The purple island, or the isle of man: together with Piscatorie eclogs and other poeticall miscellanies / By P.F.

Contributors

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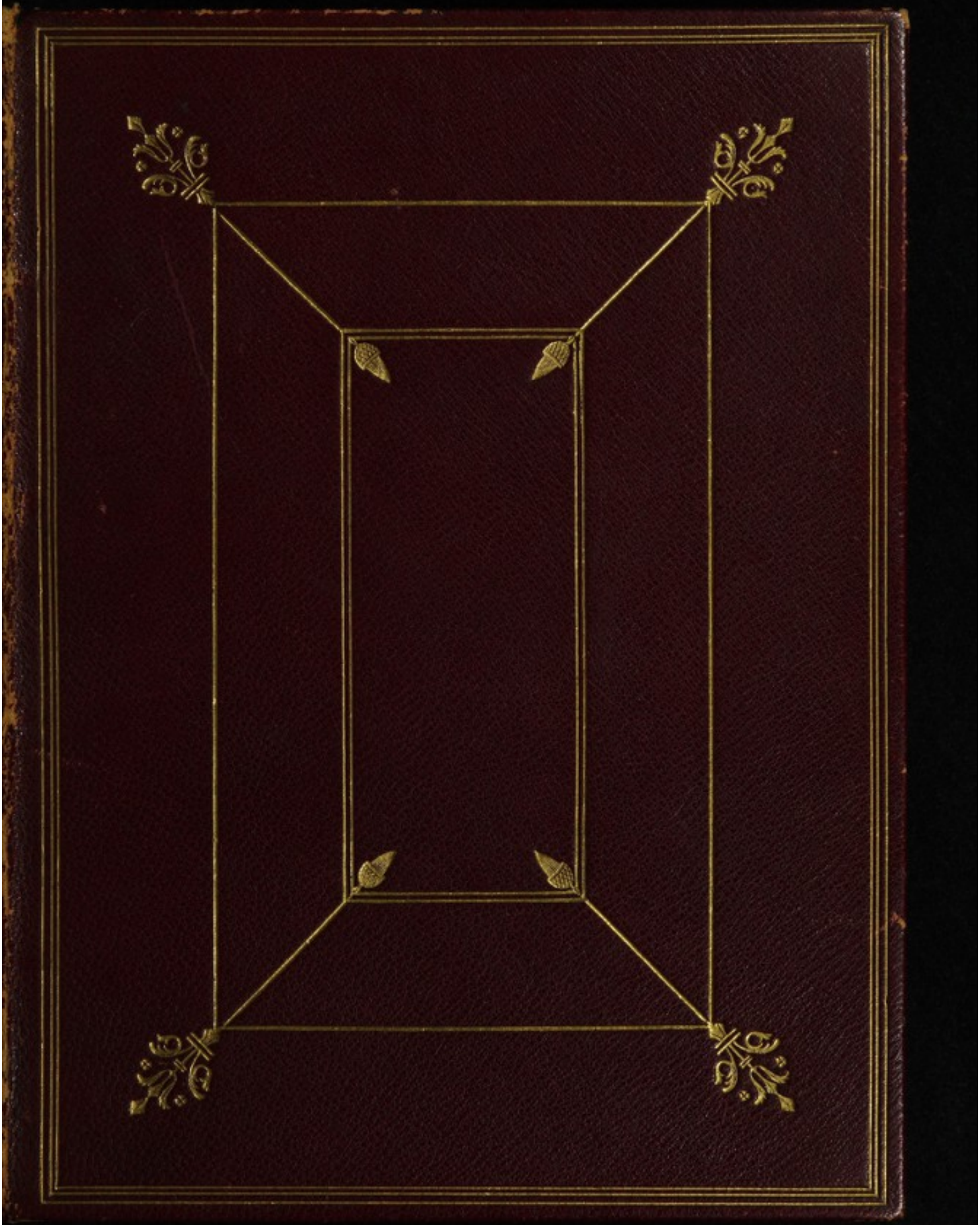
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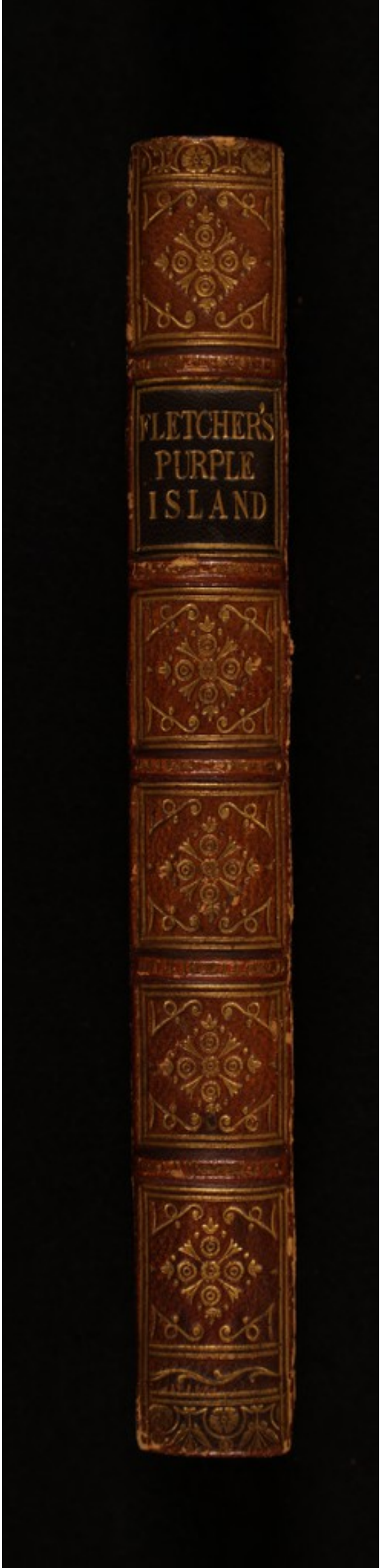
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FLETCHER'S
PURPLE
ISLAND







Cantabrigiæ Academiæ
Armigeri.
I. Jackson's



2312

A xxxvii
7/f

FLETCHER (Phineas)

S.T.C. 11,082

Contains 3 Poems
by Quarles, who calls
the writer "my dear friend,
"the Spencer of his age."

This is the VI. Ed., as is
the "Piscatorie Eclogues".

This Eclogue is by Randolph
with some variations in the text &
the names of the persons is printed
in the first Edition of his Poems
Oxon. 1638. where it is called: "An
"Eclogue occasioned by two doctors
"disputing upon Predestination" pag. 93.
Ed.

Corydon. Ho! jolly Thirsis, wherefore in such haste?
Is't for a wager, that you run so fast?
Or past thine hours, below the Hawthorne tree,
Does longing Galatea stay for thee?

Thirsis. No Corydon. I heard young Daphne say,
That Amnot had challenged Postmelcot to day,
Who both shall sing of Shepherds art, & praise;
Him, Pan, & Pan her, listen to their lays.

Amnot. Stollen a-bread; O wearied this mistook thing!
An Ewe & Lamb at once two Lambs did bring
One black as Coal, the other white as Snow!
Say, in just Providence, how could this be so?

Colin. Will thou Pan goodness therefore partial call
That might has will hath given thee none at all?

Amnot. Were they not both wrought by selfe same End?
How could they merit then a different end?
Poore Lambe, alas! and wouldst thou yet unborne
Sinne to deserve the guilt of such a scorne?
Thou hadst not yet tasted a religious Spring,
Nor fed on plats of gallowed grasse, to bring
Staines to thy fleece; nor browsed upon a tree
Sacred to Pan's, or Pallas Sanctity.
The Gods are ignorant, is't they not foreknowe,
The growing, 'tis unjust to vex thee so?

Colin. Amnot, with me contend, or Corydon,
But let the Goat, & thine sing with alone:
For in one strife his freedome wallowed Wee,
That Kid is sanctified, & this a Sacrifice.

Amnot. Good neighbor you will my Lambs, & Ewes
To water, & feather, drive, & fold you teach?
That on the barren mountaines stile can climbe,
Where fat in flowry pastures will bee found
Below, Sow, & Dewpresse, nothing bootes at all,
Unless the Heavens powre our Tithe doe fall:
See labour filly Shepherds to nought can,
All's vaine, unless a Blessing drop from Pan.

Colin. Sit Pythian thy Theame, still thou these layes maintain,
And may thy Goates mistarry, Sawtyrs Swayne

Corin. How, Sheppards, hye, whist your fire begin
Neere neepes the Wolfe, and heere a flye gets in.
To your Reed pipings or so deepe a sleepe
The Lambkins listen, but forget to feede.
Sheph. O, gentle Swaines, bestir of Loue to sing
How Loue left Heauen, & Heauens immortall King
His Godsonnall Father. O, admire
Loue is a Son as ancient as his Sire;
His Mother was a Virgin, how could some
A birth so great, but from so chast a wombe?
His Cradle was a Manger: Sheppeards see,
True Hayle delights in poore Simplicitie.
He past not Grapes nor pruned Vine fruitfull Vines
But taste of Water drank, a brissher Wine.
Nor did he plow y Earth, nor to his barne
The harvest beare, nor threshe, nor grinde y Corne.
Without all helpe Loue could supply at needs,
And with 5 loaves 5000 Soules feede.
More wonders did he, for all weare, suppose,
How was he rewnd, with Lilyes, or the Rose,
The Violet, or the glorious Bayes,
Or else with Myrtle with a Venus, they say
Girt her proud Temples? Sheppeards, none of them.
But worse, poore Soule, a Thorny Diadem.
That to his Loue he gaue, with weare they run
To worke their Surgions destruction.
The Blinde from him their eyes, but close their light
Like Basiliskes, to kill him with their sight.
Lastly, he was betraid. O sinne of sins
How Loue could bee betraid; Iudas with a Kisse.
And then his innocent hands, & guiltlesse Side
Weare nayled to the Crosse, striving to meete
In his spread armes his Spouse; for milde, in fine
He seemd to want the Embraces of his foe,
From his pierc'd Side, through with a Speare was sent,
A torrent of Atlantick Water, sweet,
Your Amarillis, your, drop from heare
Cures the sad Soule, & drives all anguish feare.
Sheph. Sweet Surburat Coelitum, God and Swayne
Thy beauties loue, and be againe made fayre.
Loue first Thuribas, set a Pestilence
To make his lowsly to thy truely Deare.
But, my Dioris, take thy pearle from hence
And drinke the bloodshed from Palinuas eyne.

Now Loue is dead, ono, yͤ wonder dyes,
Eyͤd dayes yͤ sleepes, & vpon againe doth rise,
Like fayre Aurora from yͤ Easterne bay,
And with his beames driues all the clouds away.

His pipe vnto yͤ flurtes, his sonet gett.
But oh, for he sun ready to sett
Goodnight to all, for yͤ great Night is come
Flurtes to yͤ Holes, & Eyͤ to yͤ Eyͤ home.
To morrow morne will, when wee all haue slept,
Pans Trumpe be blowne, & yͤ great Eyͤ Eyͤ leapt.

52284

THE PURPLE ISLAND, OR THE ISLE OF MAN:

TOGETHER WITH PISCATORIE ECLOGS AND OTHER POETICALL MISCELLANIES.

By P. F.



¶ Printed by the Printers to the UNIVERSITIE of CAMBRIDGE. 1633.



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TO

MY MOST WORTHY AND LEARNED FRIEND,

EDWARD BENLOWES *ESQVIRE.*

SIR,

AS some *Optick-glasses*, if we look one way, increase the object; if the other, lessen the quantity: Such is an *Eye* that looks through *Affection*; It doubles any good, and extenuates what is amisse. Pardon me, *Sir*, for speaking plain truth; such is that eye whereby you have viewed these raw *Essayes* of my very unripe yeares, and almost childehood. How unseasonable are *Blossomes* in *Autumne!* (unlesse perhaps in this age, where are more flowers then fruit) I am entring upon my *Winter*, and yet these *Blooms* of my first *Spring* must now shew themselves to our *ripe wits*, which certainly will give them no other entertainment but derision. For my self, I cannot account that worthy of your *Patronage*, which comes forth so short of my *De-*

sires,

sures, thereby meriting no other light then the fire. But since you please to have them see more *Day* then their credit can well endure, marvel not if they flie under your *Shadow*, to cover them from the piercing eye of this very curious (yet more censorious) age. In letting them abroad I desire onely to testifie, how much I preferre your desires before mine own, and how much I owe to *You* more then *any other*: This if they witnesse for me, it is all their service I require. *Sir*, I leave them to your *tuition*, and entreat you to *love him* who will contend with you in nothing but to *out-love you*, and would be *known* to the world by no other *Name*, then

Your true friend,

P. F.

Hilgay. *May* 1. 1633.

To

To the Readers.

HE that would learn *Theologie*, must first studie *Autologie*. The way to God is by our selves: It is a blinde and dirty way; it hath many windings, and is easie to be lost: This Poem will make thee understand that way; and therefore my desire is, that thou maist understand this Poem. Peruse it as thou shouldst thy self, from thy first sheet to thy last. The first view, perchance, may runne thy judgement in debt; the second will promise payment; and the third will perform promise. Thou shalt finde here *Philosophie*, and *Moralitie*, two curious handmaids, dressing the Kings daughter, whose garments smell of Myrrhe and Cassia, and being wrought with needlework, and gold, shall make thee take pleasure in her beautie. Here are no blocks for the purblinde; no snares for the timerous; no dangers for the bold: I invite all sorts to be readers; all readers to be understanders; all understanders to be happie.

DANIEL FEATLY.

D. D.

On

ON THE EXCELLENT MORALL POEM, ENTITULED THE *ISLE OF MAN.*

Lord! how my youth with this vain world hath err'd,
Applauding theirs as th' onely happy fate,
Whom to ſome Empire bloud, choice, chance preferr'd,
Or who of learned arts could wiſely prate;
Or travelling the world, had well conferr'd
Mens natures with the myſteries of ſtate!
But now thy wiſer Muſe hath taught me this,
That theſe and moſt men elſe do aim at bliſſe;
But theſe and moſt men elſe do take their aim amiſſe.

Reigne o're the world, not o're this Iſle of Man,
Worſe then a ſlave thou thine own ſlaves obey'ſt.
Study all arts devis'd ſince time began,
And not thy ſelf, thou ſtudieſt not, but play'ſt.
Out-travell wiſe Ulyſſes, *(if you can)*
Yet miſſe this Iſle, *thou travell'ſt not, but ſtray'ſt.*
Let me (O Lord) but reigne o're mine own heart,
And maſter be of this ſelf-knowing art,
I'le dwell in th' Iſle of Man, *ne're travell forrain part.*

E. {BENLOVVES. / BENEVOLUS.}

Ingenioſe

INgenioſe tuo ne libro ſupprime nomen;
Ingenio Authorem deteget ille ſuo.
Nempe verecundo memini te ſcribere vati,
Quod pulchrè ingenio quadrat, amice, tuo.

QVid tuas retegis nimis tegendo
Noctiluca faces? pates latendo:
Ipſa es ſphæra tuæ coméſque ſtellæ.
Diem ſi repetas, die latebis.
Non te nox tenebris tegit fovendo,
Sed te nox tenebris fovendo prodit.

TO THE LEARNED AUTHOUR, SONNE AND BROTHER TO

two judicious Poets, himself the third, not second to either.

GRave Father of this Muse, thou deem'st too light
To wear thy name, 'cause of thy youthfull brain
It seems a sportfull childe; resembling right
Thy wittie childehood, not thy graver strain,
Which now esteems these works of fancie vain.
Let not thy childe, thee living, orphan be;
Who when th' art dead, will give a life to thee.

How many barren wits would gladly own,
How few o'th' pregnanteſt own such another!
Thou Father art, yet blusheſt to be known;
And though 't may call the beſt of Muses Mother,
Yet thy severer judgement would it smother.
O judge not Thou, *let* Readers *judge thy book:*
Such Cates *should rather please the* Gueſt, *then* Cook.

O but thou fear'st 't will stain the reverend gown
Thou weareſt now; nay then fear not to show it:
For were 't a stain, 't were natures, not thine own:
For thou art Poet born; who know thee, know it:
Thy brother, sire, thy very name's a Poet.
Thy very name will make these Poëms take,
These very Poëms else thy name will make.

W. BENLOWES.

TO THE INGENIOUS COMPOSER OF THIS *PASTORALL*, THE SPENCER of this age.

I Vow (ſweet ſtranger) if my lazie quill
Had not been diſobedient to fulfill
My quick deſires, this glory which is thine,
Had but the Muſes pleaſed, had been mine.
My Genius *jumpt with thine; the very ſame*
Was our Foundation: *in the very* Frame
Thy Genius *jumpt with mine; it got the ſtart*
In nothing, but Prioritie, *and* Art.
If (my ingenious Rivall) theſe dull times
Should want the preſent ſtrength to prize thy rhymes,
The time-inſtructed children of the next
Shall fill thy margent, and admire the text;
Whoſe well read lines will teach them how to be
The happie knowers of themſelves and thee.

FRAN. QUARLES.

TO THE UNKNOWN
Mr P. F. UPON SURVAY
of his *ISLE OF MAN.*

*RE*nowned Authour, let it not seem strange
A Merchants eye should thus thy Island range:
It is a Merchants progresse to surround
The earth, and seek out undiscover'd ground.

What though my foot hath trod the fourefold shore?
And eyes survaid their subdivided store?
Yet rarer wonders in this Isle of thine
I view'd this day, then in twice six yeares time.

Justly didst thou, great Macedo, repine
That thou could'st adde no other world to thine.
He is not truely great, nor stout, who can
Curb the great world, and not the lesser, Man.

* Americus.

And * thou whose name the Western world impos'd
Upon it self, first by thy skill disclos'd;
Yet is thy skill by this farre overcome,
Who hath descri'd an unknown World at home:

A World, which to search out, subdue, and till,
Is the best object of mans wit, strength, skill:
A World, where all may dangerlesse obtain
Without long travell, cheapest, greatest gain.

LOD. ROBERTS.

ON

ON THE MOST ACCURATE POEM, INSCRIBED *THE PURPLE ISLAND.*

Henceforth let wandring Delos *cease to boast*
Herself the God of Learnings deareſt coaſt;
And let that double-headed mountain hallow
No more the honour'd name of great Apollo:
And may the Pegaſean *ſpring, that uſes*
To cheer the palats of the thirſtie Muſes,
Drie up: and let this happie Iſle *of thine*
Preſerve Apolloes *harp; where every line*
Carries a Suada *with't, and doth diſplay*
The banners of heav'n-born Urania.
Henceforth let all the world thy verſe admire
Before that Thracean Orpheus *charming lyre:*
He but enchanted Beaſts, *but thy divine*
And higher aires bring Deities *to this* Iſle *of thine.*

A. C.

Mans

MAns Bodie 's like a houſe: his greater bones
Are the main timber; and the leſſer ones
Are ſmaller ſplints: his ribs are laths, daub'd o're,
Plaiſter'd with fleſh, and bloud: his mouth 's the doore,
His throat 's the narrow entrie, and his heart
Is the great chamber, full of curious art:
His midriffe is a large partition-wall
'Twixt the great chamber, and the ſpacious hall:
His ſtomack is the kitchin, where the meat
Is often but half ſod, for want of heat:
His ſplene 's a veſſell nature does allot
To take the skumme that riſes from the pot:
His lungs are like the bellows, that reſpire
In ev'ry office, quickning ev'ry fire:
His noſe the chimney is, whereby are vented
Such fumes as with the bellows are augmented:
His bowels are the ſink, whoſe part's to drein
All noiſome filth, and keep the kitchin clean:
His eyes are cryſtall windows, cleare and bright;
Let in the object, and let out the ſight.
And as the timber is or great, or ſmall,
Or ſtrong, or weak, 'tis apt to ſtand, or fall:
Yet is the likelieſt building ſometimes known
To fall by obvious chances; overthrown
Oftimes by tempeſts, by the full-mouth'd blaſts
Of heav'n; ſometimes by fire; ſometimes it waſtes
Through unadvis'd neglect: put caſe the ſtuffe
Were ruine-proofe, by nature ſtrong enough

To conquer time, and age; put caſe it ſhould
Ne're know an end, alas our leaſes *would.*
What haſt thou then, proud fleſh and bloud, *to boaſt?*
Thy dayes are evil, at beſt; but few, at moſt;
But ſad, at merrieſt; and but weak, at ſtrongeſt;
Unſure, at ſüreſt; and but ſhort, at longeſt.

FRAN. QUARLES.





THE PURPLE ISLAND, OR THE ISLE OF MAN.

CANT. I. STAN. I.

THe warmer Sun the golden Bull outran,
And with the Twins made haſte to inne and play:
Scatt'ring ten thouſand flowres, he new began
To paint the world, and piece the length'ning day:
(The world more aged by new youths accrewing)
Ah wretched man this wretched world purſuing,
Which ſtill grows worſe by age, & older by renewing!

2

The ſhepherd-boyes, who with the Muſes dwell,
Met in the plain their May-lords new to chuſe,
(For two they yearely chuſe) to order well
Their rurall ſports, and yeare that next enſues:
Now were they ſat, where by the orchyard walls
The learned *Chame* with ſtealing water crawls,
And lowly down before that royall temple falls.

3

Among the rout they take two gentle ſwains,
Whoſe ſprouting youth did now but greenly bud:
Well could they pipe and ſing; but yet their ſtrains
Were onely known unto the ſilent wood:
Their neareſt bloud from ſelf-ſame fountains flow,
Their ſouls ſelf-ſame in nearer love did grow:
So ſeem'd two joyn'd in one, or one disjoyn'd in two.

4

Now when the ſhepherd-lads with common voice
Their firſt conſent had firmly ratifi'd,
A gentle boy thus 'gan to wave their choice;
Thirſil, (ſaid he) though yet thy Muſe untri'd
Hath onely learn'd in private ſhades to feigne
Soft ſighs of love unto a looſer ſtrain, (plain;
Or thy poore *Thelgons* wrong in mournfull verſe to

5

Yet ſince the ſhepherd-ſwains do all conſent
To make thee lord of them, and of their art;
And that choice lad (to give a full content)
Hath joyn'd with thee in office, as in heart;
Wake, wake thy long-(thy too long) ſleeping Muſe,
And thank them with a ſong, as is the uſe:
Such honour thus conferr'd thou mayſt not well refuſe.

6

Sing what thou liſt, be it of *Cupids* ſpite,
(Ah lovely ſpite, and ſpitefull lovelineſſe!)
Or *Gemma's* grief, if ſadder be thy ſprite:
Begin, thou loved ſwain, with good ſucceſſe.
Ah, (ſaid the baſhfull boy) ſuch wanton toyes
A better minde and ſacred vow deſtroyes,
Since in a higher love I ſetled all my joyes.

New

7

New light new love, new love new life hath bred;
A life that lives by love, and loves by light:
A love to him, to whom all loves are wed;
A light, to whom the Sunne is darkeſt night:
Eyes light, hearts love, ſouls onely life he is:
Life, ſoul, love, heart, light, eye, and all are his:
He eye, light, heart, love, ſoul; he all my joy, & bliſſe.

8

But if you deigne my ruder pipe to heare,
(Rude pipe, unus'd, untun'd, unworthy hearing)
Theſe infantine beginnings gently bear,
Whoſe beſt deſert and hope muſt be your bearing.
But you, O Muſes, by ſoft *Chamus* ſitting,
(Your daintie ſongs unto his murmures fitting,
Which bears the under-ſong unto your chearfull ditty-
[ing;)

9

Tell me, ye Muſes, what our father-ages
Have left ſucceeding times to play upon:
What now remains unthought on by thoſe Sages,
Where a new Muſe may trie her pineon?
What lightning Heroes, like great *Peleus* heir,
(Darting his beams through our hard-frozen aire)
May ſtirre up gentle heat, and vertues wane repair?

10

Who knows not *Jaſon?* or bold *Tiphys* hand,
That durſt unite what Natures ſelf would part?
He makes Iſles continent, and all one land;
O're ſeas, as earth, he march'd with dangerous art:
He rides the white-mouth'd waves, and ſcorneth all
Thoſe thouſand deaths wide gaping for his fall:
He death defies, fenc't with a thin, low, wooden wall.

11

Who ha's not often read *Troyes* twice-ſung fires,
And at the ſecond time twice better ſung?
Who ha's not heard th' *Arcadian* ſhepherds quires,
Which now have gladly chang'd their native tongue;
And ſitting by ſlow *Mincius*, ſport their fill,
With ſweeter voice and never equall'd skill,
Chaunting their amorous layes unto a *Romane* quill?

12

And thou, choice wit, Loves ſcholar, and Loves maſter,
Art known to all, where Love himſelf is known:
Whether thou bidd'ſt *Vlyſſes* hie him faſter,
Or doſt thy fault and diſtant exile moan.
Who ha's not ſeen upon the mourning ſtage
Dire *Atreus* feaſt, and wrong'd *Medea's* rage,
Marching in tragick ſtate, and buskin'd equipage?

13

* *Sannazar.* And now of late * th' *Italian* fiſher-ſwain
Sits on the ſhore to watch his trembling line;
There teaches rocks and prouder ſeas to plain
By *Neſis* fair, and fairer *Mergiline:*
While his thinne net, upon his oars twin'd,
With wanton ſtrife catches the Sunne, and winde,
Which ſtill do ſlip away, and ſtill remain behinde.

14

* *Bartas* And that * *French* Muſes eagle eye and wing
Hath ſoar'd to heav'n, and there hath learn'd the art
To frame Angelick ſtrains, and canzons ſing
Too high and deep for every ſhallow heart.
Ah bleſſed ſoul! in thoſe celeſtiall rayes,
Which gave thee light theſe lower works to blaze,
Thou ſitt'ſt emparadiſ'd, and chaunt'ſt eternall layes.

Thrice

15

Thrice happy wits, which in your ſpringing May
(Warm'd with the Sunne of well deſerved favours)
Diſcloſe your buds, and your fair blooms diſplay,
Perfume the aire with your rich fragrant ſavours!
Nor may, nor ever ſhall thoſe honour'd flowers
Be ſpoil'd by ſummers heat, or winters ſhowers;
But laſt when eating time ſhal gnaw the proudeſt towers

16

Happy, thrice happy times in ſilver age!
When generous plants advanc't their lofty creſt;
When honour ſtoopt to be learn'd wiſdomes page;
When baſer weeds ſtarv'd in their frozen neſt;
When th' higheſt flying Muſe ſtill higheſt climbes;
And vertues riſe keeps down all riſing crimes.
Happy, thrice happy age! happy, thrice happy times!

17

But wretched we, to whom theſe iron daies
(Hard daies) afford nor matter, nor reward!
Sings *Maro?* men deride high *Maro's* layes;
Their hearts with lead, with ſteel their ſenſe is barr'd:
Sing *Linus*, or his father, as he uſes,
Our *Midas* eares their well tun'd verſe refuſes.
What cares an aſſe for arts? he brayes at ſacred Muſes.

18

But if fond *Bavius* vent his clowted ſong,
Or *Mævius* chaunt his thoughts in brothell charm;
The witleſſe vulgar, in a numerous throng,
Like ſummer flies about their dunghills ſwarm:
They ſneer, they grinne. *Like to his like will move.*
Yet never let them greater miſchief prove
Then this, *Who hates not one, may he the other love.*

19

* *Spencer.*

Witneſſe our * *Colin*; whom though all the Graces,
And all the Muſes nurſt; whoſe well taught ſong
Parnaſſus ſelf, and *Glorian* embraces,
And all the learn'd, and all the ſhepherds throng;
Yet all his hopes were croſt, all ſuits deni'd;
Diſcourag'd, ſcorn'd, his writings vilifi'd:
Poorly (poore man) he liv'd; poorly (poore man) he (di'd.

20

And had not that great *Hart*, (whoſe honour'd head
Ah lies full low) piti'd thy wofull plight;
There hadſt thou lien unwept, unburied,
Unbleſt, nor grac't with any common rite:
Yet ſhalt thou live, when thy great foe ſhall ſink
Beneath his mountain tombe, whoſe fame ſhall ſtink;
And time his blacker name ſhall blurre with blackeſt (ink.

21

O let th' Iambick Muſe revenge that wrong,
Which cannot ſlumber in thy ſheets of lead:
Let thy abuſed honour crie as long
As there be quills to write, or eyes to reade:
On his rank name let thine own votes be turn'd,
Oh may that man that hath the Muſes ſcorn'd,
Alive, nor dead, be ever of a Muſe adorn'd!

22

Oft therefore have I chid my tender Muſe;
Oft my chill breaſt beats off her fluttering wing:
Yet when new ſpring her gentle rayes infuſe,
All ſtorms are laid, I 'gin to chirp and ſing:
At length ſoft fires diſperſt in every vein,
Yeeld open paſſage to the thronging train,
And ſwelling numbers tide rolls like the ſurging main.

So

23

So where fair *Thames*, and crooked *Iſis* ſonne
Payes tribute to his King, the mantling ſtream
Encounter'd by the tides (now ruſhing on
With equall force) of's way doth doubtfull ſeem;
At length the full-grown ſea, and waters King
Chide the bold waves with hollow murmuring:
Back flie the ſtreams to ſhroud them in their mother (ſpring.

24

Yet thou ſweet numerous Muſe, why ſhould'ſt thou
That every vulgar eare thy muſick ſcorns? (droop
Nor can they riſe, nor thou ſo low canſt ſtoop;
No ſeed of heav'n takes root in mud or thorns.
When owls or crows, imping their flaggy wing
With thy ſtoln plumes, their notes through th' ayer
fling; (to ſing.
Oh ſhame! They howl & croke, while fond they ſtrain

25

Enough for thee in heav'n to build thy neſt;
(Farre be dull thoughts of winning dunghill praiſe)
Enough, if Kings enthrone thee in their breaſt,
And crown their golden crowns with higher baies:
Enough that thoſe who weare the crown of Kings
(Great *Iſraels* Princes) ſtrike thy ſweeteſt ſtrings:
Heav'ns Dove when high'ſt he flies, flies with thy (heav'nly wings.

