Constable, ii. 269.
- I cannot eat but little meat. Still, ii. 159.
- I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair. Anon., iii. 324.
- I felt my heart, and found a flame. Lluellyn, iii. 342.
- I find it true that some have said. Willoby, ii. 335.
- I in these flowery meads would be. Walton, iii. 117.
- I laugh sometimes with little lust. Gascoigne, ii. 147.
- I loath that I did love. Lord Vaux, ii. 73.

- I love thee, Cornwall, and will
 ever. Freeman, iii. 104.
 I made a posy, while the day
 ran by. Herbert, iii. 115.
 I muse and marvel in my mind.
 Scot, ii. 106.
 I must alledge, and thou canst
 tell. Gascoigne, ii. 150.
 I must not grieve my love, whose
 eyes would read. Daniel, ii.
 282.
 I never stoop'd so low as they.
 Donne, ii. 345.
 I never yet could see that face.
 Cowley, iii. 263.
 I once may see when years shall
 wreak my wrong. Daniel, ii.
 280.
 I pray thee leave, love me no
 more. Drayton, ii. 301.
 I prithee leave this pceevish fa-
 shion. Brome, iii. 276.
 I read how Salmacis, sometime,
 with sight. Turberville, ii.
 153.
 I see there is no sort. Anon., ii.
 89.
 I tell thee, Dick, where I have
 been Suckling, iii. 228.
 I walk'd along a stream, for
 pureness rare. Marlowe, ii.
 290.
 I weigh not Fortune's frown or
 smile. Sylvester, ii. 293.
 I, with whose colours Myra
 drest her head. Lord Brook,
 ii. 229.
 I'll tell you whence the rose did
 first grow red. Anon., iii.
 315.
 If all the world and love were
 young. Raleigh, ii. 188.
 If banish'd sleep, and watchful
 care. Turberville, ii. 152.
 If ever Sorrow spoke from soul
 that loves. Constable, ii.
 268.
 If marriage life yields such con-
 tent. Brathwait, iii. 94.
 If mine eyes do e'er declare.
 Cowley, iii. 261.
 If the quick spirits in your eye.
 Carew, iii. 145.
 If this be love, to draw a weary
 breath. Daniel, ii. 279.
 If thou like her flowing tresses.
 Prestwich, iii. 305.
 If truth may take no trusty hold.
 John Hall, ii. 102.
 In a grove most rich of shade.
 Sidney, ii. 215.
 In Bowdoun, on black monun-
 day. Clapperton, ii. 109.
 In court to serve decked with
 fresh array. Wyatt, ii. 38.
 In going to my naked bed, as
 one that would have slept.
 Edwards, ii. 118.
 In hope a king doth go to war.
 Anon., iii. 130.
 In the merry month of May.
 Breton, ii. 243.
 In Thetis' lap while Titan took
 his rest. Watson, ii. 271.
 In thy fair breast, and once fair
 soul. Howard, iii. 281.
 In time the bull is brought to
 wear the yoke Watsou, ii.
 272.
 In working well, if travel you
 sustain. Grimoald, ii. 59.
 Insulting beauty, you mis-spend.
 Earl of Rochester, iii. 375.
 Invest my head with fragrant
 rose. Heath, iii. 296.
 It chanc'd of late a shepherd's
 swain. Davison, iii. 13.
 Know, Celia, since thou art so
 proud. Carew, iii. 150.
 Know then, my brethren, hea-
 ven is clear. Quarles, iii. 113.
 Ladies, fly from Love's smooth
 tale. Carew, iii. 153.
 Laid in my quiet bed to rest.
 Gifford, ii. 180.
 Let those complain that feel
 Love's cruelty. Beaumont
 and Fletcher, iii. 58.
 Like as the culver, on the bared
 bough. Spenser, ii. 201.
 Like as the damask rose you see.
 Wastell, ii. 319.
 Like the violet, which alone.
 Habington, iii. 187.

- Like to Diana in her summer-weed. Green, ii. 167.
- Like to the falling of a star. Beaumont, iii. 61.
- Little think'st thou, poor ant, who there. Fleckno, iii. 310.
- Look, Delia, how w' esteem the half-blown rose. Daniel, ii. 278.
- Lord! how you take upon you still. Cotton, iii. 334.