26

Let others truſt the ſeas, dare death and hell,
Search either *Inde*, vaunt of their ſcarres and wounds;
Let others their deare breath (nay ſilence) ſell
To fools, and (ſwoln, not rich) ſtretch out their bounds
By ſpoiling thoſe that live, and wronging dead;
That they may drink in pearl, and couch their head
In ſoft, but ſleepleſſe down; in rich, but reſtleſſe bed.

27

Oh let them in their gold quaffe dropſies down;
Oh let them ſurfets feaſt in ſilver bright:
While ſugar hires the taſte the brain to drown,
And bribes of ſauce corrupt falſe appetite,
His maſters reſt, health, heart, life, ſoul to ſell.
Thus plentie, fulneſſe, ſickneſſe, ring their knell:
Death weds and beds them; firſt in grave, and then in (hell.

28

But (ah!) let me under ſome *Kentiſh* hill
Neare rowling *Medway* 'mong my ſhepherd peers,
With fearleſſe merrie-make, and piping ſtill,
Securely paſſe my few and ſlow-pac'd yeares:
While yet the great *Auguſtus* of our nation
Shuts up old *Janus* in this long ceſſation, (tion.
Strength'ning our pleaſing eaſe, and gives us ſure vaca-

29

There may I, maſter of a little flock,
Feed my poore lambes, and often change their fare:
My lovely mate ſhall tend my ſparing ſtock,
And nurſe my little ones with pleaſing care;
Whoſe love and look ſhall ſpeak their father plain.
Health be my feaſt, heav'n hope, content my gain:
So in my little houſe my leſſer heart ſhall reigne.

30

The beech ſhall yeeld a cool ſafe canopie,
While down I ſit, and chaunt to th' echoing wood:
Ah ſinging might I live, and ſinging die!
So by fair *Thames*, or ſilver *Medwayes* floud,
The dying ſwan, when yeares her temples pierce,
In muſick ſtrains breathes out her life and verſe;
And chaunting her own dirge tides on her watry herſe.

What

31

What ſhall I then need ſeek a patron out,
Or begge a favour from a miſtris eyes,
To fence my ſong againſt the vulgar rout,
Or ſhine upon me with her Geminies?
What care I, if they praiſe my ſlender ſong?
Or reck I, if they do me right, or wrong?
A ſhepherds bliſſe nor ſtands nor falls to ev'ry tongue.

32

Great prince of ſhepherds, then thy heav'ns more high,
Low as our earth, here ſerving, ruling there;
Who taught'ſt our death to live, thy life to die; (bear;
Who when we broke thy bonds, our bonds would'ſt
Who reignedſt in thy heav'n, yet felt'ſt our hell;
Who (God) bought'ſt man, whom man (though God) did ſell; (would'ſt dwell:
Who in our fleſh, our graves, (and worſe) our hearts

33

Great Prince of ſhepherds, thou who late didſt deigne
To lodge thy ſelf within this wretched breaſt,
(Moſt wretched breaſt ſuch gueſt to entertain,
Yet oh moſt happy lodge in ſuch a gueſt!)
Thou firſt and laſt, inſpire thy ſacred skill;
Guide thou my hand, grace thou my artleſſe quill:
So ſhall I firſt begin, ſo laſt ſhall end thy will.

34

Heark then, ah heark, you gentle ſhepheard-crue;
An Iſle I fain would ſing, an Iſland fair;
A place too ſeldome view'd, yet ſtill in view;
Neare as our ſelves, yet fartheſt from our care;
Which we by leaving finde, by ſeeking loſt;
A forrain home, a ſtrange, though native coaſt;
Moſt obvious to all, yet moſt unknown to moſt:

35

Coëvall with the world in her nativitie:
Which though it now hath paſs'd through many ages,
And ſtill retain'd a naturall proclivitie
To ruine, compaſt with a thouſand rages
Of foe-mens ſpite, which ſtill this Iſland toſſes;
Yet ever grows more proſp'rous by her croſſes;
By with'ring ſpringing freſh, and rich by often loſſes.

36

Vain men, too fondly wiſe, who plough the ſeas,
With dangerous pains another earth to finde;
Adding new worlds to th' old, and ſcorning eaſe,
The earths vaſt limits dayly more unbinde!
The aged world, though now it falling ſhows,
And haſtes to ſet, yet ſtill in dying grows.
Whole lives are ſpent to win, what one deaths houre
(muſt loſe.

37

How like's the world unto a tragick ſtage!
Where every changing ſcene the actours change;
Some ſubject crouch and fawn; ſome reigne and rage:
And new ſtrange plots brings ſcenes as new & ſtrange,
Till moſt are ſlain; the reſt their parts have done:
So here; ſome laugh and play; ſome weep and grone;
Till all put of their robes, and ſtage and actours gone.

38

Yet this fair Iſle, ſited ſo nearely neare,
That from our ſides nor place nor time may ſever;
Though to your ſelves your ſelves are not more deare,
Yet with ſtrange careleſneſſe you travell never:
Thus while your ſelves and native home forgetting,
You ſearch farre diſtant worlds with needleſſe ſweating,
You never finde your ſelves; ſo loſe ye more by getting.

When

39

When that great Power, that All, farre more then all,
(When now his fore-set time was fully come)
Brought into act this undigested Ball,
Which in himself till then had onely room;
He labour'd not, nor suffer'd pain, or ill;
But bid each kinde their severall places fill:
He bid, and they obey'd; their action was his will.

40

First stept the Light, and spread his chearfull rayes
Through all the Chaos; darkneſſe headlong fell,
Frighted with suddain beams, and new-born dayes;
And plung'd her ougly head in deepest hell:
Not that he meant to help his feeble sight
To frame the rest, he made the day of night:
All els but darkneſſe; he the true, the onely *Light*.

41

Fire, Water, Earth, and Aire (that fiercely strove)
His soveraigne hand in strong alliance ti'd,
Binding their deadly hate in constant love:
So that great Wisdome temper'd all their pride,
(Commanding strife and love should never ceaſe)
That by their peacefull fight, and fighting peace,
The world might die to live, and lessen to increaſe.

42

Thus Earths cold arm cold Water friendly holds,
But with his drie the others wet defies:
Warm Aire with mutuall love hot Fire infolds;
As moist, his dryth abhorres: drie Earth allies
With Fire, but heats with cold new warres prepare:
Yet Earth drencht Water proves, which boil'd turns (repair.
Aire;
Hot Aire makes Fire: condenst all change, and home

43

Now when the firſt weeks life was almoſt ſpent,
And this world built, and richly furniſhed;
To ſtore heav'ns courts, and ſteer earths regiment,
He caſt to frame an Iſle, the heart and head
Of all his works, compos'd with curious art;
Which like an Index briefly ſhould impart
The ſumme of all; the whole, yet of the whole a part.

44

That Trine-one with himſelf in councell ſits,
And purple duſt takes from the new-born earth;
Part circular, and part triang'lar fits,
Endows it largely at the unborn birth,
Deputes his Favorite Vice-roy; doth inveſt
With aptneſſe thereunto, as ſeem'd him beſt;
And lov'd it more then all, and more then all it bleſt.

45

Then plac't it in the calm pacifick ſeas,
And bid nor waves, nor troublous windes offend it;
Then peopled it with ſubjects apt to pleaſe
So wiſe a Prince, made able to defend it
Againſt all outward force, or inward ſpite;
Him framing like himſelf, all ſhining bright;
A little living Sunne, Sonne of the living Light.

46

Nor made he this like other Iſles; but gave it
Vigour, ſence, reaſon, and a perfect motion,
To move it ſelf whither it ſelf would have it,
And know what falls within the verge of notion:
No time might change it, but as ages went,
So ſtill return'd; ſtill ſpending, never ſpent;
More riſing in their fall, more rich in detriment.

So

47

So once the * Cradle of that double light,
Whereof one rules the night, the other day,
(Till sad *Latona* flying *Juno's* spite,
Her double burthen there did safely lay)
Not rooted yet, in every sea was roving,
With every wave, and every winde removing;
But since to those fair Twins hath left her ever moving.

* *Delos.*

48

Look as a scholar, who doth closely gather
Many large volumes in a narrow place;
So that great Wisdome all this All together
Confin'd into this Islands little space;
And being one, soon into two he fram'd it;
And now made two, to one again reclaim'd it;
The little *Isle of Man*, or *Purple Island* nam'd it.

49

Thrice happy was the worlds first infancie,
Nor knowing yet, nor curious ill to know:
Joy without grief, love without jealousie:
None felt hard labour, or the sweating plough:
The willing earth brought tribute to her King;
Bacchus unborn lay hidden in the cling
Of big-swoln grapes; their drink was every silver spring.

50

Of all the windes there was no difference:
None knew mild *Zephyres* from cold *Eurus* mouth;
Nor *Orithyia's* lovers violence
Distinguisht from the ever-dropping South:
But either gentle West-winds reign'd alone,
Or else no winde, or harmfull winde was none:
But one winde was in all, and all the windes in one.

51

None knew the sea; (oh blessed ignorance!)
None nam'd the stars, the North carres constant race,
Taurus bright horns, or Fishes happy chance:
Astræa yet chang'd not her name or place;
Her ev'n-pois'd ballance heav'n yet never tri'd:
None sought new coasts, nor forrain lands descri'd;
But in their own they liv'd, and in their own they di'd.

52

But (ah!) what liveth long in happinesse?
Grief, of an heavy nature, steddy lies,
And cannot be remov'd for weightinesse;
But joy, of lighter presence, eas'ly flies,
And seldome comes, and soon away will goe:
Some secret power here all things orders so,
That for a sun-shine day follows an age of woe.

53

Witnesse this glorious Isle, which not content
To be confin'd in bounds of happinesse,
Would trie what e're is in the continent;
And seek out ill, and search for wretchednesse.
Ah fond, to seek what then was in thy will!
That needs no curious search; 'tis next us still.
'Tis grief to know of grief, and ill to know of ill.

54

That old slie Serpent, (slie, but spitefull more)
Vext with the glory of this happy Isle,
Allures it subt'ly from the peacefull shore,
And with fair painted lies, & colour'd guile (fright,
Drencht in * dead seas; whose dark streams, full of
Emptie their sulphure waves in endlesse night;
Where thousand deaths and hells torment the damned sprite.

* *Mare mortuum.*

So

55

So when a fisher-swain by chance hath spi'd
A big-grown Pike pursue the lesser frie,
He sets a withy Labyrinth beside,
And with fair baits allures his nimble eye;
Which he invading with out-stretched sinne,
All suddainly is compast with the ginne,
Where there is no way out, but easie passage in.

56

That deathfull lake hath these three properties;
No turning path, or issue thence is found:
The captive never dead, yet ever dies;
It endlesse sinks, yet never comes to ground:
Hells self is pictur'd in that brimstone wave;
For what retiring from that hellish grave?
Or who can end in death, where deaths no ending have?

57

For ever had this Isle in that foul ditch
With cureless grief and endless errour strai'd,
Boyling in sulphur, and hot-bubbling pitch;
Had not the King, whose laws he (fool) betrai'd,
Unsnarl'd that chain, then from that lake secur'd;
For which ten thousand tortures he endur'd:
So hard was this lost Isle, so hard to be recur'd.

58

O thou deep well of life, wide stream of love,
(More deep, more wide then widest deepest seas)
Who dying Death to endlesse death didst prove,
To work this wilfull-rebell Islands ease,
Thy love no time began, no time decaies;
But still increaseth with decreasing daies:
Where then may we begin, where may we end thy praise?

My

59

My callow wing, that newly left the neſt,
How can it make ſo high a towring flight?
O depth without a depth! in humble breaſt
With praiſes I admire ſo wondrous height.
But thou, my *ſiſter Muſe, mayſt well go higher,
And end thy flight; ne're may thy pineons tire:
Thereto may he his grace and gentle heat aſpire.

* *A book called Chriſts Victorie and Triumph.*

60

Then let me end my eaſier taken ſtorie,
And ſing this Iſlands new recover'd ſeat.
But ſee, the eye of noon, in brighteſt glorie,
(Teaching great men) is ne're ſo little great:
Our panting flocks retire into the glade; (laid:
They crouch, and cloſe to th' earth their horns have
Vail we our ſcorched heads in that thick beeches ſhade.



CANT. II.

DEclining *Phœbus*, as he larger grows,
(Taxing proud folly) gentler waxeth ſtill;
Never leſſe fierce, then when he greateſt ſhows;
When *Thirſil* on a gentle riſing hill
(Where all his flock he round might feeding view)
Sits down, and circled with a lovely crue (new:
Of Nymphs & ſhepherd-boyes, thus 'gan his ſong re-

2

Now was this Iſle pull'd from that horrid main,
Which bears the fearfull looks and name of death;
And ſetled new with bloud and dreadfull pain,
By him who twice had giv'n (once forfeit) breath:
A baſer ſtate then what was firſt aſſign'd;
Wherein (to curb the too aſpiring minde)
The better things were loſt, the worſt were left behinde.

3

That glorious image of himſelf was raz'd;
Ah! ſcarce the place of that beſt part we finde:
And that bright Sun-like knowledge much defac'd,
Onely ſome twinkling ſtarres remain behinde:
Then mortall made; yet as one fainting dies,
Two other in its place ſucceeding riſe;
And drooping ſtock with branches freſh immortalize.

4

So that 'lone bird in fruitfull *Arabie*,
When now her ſtrength and waning life decaies,
Upon ſome airie rock, or mountain high,
In ſpiced bed (fir'd by neare *Phœbus* rayes)
Her ſelf and all her crooked age conſumes:
Straight from the aſhes and thoſe rich perfumes
A new-born Phœnix flies, & widow'd place reſumes.

5

It grounded lies upon a sure [a] foundation,
Compact, and hard; whose matter (cold and drie)
To marble turns in strongest congelation;
Fram'd of fat earth, which fires together tie:
Through all the Isle, and every part extent,
To give just form to every regiment;
Imparting to each part due strength and stablishment.

6

[b] Whose looser ends are glu'd with brother earth,
Of nature like, and of a neare relation;
Of self-same parents both, at self-same birth;
[c] That oft it self stands for a good foundation:
[d] Both these a third doth soulder fast, and binde;
Softer then both, yet of the self-same kinde;
All instruments of motion, in one league combin'd.

7

Upon this base a [e] curious work is rais'd,
Like undivided brick, entire and one;
Though soft, yet lasting, with just balance pais'd;
Distributed with due proportion:
And that the rougher frame might lurk unseen,
All fair is hung with coverings slight and thinne;
Which partly hide it all, yet all is partly seen:

8

As when a virgin her snow-circled breast
Displaying hides, and hiding sweet displaies;
The greater segments cover'd, and the rest
The vail transparent willingly betraies;
Thus takes and gives, thus lends and borrows light:
Lest eyes should surfet with too greedy sight,
Transparent lawns withhold, more to increase delight.

Nor

a The foundation of the body is the bones. Bones are a similar part of the body, most dry, or cold; made by the vertue generative, through heat of the thicker portion of seed, which is most earthy and fat for the establishment and figure of the whole.

b A cartilage, or grisle, is of a middle nature betwixt bones, and ligaments or sinews, made of the same matter, and in the same manner as bones, for variety and safetie in motion.

c Some of these (even as bones) sustain and uphold some parts

d Both these are knit with ligaments: A ligament or sinew is of nature between grisles, and nerves, framed of a tough and clammy portion of the seed, for knitting & holding the bones together, & fitting them for motion.

e Upon the bones as the foundation, is built the flesh. Flesh is a similar part of the body, soft, ruddy, made of bloud indifferently dried, covered with the common membrane or skinne.

9

[f]Nor is there any part in all this land,
But is a little Iſle: for thouſand brooks
In azure chanels glide on ſilver ſand;
Their ſerpent windings, and deceiving crooks
Circling about, and wat'ring all the plain,
Emptie themſelves into th' all-drinking main;
And creeping forward ſlide, but never turn again.

f The whole body is as it were watered with great plenty of rivers veins, arteries, and nerves.

10

Three diff'ring ſtreams from fountains different,
Neither in nature nor in ſhape agreeing,
(Yet each with other friendly ever went)
Give to this Iſle his fruitfulneſſe and being:
[g]The firſt in ſingle chanels skie-like blue,
With luke-warm waters di'd in porphyr hue,
Sprinkle this crimſon Iſle with purple-colour'd dew.

g A vein is a veſſell long, round, hollow, riſing from the liver, appointed to contein concoct, and diſtribute the bloud, It hath but one tunicle, and that thinne, the colour of this bloud is purple.

11

[h]The next, though from the ſame ſprings firſt it riſe,
Yet paſſing through another greater fountain,
Doth loſe his former name and qualities:
Through many a dale it flows, and many a mountain;
More firie light, and needfull more then all;
And therefore fenced with a double wall,
All froths his yellow ſtreams with many a ſudding fall.

h An arterie is a veſſel long, round, hollow, formed for conveyance of that more ſpritely bloud, which is elaborate in the heart. This bloud is frothy, yellowiſh, full of ſpirits, therefore compaſt with a double tunicle, that it might not exhale or ſweat out by reaſon of the thinneſſe

12

[i]The laſt, in all things diff'ring from the other,
Fall from an hill, and cloſe together go,
Embracing as they runne, each with his brother;
Guarded with double trenches ſure they flow:
The coldeſt ſpring, yet nature beſt they have;
And like the lacteall ſtones which heaven pave,
Slide down to every part with their thick milky wave.

i A nerve is a ſpermaticall part riſing from the brain and the pith of the back-bone, the outſide skinne, the inſide full of pith, carrying the animall ſpirits for ſenſe and motion and therefore doubly skinned as the brain: none of them ſingle, but runne in couples.

13

k These with a thousand streams through th' Island roving,
Bring tribute in; the first gives nourishment,
Next life, last sense and arbitrarie moving:
For when the Prince hath now his mandate sent,
The nimble poasts quick down the river runne,
And end their journey, though but now begunne;
But now the mandate came, & now the mandate's done.

14

l The whole Isle, parted in three regiments,
By three Metropolies is joyntly sway'd;
Ord'ring in peace and warre their governments
With loving concord, and with mutuall aid:
The lowest hath the worst, but largest See;
The middle lesse, of greater dignitie:
The highest least, but holds the greatest soveraigntie.

15

Deep in a vale doth that first province lie,
With many a citie grac't, and fairly town'd;
And for a fence from forrain enmitie,
m With five strong-builded walls encompast round;
Which my rude pencil will in limming stain;
A work more curious, then which poets feigne
Neptune and *Phœbus* built, and pulled down again.

16

n The first of these is that round spreading fence,
Which like a sea girts th' Isle in every part;
Of fairest building, quick and nimble sense,
Of common matter fram'd with speciall art;
Of middle temper, outwardest of all,
To warn of every chance that may befall:
The same a fence, and spie; a watchman, and a wall.

k The veins convey nourishment from the liver, the arteries life and heat from the heart, the nerves sense and motion from the brain. The will commands, the nerve brings, and the part executes the mandate; all almost in an instant.

l The whole body may be parted into three regions: the lowest, or belly; the middle, or breast; the highest, or head. In the lowest the liver is sovereigne, whose regiment is the widest, but meanest. In the middle the heart reignes, most necessarie. The brain obtains the highest place, and is as the least in compasse, so the greatest in dignitie.

m The parts of the lower region are either the contained, or containing: the containing either common or proper: the common are the skinne, the fleshie pannicle, and the fat: the proper are the muscles of the belly-peece, or the inner rimme of the belly.

n The skinne is a membrane of all the rest the most large, and thick, formed of the mixture of seed and bloud; the covering, and ornament of parts that are under it: the temper moderate, the proper organ of outward touching (say Physicians.)

His

17

o His native beautie is a lilie white,
Which ſtill ſome other colour'd ſtream infecteth;
Leaſt like it ſelf, with divers ſtainings dight,
The inward diſpoſition detecteth:
If white, it argues wet; if purple, fire;
If black, a heavie cheer, and fixt deſire;
Youthfull and blithe, if ſuited in a roſie tire.

18

p It cover'd ſtands with ſilken flouriſhing,
Which as it oft decaies, renews again,
The others ſenſe and beautie perfecting;
Which els would feel, but with unuſuall pain:
Whoſe pleaſing ſweetneſſe, and reſplendent ſhine,
Softning the wanton touch, and wandring ey'n,
Doth oft the Prince himſelf with witch'ries undermine.

19

q The ſecond rampier of a ſofter matter,
Caſt up by th' purple rivers overflowing:
Whoſe airy wave, and ſwelling waters, fatter
For want of heat congeal'd, and thicker growing,
r The wandring heat (which quiet ne're ſubſiſteth)
Sends back again to what confine it liſteth;
And outward enemies by yeelding moſt reſiſteth.

20

(The third more inward, firmer then the beſt,
May ſeem at firſt but thinly built, and ſlight;
But yet of more defence then all the reſt;
Of thick and ſtubborn ſubſtance, ſtrongly dight.
Theſe three (three common fences) round impile
This regiment, and all the other Iſle;
And ſaving inward friends, their outward foes beguile.

o The native colour of the skinne is white but (as Hippocrates) changed into the ſame colour which is brought by the humour predominant. Where melancholie abounds, it is ſwarthy; where flegme, it is white, and pale; where choler reignes, it is red, and firy; but in ſanguine of a roſie colour

p The skinne is covered with the cuticle, or flouriſhing of the skinne, it is the mean of touching, without which we feel, but with pain. It poliſheth the skinne, which many times is changed, and (as it is with ſnakes) put off, and a new, and more amiable brought in.

q The fat cometh from the airy portion of the bloud; which when it flows to the membranes, by their weak heat (which Phyſicians account, & call cold) grows thick, and cloſe.

r The fat increaſeth inward heat by keeping it from outward parts, and defends the parts ſubject to it from bruiſes.

ſ The fleſhie pannicle is a membrane very thick, ſinewy, woven in with little veins.

21

Beſide theſe three, [t] two more appropriate guards
With conſtant watch compaſſe this government:
The firſt eight companies in ſeverall wards,
(To each his ſtation in this regiment)
On each ſide foure, continuall watch obſerve,
And under one great Captain joyntly ſerve;
Two fore-right ſtand, two croſſe, and foure obliquely (ſwerve.

22

[u] The other fram'd of common matter, all
This lower region girts with ſtrong defence;
More long then round, with double-builded wall,
Though ſingle often ſeems to ſlighter ſenſe;
With many gates, whoſe ſtrangeſt properties
Protect this coaſt from all conſpiracies;
Admitting welcome friends, excluding enemies.

23

* Between this fences double-walled ſides,
Foure ſlender brooks run creeping o're the lea;
The firſt is call'd the Nurſe, and riſing ſlides
From this low regions Metropolie:
Two from th' Heart-citie bend their ſilent pace;
The laſt from Urine-lake with waters baſe
In th' *Allantoïd* ſea empties his flowing race.

24

[x] Down in a vale, where theſe two parted walls
Differ from each with wide diſtending ſpace,
Into a lake the Urine-river falls,
Which at the *Nephros* hill beginnes his race:
Crooking his banks he often runs aſtray,
Leſt his ill ſtreams might backward finde a way:
Thereto, ſome ſay, was built a curious framed bay.

t The proper parts infolding this lower region are two, the firſt the muſcles of the belly-peece, which are eight foure ſide-long, two right, and two croſſe.

u Peritonæum (which we call the rimme of the belly) is a thinne membrane taking his name from compaſſing the bowels; round, but longer: every where double, yet ſo thinne, that it may ſeem but ſingle. It hath many holes, that the veins, arteries, and other needfull veſſels might have paſſage both in, & out.

* The double tunicle of the rimme is plainly parted into a large ſpace, that with a double wall it might fence the bladder, where the veſſels of the navil are contained. Theſe are foure: firſt, the nurſe; which is a vein nouriſhing the infant in the wombe: 2, two arteries in which the infant breaths: the fourth, the Ourachos, a pipe whereby (while the childe is in the wombe) the urine is carried into the Allantoid, or rather Amnion; which is a membrane receiving the ſweat and urine.

x The paſſages carrying the urine from the kidneys to the bladder. Some affirm that in the paſſage ſtands a curious lid, or cover.

The

25

[y] The Urine-lake drinking his colour'd brook,
By little ſwells, and fills his ſtretching ſides:
But when the ſtream the brink 'gins over-look,
A ſturdy groom empties the ſwelling tides;
Sphincter ſome call; who if he looſed be,
Or ſtiffe with cold, out flows the ſenſeleſſe ſea,
And ruſhing unawares covers the drowned lea.

y The bladder endeth in a neck of fleſh, and is girded with a muſcle which is called Sphincter: which holds in the urine left it flow away without our permiſsion. If this be looſened, or cold, the urine goes away from us of it ſelf without any feeling.

26

[z] From thence with blinder paſſage, (flying name)
Theſe noyſome ſtreams a ſecret pipe conveys;
Which though we tearm the hidden parts of ſhame,
Yet for the skill deſerve no leſſer praiſe
Then they, to which we honour'd names impart.
Oh powerfull Wiſdome, with what wondrous art
Mad'ſt thou the beſt, who thus haſt fram'd the vileſt (part!

z Hence the urine is conveyed through the ordinary paſſages and caſt out.

27

[a] Six goodly Cities, built with ſuburbs round,
Do fair adorn this lower region:
[b] The firſt *Koilia*, whoſe extreameſt bound
On this ſide border'd by the *Splenion*,
On that by ſoveraigne *Hepars* large commands:
The merry *Diazome* above it ſtands,
To both theſe joyn'd in league & never failing bands.

a Beſide the bladder there are ſix ſpeciall parts contained in this lower region: the liver, ſtomack, with the guts; the gall, the ſplene, or milt; the kidneys, and parts for generation.

b The ſtomack (or Koilia) is the firſt in order though not in dignitie.

28

[c] The form (as when with breath our bag-pipes riſe,
And ſwell) round-wiſe, and long, yet long-wiſe more;
Fram'd to the moſt capacious figures guiſe:
For 'tis the Iſlands garner; here its ſtore
Lies treaſur'd up, which well prepar'd it ſends
By ſecret path that to th' Arch-citie bends;
Which making it more fit, to all the Iſle diſpends.

c Koilia, or the ſtomack is long & round, like a bag-pipe, made to receive and concoct the meat, and to perfect the Chyle or white juice, which riſeth from the meat concocted.

Farre

29

Farre hence at foot of rocky *Cephals* hills
This Cities [d] Steward dwells in vaulted ſtone;
And twice a day *Koilia's* ſtore-houſe fills
With certain rent, and due proviſion:
Aloft he fitly dwells in arched cave;
Which to deſcribe I better time ſhall have,
When that fair mount I ſing, & his white curdy wave.

d Gulus, the taſte, is the caterer, or ſteward to the ſtomack, which hath his place in Cephal, that is, the head.

30

At that caves mouth [e] twice ſixteen Porters ſtand,
Receivers of the cuſtomarie rent;
Of each ſide foure, (the formoſt of the band)
Whoſe office to divide what in is ſent:
Straight other foure break it in peices ſmall;
And at each hand twice five, which grinding all,
Fit it for convoy, and this cities Arſenall.

e In either chap are ſixteen teeth; foure cutters, two dog-teeth, or breakers, ten grinders.

31

From thence a [f] Groom with wondrous volubilitie
Delivers all unto neare officers,
Of nature like himſelf, and like agilitie;
At each ſide foure, that are the governours
To ſee the vict'als ſhipt at fitteſt tide; (ſlide,
Which ſtraight from thence with proſp'rous chanel
And in *Koilia's* port with nimble oars glide.

f The tongue with great agilitie delivers up the meat (well chewed) to the inſtruments of ſwallowing: eight muſcles ſerving to this purpoſe which inſtantly ſend the meat through the Oeſophagus or meat-pipe into the ſtomack.

32

The [g] haven, fram'd with wondrous ſenſe and art,
Opens it ſelf to all that entrance ſeek;
Yet if ought back would turn, and thence depart,
With thouſand wrinkles ſhuts the ready creek:
But when the rent is ſlack, it rages rife,
And mutines in it ſelf with civil ſtrife:
Thereto a [h] little groom egges it with ſharpeſt knife.

g The upper mouth of the ſtomack hath little veins, or ſtrings circular, to ſhut in the meat, and keep it from returning.

h Vas breve, or the ſhort veſſel, which ſending in a melancholy humour, ſharpens the appetite.

Below

33

[i] Below dwells in this Cities market-place
The Iſlands common Cook, Concoction;
Common to all; therefore in middle ſpace
Is quarter'd fit in juſt proportion;
Whence never from his labour he retires;
No reſt he asks, or better change requires: (ſires.
Both night and day he works, ne're ſleeps, nor ſleep de-

i In the bottome of the ſtomack (which is placed in the midſt of the belly) is concoction perfected.

34

[k] That heat, which in his furnace ever fumeth,
Is nothing like to our hot parching fire;
Which all conſuming, ſelf at length conſumeth;
But moiſtning flames a gentle heat inſpire,
Which ſure ſome in-born neighbour to him lendeth;
And oft the bord'ring coaſt fit fuell ſendeth,
And oft the riſing fume, which down again deſcendeth.

k The concoction of meats in the ſtomack is perfected, as by an innate propertie, and ſpeciall vertue, ſo alſo by the outward heat of parts adjoyning. For it is on every ſide compaſſed with hotter parts, which as fire to a caldron helps to ſeethe, and concoct; and the hot ſteams within it do not a little further digeſtion.

35

Like to a pot, where under hovering
Divided flames, the iron ſides entwining,
Above is ſtopt with cloſe-laid covering,
Exhaling fumes to narrow ſtraits confining;
So doubling heat, his dutie doubly ſpeedeth:
Such is the fire Concoctions veſſel needeth,
Who daily all the Iſle with fit proviſion feedeth.

36

There many a groom the buſie Cook attends
In under offices, and ſeverall place:
This gathers up the ſcumme, and thence it ſends
To be caſt out; another liquours baſe,
Another garbage, which the kitchin cloyes,
And divers filth, whoſe ſent the place annoyes,
By divers ſecret waies in under-ſinks convoyes.

37

l Therefore a ſecond Port is ſidelong fram'd,
To let out what unſavorie there remains:
There ſits a needfull groom, the Porter nam'd,
Which ſoon the full-grown kitchin cleanly drains
By divers pipes, with hundred turnings giring;
Leſt that the food too ſpeedily retiring,
Should whet the appetite, ſtill cloy'd, & ſtill deſiring.

38

So *Eriſicthon* once fir'd (as men ſay)
With hungry rage, fed never, ever feeding;
Ten thouſand diſhes ſerv'd in every day,
Yet in ten thouſand, thouſand diſhes needing,
In vain his daughter hundred ſhapes aſſum'd:
A whole camps meat he in his gorge inhum'd;
And all conſum'd, his hunger yet was unconſum'd.

39

Such would the ſtate of this whole Iſland be,
If thoſe pipes windings (paſſage quick delaying)
Should not refrain too much edacitie,
With longer ſtay fierce appetite allaying.
m Theſe pipes are ſeven-fold longer then the Iſle,
Yet all are folded in a little pile,
Whereof three noble are, and thinne; three thick, & vile.

40

n The firſt is narrow'ſt, and down-right doth look,
Leſt that his charge diſcharg'd might back retire;
And by the way takes in a bitter brook,
That when the chanel's ſtopt with ſtifeling mire,
Through th' idle pipe with piercing waters ſoking,
His tender ſides with ſharpeſt ſtream provoking,
Thruſts out the muddy parts, & rids the miry choking.

The

l The lower orifice, or mouth of the ſtomack, is not placed at the very bottome, but at the ſide, and is called the (Janitor or) Porter, as ſending out the food now concocted through the entrails, which are knotty, and full of windings, leſt the meat too ſuddenly paſſing through the body ſhould make it too ſubject to appetite and greedineſſe.

m It is approved that the entrails dried, and blown, are ſeven times longer then the body: they are all one entire body, yet their differing ſubſtance hath diſtinguiſhed them into the thinne, & thick: the thinne have the more noble office.

n The firſt is ſtraight without any winding, that the chyle might not return; and moſt narrow, that it might not finde too haſty a paſſage. It takes in a little paſſage from the gall, which there purges his choler, to provoke the entrails (when they are ſlow) to caſt out the excrements. This is called Duodenum (or twelve finger) from his length.

41

o The second lean and lank, still pill'd, and harri'd
By mighty bord'rers oft his barns invading:
Away his food and new-inn'd store is carri'd;
Therefore an angry colour, never fading,
Purples his cheek: p the third for length exceeds,
And down his stream in hundred turnings leads:
These three most noble are, adorn'd with silken threads.

42

q The formost of the base half blinde appeares;
And where his broad way in an *Isthmos* ends,
There he examines all his passengers,
And those who ought not scape, he backward sends:
r The second *Æols* court, where tempests raging
Shut close within a cave the windes encaging,
With earthquakes shakes the Island, thunders sad pre- (saging.

43

s The last down-right falls to port *Esquiline*,
More strait above, beneath still broader growing;
Soon as the gate opes by the Kings assigne,
Empties it self, farre thence the filth out-throwing:
This gate endow'd with many properties,
Yet for his office sight and naming flies;
Therefore between two hills, in darkest valley lies.

44

t To that Arch-citie of this government
The three first pipes the ready feast convoy:
The other three, in baser office spent,
Fling out the dregs, which else the kitchin cloy.
u In every one the *Hepar* keeps his spies;
Who if ought good with evil blended lies,
Thence bring it back again to *Hepars* treasuries.

o The second is called the lank or hungry gut, as being more emptie then the rest: for the liver being neare it sucks out his juice, or cream: it is known from the rest by the red colour.

p The third called Ilion (or winding) from his many folds and turnings, is of all the longest.

q The first of the baser is called blinde: at whose end is an appendant, where if any of the thinner chyle do chance to escape, it is stopt, and by the veins of the midriffe suckt out.

r The second is Colon (or the tormenter) because of the winde there staying, & vexing the body.

s The last called Rectum, or straight, hath no windings, short, larger toward the end; that the excrement may more easily be ejected, and retained also upon occasion.

t The thinne entrails serve for the carrying, & through-concocting of the chyle: the thicker for the gathering, and containing the excrements.

u They are all sprinkled with numberlesse little veins, that no part of the chyle might escape till all be brought to the liver.

45

Two ſeverall covers fence theſe twice three pipes:
[x] The firſt from over-ſwimming takes his name,
Like cobweb-lawn woven with hundred ſtripes:
[y] The ſecond, ſtrength'ned with a double frame,
From forein enmitie the pipes maintains:
[z] Cloſe by the *Pancreas* ſtands, who ne're complains;
Though preſt by all his neighbours, he their ſtate ſu-
(ſtains.

46

Next *Hepar*, chief of all theſe lower parts,
One of the three, yet of the three the leaſt.
But ſee, the Sunne, like to undaunted hearts,
Enlarges in his fall his ample breaſt:
Now hie we home; the pearled dew ere long
Will wet the mothers, and their tender young:
To morrow with the day we may renew our ſong.

x Epiploon (or Overſwimmer) deſcends below the navill; and aſcends above the higheſt entrails, of skinny ſubſtance all interlaced with fat.
y The Meſenterium (or midſt amongſt the entrails, whence it takes the name) ties and knits the entrails together: it hath a double tunicle.
z Pancreas (or All-fleſh, for ſo it ſeems) is laid as a pillow under the ſtomack; and ſuſtains the veins that are diſpread from the gate-vein.



CANT.

CANT. III.

THe Morning freſh, dappling her horſe with roſes,
(Vext at the lingring ſhades, that long had left her
In *Tithons* freezing arms) the light diſcloſes;
And chaſing Night, of rule and heav'n bereft her:
The Sunne with gentle beams his rage diſguiſes,
And like aſpiring tyrants, temporiſes;
Never to be endur'd, but when he falls, or riſes.

2

Thirſil from withy priſon, as he uſes,
Lets out his flock, and on an hill ſtood heeding
Which bites the graſſe, and which his meat refuſes;
So his glad eyes fed with their greedy feeding:
Straight flock a ſhoal of Nymphs & ſhepherd-ſwains
While all their lambes rang'd on the flowry plains;
Then thus the boy began, crown'd with their circling (trains.

3

You gentle ſhepherds, and you ſnowie fires,
That ſit around, my rugged rimes attending;
How may I hope to quit your ſtrong deſires,
In verſe uncomb'd ſuch wonders comprehending?
Too well I know my rudeneſſe all unfit
To frame this curious Iſle, whoſe framing yet
Was never throughly known to any humane wit.

4

Thou Shepherd-God, who onely know'ſt it right,
And hid'ſt that art from all the world beſide;
Shed in my miſtie breaſt thy ſparkling light,
And in this fogge my erring footſteps guide;
Thou who firſt mad'ſt, and never wilt forſake it:
Elſe how ſhall my weak hand dare undertake it,
When thou thy ſelf ask'ſt counſel of thy ſelf to make it?

5

Next to *Koilia*, on the right side stands,
Fairly dispread in large dominion,
Th' [a] Arch-citie *Hepar*, stretching her commands
To all within this lower region;
Fenc't with sure barres, and strongest situation;
So never fearing foreiners invasion:
Hence are the [b] walls slight, thinne; built but for sight & (fashion.

6

[c] To th' Heart and to th' Head-citie surely ti'd
With firmest league, and mutuall reference:
His liegers there, theirs ever here abide,
To take up strife, and casuall difference:
[d] Built all alike, seeming like rubies sheen,
Of some peculiar matter; such I ween,
As over all the world may no where else be seen.

7

[e] Much like a mount it easily ascendeth;
The upper part's all smooth as slipperie glasse:
But on the lower many a cragge dependeth;
Like to the hangings of some rockie masse:
[f] Here first the purple fountain making vent,
By thousand rivers through the Isle dispent,
Gives every part fit growth and daily nourishment.

8

[g] In this fair town the Isles great Steward dwells;
His porphyre house glitters in purple die;
In purple clad himself: from hence he deals
His store to all the Isles necessitie:
And though the rent he daily duly pay,
Yet doth his flowing substance ne're decay;
All day he rent receives, returns it all the day.

And

a Of all this lower region the Hepar, or liver, is the principall. The situation strong and safe, walled in by the ribs.

b It is covered with one single tunicle; & that very thinne, and slight.

c The liver is tied to the heart by arteries, to the head by nerves, and to both by veins dispersed to both.

d The liver consists of no ordinary flesh, but of a kinde proper to it self.

e The livers upper part rises & swells gently; is very smooth, and even; the lower in the outside like to an hollow rock, rugged & craggy.

f From it rise all the springs of bloud, which runnes in the veins.

g The steward of the whole Isle is here fitly placed, because as all (that is brought in) is here fitted, and disposed, so from hence returned, and dispensed.

9

And like that golden ſtarre, which cuts his way
Through *Saturns* ice, and *Mars* his firy ball;
Temp'ring their ſtrife with his more kindely ray:
So 'tween the *Splenions* froſt and th' angry Gall
The joviall *Hepar* ſits; with great expence
Cheering the Iſle by his ſweet influence;
So ſlakes their envious rage and endleſſe difference.

10

Within, ſome ſay, [h]Love hath his habitation;
Not *Cupids* ſelf, but *Cupids* better brother:
For *Cupids* ſelf dwells with a lower nation,
But this more ſure, much chaſter then the other;
By whoſe command we either love our kinde,
Or with moſt perfect love affect the minde;
With ſuch a diamond knot he often ſouls can binde.

11

[i] Two purple ſtreams here raiſe their boiling heads;
The firſt and leaſt in th' hollow cavern breeding,
His waves on divers neighbour grounds diſpreads:
The next fair river all the reſt exceeding,
Topping the hill, breaks forth in fierce evaſion,
And ſheds abroad his Nile-like inundation;
So gives to all the Iſle their food and vegetation.

12

Yet theſe from other ſtreams much different;
For others, as they longer, broader grow;
Theſe as they runne in narrow banks impent,
Are then at leaſt, when in the main they flow:
Much like a tree, which all his roots ſo guides,
That all the trunk in his full body hides;
Which ſtraight his ſtemme to thouſand branches ſubdi-
(vides.

Yet

h Here Plato diſpoſed the ſeat of love. And certainly though luſt (which ſome perverſly call love) be otherwhere ſeated, yet that affection whereby we wiſh, and do well to others, may ſeem to be better fitted in the liver, then in the heart, (where moſt do place it) becauſe this moderate heat appeares more apt for this affection; and fires of the heart where (as a Salamander) anger lives, ſeem not ſo fit to entertain it.

i Hence riſe the two great rivers of bloud, of which all the reſt are leſſer ſtreams: The firſt is Porta, or the gate-vein, iſſuing from the hollow part and is ſhed toward the ſtomack, ſplene, guts, and the Epiploon. The ſecond is Cava, the hollow vein, ſpreading his river over all the body.

13

[k] Yet leſt theſe ſtreams might hap to be infected
With other liquours in the well abounding;
Before their flowing chanels are detected,
Some leſſer delfs, the fountains bottome ſounding,
Suck out the baſer ſtreams, the ſprings annoying,
An hundred pipes unto that end employing; (ing.
Thence run to fitter place their noiſome load convoy-

14

Such is fair *Hepar*; [l] which with great diſſenſion
Of all the reſt pleads moſt antiquitie;
But yet th' Heart-citie with no leſſe contention,
And juſteſt challenge, claims prioritie:
But ſure the *Hepar* was the elder bore;
For that ſmall river, call'd the Nurſe, of yore
Laid boths foundation, yet *Hepar* built afore.

15

Three poiſ'nous liquours from this purple well
Riſe with the native ſtreams; [m] the firſt like fire,
All flaming hot, red, furious, and fell,
The ſpring of dire debate, and civile ire;
Which wer't not ſurely held with ſtrong retention,
Would ſtirre domeſtick ſtrife, and fierce contention,
And waſte the weary Iſle with never ceas'd diſſenſion.

16

Therefore cloſe by a little conduit ſtands,
[n] *Choledochus*, that drags this poiſon hence,
And ſafely locks it up in priſon bands;
Thence gently drains it through a narrow fence;
A needfull fence, attended with a guard,
That watches in the ſtraits all cloſely barr'd,
Leſt ſome might back eſcape, and break the priſon ward.

k The chyle, or juice of meats concocted in the ſtomack could not all be turned into ſweet bloud by reaſon of the divers kindes of humours in it: Therefore there are three kinds of excrementall liquors ſucke away by little veſſels, and carried to their appointed places: one too light, and fiery; an other too earthy, and heavy; a third wheyiſh and watery.

l Famous the controverſie between the Peripateticks, and Phyſicians: one holding the heart, the other the liver to be firſt. That the liver is firſt in time and making, is manifeſt; becauſe the Nurſe (the vein that feeds the infant yet in the wombe) empties it ſelf upon the liver.

m The firſt excrement drawn from the liver to the gall is cholerick, bitter, like flame in colour; which were it not removed, and kept in due place, would fill all the body with bitterneſſe, and gnawing.

n Choledochus or the Gall, is of a membranous ſubſtance, having but one, yet that a ſtrong tunicle. It hath two paſſages, one drawing the humour from the liver, another conveying the overplus into the firſt gut, and ſo emptying the gall. And this fence hath a double gate to keep the liquour from returning.

The

17

The °next ill ſtream the wholeſome fount offending,
All dreery black and frightfull, hence convay'd
By divers drains unto the *Splenion* tending,
The *Splenion* o're againſt the *Hepar* laid,
Built long, and ſquare: ſome ſay that laughter here
Keeps reſidence; but laughter fits not there,
Where darkneſſe ever dwells, and melancholy fear.

18

ᵖ And ſhould theſe waies, ſtopt by ill accident,
To th' *Hepar* ſtreams turn back their muddie humours;
The cloudie Iſle with helliſh dreeriment
Would ſoon be fill'd, and thouſand fearfull rumours:
Fear hides him here, lockt deep in earthy cell;
Dark, dolefull, deadly-dull, a little hell; (dwell.
Where with him fright, deſpair, and thouſand horrours

19

ᵠ If this black town in over-growth increaſes,
With too much ſtrength his neighbours over-bearing;
The *Hepar* daily, and whole Iſle decreaſes,
Like ghaſtly ſhade, or aſhie ghoſt appearing:
But when it pines, th' Iſle thrives; its curſe, his bleſſing:
ʳ So when a tyrant raves, his ſubjects preſſing,
His gaining is their loſſe, his treaſure their diſtreſſing.

20

ˢ The third bad water, bubbling from this fountain,
Is wheyiſh cold, which with good liquours meint,
Is drawn into the double *Nephros* mountain;
Which ſuck the beſt for growth, and nouriſhment:
ᵗ The worſt, as through a little pap, diſtilling
To divers pipes, the pale cold humour ſwilling, (ling.
Runs down to th' Urine-lake, his banks thrice daily fil-

° The ſecond ill humour is earthy, and heavy, which is drawn from the liver by little veſſels unto the ſplene, the native ſeat of melancholie, here ſome have placed laughter: but the ſplene ſeems rather the ſeat of malice and heavineſſe.

ᵖ If the ſplene ſhould fail in this office, the whole body would be filled with melancholy fancies, and vain terrours.

ᵠ Where the ſplene flouriſhes, all the body decayes, and withers; where the ſplene is kept down, the body flouriſhes. Hence Stratonicus merrily ſaid, that in Crete dead men walked, becauſe they were ſo ſplenitive, and pale-coloured.

ʳ Trajan compared the ſplene to his exchequer: becauſe as his coffers being full drained his ſubjects purſes, ſo the full ſplene makes the body ſapleſſe.

ˢ The watery humour with ſome good bloud (which is ſpent for the nouriſhment of thoſe parts) is drawn by the kidneys.

ᵗ The Ureters receive the water ſeparated from the bloud, as diſtilled from little fleſhie ſubſtances in the kidneys, like to teats.

21

[a] These mountains differ but in situation;
In form and matter like: the left is higher,
Lest even height might slack their operation:
Both like the Moon which now wants half her fire;
Yet into two obtuser angles bended,
Both strongly with a double wall defended;
And both have walls of mudde before those walls ex-
22 (tended.
The sixt and last town in this region,
With largest stretcht precincts, and compasse wide,
Is that, where *Venus* and her wanton sonne
(Her wanton *Cupid*) will in youth reside:
For though his arrows and his golden bow
On other hills he frankly does bestow, (glow.
Yet here he hides the fire with which each heart doth

23

For that great Providence, their course foreseeing
Too eas'ly led into the sea of death;
After this first, gave them a second being,
Which in their off-spring newly flourisheth:
He therefore made the fire of generation
To burn in *Venus* courts without cessation,
Out of whose ashes comes another Island nation.

24

For from the first a fellow Isle he fram'd,
(For what alone can live, or fruitfull be?)
Arren the first, the second *Thelu* nam'd;
Weaker the last, yet fairer much to see:
Alike in all the rest, here disagreeing,
Where *Venus* and her wanton have their being:
For nothing is produc't of two in all agreeing.

But

[a] The kidneys are both alike; the left somewhat higher: both have a double skinne, and both compassed with fat.

25

But though ſome few in theſe hid parts would ſee
Their Makers glory, and their juſteſt ſhame;
Yet for the moſt would turn to luxurie,
And what they ſhould lament, would make their game:
Flie then thoſe parts, which beſt are undeſcri'd;
Forbear, my maiden ſong, to blazon wide
What th' Iſle and Natures ſelf doth ever ſtrive to hide.

26

Theſe two fair Iſles diſtinct in their creation,
Yet one extracted from the others ſide,
Are oft made one by Loves firm combination,
And from this unitie are multipli'd:
Strange may it ſeem; ſuch their condition,
That they are more diſpread by union;
And two are twenty made, by being made in one.

27

For from theſe two in Loves delight agreeing,
Another little Iſle is ſoon proceeding;
At firſt of unlike frame and matter being,
In *Venus* temple takes it form and breeding;
Till at full time the tedious priſon flying,
It breaks all lets its ready way denying;
And ſhakes the trembling Iſle with often painfull dying.

28

So by the *Boſphor* ſtraits in *Euxine* ſeas,
Not farre from old *Byzantum*, cloſely ſtand
Two neighbour Iſlands, call'd *Symplegades*,
Which ſometime ſeem but one combined land:
For often meeting on the watrie plain,
And parting oft, toſt by the boiſt'rous main,
They now are joyn'd in one, and now disjoyn'd again.

29

Here oft not Luſt, but ſweeteſt Chaſtitie,
Coupled ſometimes, and ſometimes ſingle, dwells;
Now linkt with Love, to quench Luſts tyrannie,
Now Phœnix-like alone in narrow cells:
Such Phœnix one, but one at once may be:
In *Albions* hills thee, *Baſiliſſa*, thee,
Such onely have I ſeen, ſuch ſhall I never ſee.

30

What Nymph was this, (ſaid faireſt *Roſaleen*)
Whom thou admireſt thus above ſo many?
She, while ſhe was, (ah!) was the ſhepherds Queen;
Sure ſuch a ſhepherds Queen was never any:
But (ah!) no joy her dying heart contented,
Since ſhe a deare Deers ſide unwilling rented;
Whoſe death ſhe all too late, too ſoon, too much, repented.

31

Ah royall maid! why ſhould'ſt thou thus lament thee?
Thy little fault was but too much beleeving:
It is too much ſo much thou ſhould'ſt repent thee;
His joyous ſoul at reſt deſires no grieving.
Theſe words (vain words!) fond comforters did lend her;
But (ah!) no words, no prayers might ever bend her
To give an end to grief, till endleſſe grief did end her.

32

But how ſhould I thoſe ſorrows dare diſplay?
Or how limme forth her vertues wonderment?
She was (ay me! ſhe was) the ſweeteſt May
That ever flowr'd in *Albions* regiment.
Few eyes fall'n lights adore: yet fame ſhall keep
Her name awake, when others ſilent ſleep;
While men have eares to heare, eyes to look back, and weep.

And

33

And though the curres (which whelpt & nurſt in *Spain*
Learn of fell *Geryon* to ſnarle and brawl)
Have vow'd and ſtrove her Virgin tombe to ſtain;
And grinne, and fome, and rage, and yelp, and bawl:
Yet ſhall our *Cynthia's* high-triumphing light
Deride their houling throats, and toothleſſe ſpight;
And ſail through heav'n, while they ſink down in end-
(leſſe night.

34

So is this Iſlands lower region:
Yet ah much better is it ſure then ſo.
But my poore reeds, like my condition,
(Low is the ſhepherds ſtate, my ſong as low)
Marre what they make: but now in yonder ſhade
Reſt we, while Sunnes have longer ſhadows made:
See how our panting flocks runne to the cooler glade.



CANT. IIII.

THe ſhepherds in the ſhade their hunger feaſted
With ſimple cates, ſuch as the countrey yeelds;
And while from ſcorching beams ſecure they reſted,
The Nymphs diſperſt along the woody fields,
Pull'd from their ſtalks the bluſhing ſtrawberries,
Which lurk cloſe ſhrouded from high looking-eyes;
Shewing that ſweetneſſe oft both low and hidden lies.

2

But when the day had his meridian runne
Between his higheſt throne, and low declining;
Thirſil again his forced task begunne,
His wonted audience his ſides entwining.
The middle Province next this lower ſtands,
Where th' Iſles Heart-city ſpreads his large cõmands,
Leagu'd to the neighbour towns with ſure and friendly (bands.

3

Such as that ſtarre, which ſets his glorious chair
In midſt of heav'n, and to dead darkneſſe here
Gives light and life; ſuch is this citie fair:
Their ends, place, office, ſtate, ſo nearely neare,
That thoſe wiſe ancients from their natures ſight,
And likeneſſe, turn'd their names, and call'd aright
The ſunne the great worlds heart, the heart the leſſe (worlds light.

4

[a] This middle coaſt to all the Iſle diſpends
All heat and life: hence it another Guard
(Beſide thoſe common to the firſt) defends;
Built whole of maſſie ſtone, cold, drie, and hard:
Which ſtretching round about his circling arms,
Warrants theſe parts from all exteriour harms;
Repelling angry force, ſecuring all alar'ms.

a The heart is the ſeat of heat, and life; therefore walled about with the ribs, for more ſafety.

But

5

But in the front [b] two fair twin-bulwarks rise,
In th' *Arren* built for strength, and ornament;
In *Thelu* of more use, and larger size;
For hence the young Isle draws his nourishment:
Here lurking *Cupid* hides his bended bow;
Here milkie springs in sugred rivers flow;
Which first gave th' infant Isle to be, and then to grow.

b The breasts, or paps, are given to men for strength, and ornament; to women, for milk and nurserie also.

6

[c] For when the lesser Island (still increasing
In *Venus* temple) to some greatnesse swells,
Now larger rooms and bigger spaces seizing,
It stops the *Hepar* rivers; backward reels
The stream, and to these hills bears up his flight,
And in these founts (by some strange hidden might)
Dies his fair rosie waves into a lily white.

c When the infant grows big, he so oppresseth the vessels of bloud, that partly through the readinesse of the passage, but especially by the providence of God, the bloud turns back to the breast, & there by an innate but wonderfull facultie is turned into milk.

7

So where fair *Medway*, down the *Kentish* dales
To many towns her plenteous waters dealing,
Lading her banks, into wide *Thamis* falls;
The big-grown main with somie billows swelling,
Stops there the sudding stream; her steddy race
Staggers awhile, at length flies back apace,
And to the parent fount returns its fearfull pace.

8

[d] These two fair mounts are like two hemispheres,
Endow'd with goodly gifts and qualities;
Whose top two little purple hillocks reares,
Most like the Poles in heavens Axletrees:
And round about two circling altars gire,
In blushing red; the rest in snowy tire
Like *Thracian Hæmus* looks, which ne're feels *Phœbus* fire.

d The breasts are in figure hemispherical; whose tops are crowned with the teats, about which are reddish circles, called (Areolæ, or) little altars.

That

9

That mighty hand in theſe diſſected wreathes, (gives;
(Where moves our Sunne) his thrones fair picture
The pattern breathleſſe, but the picture breathes;
His higheſt heav'n is dead, our low heav'n lives:
Nor ſcorns that loftie one thus low to dwell;
Here his beſt ſtarres he ſets, and glorious cell; (hell.
And fills with ſaintly ſpirits, ſo turns to heav'n from

10

About this Region round in compaſſe ſtands
A Guard, both for defence, and reſpiration,
[c] Of ſixtie foure, parted in ſeverall bands;
Half to let out the ſmokie exhalation,
The other half to draw in freſher windes:
Beſide both theſe, a third of both their kindes,
That lets both out, & in; which no enforcement bindes.

11

This third the merrie [f] *Diazome* we call,
A border-citie theſe two coaſts removing;
Which like a balk, with his croſſe-builded wall,
Diſparts the terms of anger, and of loving;
Keeps from th' Heart-citie fuming kitchin fires,
And to his neighbours gentle windes inſpires;
[g] Looſe when he ſucks in aire, contract when he expires.

12

[h] The *Diazome* of ſeverall matter's fram'd:
The firſt moiſt, ſoft; harder the next, and drier:
His faſhion like the fiſh a *Raia* nam'd;
Fenc'd with two walls, one low, the other higher;
By eight ſtreams water'd; two from *Hepar* low,
And from th' Heart-town as many higher go; (flow.
But two twice told down from the *Cephal* mountain

Here

c In the Thorax or breaſt, are ſixty five muſcles for reſpiration, or breathing, which is either free, or forced: The inſtruments of forced breathing are ſixtie foure, whereof thirtie two diſtend, and as many contract it.

f The inſtrument of the free breathing is the Diazome or Diaphragma, which we call the midriffe, as a wall parting the heart and liver: Plato affirms it a partition between the ſeats of deſire, and anger: Ariſtotle, a barre to keep the noiſome odour of the ſtomack from the heart.

g The midriffe dilates it ſelf when it draws in, contracts it ſelf when it puffes out the aire.

h The midriffe conſiſts of two circles, one skinny, the other fleſhie. It hath two tunicles, as many veins and arteries, and foure nerves.

13

[i] Here ſportfull Laughter dwells, here ever ſitting,
Defies all lumpiſh griefs, and wrinkled care;
And twentie merrie-mates mirth cauſes fitting,
And ſmiles, which Laughters ſonnes, yet infants are.
But if this town be fir'd with burnings nigh,
With ſelfſame flames high *Cephals* towers fry;
Such is their feeling love, and loving ſympathie.

i Here moſt men have placed the ſeat of laughter: It hath much ſympathie with the brain, ſo that if the midriffe be inflamed, preſent madnes cauſes it.

14

This coaſt ſtands girt with a [k] peculiar wall,
The whole precinct, and every part defending:
[l] The chiefeſt Citie, and Imperiall,
Is fair *Kerdia*, farre his bounds extending;
Which full to know were knowledge infinite:
How then ſhould my rude pen this wonder write,
Which thou, who onely mad'ſt it, onely know'ſt aright?

k Within, the Pleura (or skinne which clotheth the ribs on the inſide) compaſſes this middle region.

l The chiefeſt part of this middle region is the Heart, placed in the midſt of this province, and of the whole bodie: fitly was it placed in the midſt of all, as being of all the moſt needfull.

15

In middle of this middle Regiment
Kerdia ſeated lies, the centre deem'd
Of this whole Iſle, and of this government:
If not the chiefeſt this, yet needfull'ſt ſeem'd,
Therfore obtain'd an equall diſtant ſeat,
More fitly hence to ſhed his life and heat,
And with his yellow ſtreams the fruitfull Iſland wet.

16

[m] Flankt with two ſeverall walls (for more defence)
Betwixt them ever flows a wheyiſh moat;
In whoſe ſoft waves, and circling profluence
This Citie, like an Iſle, might ſafely float:
In motion ſtill (a motion fixt, not roving)
Moſt like to heav'n in his moſt conſtant moving:
Hence moſt here plant the ſeat of ſure and active loving.

m The Heart is immured partly by a membrane going round about it, (and thence receiving his name) and a peculiar tunicle; partly with an humour like whey or urine, as well to cool the heart, as to lighten the body.

17

Built of a ſubſtance like ſmooth porphyrie;
[n] His matter hid, and (like it ſelf) unknown:
Two rivers of his own; another by,
That from the *Hepar* riſes, like a crown,
Infold the narrow part: for that great *All*
This his works glory made pyramicall; (pall.
Then crown'd with triple wreath, & cloath'd in ſcarlet

18

The Cities ſelf in two [o] partitions reſt,
That on the right, this on the other ſide:
[p] The right (made tributarie to the left)
Brings in his penſion at his certain tide,
A penſion of liquours ſtrangely wrought;
Which firſt by *Hepars* ſtreams are hither brought,
And here diſtill'd with art, beyond or words or thought

19

[q] The groſſer waves of theſe life-ſtreams (which here
With much, yet much leſſe labour is prepar'd)
A doubtfull chanel doth to *Pneumon* bear:
But to the left thoſe labour'd extracts ſhar'd,
[r] As through a wall, with hidden paſſage ſlide;
Where many ſecret gates (gates hardly ſpi'd)
With ſafe convoy give paſſage to the other ſide.

20

At each hand of the left [s] two ſtreets ſtand by,
Of ſeverall ſtuffe, and ſeverall working fram'd,
With hundred crooks, and deep-wrought cavitie:
Both like the eares in form, and ſo are nam'd.
I'th' right hand ſtreet the tribute liquour ſitteth:
The left forc't aire into his concave getteth;
Which ſubtile wrought, & thinne, for future workmen fitteth.