- Lordly gallants, tell me this. Wither, iii. 77.
- Love and my Mistress were at strife. Breton, ii. 249.
- Love, brave Virtue's younger brother. Crashaw, iii. 206.
- Love in fantastic triumph sat. Behn, iii. 332.
- Love in her sunny eyes docs basking play. Cowley, iii. 261.
- Love is a region full of fires. Sir J. Beaumont, iii. 51.
- Love is a sickness full of woes. Daniel, ii. 286.
- Love is the blossom where there blows. G. Fletcher, iii. 47.
- Love not me for comely grace. Anon., iii. 131.
- Love still has something of the sea. Sedley, iii. 362.
- Love, that liveth and reigneth in my thought. Earl of Surrey, ii. 56.
- Love, when 'tis true, needs not the aid. Sedley, iii. 360.
- Love's sooner felt than seen; his substance thin. P. Fletcher, iii. 43.
- Madam, withouten many words. Wyatt, ii. 35.
- Margarita first possess'd. Cowley, iii. 266.
- Mark how the bashful morn in vain. Carew, iii. 149.
- Mark, Ostella, when the Spring. Tatham, iii. 237.
- Mark, when she smiles with amiable cheer. Spenser, ii. 201.
- Martial, the things that do attain. Earl of Surrey, ii. 48.
- Melancholy hence! and get. Shirley, iii. 119.
- Mine own John Pains! since ye delight to know. Wyatt, ii. 40.
- Mirth, and nuptial joys betide. Baron, iii. 330.
- Morpheus, the humble god that dwells. Denham, iii. 235.
- Mournful Muses, sorrow's minions. Breton, ii. 248.
- Muse, be a bride-maid! dost not hear. Randolph, iii. 195.
- My golden locks time hath to silver turn'd. Anon., ii. 362.
- My heedless heart, which Love yet never knew. Watson, ii. 273.
- My love, I cannot thy rare beauties place. Smith, ii. 342.
- My lute, awake, perform the last. Anon., ii. 81.
- My lute, be as thou wert, when thou did grow. Drummond, iii. 66.
- My Muse by thee restor'd to life. Davison, iii. 11.
- My once dear love, hapless that I no more. King, iii. 110.
- My Phillis hath the morning sun. Dyer, ii. 157.
- My shag-hair Cyclops, come, let's ply. Lylie, ii. 211.
- My true love hath my heart, and I have his. Sidney, ii. 228.
- My wanton Muse, that whilom us'd to sing. Raleigh, ii. 186.
- My wife, if thou regard mine case. Kendall, ii. 195.
- Naked Love did to thine eye. Sherburne, iii. 239.
- Nay, I confess I should despise. Anon., iii. 382.
- No, Cynthia; never think I can. Howard, iii. 282.
- No more, no more of this! I vow. Brome, iii. 277.
- No victor, when in battle spent. D'Avenant, iii. 167.
- Not, Celia, that I juster am. Sedley, iii. 358.
- Not long ago, as I at supper sat. Breton, ii. 238.

- The ancient time commended
not for nought. Grimoald,
ii. 58.
- The awful sceptre, though it
can compel. Peacham, ii.
368.
- The dawning day begins to
glare. John Hall, ii. 104.
- The doubt of future foes exiles
my present joy. Queen Eli-
zabeth, ii. 136.
- The earth, late choak'd with
showers. Lodge, ii. 254.
- The fountains drink caves sub-
terrene. Fleckno, iii. 311.
- The glories of our blood and
state. Shirley, iii. 122.
- The great Macedon, that out of
Persie chased. Lord Surrey,
ii. 51.
- The lopped tree in time may
grow again. Southwell, ii.
169.
- The maple with a scarry skin.
Hannay, iii. 126.
- The mist is gone that blear'd
mine eyes. Anon., ii. 353.
- The monument which thou be-
holdest here. Lord Herbert
of Cherbury, iii. 39.
- The mountains huge, that seem
to check the sky. Peacham,
ii. 367.
- The Muse who from your influ-
ence took her birth. Sandys,
iii. 22.
- The Muses by your favour
blest. Sandys, iii. 20.
- The rushing rivers that do run.
Googe, ii. 144.