The

n The fleſh of the heart is proper and peculiar to it ſelf, not like other muſcles; of a figure pyramicall. The point of the heart is (as with a diademe) girt with two arteries, and a vein, called the crowns.

o Though the heart be an entire body, yet it is ſevered into two partitions, the right, and left; of which the left is more excellent and noble.

p The right receives into his hollowneſſe the bloud flowing from the liver, and concocts it.

q This right ſide ſends down to the lungs that part of this bloud which is leſſe laboured, and thicker; but the thinner part it ſweats through a fleſhie partition into the left ſide.

r This fleſhie partition ſevers the right ſide from the left; at firſt it ſeems thick, but if it be well viewed, we ſhall ſee it full of many pores, or paſſages.

s Two skinny additions (from their likeneſſe called the ears) receive, the one the thicker bloud (that called the right) the other (called the left) takes in the aire ſent by the lungs.

21

The Cities [t] left side, (by some hid direction)
Of this thinne aire, and of that right sides rent,
(Compound together) makes a strange confection;
And in one vessel both together meynt,
Stills them with equall never-quenched firing:
Then in small streams (through all the Island wiring)
Sends it to every part, both heat and life inspiring.

[t] The left side of the heart takes in this aire, and bloud; and concocting them both in his hollow bosome, sends them out by the great arterie into the whole body.

22

[u] In this Heart-citie foure main streams appeare;
One from the *Hepar*, where the tribute landeth,
Largely poures out his purple river here;
At whose wide mouth a band of *Tritons* standeth,
(Three *Tritons* stand) who with their three-forkt mace
Drive on, and speed the rivers flowing race,
But strongly stop the wave, if once it back repace.

[u] In the heart are foure great vessels: the first is the hollow vein bringing in the bloud from the liver; at whose mouth stand three little folding doores, with three foràs giving passage, but no return to the bloud.

23

* The second is that doubtfull chanel, lending
Some of this tribute to the *Pneumon* nigh; (ing
Whose springs by carefull guards are watcht, that send-
From thence the waters, all regresse denie:
[x] The third unlike to this, from *Pneumon* flowing,
And his due ayer-tribute here bestowing,
Is kept by gates and barres, which stop all backward (going.

* The second vessel is called the arterie-vein, which rising from the right side of the heart, carries down the bloud here prepared to the lungs for their nourishment. Here also is the like three-folding doore, made like half-circles; giving passage from the heart, but not backward.

x The third is called the Veiny arterie, rising from the left side, which hath two folds three-forked.

24

[y] The last full spring out of this left side rises,
Where three fair Nymphs, like *Cynthia's* self appearing,
Draw down the stream which all the Isle suffices;
But stop back-waies, some ill revolture fearing.
This river still it self to lesse dividing,
At length with thousand little brooks runnes sliding,
His fellow course along with *Hepar* chanels guiding.

y The fourth is the great arterie. This hath also a floudgate made of three semicircular membranes, to give out load to the vitall spirits, and stop their regresse.

25

z Within this Citie is the palace fram'd,
Where life, and lifes companion, heat, abideth;
And their attendants, paſſions untam'd:
(Oft very hell in this ſtrait room reſideth)
And did not neighbouring hills, cold aires inſpiring,
Allay their rage and mutinous conſpiring, (firing.
Heat all (it ſelf and all) would burn with quenchleſſe

26

Yet that great Light, by whom all heaven ſhines
With borrow'd beams, oft leaves his loftie skies,
And to this lowly ſeat himſelf confines.
Fall then again, proud heart, now fall to riſe:
Ceaſe earth, ah ceaſe, proud *Babel* earth, to ſwell:
Heav'n blaſts high towers, ſtoops to a low-rooft cell;
Firſt heav'n muſt dwell in man, then man in heav'n ſhall (dwell.

27

Cloſe to *Kerdia* a *Pneumon* takes his ſeat,
Built of a lighter frame, and ſpungie mold:
Hence riſe freſh aires to fanne *Kerdia's* heat;
Temp'ring thoſe burning fumes with moderate cold:
It ſelf of largeſt ſize, diſtended wide,
In divers ſtreets and out-wayes multipli'd:
Yet in one Corporation all are joyntly ti'd.

28

Fitly 't is cloath'd with hangings b thinne and light,
Leſt too much weight might hinder motion:
His chiefeſt uſe to frame the voice aright;
(The voice which publiſhes each hidden notion)
And for that end c a long pipe down deſcends,
(Which here it ſelf in many leſſer ſpends)
Untill low at the foot of *Cephal* mount it ends.

This

z The Heart is the fountain of life and heat to the whole bodie, and the ſeat of paſſions.

a The Pneumon (or lungs) is neareſt the heart, whoſe fleſh is light, and ſpongie, very large. It is the inſtrument of breathing, and ſpeaking, divided into many parcels, yet all united into one bodie.

b The Lungs are covered with a light & very thinne tunicle, leſt it might be an hinderance to the motion.

c The windepipe, which is framed partly of cartilage, or griſly matter, becauſe the voice is perfected with hard & ſmooth things; (theſe cartilages are compaſſed like a ring) partly of skin, which tie the griſles together.

29

This pipe was built for th' aiers safe purveiance,
To fit each severall voice with perfect sound;
Therefore of divers matter the conveiance
Is finely fram'd; the first in circles round,
In hundred circles bended, hard and drie,
(For watrie softnesse is sounds enemie)
Not altogether close, yet meeting very nigh.

30

The seconds drith and hardnesse somewhat lesse,
But smooth and pliable made for extending,
Fills up the distant circles emptinesse;
All in one bodie joyntly comprehending:
[d]The last most soft, which where the circles scanted
Not fully met, supplies what they have wanted,
Not hurting tender parts, which next to this are planted

31

[c]Upon the top there stands the pipes safe covering,
Made for the voices better modulation:
Above it foureteen carefull warders hovering,
Which shut and open it at all occasion:
The cover in foure parts it self dividing,
Of substance hard, fit for the voices guiding;
One still unmov'd (in *Thelu* double oft) residing.

32

[f]Close by this pipe runnes that great chanel down,
Which from high *Cephals* mount twice every day
Brings to *Koilia* due provision:
[g]Straight at whose mouth a floud-gate stops the way,
Made like an Ivie leaf, broad-angle-fashion;
Of matter hard, fitting his operation,
For swallowing soon to fall, and rise for inspiration.

d And because the rings of the grisles do not wholly meet, this space is made up by muscles, that so the meat-pipe adjoyning might not be galled, or hurt.

e The Larynx, or covering of the winde-pipe, is a grisly substance, parted into foure grisles: of which the first is ever unmoved, and in women often double.

f Adjoyning to it is the Oesophagus, or meat-pipe: conveying meats and drinks to the stomack.

g At whose end is the Epiglottis, or cover of the throat, the principall instrument of tuning, and apting the voice. & therefore grisly, that it might sooner fall when we swallow, and rise when we breathe.

33

But ſee, the ſmoak mounting in village nigh,
With folded wreaths ſteals through the quiet aire;
And mixt with duskie ſhades in Eaſtern skie,
Begins the night, and warns us home repair:
Bright *Veſper* now hath chang'd his name and place,
And twinkles in the heav'n with doubtfull face:
Home then my full-fed lambes; the night comes, home apace.



CANT.

CANT. V.

BY this the old nights head (grown hoary gray)
Foretold that her approaching end was neare;
And gladsome birth of young succeeding day
Lent a new glory to our Hemisphеare:
The early swains salute the infant ray;
Then drove the dammes to feed, the lambes to play:
And *Thirsil* with nights death revives his morning lay.

2

The highest region in this little Isle
Is both the Islands and Creatours glorie:
Ah then, my creeping Muse, and rugged style,
How dare you pencill out this wondrous storie?
Oh thou that mad'st this goodly regiment,
So heav'nly fair, of basest element,
Make this inglorious verse thy glories instrument.

3

So shall my flagging Muse to heav'n aspire,
Where with thy self thy fellow-shepherd sits;
And warm her pineons at that heav'nly fire;
But (ah!) such height no earthly shepherd fits:
Content we here low in this humble vale
On slender reeds to sing a slender tale.
A little boat will need as little sail and gale.

4

[a] The third precinct, the best and chief of all,
Though least in compasse, and of narrow space,
Was therefore fram'd like heaven, sphericall,
Of largest figure, and of lovelyest grace:
Though shap'd at first the least of all the three;
Yet highest set in place, as in degree,
And over all the rest bore rule and soveraigntie.

[a] The head of these three regions is the least, but noblest in frame, and office: most like to heaven as well in site, being highest in this little world, as also in figure, being round.

So

5

So of three parts fair *Europe* is the leaſt,
In which this earthly Ball was firſt divided;
Yet ſtronger farre, and nobler then the reſt,
Where victorie and learned arts reſided,
And by the *Greek* and *Romane* monarchie
Swaid both the reſt; now preſt by ſlaverie
Of *Moſco*, and the big-ſwoln *Turkiſh* tyrannie.

6

[b] Here all the ſenſes dwell, and all the arts;
Here learned Muſes by their ſilver ſpring:
The [c] Citie ſever'd in two divers parts,
Within the walls, and Suburbs neighbouring;
The Suburbs girt but with the common fence,
Founded with wondrous skill, and great expence;
And therefore beautie here keeps her chief reſidence.

b The Brain is the ſeat of the minde, and ſenſes.
c The head is divided into the Citie, and Suburbs; the brain within the wall of the skull, and the face without.

7

And ſure for ornament and buildings rare,
Lovely aſpect, and raviſhing delight,
Not all the Iſle or world with this compare;
But in the *Theln* is the fairer ſight:
Theſe Suburbs many call the Iſlands face;
Whoſe charming beautie, and bewitching grace
Ofttimes the Prince himſelf enthralls in fetters baſe.

8

For as this Iſle is a ſhort ſummarie
Of all that in this All is wide diſpread;
So th' Iſlands face is th' Iſles Epitomie,
Where ev'n the Princes thoughts are often read:
For when that *All* had finiſht every kinde,
And all his works would in leſſe volume binde,
Fair on the face he wrote the Index of the minde.

Fair

9

Fair are the Suburbs; yet to clearer ſight
The Cities ſelf more fair and excellent:
A thick-grown wood, not pierc'd with any light,
Yeelds it ſome fence, and much more ornament:
The divers-colour'd trees and freſh aray
Much grace the town, but moſt the *Thelu* gay:
Yet all in winter turn to ſnow, and ſoon decay.

10

Like to ſome ſtately work, whoſe queint devices,
And glitt'ring turrets with brave cunning dight,
The gazers eye ſtill more and more entices
Of th' inner rooms to get a fuller ſight;
Whoſe beautie much more winnes his raviſht heart,
That now he onely thinks the outward part
To be a worthie cov'ring of ſo fair an art.

11

[d] Foure ſeverall walls, beſide the common guard,
For more defence the citie round embrace:
The firſt thick, ſoft; the ſecond drie and hard;
As when ſoft earth before hard ſtone we place.
The ſecond all the Citie round enlaces,
And like a rock with thicker ſides embraces;
For here the Prince his court & ſtanding palace places.

d Beſide the common tunicles of the whole body, the brain is covered firſt with the bone of the skull, ſecondly with the Pericranium, or skin covering the skull, & thirdly with two inward skinnes.

12

[e] The other two of matter thinne and light;
And yet the firſt much harder then the other;
Both cheriſh all the Citie: therefore right
They call that th' hard, and this the tender mother.
[f] The firſt with divers crooks and turnings wries,
Cutting the town in foure quaternities;
But both joyn to reſiſt invading enemies.

e Theſe two are called the hard, and tender mother.

f The whole ſubſtance of the brain is divided into foure parts by divers folds of the inward skinne.

13

Next these, the buildings yeeld themselves to sight;
The [g] outward soft, and pale, like ashes look;
The inward parts more hard, and curdy white:
Their matter both from th' Isles first matter took;
Nor cold, nor hot: heats needfull sleeps infest,
Cold nummes the workmen; middle temper's best;
When kindely warmth speeds work, & cool gives time-
(ly rest.

[g] The outside of the brain is softer, and of ashie colour; the inward part white, and harder, framed of seed.

14

[h] Within the centre (as a market place)
Two caverns stand, made like the Moon half spent;
Of speciall use, for in their hollow space
All odours to their Judge themselves present:
Here first are born the spirits animall,
Whose matter, almost immateriall,
Resembles heavens matter quintessentiall.

[h] Almost in the midst of the brain are two hollow places, like half moons, of much use for preparing the spirits, emptying rheugme, receiving odours, &c.

15

[i] Hard by, an hundred nimble workmen stand,
These noble spirits readily preparing;
Lab'ring to make them thinne, and fit to hand,
With never-ended work, and sleeplesse caring:
Hereby two little hillocks joyntly rise,
Where sit two Judges clad in seemly guise,
That cite all odours here, as to their just assise.

[i] Here is a knot of veins and arteries weaved together; by which the animall spirits are concocted, thinned and fitted for service: and close by are two little bunches like teats, the instruments of smelling.

16

[k] Next these, a wall built all of saphires shining,
As fair, more precious; hence it takes his name;
[l] By which the third cave lies, his sides combining
To th' other two, and from them hath his frame;
(A meeting of those former cavities)
[m] Vaulted by three fair arches safe it lies,
And no oppression fears, or falling tyrannies.

[k] Next is that Septum lucidum, or bright wall, severing these hollow caverns.
[l] The third cavitie is nothing else but a meeting of the two former
[m] It lies under (corpus Cameratum or) the chamber-substance, which with three arches bears up the whole weight of the brain.

By

17

n By this third cave the humid citie drains
Base noisome streams the milkie streets annoying;
And through a wide-mouth'd tunnel duely strains,
Unto a bibbing substance down convoying;
Which these foul dropping humours largely swills,
Till all his swelling spunge he greedy fills,
And then through other sinks by little soft distills.

n By the third cavitie are two passages, and at the end of the first is the (Infundibulum or) tunnell, under which is (Glans Pituitaria or) the Rheugm-kernell, as a spunge sucking the rheugms, & distilling them into the palate.

18

o Between this and the fourth cave, lies a vale,
(The fourth, the first in worth, in rank the last)
Where two round hills shut in this pleasant dale,
Through which the spirits thither safe are past;
p Those here refin'd their full perfection have;
And therefore close by this fourth wondrous cave
Rises that silver well, scatt'ring his milkie wave.

o The other passage reaches to the fourth cavitie, which yeelds a safe way for the spirits.

p The fourth cavitie is most noble, where all the spirits are perfected. By it is the pith, or marrow, the fountain of these spirits.

19

Not that bright spring, where fair *Hermaphrodite*
Grew into one with wanton *Salmacis*,
Nor that where *Biblis* dropt, too fondly light,
Her tears and self, may dare compare with this;
q Which here beginning down a lake descends,
Whose rockie chanel these fair streams defends,
Till it the precious wave through all the Isle dispends.

q This pith, or marrow, springing in the brain flows down through the back bone.

20

r Many fair rivers take their heads from either,
(Both from the lake, and from the milkie well)
Which still in loving chanels runne together,
Each to his mate a neighbour parallel:
Thus widely spread with friendly combination,
They fling about their wondrous operation,
And give to every part both motion and sensation.

r All the nerves imparting all sense and motion to the whole body have their root partly from the brain, and partly from the back bone.

21

[f] This silver lake, first from th' Head-citie springing,
To that bright fount foure little chanels sends;
Through which it thither plenteous water bringing,
Straight all again to every place dispends:
Such is th' Head-citie, such the Princes Hall;
Such, and much more, which strangely liberall,
Though sense it never had, yet gives all sense to all.

[f] The pith of the back bone springeth from the brain, whence by foure passages it is conveyed into the back, and there all foure joyn in one, and again are thence divided into divers others.

22

Of other stuffe the Suburbs have their framing;
May seem soft marble, spotted red and white:
[t] First stands an Arch, pale *Cynthia's* brightnes shaming,
The Cities forefront, cast in silver bright:
At whose proud base are built two watching towers,
Whence hate and love skirmish with equall powers;
Whence smiling gladnesse shines, and sullen sorrow (showers.

[t] The first part of the face is the forehead, at whose base are the eyes.

23

[u] Here sits retir'd the silent reverence;
And when the Prince, incens'd with angers fire,
Thunders aloud, he darts his lightning hence;
Here dusky-reddish clouds foretell his ire:
Of nothing can this Isle more boast aright:
A twin-born Sunne, a double seeing light; (light.
With much delight they see, are seen with much de-

[u] The eyes are the index of the minde, discovering every affection.

24

That * *Thracian* shepherd call'd them Natures glasse;
Yet then a glasse in this much worthier being:
Blinde glasses represent some neare-set face;
But this a living glasse, both seen and seeing:
[x] Like heav'n in moving, like in heav'nly firing;
Sweet heat and light, no burning flame inspiring:
Yet (ah!) too oft we find they scorch with hot desiring.

* Orpheus called the eyes the looking glasse of nature.

[x] Plato affirmed them lighted up with heavenly fire not burning, but shining.

They

25

They mounted high, sit on a loftie hill;
(For they the Princes best intelligence,
And quickly warn of future good, or ill)
Here stands the palace of the noblest sense; (ther,
Here *Visus* keeps, whose Court then crystall smoo-
And clearer seems; he, though a younger brother,
Yet farre more [y] noble is, farre fairer then the other.

y Visus, or the Sight, is the most noble above all the senses.

26

[z] Six bands are set to stirre the moving tower:
The first the proud band call'd, that lifts it higher;
The next the humble band, that shoves it lower;
The bibbing third draws it together nigher;
The fourth disdainfull, oft away is moving:
The other two, helping the compasse roving,
Are call'd the circling trains, & wanton bands of loving.

z. There are six muscles moving the eye, thus termed by Anatomists.

27

[a] Above, two compasse groves, (Loves bended bows)
Which fence the towers from flouds of higher place:
[b] Before, a wall, deluding rushing foes,
That shuts and opens in a moments space:
The low part fixt, the higher quick descending;
Upon whose tops spearmen their pikes intending,
Watch there both night and day, the castles port de- (fending.

a Above are the eyebrows keeping off the sweat that it fall not into the eyes.
b The eyelids shutting the eye are two the lower ever unmoved in man: and hairs keeping off dust, flies, &c.

28

[c] Three divers lakes within these bulwarks lie,
The noblest parts and instruments of sight:
The first, receiving forms of bodies nigh,
Conveys them to the next, and breaks the light,
Danting his rash and forcible invasion;
And with a clear and whitish inundation, (on.
Restrains the nimble spirits from their too quick evasi-

c. There are three humours in the eye: the first the Watrie, breaking the too vehement light, and stopping the spirits from going out too fast:

29

[d] In midſt of both is plac't the Cryſtall pond;
Whoſe living water thick, and brightly ſhining,
Like Saphires, or the ſparkling Diamond,
His inward beams with outward light combining,
Alt'ring it ſelf to every ſhapes aſpect,
The divers forms doth further ſtill direct,
Till by the nimble poaſt th' are brought to th' Intellect.

[d] The ſecond is the Cryſtalline, and moſt noble, ſeated and compaſt between the other two, and being altered by the entring ſhapes, is the chief inſtrument of ſight.

30

[e] The third, like molten glaſſe, all cleare and white:
Both round embrace the noble Cryſtalline.
[f] Six inward walls fence in this Tower of ſight:
The firſt, moſt thick, doth all the frame inſhrine,
And girts the Caſtle with a cloſe embrace,
Save in the midſt is left a circles ſpace,
Where light and hundred ſhapes flock out & in apace.

[e] The third from the likeneſſe is called the glaſſie humour.

[f] There are ſix tunicles belonging to the eye:
The firſt called the conjunctive, ſolid, thick, compaſſing the whole eye, but onely the black window.

31

[g] The ſecond not ſo maſſie as the other,
Yet thicker then the reſt, and tougher fram'd,
Takes his beginning from that harder mother:
The outward part like horn, and thence is nam'd;
Through whoſe tranſlucent ſides much light is born
Into the Tower, and much kept out by th' horn,
Makes it a pleaſant light, much like the ruddie morn.

[g] The ſecond is Cornea or, hornie tunicle, tranſparent, and made of the hard mother.

32

[h] The third, of ſofter mold, is like a grape,
Which all entwines with his encircling ſide:
In midſt a window lets in every ſhape;
Which with a thought is narrow made, or wide:
His inmoſt ſide more black then ſtarreleſſe night;
But outward part (how like an hypocrite!)
As painted *Iris* looks, with various colours dight.

[h] The third is (Uvea or) grapie, made of the tender mother, thinne, and pervious by a little and round window: it is diverſly coloured without, but exceeding black within.

The

33

[i] The fourth of fineſt work, more ſlight, and thinne,
Then or *Arachne*, (which in ſilken twine
With *Pallas* ſtrove) or *Pallas* ſelf could ſpinne:
This round enwraps the fountain Cryſtalline.
[k] The next is made out of that milkie ſpring,
That from the *Cephal* mount his waves doth fling,
Like to a curious net his ſubſtance ſcattering.

34

His ſubſtance as the Head-ſpring, perfect white;
Here thouſand nimble ſpies are round diſpread:
The forms caught in this net, are brought to ſight,
And to his eye are lively pourtrayed.
[l] The laſt the glaſſie wall (that round encaſing
The moat of glaſſe, is nam'd from that enlacing)
The white & glaſſy wells parts with his ſtrict embracing

35

Thus then is fram'd the noble *Viſus* bower;
The outward light by th' firſt walls circle ſending
His beams and hundred forms into the tower,
The wall of horn, and that black gate tranſcending,
Is lightned by the brighteſt Cryſtalline,
And fully view'd in that white nettie ſhine,
From thence with ſpeedy haſte is poaſted to the minde.

36

Much as an one-ey'd room, hung all with night,
(Onely that ſide, which adverſe to his eye
Gives but one narrow paſſage to the light,
Is ſpread with ſome white ſhining tapeſtrie)
An hundred ſhapes that through ſlit ayers ſtray,
Shove boldly in, crouding that narrow way,
And on that bright-fac'd wall obſcurely dancing play.

i The fourth is more thinne then any cob-web (and thence ſo called) immediately compaſsing the Cryſtalline humour.

k The firſt, Reticularis, netty tunicle, framed of the ſubſtance of the brain: this diffuſeth the viſil ſpirits, and perceives the alteration of the Cryſtalline, and here is the mean of ſight.

l The firſt is called the glaſſie tunicle, claſping in the glaſsie humour.

37

m The eye hath two nerves, the optick or seeing nerve, and moving. The optick, separate in their root, in the midst of their progresse meet, and strengthen one the other.
n The moving, rising from the same stemme, are at length severed; therefore as one moves, so moves the other.

m Two pair of rivers from the Head-spring flow
To these two Towers: the first in their mid-race
(The spies conveying) twisted joyntly go,
Strength'ning each other with a firm embrace.
n The other pair these walking Towers are moving;
At first but one, then in two chanels roving:
And therefore both agree in standing, or removing.

38

o Hearing is the second sense, lesse noble then the eye, more needfull.

o *Auditus*, second of the *Pemptarchie*,
Is next, not all so noble as his brother;
Yet of more need, and more commoditie:
His seat is plac'd somewhat below the other:
Of each side of the mount a double cave;
Both which a goodly Portall doth embrave,
And winding entrance, like *Mæanders* erring wave.

39

p The outward eare is of a grisly matter, covered with the common tunicle It is framed with many crooks, left the aire should enter too forcibly.

p The Portall hard and drie, all hung around
With silken, thinne, carnatian tapestrie:
Whose open gate drags in each voice and sound,
That through the shaken ayer passes by:
The entrance winding, lest some violence
Might fright the Judge with sudden influence,
Or some unwelcome guest might vex the busie sense.

40

q The inward eare consists of foure passages: the first is steepie, lest any thing should creep in.

q This caves first part fram'd with a steep ascent
(For in foure parts 'tis fitly severed)
Makes th' entrance hard, but easie the descent:
Where stands a braced drumme, whose sounding head
(Obliquely plac'd) strook by the circling aire,
Gives instant warning of each sounds repair,
Which soon is thence convey'd unto the Judgement chair.

The

41

[r] The drumme is made of ſubſtance hard and thinne;
Which if ſome falling moiſture chance to wet,
The loudeſt ſound is hardly heard within:
But if it once grows thick, with ſtubborn let
It barres all paſſage to the inner room;
No ſounding voice unto his ſeat may come:
The lazie ſenſe ſtill ſleeps, unſummon'd with his drum.

[r] If the Drum be wet with falling of rheugm, we are hard of hearing; but if it grow thick, we are irrecoverably deaf.

42

[s] This drumme divides the firſt and ſecond part,
In which three hearing inſtruments reſide;
Three inſtruments compact by wondrous art,
With ſlender ſtring knit to th' drummes inner ſide:
Their native temper being hard and drie,
Fitting the ſound with their firm qualitie,
Continue ſtill the ſame in age and infancie.

[s] The Drumme parteth the firſt and ſecond paſſage. To it are joyned three little bones, the inſtruments of hearing, which never grow, or decreaſe in childehood or age: they are all in the ſecond paſſage.

43

[t] The firſt an Hammer call'd, whoſe out-grown ſides
Lie on the drumme; but with his ſwelling end
Fixt in the hollow Stithe, there faſt abides:
The Stithes ſhort foot doth on the drumme depend,
His longer in the Stirrup ſurely plac't;
The Stirrups ſharp ſide by the Stithe embrac't,
But his broad baſe ti'd to a little window faſt.

[t] The firſt of theſe bones is called the Hammer, the ſecond the Stithe, the third the Stirrup; all taking their names from their likeneſſe: all tied to the Drumme by a little ſtring.

44

[u] Two little windows ever open lie,
The ſound unto the caves third part convaying;
And ſlender pipe, whoſe narrow cavitie
Doth purge the in-born aire, that idle ſtaying
Would els corrupt, and ſtill ſupplies the ſpending:
The caves third part in twentie by-wayes bending,
Is call'd the Labyrinth, in hundred crooks aſcending.

[u] Theſe are two ſmall paſſages, admitting the ſounds into the head, and cleanſing the aire.

45

Such whilome was that eye-deceiving frame,
Which crafty *Dædal* with a cunning hand
Built to empound the *Cretan* Princes ſhame:
Such was that *Woodſtock* cave, where *Roſamand,*
Fair *Roſamand,* fled jealous *Ellenore;*
Whom late a ſhepherd taught to weep ſo ſore,
That woods and hardeſt rocks her harder fate deplore.

46

The third part with his narrow rockie ſtraits
Perfects the ſound, and gives more ſharp accenting;
Then ſends it to the * fourth; where ready waits
A nimble poaſt, who ne're his haſte relenting,
Flings to the judgement-ſeat with ſpeedy flight:
There th' equall Judge attending day and night,
Receives the entring ſounds,& dooms each voice aright.

* The laſt paſſage is called the Cothlea, ſnail, or Periwincle; where the nerves of hearing plainly appeare.

47

As when a ſtone, troubling the quiet waters,
Prints in the angry ſtream a wrinkle round,
Which ſoon another and another ſcatters,
Till all the lake with circles now is crown'd:
All ſo the aire ſtruck with ſome violence nigh,
Begets a world of circles in the skie;
All which infected move with ſounding qualitie.

48

Theſe at *Auditus* palace ſoon arriving,
Enter the gate, and ſtrike the warning drumme;
To thoſe three inſtruments fit motion giving,
Which every voice diſcern: then that third room
Sharpens each ſound, and quick conveys it thence;
Till by the flying poaſt 'tis hurri'd hence,
And in an inſtant brought unto the judging ſenſe.

This

49

This ſenſe is made the Maſter of requeſt,
Prefers petitions to the Princes eare;
Admits what beſt he likes, ſhuts out the reſt;
And ſometimes cannot, ſometimes will not heare:
Ofttimes he lets in anger-ſtirring lies,
Oft melts the Prince with oylie flatteries.
Ill mought he thrive, that loves his Maſters enemies!

50

'Twixt *Viſus* double court a Tower ſtands,
Plac't in the Suburbs centre; whoſe high top,
And loftie raiſed ridge the reſt commands:
Low at his foot a double doore ſtands ope,
Admitting paſſage to the aires aſcending;
And divers odours to the Citie ſending,
Revives the heavie town, his liberall ſweets diſpending.

51

This vaulted Tower's half built of maſſie ſtone,
The other half of ſtuffe leſſe hard and drie,
Fit for diſtending, or compreſſion:
The outward wall may ſeem all porphyrie.
x *Olfactus* dwells within this lofty fort;
But in the citie is his chief reſort,
Where 'twixt two little hils he keeps his judging court.

x The ſenſe of ſmelling.

52

By two great caves are plac't theſe y little hills,
Moſt like the nipples of a virgins breaſt;
By which the aire that th' hollow Tower fills,
Into the Citie paſſeth: with the reſt
The odours preſſing in are here all ſtaid;
Till by the ſenſe impartially weigh'd,
Unto the common Judge they are with ſpeed conveyd.

y Theſe are thoſe two little bunches like paps, or teats, ſpoken of the 15 Stanz. of this Cant.

53

At each ſide of that Tower ſtand two fair plains,
More fair then that which in rich *Theſſalie*
Was once frequented by the Muſes trains:
Here ever ſits ſweet-bluſhing Modeſtie;
Here in two colours Beautie ſhining bright,
Dreſſing her white with red, her red with white,
With pleaſing chain enthralls, & bindes looſe wandring ſight.

54

z Guſtus, or the taſte is in the palate, which in the Greek is called the heaven.

Below, a cave rooft with an z heav'n-like plaiſter,
And under ſtrew'd with purple tapeſtrie,
Where *Guſtus* dwells, the Iſles and Princes Taſter,
Koilia's Steward, one of th' *Pemptarchie*;
a Whom *Tactus* (ſo ſome ſay) got of his mother:
For by their neareſt likeneſſe one to th' other,
Tactus may eas'ly ſeem his father, and his brother.

a Taſte is a kinde of touch, nor can it exiſt but by touching.

55

b Tactus, or the ſenſe of touching.

b *Tactus* the laſt, but yet the eldeſt brother;
(Whoſe office meaneſt, yet of all the race
The firſt and laſt, more needfull then the other)
Hath his abode in none, yet every place:
Through all the Iſle diſtended is his dwelling;
He rules the ſtreams that from the *Cephal* ſwelling
Runne all along the Iſle, both ſence & motion dealing.

56

With *Guſtus Lingua* dwells, his pratling wife,
Indu'd with ſtrange and adverſe qualities;
The nurſe of hate and love, of peace and ſtrife,
Mother of faireſt truth, and fouleſt lies:
Or beſt, or worſt; no mean: made all of fire,
Which ſometimes hell, & ſometimes heav'ns inſpire;
By whom oft Truth ſelf ſpeaks, oft that firſt murth'ring liar.

The

57

The idle Sunne ſtood ſtill at her command,
Breathing his firie ſteeds in *Gibeon:*
And pale-fac'd *Cynthia* at her word made ſtand,
Reſting her coach in vales of *Aialon.*
Her voice oft open breaks the ſtubborn skies,
And holds th' Almighties hands with ſuppliant cries:
Her voice tears open hell with horrid blaſphemies.

58

Therefore that great Creatour, well foreſeeing
To what a monſter ſhe would ſoon be changing,
(Though lovely once, perfect and glorious being)
Curb'd her with iron [c] bit, and held from ranging;
And with ſtrong bonds her looſer ſteps enchaining,
Bridled her courſe, too many words refraining,
And doubled all his guards, bold libertie reſtraining.

c The Tongue is held with a ligament, ordinarily called the bridle.

59

[d] For cloſe within he ſets twice ſixteen guarders,
Whoſe hardned temper could not ſoon be mov'd:
Without the gate he plac'd two other warders,
To ſhut and ope the doore, as it behov'd:
But ſuch ſtrange force hath her enchanting art,
That ſhe hath made her keepers of her part,
And they to all her ſlights all furtherance impart.

d The Tongue is guarded with thirtie two teeth, and with the lips; all which do not a little help the ſpeech, and ſweeten the voice.

60

Thus (with their help) by her the ſacred Muſes
Refreſh the Prince dull'd with much buſineſſe;
By her the Prince unto his Prince oft uſes
In heav'ly throne from hell to finde acceſſe.
She heav'n to earth in muſick often brings,
And earth to heaven: but oh how ſweet ſhe ſings,
When in rich graces key ſhe tunes poor natures ſtrings!

61

Thus *Orpheus* wanne his loſt *Eurydice*;
Whom ſome deaf ſnake, that could no muſick heare,
Or ſome blinde neut, that could no beautie ſee,
Thinking to kiſſe, kill'd with his forked ſpear:
He, when his plaints on earth were vainly ſpent,
Down to *Avernus* river boldly went,
And charm'd the meager ghoſts with mournfull blan-
62 (diſhment.
There what his mother, fair *Calliope*,
From *Phœbus* harp and Muſes ſpring had brought him,
What ſharpeſt grief for his *Eurydice*,
And love redoubling grief had newly taught him,
He laviſht out, and with his potent ſpell
Bent all the rigorous powers of ſtubborn hell:
He firſt brought pitie down with rigid ghoſts to dwell.

63

Th'amazed ſhades came flocking round about,
Nor car'd they now to paſſe the *Stygian* ford:
All hell came running there, (an hideous rout)
And dropt a ſilent tear for every word:
The aged Ferrieman ſhov'd out his boat;
But that without his help did thither float;
And having ta'ne him in, came dancing on the moat.

64

The hungry *Tantal* might have fill'd him now,
And with large draughts ſwill'd in the ſtanding pool:
The fruit hung liſtning on the wondring bough,
Forgetting hells command; but he (ah fool!)
Forgot his ſtarved taſte, his eares to fill.
Ixions turning wheel unmov'd ſtood ſtill;
But he was rapt as much with powerfull muſicks skill.

Tir'

65

Tir'd *Sisyphus* sat on his resting stone,
And hop'd at length his labour done for ever:
The vulture feeding on his pleasing mone,
Glutted with musick, scorn'd grown *Tityus* liver:
The Furies flung their snakie whips away,
And molt in tears at his enchanting lay,
No shrieches now were heard; all hell kept holy-day.

66

That treble Dog, whose voice ne're quiet fears
All that in endlesse nights sad kingdome dwell,
Stood pricking up his thrice two listning eares,
With greedy joy drinking the sacred spell;
And softly whining, piti'd much his wrongs;
And now first silent at those dainty songs,
Oft wisht himself more ears, & fewer mouths & tongues.

67

At length return'd with his *Eurydice*,
But with this law, not to return his eyes,
Till he was past the laws of *Tartarie*;
(Alas! who gives love laws in miseries?
Love is loves law; love but to love is ti'd)
Now when the dawns of neighbour day he spi'd,
Ah wretch! *Eurydice* he saw, and lost, and di'd.

68

All so who strives from grave of hellish night
To bring his dead soul to the joyfull skie;
If when he comes in view of heav'nly light,
He turns again to hell his yeelding eye,
And longs to see what he had left; his sore
Grows desp'rate, deeper, deadlier then afore:
His helps and hopes much lesse, his crime & judgement more.

69

But why do I enlarge my tedious ſong,
And tire my flagging Muſe with wearie flight?
Ah! much I fear I hold you much too long.
The outward parts be plain to every ſight:
But to deſcribe the people of this Iſle,
And that great Prince, theſe reeds are all too vile:
Some higher verſe may fit, and ſome more loftie ſtyle.

70

See, *Phlegon* drenched in the hizzing main,
Allayes his thirſt, and cools the flaming carre;
Veſper fair *Cynthia* uſhers, and her train:
See, th' apiſh earth hath lighted many a ſtarre,
Sparkling in dewie globes: all home invite: (night:
Home then my flocks, home ſhepherds, home; 'tis
My ſong with day is done; my Muſe is ſet with light.

71

By this the gentle boyes had framed well
A myrtle garland mixt with conqu'ring bay,
From whoſe fit match iſſu'd a pleaſing ſmell,
And all enamel'd it with roſes gay;
With which they crown their honour'd *Thirſils* head:
Ah bleſſed ſhepherd-ſwain! ah happy meed!
While all his fellows chaunt on ſlender pipes of reed.

CANT. VI.

THe houres had now unlockt the gate of day,
When fair *Aurora* leaves her frosty bed,
Hasting with youthfull *Cephalus* to play,
Unmaskt her face, and rosie beauties spread:
Tithonus silver age was much despis'd.
Ah! who in love that cruel law devis'd,
That old love's little worth, and new too highly priz'd?

2

The gentle shepherds on an hillock plac'd,
(Whose shadie head a beechie garland crown'd)
View'd all their flocks that on the pastures graz'd:
Then down they sit, while *Thenot* 'gins the round;
Thenot! was never fairer boy among
The gentle lads, that in the Muses throng
By *Chamus* yellow streams learn tune their pipe & song.

3

See, *Thirsil*, see the shepherds expectation;
Why then, (ah!) why sitt'st thou so silent there?
We long to know that Islands happy nation:
Oh! do not leave thy Isle unpeopled here.
Tell us who brought, and whence these colonies;
Who is their King, what foes, and what allies; (ries.
What laws maintain their peace, what warres & victo-

4

Thenot, my deare, that simple fisher-swain,
Whose little boat in some small river strayes;
Yet fondly lanches in the swelling main,
Soon, yet too late, repents his fooliish playes.
How dare I then forsake my well-set bounds,
Whose new-cut pipe as yet but harshly sounds?
A narrow compasse best my ungrown Muse impounds.

5

Two ſhepherds moſt I love with juſt adoring;
That *Mantuan* ſwain, who chang'd his ſlender reed
To trumpets martiall voice, and warres loud roaring,
From *Corydon* to *Turnus* derring-deed;
And next our home-bred *Colins* ſweeteſt firing;
Their ſteps not following cloſe, but farre admiring:
To lackey one of theſe is all my prides aſpiring.

6

Then you my peers, whoſe quiet expectation
Seemeth my backward tale would fain invite;
Deigne gently heare this purple Iſlands nation,
A people never ſeen, yet ſtill in ſight;
Our daily gueſts, and natives, yet unknown;
Our ſervants born, but now commanders grown;
Our friends, and enemies; aliens, yet ſtill our own.

7

Not like thoſe Heroes, who in better times
This happy Iſland firſt inhabited
In joy and peace; when no rebellious crimes
That God-like nation yet diſpeop'led:
Thoſe claim'd their birth from that eternal Light,
Held th' Iſle, and rul'd it in their fathers right,
And in their faces bore their parents image bright.

8

For when the Iſle that main would fond forſake,
In which at firſt it found a happy place,
And deep was plung'd in that dead helliſh lake;
Back to their father flew this heav'nly race,
And left the Iſle forlorn, and deſolate;
That now with fear, and wiſhes all too late,
Sought in that blackeſt wave to hide his blacker fate.

How

9

How shall a worm, on dust that crawls and feeds,
Climbe to th' empyreall court, where these states reign,
And there take view of what heav'ns self exceeds?
The Sunne lesse starres, these lights the Sunne distain:
Their beams divine, and beauties do excell
What here on earth, in aire, or heav'n do dwell:
Such never eye yet saw, such never tongue can tell.

10

Soon as these Saints the treach'rous Isle forsook,
Rusht in a false, foul, fiend-like companie,
And every fort, and every castle took;
All to this rabble yeeld the soveraigntie:
The goodly temples which those Heroes plac't,
By this foul rout were utterly defac't,
And all their fences strong, and all their bulwarks raz'd.

11

So where the neatest Badger most abides,
Deep in the earth she frames her prettie cell,
And into halls and closulets divides:
But when the stinking fox with loathsome smell
Infects her pleasant cave, the cleanly beast
So hates her inmate and rank-smelling guest,
That farre away she flies, and leaves her loathed nest.

12

But when those Graces (at their fathers throne
Arriv'd) in heav'ns high Court to Justice plain'd,
How they were wrong'd, and forced from their own,
And what foul people in their dwellings reign'd;
How th' earth much waxt in ill, much wan'd in good,
So full-ripe vice, how blasted vertues bud,
Begging such vicious weeds might sink in vengefull floud:

13

Forth ſtept the juſt *Dicæa*, full of rage;
(The firſt-born daughter of th' Almighty King)
Ah ſacred maid, thy kindled ire aſſwage;
Who dare abide thy dreadfull thundering?
Soon as her voice but Father onely ſpake,
The faultleſſe heav'ns, like leaves in Autumne, ſhake;
And all that glorious throng with horrid palſies quake.

14

Heard you not * late, with what loud trumpet ſound
Her breath awak'd her fathers ſleeping ire?
The heav'nly armies flam'd, earth ſhook; heav'n frown'd,
And heav'ns dread King call'd for his three-forkt fire.
Heark how the powerfull words ſtrike through the eare;
The frighted ſenſe ſhoots up the ſtaring hair,
And ſhakes the trembling ſoul with fright & ſhudd'ring fear.

* *See that ſweet poem entituled* Chriſts victorie and triumph. *part.* 1. *ſtan.* 18.

15

So have I ſeen the earth ſtrong windes detaining
In priſon cloſe; they ſcorning to be under
Her dull ſubjection, and her power diſdaining,
With horrid ſtruglings tear their bonds in ſunder:
Mean while the wounded earth, that forc'd their ſtay,
With terrour reels, the hils runne farre away;
And frighted world fears hell breaks out upon the day.

16

But ſee how 'twixt her ſiſter and her ſire,
Soft-hearted Mercy ſweetly interpoſing,
Settles her panting breaſt againſt his fire,
Pleading for grace, and chains of death unlooſing:
Heark, from her lips the melting hony flowes;
The ſtriking Thunderer recals his blowes,
And every armed ſouldier down his weapon throwes.

So

17

So when the day, wrapt in a cloudie night,
Puts out the Sunne, anon the rattling hail
On earth poures down his ſhot with fell deſpight:
His powder ſpent, the Sunne puts off his vail,
And fair his flaming beauties nòw unſteeps;
The plough-man from his buſhes gladly peeps,
And hidden traveller out of his covert creeps.

18

Ah faireſt maid, beſt eſſence of thy father,
Equall unto thy never equall'd ſire;
How in low verſe ſhall thy poore ſhepherd gather,
What all the world can ne're enough admire?
When thy ſweet eyes ſparkle in chearfull light,
The brighteſt day grows pale as leaden night,
And heav'ns bright burning eye loſes his blinded ſight.

19

Who then thoſe ſugred ſtrains can underſtand,
Which calm'd thy father, and our deſp'rate fears;
And charm'd the nimble lightning in his hand,
That all unwares it dropt in melting tears?
Then thou deare* ſwain, thy heav'nly load unfraught;
For ſhe her ſelf hath thee her ſpeeches taught;
So neare her heav'n they be, ſo farre from humane (thought.

* *A book entituled* Chriſts victorie and triumph.

20

But let my lighter skiffe return again
Unto that little Iſle which late it left,
Nor dare to enter in that boundleſſe main,
Or tell the nation from this Iſland reft;
But ſing that civil ſtrife, and home diſſenſion (on;
'Twixt two ſtrong factions with like fierce contenti-
Where never peace is heard, nor ever peaces mention.

21

For that foul rout, which from the *Stygian* brook
(Where firſt they dwelt in midſt of death and night)
By force the left and emptie Iſland took,
Claim hence full conqueſt, and poſſeſſions right:
But that fair band, which Mercie ſent anew,
The aſhes of that firſt heroick crue,
From their forefathers claim their right,& Iſlands due.

22

In their fair look their parents grace appeares,
Yet their renowned fires were much more glorious;
For what decaies not with decaying yeares?
All night, and all the day, with toil laborious,
(In loſſe and conqueſt angrie) freſh they fight:
Nor can the other ceaſe or day or night,
While th' Iſle is doubly rent with endleſſe warre and (fright.

23

As when the *Britain* and *Iberian* fleet
With reſolute and fearleſſe expectation
On trembling ſeas with equall fury meet,
The ſhore reſounds with diverſe acclamation;
Till now at length *Spains* firie *Dons* 'gin ſhrink:
Down with their ſhips, hope, life, and courage ſink:
Courage, life, hope, and ſhips the gaping ſurges drink.

24

But who (alas!) ſhall teach my ruder breaſt
The names and deeds of theſe heroick Kings?
Or downy Muſe, which now but left the neſt,
Mount from her buſh to heav'n with new-born wings?
Thou ſacred maid, which from fair *Paleſtine*
Through all the world haſt ſpread thy brighteſt ſhine
Kindle thy ſhepherd-ſwain with thy light flaming eyn.

Sacred

25

Sacred *Theſpio*, which in *Sinaies* grove
Firſt took'ſt thy being and immortall breath,
And vaunt'ſt thy off-ſpring from the higheſt *Jove*,
Yet deign'dſt to dwell with mortalls here beneath,
With vileſt earth, and men more vile reſiding;
Come holy Virgin in my boſome ſliding,
With thy glad Angel light my blindfold footſteps (guiding.

26

And thou dread Spirit, which at firſt didſt ſpread
On thoſe dark waters thy all-opening light;
Thou who of late (of thy great bounty head)
This neſt of helliſh fogges and *Stygian* night
With thy bright orient Sunne haſt fair renew'd,
And with unwonted day haſt it endu'd,
Which late both day & thee, and moſt it ſelf eſchew'd:

27

Dread Spirit, do thou thoſe ſeverall bands unfold,
Both which thou ſent'ſt a needfull ſupplement
To this loſt Iſle, and which with courage bold
Hourely aſſail thy rightfull regiment;
And with ſtrong hand oppreſſe & keep them under:
Raiſe now my humble vein to lofty thunder,
That heav'n and earth may ſound, reſound thy praiſes (wonder.

28

The Iſlands Prince, of frame more then celeſtiall,
Is rightly call'd th' all-ſeeing *Intellect*;
All glorious bright, ſuch nothing is terreſtriall;
Whoſe Sun-like face, and moſt divine aſpect
No humane ſight may ever hope deſcrie:
For when himſelf on's ſelf reflects his eye,
Dull and amaz'd he ſtands at ſo bright majeſtie.

Look

29

Look as the Sunne, whoſe ray and ſearching light
Here, there, and every where it ſelf diſplayes,
No nook or corner flies his piercing ſight;
Yet on himſelf when he reflects his rayes,
Soon back he flings the too bold vent'ring gleam;
Down to the earth the flames all broken ſtream:
Such is this famous Prince, ſuch his unpierced beam.

30

His ſtrangeſt body is not bodily,
But matter without matter; never fill'd,
Nor filling; though within his compaſſe high
All heav'n and earth, and all in both are held;
Yet thouſand thouſand heav'ns he could contain,
And ſtill as empty as at firſt remain;
And when he takes in moſt, readi'ſt to take again.

31

Though travelling all places, changing none:
Bid him ſoar up to heav'n, and thence down throwing
The centre ſearch, and *Dis* dark realm; he's gone,
Returns, arrives, before thou ſaw'ſt him going:
And while his weary kingdome ſafely ſleeps,
All reſtleſſe night he watch and warding keeps,
Never his carefull head on reſting pillow ſteeps.

32

In every quarter of this bleſſed Iſle
Himſelf both preſent is, and Preſident;
Nor once retires, (ah happy realm the while,
That by no Officers lewd laviſhment,
With greedie luſt, and wrong conſumed art!)
He all in all, and all in every part,
Does ſhare to each his due, and equall dole impart.

He

He knows nor death, nor yeares, nor feeble age;
But as his time, his ſtrength and vigour grows:
And when his kingdome by inteſtine rage
Lies broke and waſted, open to his foes,
And batter'd ſconce now flat and even lies;
Sooner then thought to that great Judge he flies,
Who weighs him juſt reward of good, or injuries.

34

For he the Judges Viceroy here is plac't;
Where if he live, as knowing he may die,
He never dies, but with freſh pleaſures grac't,
Bathes his crown'd head in ſoft eternitie;
Where thouſand joyes, and pleaſures ever new,
And bleſſings thicker then the morning dew,
With endleſſe ſweets rain down on that immortall crue.

35

There golden ſtarres ſet in the cryſtall ſnow;
There daintie joyes laugh at white-headed caring:
There day no night, delight no end ſhall know;
Sweets without ſurfet, fulneſſe without ſparing,
And by its ſpending growing happineſſe:
There God himſelf in glories laviſhneſſe
Diffus'd in all, to all, is all full bleſſedneſſe.

36

But if he here neglect his Maſters law,
And with thoſe traitours 'gainſt his Lord rebells;
Down to the deepsten thouſand fiends him draw,
Deeps, where night, death, deſpair and horrour dwells;
And in worſt ills, ſtill worſe expecting fears:
Where fell deſpite for ſpite his bowels tears,
And ſtill increaſing grief, and torment never wears.

37

Prayers there are idle, death is woo'd in vain;
In midst of death poore wretches long to die:
Night without day or rest, still doubling pain;
Woes spending still, yet still their end lesse nigh:
The soul there restlesse, helplesse, hopelesse lies;
The body frying roars, and roaring fries:
There's life that never lives, there's death that never (dies.

38

Hence while unsetled here he fighting reignes,
Shut in a Tower where thousand enemies
Assault the fort, with wary care and pains
He guards all entrance, and by divers spies
Searches into his foes and friends designes:
For most he fears his subjects wavering mindes.
This Tower then onely falls, when treason undermines.

39

Therefore while yet he lurks in earthly tent,
Disguis'd in worthlesse robes and poore attire,
Trie we to view his glories wonderment,
And get a sight of what we so admire:
For when away from this sad place he flies,
And in the skies abides, more bright then skies,
Too glorious is his sight for our dimme mortall eyes.

40

So curl'd-head *Thetis*, waters feared Queen,
But bound in cauls of sand, yeelds not to sight;
And planets glorious King may best be seen,
When some thinne cloud dimmes his too piercing light,
And neither none, nor all his face discloses:
For when his bright eye full our eye opposes,
None gains his glorious sight, but his own sight he loses.

Within

41

Within the Caſtle ſit eight Counſellers,
That help him in this tent to govern well:
Each in his room a ſeverall office bears;
Three of his inmoſt private counſell deal
In great affairs: five of leſſe dignitie
Have outward Courts, and in all actions prie,
But ſtill referre the doom to Courts more fit and high.

42

Thoſe * five fair brethren which I ſung of late,
For their juſt number call'd the *Pemptarchie*;
The other three, three pillars of the ſtate:
The * firſt in midſt of that high Tower doth lie,
(The chiefeſt manſion of this glorious King)
The Judge and Arbiter of every thing,
Which thoſe five brethrens poaſts in to his office bring.

* The five ſenſes.

* The common ſenſe.

43

Of middle yeares, and ſeemly perſonage,
Father of laws, the rule of wrong and right;
Fountain of judgement, therefore wondrous ſage,
Diſcreet, and wiſe, of quick and nimble ſight:
Not thoſe ſeven Sages might him parallell,
Nor he whom *Pythian* Maid did whilome tell
To be the wiſeſt man that then on earth did dwell.

44

As *Neptunes* ceſtern ſucks in tribute tides
(Yet never full) which every chanel brings,
And thirſtie drinks, and drinking thirſtie bides;
For by ſome hidden way back to the ſprings
It ſends the ſtreams in erring conduits ſpread,
Which with a circling dutie ſtill are led;
So ever feeding them, is by them ever fed:

45

Ev'n so the first of these three Counsellers
Gives to the five the power of all-descrying;
Which back to him with mutuall dutie bears
All their informings, and the causes trying:
For through strait waies the nimble Poast ascends,
Unto his hall; there up his message sends, (mends.
Which to the next well scann'd he straightway recom-

46

* The fancie. The *next that in the Castles front is plac't,
Phantastes hight; his yeares are fresh and green,
His visage old, his face too much defac't
* The common sense. With ashes pale, his eyes deep sunken been
With often thoughts, and never slackt intention:
Yet he the fount of speedy apprehension,
Father of wit, the well of arts, and quick invention.

47

But in his private thoughts and busy brain
Thousand thinne forms, and idle fancies flit;
The three-shap't *Sphinx*, and direfull *Harpyes* train,
Which in the world had never being yet:
Oft dreams of fire and water, loose delight;
And oft arrested by some ghastly sprite,
Nor can he think, nor speak, nor move for great affright.

48

Phantastes from the first all shapes deriving,
In new abiliments can quickly dight;
Of all materiall and grosse parts depriving,
Fits them unto the noble Princes sight;
Which soon as he hath view'd with searching eye,
He straight commits them to his Treasurie,
Which old *Eumnestes* keeps, Father of memorie.

Eumnestes

49

Eumneſtes old, who in his living ſcreen
(His mindefull breaſt) the rolls and records bears
Of all the deeds, and men, which he hath ſeen,
And keeps lockt up in faithfull Regiſters:
Well he recalls *Nimrods* firſt tyrannie,
And *Babels* pride daring the lofty skie;
Well he recalls the earths twice-growing infancie.

50

Therefore his body weak, his eyes half blinde,
But minde more freſh, and ſtrong; (ah better fate!)
And as his carcaſe, ſo his houſe declin'd;
Yet were the walls of firm and able ſtate:
Onely on him a nimble Page attends,
Who when for ought the aged Grandſire ſends,
With ſwift, yet backward ſteps, his helping aidance (lends.

51

But let my ſong paſſe from theſe worthy Sages
Unto this Iſlands higheſt * Soveraigne,
And thoſe hard warres which all the yeare he wages:
For theſe three late a gentle ſhepherd-ſwain
Moſt ſweetly ſung, as he before had ſeen
In *Alma's* houſe: his memorie yet green (been.
Lives in his well-tun'd ſongs, whoſe leaves immortall

* The underſtanding.

52

Nor can I gueſſe, whether his Muſe divine
Or gives to thoſe, or takes from them his grace;
Therefore *Eumneſtes* in his laſting ſhrine
Hath juſtly him enroll'd in ſecond place:
Next to our *Mantuan* poet doth he reſt;
There ſhall our *Colin* live for ever bleſt, preſt.
Spite of thoſe thouſand ſpites, which living him op-

53

The Prince his time in double office ſpends:
For firſt thoſe forms and fancies he admits,
Which to his Court buſie *Phantaſtes* ſends,
And for the eaſier diſcerning fits:
For ſhedding round about his ſparkling light,
He cleares their duskie ſhades, and cloudy night,
Producing like himſelf their ſhapes all ſhining bright.

54

As when the Sunne reſtores the glitt'ring day,
The world late cloath'd in nights black livery,
Doth now a thouſand colours fair diſplay,
And paints it ſelf in choice varietie,
Which late one colour hid, the eye deceiving;
All ſo this Prince thoſe ſhapes obſcure receiving,
With his ſuffuſed light makes ready to conceiving.

55

This firſt is call'd the Active Facultie,
Which to an higher power the object leaves:
That takes it in it ſelf, and cunningly
Changing it ſelf, the object ſoon perceives:
For ſtraight it ſelf in ſelf ſame ſhape adorning,
Becomes the ſame with quick & ſtrange transforming;
So is all things it ſelf, to all it ſelf conforming.

56

Thus when the eye through *Viſus* jettie ports
Lets in the wandring ſhapes, the cryſtall ſtrange
Quickly it ſelf to every ſort conſorts,
So is what e're it ſees by wondrous change:
Thrice happy then, when on that * mirrour bright
He ever faſtens his unmoved ſight,
So is what there he views; divine, full, glorious light.

* 2. Cor. 3. 18.

Soon

57

Soon as the Prince theſe forms hath clearely ſeen,
Parting the falſe from true, the wrong from right,
He ſtraight preſents them to his beauteous Queen,
Whoſe Courts are lower, yet of equall might;
* *Voletta* fair, who with him lives, and reignes; * The will.
Whom neither man, nor fiend, nor God conſtrains:
Oft good, oft ill, oft both; yet ever free remains.

58

Not that great Soveraigne of the *Fayrie* land,
Whom late our *Colin* hath eternized,
(Though Graces decking her with plenteous hand,
Themſelves of grace have all unfurniſhed;
Though in her breaſt ſhe Vertues temple bare,
The faireſt temple of a gueſt ſo fair) (pare.
Not that great *Glorians* ſelf with this might c're com-

59

Her radiant beautie, daz'ling mortall eye,
Strikes blinde the daring ſenſe; her ſparkling face
Her huſbands ſelf now cannot well deſcrie:
With ſuch ſtrange brightneſſe, ſuch immortall grace,
Hath that great parent in her cradle made,
That *Cynthia's* ſilver cheek would quickly fade,
And light it ſelf to her would ſeem a painted ſhade.

60

But (ah!) entic't by her own worth and pride,
She ſtain'd her beautie with moſt loathſome ſpot;
Her Lords fixt law, and ſpouſes light deni'd,
So fill'd her ſpouſe and ſelf with leprous blot:
And now all dark is their firſt morning ray.
What verſe might then their former light diſplay,
When yet their darkeſt night outſhines the brighteſt day?

On

61

On her a royall damſell ſtill attends,
*Conſcience. And faithfull Counſeller, * *Syntereſis:*
For though *Voletta* ever good intends,
Yet by fair ills ſhe oft deceived is;
By ills ſo fairly dreſt with cunning ſlight,
That Vertues ſelf they well may ſeem to fight,
But that bright Vertues ſelf oft ſeems not half ſo bright.

62

Therefore *Syntereſis* of nimble ſight,
Oft helps her doubtfull hand, and erring eye;
Els mought ſhe ever ſtumbling in this night
Fall down as deep as deepeſt *Tartarie:*
Nay thence a ſad-fair maid, *Repentance*, rears,
And in her arms her fainting Lady bears,
Waſhing her often ſtains with ever-falling tears.

63

Thereto ſhe addes a water ſoveraigne,
Of wondrous force, and skilfull compoſition:
For firſt ſhe pricks the heart in tender vein,
Then from thoſe precious drops, and deep contrition,
With lips confeſſion, and with pickled cries,
Still'd in a broken ſpirit, ſad vapours riſe,
Exhal'd by ſacred fires, and drop through melting eyes.

64

Theſe cordiall drops, theſe ſpirit-healing balms
Cure all her ſinfull bruiſes, cleare her eyes,
Unlock her ears, recover fainting qualms:
And now grown freſh and ſtrong, ſhe makes her riſe,
And glaſſe of unmaskt ſinne ſhe bright diſplaies,
Whereby ſhe ſees, loathes, mends her former waies;
So ſoon repairs her light, trebling her new-born raies.

But

65

But (ah!) why do we (ſimple as we been)
With curious labour, dimme and vailed ſight,
Prie in the nature of this King and Queen,
Groping in darkneſſe for ſo cleare a light?
A light which once could not be thought or told,
But now with blackeſt clouds is thick enroll'd,
Preſt down in captive chains, and pent in earthly mold.

66

Rather lament we this their wretched fate,
(Ah wretched fate, and fatal wretchedneſſe!)
Unlike thoſe former dayes, and firſt eſtate,
When he eſpous'd with melting happineſſe
To fair *Voletta*, both their lights conſpiring,
He ſaw what e're was fit for her requiring,
And ſhe to his cleare ſight would temper her deſiring.

67

When both repleniſht with celeſtiall light,
All coming evils could foreſee and flie;
When both with cleareſt eye, and perfect ſight
Could every natures difference deſcrie:
Whoſe pictures now they ſcarcely ſee with pain,
Obſcure and dark, like to thoſe ſhadows vain,
Which thinne and emptie glide along *Avernus* plain.