- The silly swain, whose love
breeds discontent. J. D., ii.
364.
- The smoky sighs, the bitter
tears. Anon., ii. 88.
- The soote season, that bud and
bloom forth brings. Earl of
Surrey, ii. 50.
- The Spartan virgins, ere they
had compos'd. Peacham, ii.
369.
- The sturdy rock, for all his
strength. M. T., ii. 129.
- The sun hath twice brought
forth his tender green. Earl
of Surrey, ii. 54.
- The sun of our soul's light thee
would I call. Barnes, ii. 334.
- The sun, the season, in each
thing. W. H., ii. 363.
- The ways on earth have paths
and turnings known. Earl of
Essex, ii. 321.
- The weary mariner so far not
flies. Drummond, iii. 70.
- The woods, the rivers, and the
meadows green. Spenser, ii.
202.
- There's no dallying with Love.
Sherburne, iii. 240.
- There was a man of stature big.
Warner, ii. 261.
- There were three ravens sat on
a tree. Anon., ii. 125.
- Therefore when restless rage of
wind and wave. Grimoald,
ii. 66.
- Think not, 'cause men flatter-
ing say. Carew, iii. 142.
- This crystal here. John Hall,
iii. 302.
- This garden does not take my
eyes. Shirley, iii. 120.
- This world a hunting is. Drum-
mond, iii. 70.
- Thomalin, my lief, thy music
strains to hear. P. Fletcher,
iii. 44.
- Thou art pretty, but inconstant.
Anon., iii. 321.
- Thou blushing rose, within
whose virgin leaves. Fan-
shaw, iii. 202.
- Thou ever youthful god of
wine. Nabbes, iii. 219.
- Thou silent Moon, that look'st
so pale. Miss Scott, iii. 325.
- Thou youthful goddess of the
morn. Sherburne, iii. 242.
- Though life be short, and man
doth, as the sun. Peacham,
ii. 368.
- Though, when I lov'd thee,
thou wert fair. Stanley, iii. 290.
- Though winds do rage, as winds
were wood. Tusser, ii. 122.

- Though you be absent here, I
needs must say. Cowley, iii.
259.
- Thrice happy he, who by some
shady grove. Drummond, iii.
67.
- Thy beauty subject of my song
I make. Smith, ii. 341.
- Time! I ever must complain.
Hagthorpe, iii. 127.
- Time is a feather'd thing.
Mayne, iii. 165.
- 'Tis mirth that fills the veins
with blood. Beaumont and
Fletcher, iii. 54.
- 'Tis now, since I sat down be-
fore. Suckling, iii. 226.
- 'Tis very true, I thought you
once as fair. Cowley, iii.
260.
- To carve our loves in myrtle
rinds. Cartwright, iii. 212.
- To die, dame Nature did man
frame. T. Marshall, ii. 127.
- To love unlov'd it is a pain.
Scot, ii. 105.
- To these, whom Death again did
wed. Crashaw, iii. 208.
- To this my song give ear who
list. Anon., ii. 90.
- Tune on my pipe the praises of
my love. Green, ii. 163.
- Unclose those eye-lids, and out-
shine. Glapthorne, iii. 222.
- Under the green-wood tree.
Shakspeare, ii. 311.
- Unto my spirit lend an angel's
wing. Barnes, ii. 333.
- Walking in a shadowy grove.
Belchier, iii. 40.
- Wantons! 'tis not your sweet
eyings. Wither, iii. 78.
- We find by proof that into every
age. James I., iii. 3.
- We that have known no greater
state. Heywood, iii. 26.
- Weep no more, nor sigh, nor
groan. Beaumont and Fletch-
er, iii. 56.
- Well, then; I now do plainly
see. Cowley, iii. 262.
- Wert thou thy life at liberty to
choose. Peacham, ii. 370.
- What bird so sings, yet so does
wail. Lylie, ii. 207.
- What is th' existence of man's
life. King, iii. 107.
- What makes Admetus sad?—
whate'er it be. Anon., iii.
132.
- What pleasure have great
princes. Anon., ii. 360.
- What shall become of man so
wise. Sedley, iii. 368.
- What sudden chance or change
is this. Willoby, ii. 336.
- What thing is Beauty, Nature's
dearest minion. J. C., iii.
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