68

The flowres that frighted with ſharp winters dread,
Retire into their mother *Tellus* wombe,
Yet in the Spring in troups new muſtered
Peep out again from their unfrozen tombe:
The early Violet will freſh ariſe,
And ſpreading his flour'd purple to the skies,
Boldly the little elf the winters ſpite defies.

69

The hedge green Sattin pinkt and cut arayes,
The *Heliotrope* to cloth of gold aſpires;
In hundred-colour'd ſilks the Tulip playes,
Th' Imperiall flower his neck with pearl attires,
The Lily high her ſilver Grogram reares,
The Panſie her wrought Velvet garment bears;
The red Roſe Scarlet, and the Provence Damask wears.

70

How falls it then that ſuch an heav'nly light,
As this great Kings, ſhould ſink ſo wondrous low,
That ſcarce he can ſuſpect his former height?
Can one eclipſe ſo dark his ſhining brow,
And ſteal away his beautie glittering fair?
One onely blot ſo great a light empair,
That never could he hope his waning to repair?

71

Ah! never could he hope once to repair
So great a wane, ſhould not that new-born Sun
Adopt him both his brother and his heir;
Who through baſe life, and death, and hell would run,
To ſeat him in his loſt, now ſurer cell.
That he may mount to heav'n, he ſunk to hell;
That he might live, he di'd; that he might riſe, he fell.

72

A perfect Virgin breeds and bears a Sonne,
Th' immortall father of his mortall mother;
Earth, heav'n, fleſh, ſpirit, man, God, are met in one:
His younger brothers childe, his childrens brother,
Eternitie, who yet was born and di'd;
His own creatour, earths ſcorn, heavens pride;
Who th' deitie infleſht, and mans fleſh deifi'd.

Thou

73

Thou uncreated Sunne, heav'ns glory bright,
Whom we with knees and hearts low bent adore;
At riſing, perfect, and now falling, light;
Ah what reward, what thanks ſhall we reſtore?
Thou wretched waſt, that we might happy be:
Oh all the good we hope, and all we ſee,
That we thee know and love, comes from thy love, and (thee.

74

Receive, which we can onely back return,
(Yet that we may return, thou firſt muſt give) (burn
A heart, which fain would ſmoke, which fain would
In praiſe; for thee, to thee would onely live:
And thou (who ſat'ſt in night to give us day)
Light and enflame us with thy glorious ray,
That we may back reflect, and borrow'd light repay.

75

So we beholding with immortall eye
The glorious picture of thy heav'nly face,
In his firſt beautie and true Majeſtie,
May ſhake from our dull ſouls theſe fetters baſe;
And mounting up to that bright cryſtal ſphere, (fear,
Whence thou ſtrik'ſt all the world with ſhudd'ring
May not be held by earth, nor hold vile earth ſo deare.

76

Then ſhould thy ſhepherd (pooreſt ſhepherd) ſing
A thouſand Canto's in thy heav'nly praiſe,
And rouze his flagging Muſe, and flutt'ring wing,
To chant thy wonders in immortall laies, (ſhore,
(Which once thou wrought'ſt, when *Nilus* ſlimie
Or *Jordans* banks thy mighty hand adore)
Thy judgements, & thy mercies; but thy mercies more.

77

But ſee, the ſtealing night with ſoftly pace,
To flie the Weſtern Sunne, creeps up the Eaſt;
Cold *Heſper* 'gins unmask his evening face,
And calls the winking ſtarres from drouzie reſt:
Home then my lambes; the falling drops eſchew:
To morrow ſhall ye feaſt in paſtures new,
And with the riſing Sunne banquet on pearled dew.



CANT.

CANT. VII.

THe riſing morn lifts up his orient head,
And ſpangled heav'ns in golden robes inveſts;
Thirſil up ſtarting from his fearleſſe bed,
Where uſeleſſe nights he ſafe and quiet reſts,
Unhous'd his bleating flock, and quickly thence
Haſting to his expecting audience,
Thus with ſad verſe began their grieved mindes incenſe:

2

Fond man, that looks on earth for happineſſe,
And here long ſeeks what here is never found!
For all our good we hold from heav'n by leaſe,
With many forfeits and conditions bound;
Nor can we pay the fine and rentage due:
Though now but writ, and ſeal'd, and giv'n anew,
Yet daily we it break, then daily muſt renew.

3

Why ſhould'ſt thou here look for perpetuall good,
At every loſſe againſt heav'ns face repining?
Do but behold where glorious Cities ſtood,
With gilded tops, and ſilver turrets ſhining;
There now the Hart fearleſſe of greyhound feeds,
And loving Pelican in ſafety breeds;
There ſhrieching Satyres fill the peoples emptie ſteads.

4

Where is th' *Aſſyrian* Lions golden hide,
That all the Eaſt once graſpt in lordly paw?
Where that great *Perſian* Beare, whoſe ſwelling pride
The Lions ſelf tore out with ravenous jaw?
Or he which 'twixt a Lion, and a Pard,
Through all the world with nimble pineons far'd,
And to his greedy whelps his conquer'd kingdomes
ſhar'd?

5

Hardly the place of ſuch antiquitie,
Or note of theſe great monarchies we finde:
Onely a fading verball memorie,
And empty name in writ is left behinde:
But when this ſecond life, and glory fades,
And ſinks at length in times obſcurer ſhades,
A ſecond fall ſucceeds, and double death invades.

6

That monſtrous beaſt, which nurſt in *Tibers* fenne,
Did all the world with hideous ſhape affray;
That fill'd with coſtly ſpoil his gaping denne,
And trode down all the reſt to duſt and clay:
His batt'ring horns pull'd out by civil hands,
And iron teeth lie ſcatter'd on the ſands; (ſtands.
Backt, bridled by a Monk, with ſev'n heads yoked

7

* The Turk. And that black* Vulture, which with deathfull wing
O're-ſhadows half the earth, whoſe diſmall ſight
Frighted the Muſes from their native ſpring,
Already ſtoops, and flagges with weary flight.
Who then ſhall look for happines beneath; (death,
Where each new day proclaims chance, change, and
And life it ſelf's as flit as is the aire we breathe?

8

Ne mought this Prince eſcape, though he as farre
All theſe excells in worth and heav'nly grace,
As brighteſt *Phœbus* does the dimmeſt ſtarre:
The deepeſt falls are from the higheſt place.
There lies he now bruis'd with ſo ſore a fall,
To his baſe bonds, and loathſome priſon thrall,
Whom thouſand foes beſiege, fenc'd with frail yeelding wall.

Tell

9

Tell me, oh tell me then, thou holy Muſe,
Sacred *Theſpio*, what the cauſe may be
Of ſuch deſpite, ſo many foemen uſe
To perſecute unpiti'd miſerie:
Or if theſe cankred foes (as moſt men ſay)
So mighty be, that gird this wall of clay;
What makes it hold ſo long, and threatned ruine ſtay?

10

When that great Lord his ſtanding Court would build,
The outward walls with gemmes and glorious lights,
But inward rooms with nobler Courtiers fill'd;
Pure, living flames, ſwift, mighty, bleſſed ſprites:
But ſome his royall ſervice (fools!) diſdain;
So down were flung: (oft bliſſe is double pain)
In heav'n they ſcorn'd to ſerve, ſo now in hell they reigne.

11

There turn'd to ſerpents, ſwoln with pride and hate,
Their Prince a Dragon fell, who burſt with ſpight
To ſee this Kings and Queens yet happy ſtate,
Tempts them to luſt and pride, prevails by ſlight:
To make them wiſe, and gods he undertakes.
Thus while the ſnake they heare, they turn to ſnakes;
To make them gods he boaſts, but beaſts, and devils makes.

12

But that great * Lion who in *Judahs* plains
The awfull beaſts holds down in due ſubjection,
The Dragons craft, and baſe-got ſpoil diſdains,
And folds this captive Prince in his protection;
* Breaks ope the jayl, & brings the priſoners thence,
Yet plac't them in this caſtles weak defence,
Where they might truſt and ſeek an higher providence.

* Revel. 5. 5.

* Luke 4. 18.

So

15

So now ſpread round about this little hold,
With armies infinite encamped lie
Th' enraged Dragon and his Serpents bold:
And knowing well his time grows ſhort and nigh,
He ſwells with venom'd gore and poys'nous heat;
* Revel. 12. 4. *His tail unfolded heav'n it ſelf doth beat, (ſeat.
And ſweeps the mighty ſtarres from their tranſcendent

14

* The fleſh. With him goes * *Caro*, curſed damme of ſinne,
Foul filthie damme of fouler progenie;
Yet ſeems (skin-deep) moſt fair by witching gin
To weaker ſight, but to a purged eye
Looks like (nay worſe then) hells infernall hagges:
Her empty breaſts hang like lank hollow bagges,
And *Iris* ulcer'd skin is patcht with leprous ragges.

15

Therefore her loathſome ſhape in ſteel arayd,
All ruſt within, the outſide poliſht bright:
And on her ſhield a Mermaid ſung and playd;
Whoſe humane beauties 'lure the wandring ſight,
But ſlimy ſcales hid in their waters lie:
She chants, ſhe ſmiles, ſo draws the eare, the eye,
And whom ſhe winnes, ſhe kills: the word, *Heare, gaze,*
16 (*& die.*

And after march her fruitfull ſerpent frie,
Whom ſhe of divers lechers divers bore;
Marſhall'd in ſeverall ranks their colours flie:
* Foure to *Anagnus*, foure this painted whore
To loathſome *Aſebie* brought forth to light;
Twice foure got *Adicus*, a hatefull wight;
But ſwoln *Acrates* two, born in one bed, and night.

* The fruits of the fleſh are deſcribed Gal. 5. 19, 20, 21. and may be ranked into foure companies, 1. of Unchaſtitie. 2. of Irreligion. 3. of Unrighteouſneſſe. 4. of Intemperance.

Mæchus

17

* *Mæchus* the firſt, of bluſhleſſe bold aſpect; * Adulterie. Gal. 5. 19.
Yet with him Doubt and Fear ſtill trembling go:
Oft lookt he back, as if he did ſuſpect
Th' approach of ſome unwiſht, unwelcome foe:
Behinde, fell Jealouſie his ſteps obſerv'd,
And ſure Revenge, with dart that never ſwerv'd:
Ten thouſand griefs and plagues he felt, but more de-
(ſerv'd.

18

His armour black as hell, or ſtarleſſe night;
And in his ſhield he lively pourtray'd bare
Mars faſt impound in arms of *Venus* light,
And ti'd as faſt in *Vulcans* ſubtil ſnare:
She feign'd to bluſh for ſhame now all too late;
But his red colour ſeem'd to ſparkle hate:
Sweet are ſtoln waters, round about the marge he wrate.

19

* *Porneius* next him pac't, a meager wight; * Fornication.
Whoſe leaden eyes ſunk deep in ſwimming head,
And joyleſſe look, like ſome pale aſhie ſpright,
Seem'd as he now were dying, or now dead:
And with him Waſtefulneſſe, that all expended,
And Want, that ſtill in theft and priſon ended:
A hundred foul diſeaſes cloſe at's back attended.

20

His ſhining helm might ſeem a ſparkling flame,
Yet ſooth nought was it but a fooliſh fire:
And all his arms were of that burning frame,
That fleſh and bones were gnawn with hot deſire:
About his wriſt his blazing ſhield did frie
With ſweltring hearts in flame of luxurie:
His word, *In fire I live, in fire I burn and die.*

21

* Sodomie. Rom. 1.26,27. Levit.20.15,16

With him * *Acatharus* in *Tuscan* guise;
A thing, that neither man will owne, nor beast:
Upon a boy he lean'd in wanton wise,
On whose fair limbes his eyes still greedie feast;
He sports, he toyes, kisses his shining face:
Behinde, reproach and thousand devils pace;
Before, bold Impudence, that cannot change her grace.

22

His armour seem'd to laugh with idle boyes,
Which all about their wanton sportings playd;
Al's would himself help out their childish toyes,
And like a boy lend them unmanly aid:
In his broad targe the bird her wings dispread,
Which trussing wafts the *Trojan Ganymed:*
And round was writ, *Like with his like is coupeled.*

23

* Lasciviousnesse.

* *Aselges* follow'd next, the boldest boy;
That ever play'd in *Venus* wanton court:
He little cares who notes his lavish joy;
Broad were his jests, wilde his uncivil sport;
His fashion too too fond, and loosly light:
A long love-lock on his left shoulder plight,
Like to a womans hair, well shew'd a womans sprite.

24

Lust in strange nests this Cuckoe egge conceiv'd;
Which nurst with surfets, drest with fond disguises,
In fancies school his breeding first receiv'd:
So this brave spark to wilder flame arises;
And now to court preferr'd, high blouds he fires,
There blows up pride, vain mirths and loose desires;
And heav'nly souls (oh grief!) with hellish flame inspires.

There

25

There oft to rivalls lends the gentle Dor,
Oft takes (his mistresse by) the bitter Bob:
There learns her each daies change of Gules, Verd, Or,
(His sampler) if she pouts, her slave must sob:
Her face his sphere, her hair his circling skie;
Her love his heav'n, her sight eternitie:
Of her he dreams, with her he lives, for her he'l die.

26

Upon his arm a tinsell scarf he wore,
Forsooth his Madams favour, spangled fair:
Light as himself, a fanne his helmet bore,
With ribbons drest, begg'd from his Mistresse hair:
On's shield a winged boy all naked shin'd;
His folded eyes willing and wilfull blinde:
The word was wrought with gold, *Such is a lovers minde.*

27

These foure, *Anagnus* and foul *Caro's* sonnes,
Who led a diff'rent, and disorder'd rout;
Fancie, a lad that all in feathers wons,
And loose desire, and danger linkt with doubt;
And thousand wanton thoughts still budding new:
But lazie ease usher'd the idle crue; (due.
And lame disease shuts up their troops with torments

28

Next band by *Asebie* was boldly led,
And his foure sonnes, begot in *Stygian* night:
First * *Idololatros*, whose monstrous head
Was like an ugly fiend, his flaming sight
Like blazing starres; the rest all different:
For to his shape some part each creature lent,
But to the great Creatour all adversly bent.

* Idolatrie, either by worshipping the true God by false worship; as by images, against the second commandment: or giving away his worship to any thing that is not God, against the first.

29

Upon his breast a bloudie Crosse he scor'd,
Which oft he worshipt; but the *Christ* that di'd
Thereon, he seldome but in paint ador'd;
Yet wood, stone, beasts, wealth, lusts, fiends deifi'd:
He makes meer pageants of the * saving Rock, * Psal. 62. 7.
Puppet-like trimming his Almightie stock:
Which then, his god or he, which is the verier block?

30

Of Giant shape, and strength thereto agreeing,
Wherewith he whilome all the world oppress;
And yet the greater part his vassals being,
Slumbring in ignorance, securely rest:
A golden calf (himself more beast) he bore;
Which brutes with dancings, gifts, and songs adore:
Idols are lay-mens books, he round had wrote in Ore.

31

Next * *Pharmacus*, of gashly wilde aspect; * Witchcraft and curious arts.
Whom hell with seeming fear, and fiends obey:
Full eas'ly would he know each past effect,
And things to come with double guesse foresay;
By slain beasts entrails, and fowls marked flight:
Thereto he tempests rais'd by many a spright,
And charm'd the Sunne and Moon, & chang'd the day (and night.

32

So when the South (dipping his sabl'est wings
In humid Ocean) sweeps with's dropping beard
Th' aire, earth, and seas; his lips loud thunderings
And flashing eyes make all the world afeard:
Light with dark clouds, waters with fires are met:
The Sunne but now is rising, now is set;
And findes west-shades in East, and seas in ayers wet.

By

33

By birth, and hand, he jugling fortunes tells;
Oft brings from ſhades his grandſires damned ghoſt;
Oft ſtoln goods forces out by wicked ſpells:
His frightfull ſhield with thouſand fiends emboſt,
Which ſeem'd without a circles ring to play:
In midſt himſelf dampens the ſmiling day,
And prints ſad characters, which none may write, or ſay.

34

The third * *Hæreticus*, a wrangling carle,
Who in the way to heav'n would wilfull erre;
And oft convicted, ſtill would ſnatch and ſnarle:
His *Crambe* oft repeats; all tongue, no eare.
Him Obſtinacie, Pride, and Scorn attended:
On's ſhield with Truth Errour diſguis'd contended:
His Motto this, *Rather thus erre, then be amended.*

* Hereſie.

35

Laſt marcht *Hypocriſie*, falſe form of grace,
That vaunts the ſhow of all, ha's truth of none:
A rotten heart he maſks with painted face;
Among the beaſts a mule, 'mong bees a drone,
'Mong ſtarres a meteor: all the world neglects him;
Nor good, nor bad, nor heav'n, nor earth affects him:
The earth for glaring forms, for bare forms heav'n re-
(jects him.

36

His wanton heart he vails with dewy eyes,
So oft the world, and oft himſelf deceives:
His tongue his heart, his hands his tongue belies:
In's path (as ſnails) ſilver, but ſlime he leaves:
He *Babels* glory is, but *Sions* taint;
Religions blot, but Irreligions paint:
A Saint abroad, at home a Fiend; and worſt a Saint.

37

So tallow lights live glitt'ring, ſtinking die;
Their gleams aggrate the ſight, ſteams wound the ſmell:
So *Sodom* apples pleaſe the raviſht eye,
But ſulphure taſte proclaims their root's in hell:
So airy flames to heav'nly ſeem alli'd;
But when their oyl is ſpent, they ſwiftly glide,
And into jelly'd mire melt all their gilded pride.

38

So ruſhes green, ſmooth, full, are ſpungie light;
So their ragg'd ſtones in velvet peaches gown:
So rotten ſticks ſeem ſtarres in cheating night;
So quagmires falſe their mire with emeralds crown:
Such is *Hypocriſies* deceitfull frame;
A ſtinking light, a ſulphure fruit, falſe flame,
Smooth ruſh, hard peach, fere wood, falſe mire, a voice, (a name.

39

Such were his arms, falſe gold, true alchymie;
Glitt'ring with glaſſie ſtones, and fine deceit:
His ſword a flatt'ring ſteel, which gull'd the eye,
And pierc't the heart with pride and ſelf-conceit:
On's ſhield a tombe, where death had dreſt his bed
With curious art, and crown'd his loathſome head
With gold, & gems: his word, *More gorgeous when dead.*

40

Before them went their nurſe, bold *Ignorance*;
A loathſome monſter, light, ſight, 'mendment ſcorning:
Born deaf and blinde, fitter to lead the dance
To ſuch a rout; her ſilver heads adorning
(Her dotage index) much ſhe bragg'd, yet feign'd:
For by falſe tallies many yeares ſhe gain'd.
Wiſe youth is honour'd age; fond's age with dotage ſtain'd.

Her

41

Her failing legges with erring footſteps reel'd;
(Lame guide to bliſſe!) her daughters on each ſide
Much pain'd themſelves her ſtumbling feet to weeld;
Both like their mother, dull and beetle-ey'd:
The firſt was Errour falſe, who multiplies
Her num'rous race in endleſſe progenies:
For but one truth there is, ten thouſand thouſand lies.

42

Her brood o're-ſpread her round with ſinne and bloud,
With envie, malice, miſchiefs infinite;
While ſhe to ſee her ſelf amazed ſtood,
So often got with childe and bigge with ſpite:
Her off-ſpring flie about & ſpread their ſeed; (breed,
Straight hate, pride, ſchiſme, warres & ſeditions
Get up, grow ripe. *How ſoon proſpers the vicious weed!*

43

The other Owl-ey'd *Superſtition*,
Deform'd, diſtorted, blinde in ſhining light;
Yet ſtyles her ſelf holy Devotion,
And ſo is call'd, and ſeems in ſhadie night:
Fearfull, as is the hare, or hunted hinde;
Her face and breaſt ſhe oft with croſſes ſign'd:
No cuſtome would ſhe break, or change her ſetled (minde.

44

If hare or ſnake her way, herſelf ſhe croſſes,
And ſtops her 'mazed ſteps; ſad fears affright her,
When falling ſalt points out ſome fatall loſſes,
Till *Bacchus* grapes with holy ſprinkle quite her:
Her onely bible is an Erra Pater;
Her antidote are hallow'd wax and water: (ter.
I' th' dark all lights are ſprites, all noiſes chains that clat-

With

45

With them marcht (ſunk in deep ſecuritie)
Profaneneſſe, to be fear'd for never fearing;
And by him, new-oaths-coyning *Blaſphemie*,
Who names not God, but in a curſe, or ſwearing:
And thouſand other fiends in diverſe faſhion,
Diſpos'd in ſeverall ward, and certain ſtation:
Under, Hell widely yawn'd; and over, flew Damnation.

46

* Hatred. Next *Adicus* his ſonnes; firſt * *Ecthros* flie,
Whoſe prickt-up eares kept open houſe for lies;
And ſleering eyes ſtill watch and wait to ſpie
When to return ſtill-living injuries:
Fair weather ſmil'd upon his painted face,
And eyes ſpoke peace, till he had time and place;
Then poures down ſhowers of rage, and ſtreams of ran-
(cour baſe.

47

So when a ſable cloud with ſwelling ſail
Comes ſwimming through calm skies, the ſilent aire
(While fierce windes ſleep in *Æols* rockie jayl)
With ſpangled beams embroid'red, glitters fair;
But ſoon 'gins lowr: ſtraight clatt'ring hail is bred,
Scatt'ring cold ſhot; light hides his golden head,
And with untimely winter earth's o're-ſilvered.

48

His arms well ſuit his minde, where ſmiling skies
Breed thund'ring tempeſts: on his loftie creſt
Aſleep the ſpotted Panther couching lies,
And by ſweet ſents and skinne ſo quaintly dreſt,
Draws on her prey: upon his ſhield he bears
The dreadfull monſter which great *Nilus* fears;
(The weeping Crocadile) his word, *I kill with tears.*

With

49

With him *Dissemblance* went, his Paramour,
Whose painted face might hardly be detected:
Arms of offence he seld' or never wore,
Lest thence his close designes might be suspected;
But clasping close his foe, as loth to part,
He steals his dagger with false smiling art,
And sheaths the trait'rous steel in his own masters heart.

50

Two *Jewish* Captains, close themselves enlacing
In loves sweet twines, his target broad display'd;
One th' others beard with his left hand embracing,
But in his right a shining sword he sway'd,
Which unawares through th' others ribs he smites;
There lay the wretch without all buriall rites:
His word, *He deepest wounds, that in his fawning bites.*

51

* *Eris* the next, of sex unfit for warre:
Her arms were bitter words from flaming tongue,
Which never quiet, wrangle, fight, and jarre;
Ne would she weigh report with right, or wrong:
What once she held, that would she ever hold,
And *Non-obstantes* force with courage bold:
The last word must she have, or never leave to scold.

52

She is the trumpet to this angrie train,
And whets their furie with loud-railing spite:
But when no open foes did more remain,
Against themselves themselves she would incite.
Her clacking mill, driv'n by her flowing gall,
Could never stand, but chide, rail, bark, and bawl:
Her shield no word could finde; her tongue engrost them all.

* Variant: *Zelos*

53

* Emulation. * *Zelos* the third, whose spitefull emulation
Could not endure a fellow in excelling;
Yet slow in any vertues imitation,
At easie rate that fair possession selling:
Still as he went, he hidden sparkles blew,
Till to a mighty flame they sudden grew,
And like fierce lightning all in quick destruction drew.

54

Upon his shield lay that *Tirinthian* Swain,
Sweltring in fierie gore and pois'nous flame;
His wives sad gift venom'd with bloudie stain:
Well could he bulls, snake,s hell, all monsters tame;
Well could he heav'n support and prop alone;
But by fell Jealousie soon overthrown,
Without a foe, or sword: his motto, *First, or none.*

55

* Wrath. * *Thumos* the fourth, a dire, revengefull swain;
Whose soul was made of flames, whose flesh of fire:
Wrath in his heart, hate, rage and furie reigne;
Fierce was his look, when clad in sparkling tire;
But when dead paleneſſe in his cheek took seisure,
And all the bloud in's boyling heart did treasure,
Then in his wilde revenge kept he nor mean, nor mea-
(sure.

56

Look as when waters wall'd with brazen wreath
Are sieg'd with crackling flames, their common foe;
The angrie seas 'gin foam and hotly breathe,
Then swell, rise, rave, and still more furious grow;
Nor can be held, but forc't with fires below,
Tossing their waves, break out and all o'reflow:
So boyl'd his rising bloud, and dasht his angry brow.

For

57

For in his face red heat, and aſhie cold
Strove which ſhould paint revenge in proper colours:
That, like conſuming fire, moſt dreadfull roll'd;
This, liker death, threatens all deadly dolours:
His trembling hand a dagger ſtill embrac't,
Which in his friend he raſhly oft encas't:
His ſhields deviſe freſh bloud with fouleſt ſtain defac't.

58

Next him * *Erithius*, moſt unquiet ſwain,
That all in law and fond contention ſpent;
Not one was found in all this numerous train,
With whom in any thing he would conſent:
His Will his Law, he weigh'd not wrong or right;
Much ſcorn'd to bear, much more forgive a ſpight:
Patience he th' aſſes load, and cowards Vertue hight.

* ſtrife.

59

His weapons all were fram'd of ſhining gold,
Wherewith he ſubt'ly fought cloſe under hand:
Thus would he right from right by force withhold,
Nor ſuits, nor friends, nor laws his ſlights withſtand:
Ah powerfull weapon! how doſt thou bewitch
Great, but baſe mindes, & ſpott'ſt with leprous itch,
That never are in thought, nor ever can be rich!

60

Upon his belt (faſtned with leather laces)
Black boxes hung, ſheaths of his paper-ſwords;
Fill'd up with Writs, Sub-pœna's, Triall-caſes;
This treſpaſt him in cattel, that in words:
Fit his device, and well his ſhield became,
A Salamander drawn in lively frame:
His word was this, *I live, I breathe, I feed in flame.*

61

* Sedition or Schisme.

Next after him marcht proud * *Dichostasis*,
That wont but in the factious court to dwell;
But now to shepherd-swains close linked is;
And taught them (fools!) to change their humble cell,
And lowly weed for courts, and purple gay,
To sit aloft, and States and Princes sway:
A hook, no scepter needs our erring sheep to stay.

62

A Miter trebly crown'd th' Impostour wore;
For heav'n, earth, hell he claims with loftie pride.
Not in his lips, but hands, two keyes he bore,
Heav'ns doores and hells to shut, and open wide:
But late his keyes are marr'd, or broken quite:
For hell he cannot shut, but opens light;
Nor heav'n can ope, but shut; nor buyes, but sells by slight.

63

Two heads, oft three, he in one body had,
Nor with the body, nor themselves agreeing:
What this commanded, th' other soon forbad;
As different in rule, as nature being:
The body to them both, and neither prone,
Was like a double-hearted dealer grown;
Endeavouring to please both parties, pleasing none.

64

As when the powerfull winde and adverse tide
Strive which should most command the subject main;
The scornfull waves, swelling with angrie pride,
Yeelding to neither, all their force disdain:
Mean time the shaken vessel doubtfull playes,
And on the stagg'ring billow trembling stayes,
And would obey them both, and none of both obeyes.

65

A ſubtil craftsman fram'd him ſeemly arms,
Forg'd in the ſhop of wrangling ſophiſtrie;
And wrought with curious arts, and mightie charms,
Temper'd with lies, and falſe philoſophie:
Millions of heedleſſe ſouls thus had he ſlain.
His ſev'n-fold targe a field of Gules did ſtain;
In which two ſwords he bore: his word, *Divide, and reigne.*

66

Envie the next, *Envie* with ſquinted eyes;
Sick of a ſtrange diſeaſe, his neighbours health:
Beſt lives he then, when any better dies;
Is never poore, but in anothers wealth:
On beſt mens harms and griefs he feeds his fill;
Elſe his own maw doth eat with ſpitefull will.
Ill muſt the temper be, where diet is ſo-ill.

67

Each eye through divers opticks ſlily leers,
Which both his ſight, and object ſelf belie;
So greateſt vertue as a mote appeares,
And molehill faults to mountains multiplie.
When needs he muſt, yet faintly, then he praiſes;
Somewhat the deed, much more the means he raiſes:
So marreth what he makes, & praiſing moſt diſpraiſes.

68

Upon his ſhield that cruell Herd-groom play'd,
Fit inſtrument of *Juno's* jealous ſpight;
His hundred eyes ſtood fixed on the maid;
He pip't, ſhe ſigh'd: his word, *Her day my night.*
His miſſile weapon was a lying tongue,
Which he farre off like ſwifteſt lightning flung,
That all the world with noiſe & foul blaſpheming rung.

69

* Murder. Laſt of this rout the ſavage * *Phonos* went,
Whom his dire mother nurſt with humane bloud;
And when more age and ſtrength more fierceneſſe lent,
She taught him in a dark and deſert wood
With force and guile poore paſſengers to ſlay,
And on their fleſh his barking ſtomack ſtay,
And with their wretched bloud his firy thirſt allay.

70

So when the never-ſetled *Scythian*
Removes his dwelling in an empty wain;
When now the Sunne hath half his journey ranne,
His horſe he blouds, and pricks a trembling vein,
So from the wound quenches his thirſtie heat:
Yet worſe, this fiend makes his own fleſh his meat.
Monſter! the ravenous beare his kinde will never eat.

71

Ten thouſand Furies on his ſteps awaited;
Some fear'd his hardned ſoul with *Stygian* brand:
Some with black terrours his faint conſcience baited,
That wide he ſtar'd, and ſtarched hair did ſtand:
The firſt-born man ſtill in his minde he bore,
Foully aray'd in guiltleſſe brothers gore, (roar.
Which for revenge to heav'n from earth did loudly

72

His arms offenſive all, to ſpill, not ſpare;
Swords, piſtols, poiſons, inſtruments of hell:
A ſhield he wore (not that the wretch did care
To ſave his fleſh, oft he himſelf would quell)
For ſhew, not uſe: on it a viper ſwilling
The dammes ſpilt gore, his emptie bowels filling
With fleſh that gave him life: his word, *I live by killing.*

And

73

And laſt his brutiſh ſonnes *Acrates* ſent,
Whom *Caro* bore both in one birth and bed;
* *Methos* the firſt, whoſe panch his feet out-went,
As if it uſher'd his unſetled head:
His ſoul quite ſowced lay in grapie bloud;
In all his parts the idle dropſie ſtood; (ſloud.
Which, though alreadie drown'd, ſtill thirſted for the

* Drunkenneſſe.

74

This thing, nor man, nor beaſt, tunnes all his wealth
In drink; his dayes, his yeares in liquour drenching:
So quaffes he ſickneſſe down by quaffing health,
Firing his cheeks with quenching, ſtrangely quenching
His eyes with firing; dull and faint they roll'd:
But nimble lips known things, and hid unfold; (told.
Belchings, oft-ſips, large ſpits point the long tale he

75

His armour green might ſeem a fruitfull vine;
The cluſters priſon'd in the cloſe-ſet leaves,
Yet oft between the bloudie grape did ſhine;
And peeping forth, his jaylers ſpite deceives:
Among the boughs did ſwilling *Bacchus* ride,
Whom wilde-grown *Mænads* bore, and every ſtride
Bacche, Iô Bacche, loud with madding voice they cri'd.

76

On's ſhield the goatiſh Satyres dance around,
(Their heads much lighter then their nimble heels)
Silenus old, in wine (as ever) drown'd,
Clos'd with the ring, in midſt (though ſitting) reels:
Under his arm a bag-pipe ſwoln he held,
(Yet wine-ſwoln cheeks the windie bag out-ſwell'd)
So loudly pipes: his word, *But full, no mirth I yeeld.*

Inſati-

77

Insatiate sink, how with so generall stain
Thy spu'd-out puddles court, town, fields entice!
Ay me! the shepherds selves thee entertain,
And to thy *Curtian* gulph do sacrifice:
All drink to spue, and spue again to drink.
Sowre swil-tub sinne, of all the rest the sink,
How canst thou thus bewitch with thy abhorred stink?

78

The eye thou wrong'st with vomits reeking streams,
The eare with belching; touch thou drown'st in wine;
The taste thou surfet'st; smell with spuing steams
Thou woundest: foh! thou loathsome putrid swine,
Still thou increasest thirst, when thirst thou slakest;
The minde and will thou (wits bane) captive takest:
Senseles thy hoggish filth, & sense thou senseles makest.

79

Thy fellow sinnes, and all the rest of vices
With seeming good are fairly cloath'd to sight;
Their feigned sweet the bleare-ey'd will entices,
Coz'ning the daz'led sense with borrow'd light:
Thee neither true, nor yet false good commends;
Profit nor pleasure on thy steps attends:
Folly begins thy sinne, which still with madnesse ends.

80

With *Methos*, *Gluttonie*, his gutling brother,
Twinne parallels, drawn from the self-same line;
So foully like was either to the other,
And both most like a monstrous-panched swine:
His life was either a continu'd feast,
Whose surfets upon surfets him oppress;
Or heavie sleep, that helps so great a load digest.

Mean

81

Mean time his ſoul, weigh'd down with muddie chains,
Can neither work, nor move in captive bands;
But dull'd in vaprous fogges, all careleſſe reignes,
Or rather ſerves ſtrong appetites commands: (ſtore,
That when he now was gorg'd with cramm'd-down
And porter wanting room had ſhut the doore,
The glutton ſigh'd that he could gurmandize no more.

82

His crane-like neck was long unlac'd; his breaſt,
His gowtie limbes, like to a circle round,
As broad as long; and for his ſpear in reſt
Oft with his ſtaffe he beats the yeelding ground;
Wherewith his hands did help his feet to bear,
Els would they ill ſo huge a burthen ſtear:
His clothes were all of leaves, no armour could he wear.

83

Onely a target light upon his arm
He careleſſe bore, on which old *Gryll* was drawn,
Transform'd into a hog with cunning charm;
In head, and paunch, and ſoul it ſelf a brawn:
Half drown'd within, without, yet ſtill did hunt
In his deep trough for ſwill, as he was wont; (grunt.
Cas'd all in loathſome mire: no word; *Gryll* could but

84

Him ſerv'd ſweet-ſeeming luſts, ſelf-pleaſing lies;
But bitter death flow'd from thoſe ſweets of ſinne:
And at the Rear of theſe in ſecret guiſe
Crept *Theeverie*, and *Detraction*, neare akinne;
No twinnes more like: they ſeem'd almoſt the ſame;
One ſtole the goods, the other the good name:
The latter lives in ſcorn, the former dies in ſhame.

85

Their boon companions in their joviall feaſting
Were new-ſhapt oaths, and damning perjuries:
Their cates, fit for their taſte, profaneſt jeſting,
Sauc'd with the ſalt of hell, dire blaſphemies.
But till th' ambitious Sunne, yet ſtill aſpiring,
Allayes his flaming gold with gentler firing,
We'l reſt our wearie ſong in that thick groves retiring.



CANT.

CANT. VIII.

THe Sunne began to ſlack his bended bow,
And more obliquely dart his milder ray;
When cooler ayers gently 'gan to blow,
And fanne the fields parcht with the ſcorching day:
The ſhepherds to their wonted ſeats repair;
Thirſil, refreſht with this ſoft-breathing aire,
Thus 'gan renew his task, and broken ſong repair:

2

What watchfull care muſt fence that weary ſtate,
Which deadly foes begirt with cruell ſiege;
And fraileſt wall of glaſſe, and trait'rous gate
Strive which ſhould firſt yeeld up their wofull leige?
By enemies aſſail'd, by friends betray'd;
When others hurt, himſelf refuſes aid:
By weakneſſe ſelf his ſtrength is foil'd and overlay'd.

3

How comes it then that in ſo neare decay
We deadly ſleep in deep ſecuritie,
When every houre is ready to betray
Our lives to that ſtill-watching enemie?
Wake then thy ſoul that deadly ſlumbereth:
For when thy foe hath ſeiz'd thy captive breath,
Too late to wiſh paſt life, too late to wiſh for death.

4

Caro the Vantguard with the Dragon led,
* *Coſmos* the battell guides, with loud alarms;
Coſmos, the firſt ſonne to the Dragon red,
Shining in ſeeming gold, and glitt'ring arms:
Well might he ſeem a ſtrong and gentle Knight,
As e're was clad in ſteel and armour bright;
But was a recreant baſe, a foul, falſe, cheating ſprite.

* The World or Mammon.

5

And as himſelf, ſuch were his arms; appearing
Bright burniſht gold, indeed baſe alchymie,
Dimme beetle eyes, and greedy worldlings blearing:
His ſhield was dreſt in nights ſad liverie,
Where man-like Apes a Gloworm compaſſe round,
Glad that in wintrie night they fire had found;
Buſie they puffe & blow: the word, *Miſtake the ground.*

6

Miſtake points all his darts; his ſunſhines bright
(Miſtaken) light appeare, ſad lightning prove:
His clouds (miſtook) ſeem lightnings, turn to light;
His love true hatred is, his hatred love;
His ſhop, a Pedlers pack of apiſh faſhion;
His honours, pleaſures, joyes are all vexation:
His wages, glorious care, ſweet ſurfets, woo'd damna-
(tion.

7

His lib'rall favours, complementall arts;
His high advancements, Alpine ſlipp'ry ſtraits;
His ſmiling glances, deaths moſt pleaſing darts;
And (what he vaunts) his gifts are gilded baits:
Indeed he nothing is, yet all appeares.
Hapleſſe earths happy fools, that know no tears!
Who bathes in worldly joyes, ſwimmes in a world of fears.

8

Pure Eſſence, who haſt made a ſtone deſcrie
'Twixt natures hid, and check that metals pride
That dares aſpire to golds high ſoveraigntie;
Ah leave ſome touch-ſtone erring eyes to guide,
And judge diſſemblance; ſee by what devices
Sinne with fair gloſſe our mole-ey'd ſight entiſes,
That vices vertues ſeem to moſt; and vertues, vices.

Strip

9

Strip thou their meretricious ſeemlineſſe,
And tinfold glitt'ring bare to every ſight,
That we may loath their inward uglineſſe;
Or elſe uncloud the ſoul, whoſe ſhadie light
Addes a fair luſtre to falſe earthly bliſſe:
Thine and their beauty differs but in this;
Theirs what it is not, ſeems; thine ſeems not what it is.

10

Next to the Captain coward * *Deilos* far'd; * Fearfulneſſe.
Him right before he as his ſhield projected,
And following troops to back him as his guard;
Yet both his ſhield and guard (faint heart) ſuſpected:
And ſending often back his doubtfull eye,
By fearing taught unthought of treacherie;
So made him enemies, by fearing enmitie.

11

Still did he look for ſome enſuing croſſe,
Fearing ſuch hap as never man befell:
No mean he knows, but dreads each little loſſe
(With tyrannie of fear diſtraught) as hell.
His ſenſe he dare not truſt, (nor eyes, nor eares)
And when no other cauſe of fright appeares,
Himſelf he much ſuſpects, and fears his cauſeleſſe fears.

12

Harneſt with maſſie ſteel, for fence, not fight;
His ſword unſeemly long he ready drew:
At ſudden ſhine of his own armour bright
He ſtarted oft, and ſtar'd with ghaſtly hue:
He ſhrieks at every danger that appeares,
Shaming the knightly arms he goodly bears:
His word, *Safer that all, then he that nothing fears.*

13

With him went *Doubt*, ſtagg'ring with ſteps unſure,
That every way, and neither way enclin'd;
And fond *Diſtruſt*, whom nothing could ſecure;
Suſpicion lean, as if he never din'd:
He keeps intelligence by thouſand ſpies;
Argus to him bequeath'd his hundred eyes:
So waking ſtill he ſleeps, and ſleeping wakefull lies.

14

Fond *Deilos* all, * *Tolmetes* nothing fears;
Juſt frights he laughs, all terrours counteth baſe;
And when of danger, or ſad news he heares,
He meets the thund'ring fortune face to face:
Yet oft in words he ſpends his boiſtrous threat;
That his hot bloud, driv'n from the native ſeat,
Leaves his * faint coward heart empty of lively heat.

* Overboldneſſe, or foolhardigneſſe.

* The Philoſopher rightly calls ſuch θρασυδείλους Ethic. 3. cap. 7. not onely foolhardy, but faintkardy.

15

Himſelf (weak help!) was all his confidence;
He ſcorns low ebs, but ſwimmes in higheſt riſes:
His limbes with arms or ſhield he would not fence;
Such coward faſhion (fool!) he much deſpiſes:
Ev'n for his ſingle ſword the world ſeems ſcant;
For hundred worlds his conqu'ring arm could dant:
Much would he boldly do, but much more boldly vant.

16

With him went ſelf-admiring *Arrogance*,
And *Bragge*, his deeds without an helper praiſing:
Blinde *Careleſneſſe* before would lead the dance;
Fear ſtole behinde, thoſe vaunts in balance peyſing,
Which farre their deeds outweigh'd; their violence,
'Fore danger ſpent with laviſh diffluence,
Was none, or weak in time of greateſt exigence.

As

17

As when a fierie courſer readie bent,
Puts forth himſelf at firſt with ſwifteſt pace;
Till with too ſudden flaſh his ſpirits ſpent,
Alreadie fails now in the middle race:
His hanging creſt farre from his wonted pride,
No longer now obeyes his angrie guide;
Rivers of ſweat and bloud flow from his gored ſide:

18

Thus ran the raſh *Tolmetes*, never viewing
The fearfull fiends that duly him attended;
Deſtruction cloſe his ſteps in poaſt purſuing,
And certain ruines heavie weights depended
Over his curſed head, and ſmooth-fac'd guile,
That with him oft would looſly play and ſmile;
Till in his ſnare he lockt his feet with treach'rous wile.

19

Next marcht * *Aſotus*, careleſſe-ſpending Swain; * Prodigalitie.
Who with a fork went ſpreading all around,
Which his old ſire with ſweating toil and pain
Long time was raking from his racked ground:
In giving he obſerv'd nor form, nor matter,
*But beſt reward he got, that beſt could flatter; (ter. * Ariſt. Eth. 4.
Thus what he thought to give, he did not give, but ſcat-

20

Before aray'd in ſumptuous braverie,
Deckt court-like in the choice and neweſt guiſe;
But all behinde like drudging ſlaverie,
With ragged patches, rent, and bared thighs:
His ſhamefull parts, that ſhunne the hated light,
Were naked left; (ah foul unhoneſt ſight!)
Yet neither could he ſee, nor feel his wretched plight.

His

21

His ſhield preſents to life deaths lateſt rites,
A ſad black herſe born up with ſable ſwains;
Which many idle grooms with hundred lights
(Tapers, lamps, torches) uſher through the plains
To endleſſe darkneſſe; while the Sunnes bright brow
With fierie beams quenches their ſmoaking tow,
And waſtes their idle coſt: the word, *Not need, but ſhow.*

22

A vagrant rout (a ſhoal of ratling daws)
Strow him with vain-ſpent prayers, and idle layes;
And flatt'rie to his ſinne cloſe curtains draws,
Clawing his itching eare with tickling praiſe:
Behinde, fond pitie much his fall lamented,
And miſerie, that former waſte repented:
The uſurer for his goods, jayl for his bones indented.

23

His ſteward was his kinſman, *Vain-expence,*
Who proudly ſtrove in matters light to ſhew
Heroick minde in braggard affluence;
So loſt his treaſure, getting nought in liew,
But oſtentation of a fooliſh pride;
While women fond, and boyes ſtood gaping wide;
But wiſe men all his waſte and needleſſe coſt deride.

24

* Covetouſneſſe.

Next * *Pleonectes* went, his gold admiring,
His ſervants drudge, ſlave to his baſeſt ſlave;
Never enough, and ſtill too much deſiring:
His gold his god, yet in an iron grave
Himſelf protects his god from noyſome ruſting;
Much fears to keep, much more to looſe his luſting;
Himſelf, and golden god, and every god miſtruſting.

Age

25

Age on his hairs the winter ſnow had ſpread;
That ſilver badge his neare end plainly proves:
Yet as to *earth he nearer bowes his head,
So loves it more; for *Like his like ſtill loves.*
Deep from the ground he digs his ſweeteſt gain,
And deep into the earth digs back with pain:
From hell his gold he brings, and hoords in hell again.

* Arift. Eth.

26

His clothes all patcht with more then honeſt thrift,
And clouted ſhoon were nail'd for fear of waſting;
Faſting he prais'd, but ſparing was his drift;
And when he eats, his food is worſe then faſting:
Thus ſtarves in ſtore, thus doth in plentie pine,
Thus wallowing on his god, his heap of Mine,
He feeds his famiſht ſoul with that deceiving ſhine.

27

Oh hungrie metall, falſe deceitfull ray, (wombe;
Well laid'ſt thou dark, preſt in th' earths hidden
Yet through our mothers entrails cutting way,
We dragge thy buried coarſe from helliſh tombe:
The merchant from his wife and home departs,
Nor at the ſwelling ocean ever ſtarts;
While death & life a wall of thinne planks onely parts.

28

Who was it firſt, that from thy deepeſt cell,
With ſo much coſtly toil and painfull ſweat
Durſt rob thy palace, bord'ring next to hell?
Well mayſt thou come from that infernall ſeat;
Thou all the world with hell-black deeps doſt fill.
Fond men, that with ſuch pain do wooe your ill!
Needleſſe to ſend for grief, for he is next us ſtill.

29

His arms were light, and cheap, as made to save
His purse, not limbes; the money, not the man:
Rather he dies, then spends: his helmet brave,
An old brasse pot; breast-plate a dripping-pan:
His spear a spit, a pot-lid broad his shield,
Whose sinokie plain a chalkt Impresa fill'd, (spill'd.
A bagge sure seal'd: his word, *Much better sav'd, then*

30

By *Pleonectes* shameless *Sparing* went,
Who whines and weeps to beg a longer day,
Yet with a thundring voice claims tardie rent;
Quick to receive, but hard and slow to pay:
His care's to lessen cost with cunning base;
But when he's forc't beyond his bounded space,
Loud would he crie, & howl, while others laugh apace.

31

* Feeble-mindednesse. Long after went * *Pusillus*, weakest heart,
Able to serve, and able to command,
But thought himself unfit for either part;
And now full loth, amidst the warlike band
Was hither drawn by force from quiet cell:
Loneneſſe his heav'n, and bus'neſſe was his hell.
A weak distrustfull heart is vertues aguish spell.

32

His goodly arms, eaten with shamefull rust,
Bewray'd their masters ease, and want of using;
Such was his minde, tainted with idle must,
His goodly gifts with little use abusing:
Upon his shield was drawn that noble Swain
That loth to change his love and quiet reigne
For glorious warlike deeds, did craftie madnesse feigne.

Finely

33

Finely the workman fram'd the toilſome plough
Drawn with an ox and aſſe, unequall pair;
While he with buſie hand his ſalt did ſow,
And at the furrows end his deareſt heir
Did helpleſſe lie, and Greek lords watching ſtill
Obſerv'd his hand guided with carefull will:
About was wrote, *Who nothing doth, doth nothing ill.*

34

By him went *Idleneſſe*, his loved friend,
And *Shame* with both; with all, ragg'd *Povertie*:
Behinde ſure *Puniſhment* did cloſe attend,
Waiting a while fit opportunitie;
And taking count of houres miſpent in vain,
And graces lent without returning gain,
Pour'd on his guiltie corſe late grief, & helpleſſe pain.

35

This dull cold earth with ſtanding water froze;
At eaſe he lies to coyn pretence for eaſe;
His ſoul like *Ahaz* diall, while it goes
Not forward, poaſteth backward ten degrees:
In's couch he's pliant wax for fiends to ſeal;
He never ſweats, but in his bed, or meal:
He'd rather ſteal then work, and beg then ſtrive to ſteal.

36

All oppoſite, though he his brother were,
Was **Chaunus*, that too high himſelf eſteem'd:
All things he undertook, nor could he fear
His power too weak, or boaſted ſtrength miſdeem'd,
With his own praiſe like windie bladder blown:
His eyes too little, or too much his own;
For *known to all men weak, was to himſelf unknown.

* Arrogance.

* The arrogant are more ſtupid. Ariſt. Ethic. 4.

37

Fondly himſelf with praiſing he diſprais'd,
Vaunting his deeds and worth with idle breath;
So raz'd himſelf, what he himſelf had rais'd:
On's ſhield a boy threatens high *Phœbus* death,
Aiming his arrow at his pureſt light;
But ſoon the thinne reed, fir'd with lightning bright,
Fell idlely on the ſtrond: his word, *Yet high, and right.*

38

* Ambition. Next brave * *Philotimus* in poaſt did ride:
Like riſing ladders was his climbing minde;
His high-flown thoughts had wings of courtly pride,
Which by foul-riſe to greateſt height enclin'd;
His heart aſpiring ſwell'd untill it burſt:
But when he gain'd the top, with ſpite accurſt
Down would he fling the ſteps by which he clamb'red (firſt.

39

His head's a ſhop furniſht with looms of ſtate:
His brain the weaver, thoughts are ſhuttles light,
With which in ſpite of heav'n he weaves his fate;
Honour his web: thus works he day and night,
Till fates cut off his threed; ſo heapeth ſinnes
And plagues, nor once enjoyes the place he winnes;
But where his old race ends, there his new race begins.

40

Ah ſilly man, who dream'ſt that honour ſtands
In ruling others, not thy ſelf! thy ſlaves
Serve thee, and thou thy ſlaves: in iron bands
Thy ſervile ſpirit preſt with wilde paſſions raves.
Would'ſt thou live honour'd? clip ambitions wing;
To reaſons yoke thy furious paſſions bring.
Thrice noble is the man, who of himſelf is King.

Upon

41

Upon his ſhield was fram'd that vent'rous lad,
That durſt aſſay the Sunnes bright-flaming team;
Spite of his feeble hands, the horſes mad
Fling down on burning earth the ſcorching beam;
So made the flame in which himſelf was fir'd;
The world the bonefire was, where he expir'd:
His motto written thus, *Yet had what he deſir'd.*

42

But * *Atimus*, a careleſſe idle ſwain, * Baſeneſſe of minde.
Though Glory off'red him her ſweet embrace,
And fair Occaſion with little pain
Reacht him her ivory hand, yet (lozel baſe!)
Rather his way, and her fair ſelf declin'd;
Well did he thence prove his degenerous minde:
Baſe were his reſtie thoughts, baſe was his dunghill (kinde.

43

And now by force dragg'd from the monkiſh cell,
(Where teeth he onely us'd, nor hands, nor brains,
But in ſmooth ſtreams ſwam down through eaſe to hell;
His work to eat, drink, ſleep, and purge his reins)
He left his heart behinde him with his feaſt:
His target with a flying dart was dreſt,
Poaſting unto his mark: the word, *I move to reſt.*

44

Next * *Colax* all his words with ſugar ſpices; * Flatterie.
His ſervile tongue, baſe ſlave to greatneſſe name,
Runnes nimble deſcant on the plaineſt vices;
He lets his tongue to ſinne, takes rent of ſhame:
He temp'ring lies, porter to th' eare reſides,
Like Indian apple, which with painted ſides,
More dangerous within his lurking poyſon hides.

45

So Echo, to the voice her voice conforming,
From hollow breaſt for one will two repay;
So, like the rock it holds, it ſelf transforming,
That ſubtil fiſh hunts for her heedleſſe prey:
So crafty fowlers with their fair deceits
Allure the hungrie bird; ſo fiſher waits
To bait himſelf with fiſh, his hook and fiſh with baits.

46

His art is but to hide, not heal a ſore,
To nouriſh pride, to ſtrangle conſcience;
To drain the rich, his own drie pits to ſtore,
To ſpoil the precious ſoul, to pleaſe vile ſenſe:
A carrion crow he is, a gaping grave,
The rich coats moth, the courts bane, trenchers ſlave;
Sinnes & hells winning baud, the devils fact'ring knave.

47

A miſt he caſts before his patrons ſight,
That blackeſt vices never once appeare;
But greater then it is, ſeems vertues light;
His Lords diſpleaſure is his onely fear:
His clawing lies, tickling the ſenſes frail
To death, make open way where force would fail.
Leſſe hurts the lions paw, then foxes ſofteſt tail.

48

His arms with hundred tongues were poud'red gay,
(The mint of lies) gilt, fil'd, the ſenſe to pleaſe;
His ſword which in his mouth cloſe ſheathed lay,
Sharper then death, and fram'd to kill with eaſe.
Ah curſed weapon, life with pleaſure ſpilling!
The Sardoin herb with many branches filling
His ſhield, was his device: the word, *I pleaſe in killing.*

Baſe

49

Baſe ſlave! how crawl'ſt thou from thy dunghill neſt,
Where thou waſt hatcht by ſhame and beggerie,
And pearcheſt in the learn'd and noble breaſt?
Nobles of thee their courtſhip learn, of thee
Arts learn new art their learning to adorn:
(Ah wretched mindes!) He is not nobly born,
Nor learn'd, that doth not thy ignoble learning ſcorn.

50

Cloſe to him *Pleaſing* went, with painted face,
And *Honour*, by ſome hidden cunning made;
Not *Honours* ſelf, but *Honours* ſemblance baſe,
For ſoon it vaniſht like an emptie ſhade:
Behinde, his parents duely him attend;
With them he forced is his age to ſpend:
Shame his beginning was, and ſhame muſt be his end.

51

Next follow'd * *Dyſcolus*, a froward wight; * Morosite.
His lips all ſwoln, and eyebrows ever bent,
With ſootie locks, ſwart looks, and ſcouling ſight,
His face a tell-tale to his foul intent:
He nothing lik't, or prais'd; but reprehended
What every one beſide himſelf commended.
Humours of tongues impoſtum'd, purg'd with ſhame, are (mended.

52

His mouth a pois'nous quiver, where he hides
Sharp venom'd arrows, which his bitter tongue
With ſquibs, carps, jeſts, unto their object guides;
Nor fears he gods on earth, or heav'n to wrong:
Upon his ſhield was fairly drawn to ſight
A raging dog, foaming out wrath and ſpite:
The word to his device, *Impartiall all I bite.*

* *Geloios*

53

* Mad laughter. Eccles. 2. 2.

* *Geloios* next ensu'd, a merrie Greek,
Whose life was laughter vain, and mirth misplac't;
His speeches broad, to shame the modest cheek;
Ne car'd he whom, or when, or how disgrac't.
Salt round about he flung upon the sand;
If in his way his friend or father stand,
His father & his friend he spreads with careless hand.

54

His foul jests steep'd and drown'd in laughter vain,
And rotten speech, (ah!) was not mirth, but madnesse:
His armour crackling thorns all flaming stain
With golden fires, (embleme of foppish gladnesse)
Upon his shield two laughing fools you see,
(In number he the third, first in degree) (*three.*
At which himself would laugh, and fleer: his word, *We*

55

* Rusticitie, or feritie.

And after, * *Agrios*, a sullen swain,
All mirth that in himself and others hated;
Dull, dead, and leaden was his cheerlesse vein:
His weary sense he never recreated;
And now he marcht as if he somewhat dream'd:
All honest joy but madnesse he esteem'd,
Refreshings idlenesse, but sport he folly deem'd.

56

In's arms his minde the workman fit expresst,
Which all with quenched lamps, but smoking yet,
And foully stinking, were full queintly dresst;
To blinde, not light the eyes, to choke, not heat:
Upon his shield an heap of fennie mire
In flagges and turfs (with sunnes yet never drier)
Did smoth'ring lie, not burn: his word, *Smoke without fire.*

Last

57.

Laſt *Impudence*, whoſe never-changing face
Knew but one colour; with ſome braſſe-brow'd lie,
And laughing loud ſhe drowns her juſt diſgrace:
About her all the fiends in armies flie:
Her feather'd beaver ſidelong cockt, in guiſe
Of roaring boyes; ſet look with fixed eyes
Out-looks all ſhamefac't forms, all modeſtie defies.

58

And as her thoughts, ſo arms all black as hell:
Her braſen ſhield two ſable dogs adorn,
Who each at other ſtare, and ſnarle, and ſwell:
Beneath the word was ſet, *All change I ſcorn.*
But if I all this rout and foul aray
Should muſter up, and place in battell ray, (ſtay.
Too long your ſelves & flocks my tedious ſong would

59

The aged day growes dimme, and homeward calls:
The parting Sunne (mans ſtate deſcribing well)
Falls when he riſes, riſes when he falls:
So we by falling roſe, by riſing fell.
The ſhadie cloud of night 'gins ſoftly creep,
And all our world with ſable tincture ſteep:
Home now ye ſhepherd-ſwains; home now my loved ſheep.

CANT. IX.

THe Bridegroom Sunne, who late the Earth had (spous'd,
Leaves his ſtar-chamber; early in the Eaſt
He ſhook his ſparkling locks, head lively rouz'd,
While Morn his couch with bluſhing roſes dreſt;
His ſhines the Earth ſoon latcht to gild her flowers:
Phoſphor his gold-fleec't drove folds in their bowers,
Which all the night had graz'd about th' *Olympick* (towers.

2

The cheerfull Lark, mounting from early bed,
With ſweet ſalutes awakes the drowſie light;
The earth ſhe left, and up to heav'n is fled;
There chants her Makers praiſes out of ſight:
Earth ſeems a molehill, men but ants to be;
Teaching proud men, that ſoar to high degree,
The farther up they climbe, the leſſe they ſeem, and ſee.

3

The ſhepherds met, and *Thomalin* began;
Young *Thomalin*, whoſe notes and ſilver ſtring
Silence the riſing Lark, and falling Swan:
Come *Thirſil*, end thy lay, and cheerly ſing:
Hear'ſt how the Larks give welcome to the day,
Temp'ring their ſweeteſt notes unto thy lay?
Up then, thou loved ſwain; why doſt thou longer ſtay?

4

Well ſett'ſt thou (friend) the Lark before mine eyes,
Much eaſier to heare then imitate:
Her wings lift up her notes to loftie skies;
But me a leaden ſleep, and earthly ſtate
Down to the centre ties with captive ſtring:
Well might I follow here her note and wing;
Singing ſhe loftie mounts: ah! mounting ſhould I ſing.

Oh

5

Oh thou dread King of that heroick band,
Which by thy power beats back theſe helliſh ſprites,
Reſcuing this State from death and baſe command;
Tell me, (dread King) what are thoſe warlike Knights?
What force? what arms? where lies their ſtrengths in-
That though ſo few in number, never ceaſe (creaſe,
To keep this ſieged town 'gainſt numbers numberleſſe?

6

The firſt Commanders in this holy train,
Leaders to all the reſt, an ancient pair;
Long ſince ſure linkt in wedlocks ſweeteſt chain;
His name *Spiritto*, ſhe * *Urania* fair:
Fair had ſhe been, and full of heav'nly grace,
And he in youth a mightie warrier was,
Both now more fair, & ſtrong; which prov'd their hea- (v'nly race.

* Heaven.

7

His arms with flaming tongues all ſparkled bright,
Bright flaming tongues, in divers ſections parted;
His piercing ſword, edg'd with their firy light,
'Twixt bones and marrow, ſoul and ſpirit diſparted:
Upon his ſhield was drawn a glorious Dove,
'Gainſt whom the proudeſt Eagle dares not move;
Glitt'ring in beams: his word, *Conqu'ring by peace and* (*love.*

8

But ſhe *Amazon*-like in azure arms,
Silver'd with ſtarres, and gilt with ſunnie rayes,
Her mighty Spouſe in fight and fierce alarms
Attends, and equals in theſe bloudie frayes;
And on her ſhield an heav'nly globe (diſplaying
The conſtellations lower bodies ſwaying,
Sway'd by the higher) ſhe bore: her word, *I rule obeying.*

9

About them ſwarm'd their fruitfull progenie;
An heav'nly off-ſpring of an heav'nly bed:
Well mought you in their looks his ſtoutneſſe ſee
With her ſweet graces lovely tempered.
Fit youth they ſeem'd to play in Princes hall,
(But ah long ſince they thence were baniſht all)
Or ſhine in glitt'ring arms, when need fierce warre doth (call.

10

The firſt in order (nor in worth the laſt)
Is *Knowledge*, drawn from peace and Muſes ſpring;
Where ſhaded in fair *Sinaies* groves, his taſte
He feaſts with words and works of heav'nly King;
But now to bloudy field is fully bent:
Yet ſtill he ſeem'd to ſtudy as he went:
His arms cut all in books; ſtrong ſhield ſlight papers lent.

11

His glitt'ring armour ſhin'd like burning day,
Garniſht with golden Sunnes, and radiant flowers;
Which turn their bending heads to *Phœbus* ray,
And when he falls, ſhut up their leavie bowers:
Upon his ſhield the ſilver Moon did bend
Her horned bow, and round her arrows ſpend:
His word in ſilver wrote, *I borrow what I lend.*

12

All that he ſaw, all that he heard, were books,
In which he read and learn'd his Makers will:
Moſt on his word, but much on heav'n he looks,
And thence admires with praiſe the workmans skill.
Cloſe to him went ſtill-muſing *Contemplation*,
That made good uſe of ills by meditation;
So to him ill it ſelf was good by ſtrange mutation.

And

13

And *Care*, who never from his sides would part,
Of knowledge oft the waies and means enquiring,
To practise what he learnt from holy art;
And oft with tears, and oft with sighs desiring (steep,
Aid from that Soveraigne Guide, whose wayes so
Though fain he would, yet weak he could not keep:
But when he could not go, yet forward would he creep.

14

Next * *Tapinus*, whose sweet, though lowly grace
All other higher then himself esteem'd;
He in himself priz'd things as mean and base,
Which yet in others great and glorious seem'd:
All ill due debt, good undeserv'd he thought;
His heart a low-roost house, but sweetly wrought,
Where God himself would dwell, though he it dearly (bought.

15

Honour he shunnes, yet is the way unto him;
As hell, he hates advancement wonne with bribes;
But publick place and charge are forc't to wooe him;
He good to grace, ill to desert ascribes:
Him (as his Lord) contents a lowly room,
Whose first house was the blessed Virgins wombe,
The next a cratch, the third a crosse, the fourth a tombe.

16

So choicest drugs in meanest shrubs are found;
So precious gold in deepest centre dwells:
So sweetest violets trail on lowly ground;
So richest pearls ly clos'd in vilest shells:
So lowest dales we let at highest rates;
So creeping strawberries yeeld daintiest cates.
The Highest highly loves the low, the loftie hates.

* Humilitie.

17

Upon his shield was drawn that Shepherd lad,
Who with a sling threw down faint *Israels* fears;
And in his hand his spoils, and trophies glad,
The Monsters sword and head, he bravely bears:
Plain in his lovely face you might behold
A blushing meekness met with courage bold:
Little, not little worth, was fairly wrote in gold.

18

With him his kinsman both in birth and name,
Obedience, taught by many bitter showers
In humble bonds his passions proud to tame,
And low submit unto the higher powers:
But yet no servile yoke his forehead brands;
For ti'd in such an holy service bands,
In this obedience rules, and serving thus commands.

19

* Faith. By them went * *Fido,* Marshal of the field:
Weak was his mother, when she gave him day;
And he at first a sick and weakly childe,
As e're with tears welcom'd the sunnie ray:
Yet when more yeares afford more growth, & might,
A champion stout he was, and puissant Knight,
As ever came in field, or shone in armour bright.

20

So may we see a little lionet,
When newly whelpt, a weak and tender thing,
Despis'd by every beast; but waxen great,
When fuller times full strength and courage bring,
The beasts all crouching low, their King adore,
And dare not see what they contemn'd before:
The trembling forrest quakes at his affrighting roar.

Mountains

21

Mountains he flings in ſeas with mighty hand;
Stops, and turns back the Sunnes impetuous courſe;
Nature breaks natures laws at his command;
No force of hell or heav'n withſtands his force:
Events to come yet many ages hence
He preſent makes, by wondrous preſcience;
Proving the ſenſes blinde, by being blinde to ſenſe.

22

His sky-like arms, di'd all in blue and white,
And ſet with golden ſtarres that flamed wide;
His ſhield inviſible to mortall ſight,
Yet he upon it eaſily deſcri'd
The lively ſemblance of his dying Lord;
Whoſe bleeding ſide with wicked ſteel was gor'd,
Which to his fainting ſpirits new courage would afford.

23

Strange was the force of that enchanted ſhield,
Which higheſt powers to it from heav'n impart;
For who could bear it well, and rightly wield,
It ſav'd from ſword, and ſpear, and poiſon'd dart:
Well might he ſlip, but yet not wholly fall:
No finall loſſe his courage might appall;
Growing more ſound by wounds, and riſing by his fall.

24

So ſome have feign' d that *Tellus* giant ſonne
Drew many new-born lives from his dead mother;
Another roſe as ſoon as one was done,
And twentie loſt, yet ſtill remain'd another:
For when he fell, and kiſt the barren heath,
His parent ſtraight inſpir'd ſucceſſive breath;
And though her ſelf was dead, yet ranſom'd him from death.

With

25

* Hearing. With him his Nurſe went, carefull * *Acoë*; (him,
Whoſe hands firſt from his mothers wombe did take
And ever ſince have foſter'd tenderly:
She never might, ſhe never would forſake him;
And he her lov'd again with mutuall band:
For by her needfull help he oft did ſtand,
When elſe he ſoon would fail, and fall in foemens hand.

26

With both ſweet *Meditation* ever pac't,
His Nurſes daughter, and his Foſter-ſiſter:
Deare as his ſoul he in his ſoul her plac't,
And oft embrac't, and oft by ſtealth he kiſt her:
For ſhe had taught him by her ſilent talk
To tread the ſafe, and dangerous wayes to balk;
And brought his God with him, him with his God to (walk.

27

Behinde him *Penitence* did ſadly go,
Whoſe cloudie dropping eyes were ever raining;
Her ſwelling tears, which ev'n in ebbing flow,
Furrow her cheek, the ſinfull puddles draining:
Much ſeem'd ſhe in her penſive thought moleſted,
And much the mocking world her ſoul infeſted;
More ſhe the hatefull world, and moſt her ſelf deteſted.

28

She was the object of lewd mens diſgrace,
The ſquint-ey'd, wrie-mouth'd ſcoffe of carnall hearts;
Yet ſmiling heav'n delights to kiſſe her face,
And with his bloud God bathes her painfull ſmarts:
Afflictions iron flail her ſoul had thraſht;
Sharp *Circumciſions* knife her heart had ſlaſht;
Yet was it angels wine, which in her eyes was maſht.

With

29

With her a troop of mournfull grooms abiding,
Help with their ſullen blacks their Miſtreſſe wo;.
Amendment ſtill (but ſtill his own faults) chiding,
And *Penance* arm'd with ſmarting whips did go:
Then ſad *Remorſe* came ſighing all the way;
Laſt *Satisfaction*, giving all away:
Much ſurely did he owe, much more he would repay.

30

Next went * *Elpinus*, clad in skie-like blue; * Hope.
And through his arms few ſtarres did ſeem to peep,
Which there the workmans hand ſo finely drew,
That rockt in clouds they ſoftly ſeem'd to ſleep:
His rugged ſhield was like a rockie mold,
On which an anchour bit with ſureſt hold:
I hold by being held, was written round in gold.

31

Nothing ſo cheerfull was his thoughtfull face,
As was his brother *Fido's:* Fear ſeem'd dwell
Cloſe by his heart; his colour chang'd apace,
And went, and came, that ſure all was not well:
Therefore a comely Maid did oft ſuſtain
His fainting ſteps, and fleeting life maintain:
* *Pollicita* ſhe hight, which ne're could lie or feigne. * Promiſe.

32

Next to *Elpinus* marcht his brother *Love*;
Not that great Love which cloth'd his Godhead bright
With rags of fleſh, and now again above
Hath dreſt his fleſh in heav'ns eternall light;
Much leſſe the brat of that falſe *Cyprian* dame,
Begot by froth, and fire in bed of ſhame,
And now burns idle hearts ſwelt'ring in luſtfull flame:

33

But this from heav'n brings his immortall race,
And nurst by *Gratitude*; whose carefull arms
Long held, and hold him still in kinde embrace:
But train'd to daily warres, and fierce alarms,
He grew to wondrous strength, and beautie rare:
Next that God-Love, from whom his off-springs are,
No match in earth or heav'n may with this *Love* com-
(pare.

34

His Page, who from his side might never move,
Remembrance, on him waits; in books reciting
The famous passions of that higheſt Love,
His burning zeal to greater flames exciting:
Deep would he sigh, and seem empassion'd sore,
And oft with tears his backward heart deplore,
That loving all he could, he lov'd that Love no more.

35

Yet sure he truely lov'd, and honour'd deare
That glorious name; for when, or where he spi'd
Wrong'd, or in helliſh speech blasphem'd did heare,
Boldly the rash blasphemer he defi'd,
And forc't him eat the words he foully spake:
But if for him he grief or death did take,
That grief he counted joy, and death life for his sake.

36

His glitt'ring arms, dreſt all with firie hearts,
Seem'd burn in chaſte desire, and heav'nly flame:
And on his shield kinde *Jonathan* imparts
To his souls friend his robes, and princely name,
And kingly throne, which mortals so adore:
And round about was writ in golden ore,
Well might he give him all, that gave his life before.

These

37

These led the Vantguard; and an hundred moe
Fill'd up the emptie ranks with ord'red train:
But first in middle ward did justly go
In goodly arms a fresh and lovely Swain,
Vaunting himself *Loves* twin, but younger brother:
Well mought it be; for ev'n their very mother
With pleasing errour oft mistook the one for th' other.

38

As when fair *Paris* gave that golden ball,
A thousand doubts ranne in his stagg'ring breast:
All lik'd him well, fain would he give it all;
Each better seems, and still the last seems best:
Doubts ever new his reaching hand deferr'd;
The more he looks, the more his judgement err'd:
So she first this, then that, then none, then both preferr'd

39

Like them, their armour seem'd full neare of kinne:
In this they onely differ; th' elder bent
His higher soul to heav'n, the younger Twinne
'Mong mortals here his love and kindenesse spent;
Teaching strange alchymie, to get a living
By selling land, and to grow rich by giving;
By emptying filling bags, so heav'n by earth atchieving.

40

About him troop the poore with num'rous trains,
Whom he with tender care, and large expence,
With kindest words, and succour entertains;
Ne looks for thanks, or thinks of recompence:
His wardrobe serves to cloath the naked side,
And shamefull parts of bared bodies hide;
If other cloaths he lackt, his own he would divide.

41

To rogues his gate was shut; but open lay,
Kindely the weary traveller inviting:
Oft therefore Angels, hid in mortall clay,
And God himself in his free roofs delighting,
Lowly to visit him would not disdain,
And in his narrow cabin oft remain,
Whom heav'n, & earth, & all the world cannot contain.

42

His table still was fill'd with wholesome meat,
Not to provoke, but quiet appetite;
And round about the hungry freely eat,
With plenteous cates cheering their feeble sprite:
Their earnest vows broke open heav'ns wide doore,
That not in vain sweet Plentie evermore
With gracious eye looks down upon his blessed store.

43

Behinde attend him in an uncouth wise
A troop with little caps, and shaved head;
Such whilome was infranched bondmens guise,
New freed from cruell masters servile dread:
These had he lately bought from captive chain;
Hence they his triumph sing with joyfull strain,
And on his head due praise and thousand blessings rain.

44

He was a father to the fatherlesse,
To widows he suppli'd an husbands care;
Nor would he heap up woe to their distresse,
Or by a Guardians name their state impair;
But rescue them from strong oppressours might:
Nor doth he weigh the great mans heavie spight.
Who fears the highest Judge, needs fear no mortall wight.

Once

45

Once every week he on his progreſſe went,
The ſick to viſit, and thoſe meager ſwains,
Which all their weary life in darkneſſe ſpent,
Clogg'd with cold iron, preſt with heavy chains:
He hoords not wealth for his looſe heir to ſpend it,
But with a willing hand doth well expend it.
Good then is onely good, when to our God we lend it.

46

And when the dead by cruell tyrants ſpight
Lie out to rav'nous birds and beaſts expos'd,
His yearnfull heart pitying that wretched ſight,
In ſeemly graves their weary fleſh enclos'd,
And ſtrew'd with dainty flowers the lowly herſe;
Then all alone the laſt words did rehearſe,
Bidding them ſoftly ſleep in his ſad ſighing verſe.

47

So once that royall * Maid fierce *Thebes* beguil'd,
Though wilfull *Creon* proudly did forbid her;
Her brother, from his home and tombe exil'd,
(While willing night in darkneſſe ſafely hid her)
She lowly laid in earths all-covering ſhade:
Her dainty hands (not us'd to ſuch a trade)
She with a mattock toils, and with a weary ſpade.

* Antigone, daughter of Oedipus, contrary to the edict of Creon, buries Polynices.

48

Yet feels ſhe neither ſweat, nor irkſome pain,
Till now his grave was fully finiſhed;
Then on his wounds her cloudy eyes 'gin rain,
To waſh the guilt painted in bloudy red:
And falling down upon his gored ſide,
With hundred varied plaints ſhe often cri'd,
Oh had I di'd for thee, or with thee might have di'd!

49

Ay me! my ever wrong'd, and baniſht brother,
How can I fitly thy hard fate deplore,
Or in my breaſt ſo juſt complainings ſmother?
To thy ſad chance what can be added more?
Exile thy home, thy home a tombe thee gave:
Oh no; ſuch little room thou muſt not have,
But for thy baniſht bones I (wretch) muſt ſteal a grave.

50

But whither, wofull Maid, have thy complaints
With fellow paſſion drawn my feeling mone?
But thus this *Love* deals with thoſe murd'red Saints;
Weeps with the ſad, and ſighs with thoſe that grone.
But now in that beech grove we'l ſafely play,
And in thoſe ſhadows mock the boyling ray;
Which yet increaſes more with the decreaſing day.



CANT. X.

THe Shepherds to the woodie mount withdrew,
Where th' hillock ſeats, ſhades yeeld a canopie;
Whoſe tops with violets di'd all in blue
Might ſeem to make a little azure skie: (tain'd,
And that round hill, which their weak heads main-
A leſſer *Atlas* ſeem'd, whoſe neck ſuſtain'd (pain'd.
The weight of all the heav'ns, which ſore his ſhoulders

2

And here and there ſweet Primroſe ſcattered,
Spangling the blue, fit conſtellations make:
Some broadly flaming their fair colours ſpread;
Some other winkt, as yet but half awake:
Fit were they plac't, and ſet in order due:
Nature ſeem'd work by art, ſo lively true
A little heav'n on earth in narrow ſpace ſhe drew.

3

Upon this earthly heav'n the ſhepherds play,
The time beguiling, and the parching light;
Till the declining Sunne, and elder day
Abate their flaming heat, and youthfull might:
The ſheep had left the ſhades, to minde their meat;
Then all returning to their former ſeat,
Thirſil again began his wearie ſong repeat.

4

Great power of Love! with what commanding fire
Doſt thou enflame the worlds wide Regiment,
And kindely heat in every heart inſpire!
Nothing is free from thy ſweet government:
Fiſh burn in ſeas; beaſts, birds thy weapons prove;
By thee dead elements and heavens move,
Which void of ſenſe it ſelf, yet are not void of love.

But

5

But those twinne Loves, which from thy seas of light
To us on earth derive their lesser streams,
Though in their force they shew thy wondrous might,
On thee reflecting back their glorious beams,
Yet here encountred with so mightie foe,
Had need both arm'd and surely guarded go:
But most thy help they need; do not thy help foreslow.

6

* Peaceable-nesse. Next to the younger *Love* * *Irenus* went,
Whose frostie head proclaim'd his winter age:
His spring in many battels had he spent,
But now all weapons chang'd for counsell sage.
His heavie sword (the witnesse of his might)
Upon a lopped tree he idlely pight;
There hid in quiet sheath, sleeps it in endlesse night.

7

Patience his shield had lent to ward his breast,
Whose golden plain three Olive-branches dresse:
The word in letters large was fair exprest,
Thrice happie authour of a happie peace.
Rich plenty yeelds him power, power stores his will;
Will ends in works, good works his treasures fill:
* Matth. 5. 9. Earths slave, * heav'ns heir he is; as God, payes good for (ill.

8

* Fortitude. By him * *Andreos* pac't, of middle age,
His minde as farre from rashnesse, as from fears;
Hating base thoughts as much as desperate rage:
The worlds loud thund'rings he unshaken heares;
Nor will he death or life or seek or flie,
Readie for both. *He is as cowardly*
That longer fears to live, as he that fears to die.

Worst

9

Worſt was his civil warre, where deadly fought
He with himſelf, till Paſſion yeelds, or dies:
All heart and hand, no tongue; not grimme, but ſtout:
His flame had counſell in't, his furie eyes;
His rage well temper'd is: no fear can dant
His reaſon; but cold bloud is valiant:
Well may he ſtrength in death, but never courage want.

10

But like a mighty rock, whoſe unmov'd ſides
The hoſtile ſea aſſaults with furious wave,
And 'gainſt his head the boiſt'rous North-winde rides;
Both fight, and ſtorm, and ſwell, and roar, and rave;
Hoarſe ſurges drum, loud blaſts their trumpets ſtrain:
Th' heroick cliffe laughs at their fruſtrate pain:
Waves ſcatter'd drop in tears, windes broken whining (plain:

11

Such was this Knights undanted conſtancie;
No miſchief weakens his reſolved minde:
None fiercer to a ſtubborn enemie,
But to the yeelding none more ſweetly kinde.
His ſhield an even-ballast ſhip embraves,
Which dances light, while *Neptune* wildely raves:
His word was this, *I fear but heav'n, nor windes, nor waves.*

12

And next, * *Macrothumus*, whoſe quiet face
No cloud of paſſion ever ſhadowed;
Nor could hot anger Reaſons rule diſplace,
Purpling the ſcarlet cheek with firie red:
Nor could revenge, clad in a deadly white,
With hidden malice eat his vexed ſprite:
For ill he good repay'd, and love exchang'd for ſpite.

* Long-ſuffering.

13

Was never yet a more undanted ſpirit;
Yet moſt him deem'd a baſe and tim'rous ſwain:
But he well weighing his own ſtrength and merit,
The greateſt wrong could wiſely entertain.
Nothing reſiſted his commanding ſpear:
Yeelding it ſelf to him a winning were;
And though he di'd, yet dead he roſe a conquerer.

14

His naturall force beyond all nature ſtretched:
Moſt ſtrong he is, becauſe he will be weak;
And happie moſt, becauſe he can be wretched.
Then whole and ſound, when he himſelf doth break;
Rejoycing moſt when moſt he is tormented:
In greateſt diſcontents he reſts contented:
By conquering himſelf all conqueſts he prevented.

15

His rockie arms of maſſie adamant
Safely could back rebutt the hardeſt blade:
His skinne it ſelf could any weapon dant,
Of ſuch ſtrange mold and temper was he made:
Upon his ſhield a Palm-tree ſtill increaſed,
Though many weights his riſing arms depreſſed:
His word was, *Riſing moſt, by being moſt oppreſſed.*

16

* Gentleneſſe, or courteſie.

Next him * *Androphilus*, whoſe ſweeteſt minde
'Twixt mildeneſſe temper'd, and low courteſie,
Could leave as ſoon to be, as not be kinde:
Churliſh deſpite ne're lookt from his calm eye,
Much leſſe commanded in his gentle heart:
To baſer men fair looks he would impart;
Nor could he cloak ill thoughts in complementall art.

His

17

His enemies knew not how to discommend him,
All others dearely lov'd; fell ranc'rous Spite,
And vile Detraction fain would reprehend him;
And oft in vain his name they closely bite,
As popular, and flatterer accusing:
But he such slavish office much refusing,
Can eas'ly quit his name from their false tongues abu-
(sing.

18

His arms were fram'd into a glitt'ring night,
Whose sable gown with starres all spangled wide
Affords the weary traveller cheerfull light,
And to his home his erring footsteps guide:
Upon his ancient shield the workman fine
Had drawn the Sunne, whose eye did ne're repine
To look on good, and ill: his word, *To all I shine.*

19

Fair Vertue, where stay'st thou in poore exile,
Leaving the Court from whence thou took'st thy name?
While in thy place is stept Disdaining vile,
And Flatterie, base sonne of Need and Shame;
And with them surly Scorn, and hatefull Pride;
Whose artificiall face false colours di'd,
Which more display her shame, then loathsome foul-
(nesse hide.

20

Late there thou livedst with a gentle Swain,
(As gentle Swain as ever lived there)
Who lodg'd thee in his heart, and all thy train,
Where hundred other Graces quarter'd were:
But he (alas!) untimely dead and gone,
Leaves us to rue his death, and thee to mone,
That few were ever such, & now those few are none.

21

By him the ſtout * *Encrates* boldly went,
Aſſailed oft by mightie enemies,
Which all on him alone their ſpite miſſpent;
For he whole armies ſingle bold defies:
With him nor might, nor cunning ſlights prevail;
All force on him they trie, all forces fail:
Yet ſtill aſſail him freſh, yet vainly ſtill aſſail.

* Temperance.

22

His body full of vigour, full of health;
His table feeds not luſt, but ſtrength, and need:
Full ſtor'd with plenty, not by heaping wealth,
But topping rank deſires, which vain exceed:
On's ſhield an hand from heav'n an orchyard dreſſing,
Pruning ſuperfluous boughs the trees oppreſſing,
So adding fruit: his word, *By leſſening increaſing.*

23

His ſetled minde was written in his face:
For on his forehead cheerfull gravitie
Falſe joyes and apiſh vanities doth chaſe;
And watchfull care did wake in either eye:
His heritance he would not laviſh ſell,
Nor yet his treaſure hide by neighbouring hell:
But well he ever ſpent, what he had gotten well.

24

A lovely pair of twins clos'd either ſide:
Not thoſe in heav'n, the flowrie Geminies,
Are half ſo lovely bright; the one his Bride,
* *Agnia* chaſte, was joyn'd in *Hymens* ties,
And love, as pure as heav'ns conjunction:
Thus ſhe was his, and he her fleſh and bone:
So were they two in ſight, in truth entirely one.

* Chaſtitie in the married.

Upon

25

Upon her arched brow unarmed Love
Triumphing ſat in peacefull victorie;
And in her eyes thouſand chaſte Graces move,
Checking vain thoughts with awfull majeſtie:
Ten thouſand moe her fairer breaſt contains;
Where quiet meekneſſe every ill reſtrains,
And humbly ſubject ſpirit by willing ſervice reignes.

26

Her skie-like arms glitter'd in golden beams,
And brightly ſeem'd to flame with burning hearts:
The ſcalding ray with his reflected ſtreams
Fire to their flames, but heav'nly fire, imparts:
Upon her ſhield a pair of Turtles ſhone;
A loving pair, ſtill coupled, ne're alone:
Her word, *Though one when two, yet either two, or none.*

27

With her, her ſiſter went, a warlike Maid,
* *Parthenia*, all in ſteel, and gilded arms;
In needles ſtead a mighty ſpear ſhe ſwayd,
With which in bloudy fields and fierce alarms
The boldeſt champion ſhe down would bear,
And like a thunderbolt wide paſſage tear,
Flinging all to the earth with her enchanted ſpear.

* Chaſtitie in the ſingle.

28

Her goodly armour ſeem'd a garden green,
Where thouſand ſpotleſſe lilies freſhly blew;
And on her ſhield the 'lone bird might be ſeen,
Th' Arabian bird, ſhining in colours new:
It ſelf unto it ſelf was onely mate;
Ever the ſame, but new in newer date:
And underneath was writ, *Such is chaſte ſingle ſtate.*

29

Thus hid in arms, ſhe ſeem'd a goodly Knight,
And fit for any warlike exerciſe:
But when ſhe liſt lay down her armour bright,
And back reſume her peacefull Maidens guiſe;
The faireſt Maid ſhe was, that ever yet
Priſon'd her locks within a golden net,
Or let them waving hang, with roſes fair beſet.

30

Choice Nymph, the crown of chaſte *Diana's* train,
Thou beauties lilie, ſet in heav'nly earth;
Thy fairs unpattern'd all perfections ſtain:
Sure heav'n with curious pencil, at thy birth,
In thy rare face her own full picture drew:
It is a ſtrong verſe here to write but true:
Hyperboles in others are but half thy due.

31

Upon her forehead Love his trophies fits,
A thouſand ſpoils in ſilver arch diſplaying;
And in the midſt himſelf full proudly ſits,
Himſelf in awfull majeſtie araying:
Upon her brows lies his bent Ebon bow,
And ready ſhafts: deadly thoſe weapons ſhow;
Yet ſweet that death appear'd, lovely that deadly blow.

32

And at the foot of this celeſtiall frame
Two radiant ſtarres, then ſtarres yet better being,
Endu'd with living fire, and ſeeing flame;
Yet with heav'ns ſtarres in this too neare agreeing;
They timely warmth, themſelves not warm, inſpire;
Theſe kindle thouſand hearts with hot deſire,
And burning all they ſee, feel in themſelves no fire.

Ye

33

Ye matchleſſe ſtarres, (yet each the others match)
Heav'ns richeſt diamonds, ſet on Ammel white,
From whoſe bright ſpheres all grace the Graces catch,
And will not move but by your load-ſtarres bright;
How have you ſtoln, and ſtor'd your armourie (skie
With Loves and deaths ſtrong ſhafts, and from your
Poure down thick ſhowers of darts to force whole ar-

34 (mies flie?

Above thoſe Sunnes two Rainbows high aſpire,
Not in light ſhews, but ſadder liveries dreſt;
Fair *Iris* ſeem'd to mourn in ſable tire;
Yet thus more ſweet the greedie eye they feaſt:
And but that wondrous face it well allow'd,
Wondrous it ſeem'd, that two fair Rainbows ſhow'd
Above their ſparkling Sunnes, without or rain, or cloud.

35

A bed of lilies flower upon her cheek,
And in the midſt was ſet a circling roſe;
Whoſe ſweet aſpect would force *Narciſſus* ſeek
New liveries, and freſher colours chooſe
To deck his beauteous head in ſnowie tire;
But all in vain: for who can hope t' aſpire
To ſuch a fair, which none attain, but all admire?

36

Her rubie lips lock up from gazing ſight
A troop of pearls, which march in goodly row:
But when ſhe deignes thoſe precious bones undight,
Soon heav'nly notes from thoſe diviſions flow,
And with rare muſick charm the raviſht eares,
Danting bold thoughts, but cheering modeſt fears:
The ſpheres ſo onely ſing, ſo onely charm the ſpheres.

Her

37

Her daintie breaſts, like to an Aprill roſe
From green-ſilk fillets yet not all unbound,
Began their little riſing heads diſcloſe,
And fairly ſpread their ſilver circlets round:
From thoſe two bulwarks Love doth ſafely fight;
Which ſwelling eaſily, may ſeem to ſight
To be enwombed both of pleaſure and delight.

38

Yet all theſe Starres which deck this beauteous skie,
By force of th' inward Sunne both ſhine and move:
Thron'd in her heart ſits Loves high majeſtie;
In higheſt majeſtie the higheſt Love.
As when a taper ſhines in glaſſie frame,
The ſparkling cryſtall burns in glitt'ring flame:
So does that brighteſt Love brighten this lovely dame.

39

Thus, and much fairer, fair *Parthenia*
Gliſt'ring in arms, her ſelf preſents to ſight;
As when th' *Amazon* Queen, *Hippolyta*,
With *Theſeus* entred liſts in ſingle fight,
With equall arms her mighty foe oppoſing;
Till now her bared head her face diſcloſing,
Conquer'd the conquerour, & wan the fight by loſing.

40

A thouſand Knights woo'd her with buſie pain,
To thouſand ſhe her virgin grant deni'd;
Although her deare-ſought love to entertain
They all their wit and all their ſtrength appli'd:
Yet in her heart Love cloſe his ſcepter ſwayd,
That to an heav'nly ſpouſe her thoughts betraid,
Where ſhe a maiden wife might live, and wifely maid.

41

Upon her steps a virgin Page attended,
Fair * *Erythre*, whose often-blushing face
Sweetly her in-born shame-fac't thoughts commended;
The faces change prov'd th' hearts unchanged grace,
Which she a shrine to puritie devotes:
So when cleare ivorie vermeil fitly blots,
By stains it fairer grows, and lovelier by its spots.

* Modestie.

42

Her golden hair, her silver forehead high,
Her teeth of solid, eyes of liquid pearl;
But neck and breast no man might bare descrie,
So sweetly modest was this bashfull girle:
But that sweet paradise (ah!) could we see,
On these white mountlets daintier apples be,
Then those we bought so deare on *Edens* tempting tree.

43

These noble Knights this threatned fort defend;
These, and a thousand moe heroick Swains,
That to this 'stressed State their service lend,
To free from force, and save from captive chains.
But now too late the battell to recite;
For *Hesperus* heav'ns tapers 'gins to light,
And warns each starre to wait upon their Mistres Night.

CANT. XI.

THe early Morn lets out the peeping day,
And ſtrew'd his paths with golden Marygolds:
The Moon grows wanne, and ſtarres flie all away,
Whom *Lucifer* locks up in wonted folds,
Till light is quencht, and heav'n in ſeas hath flung
The headlong day: to th' hill the ſhepherds throng,
And *Thirſil* now began to end his task and ſong.

2

Who now (alas!) ſhall teach my humble vein,
That never yet durſt peep from covert glade;
But ſoftly learnt for fear to ſigh and plain,
And vent her griefs to ſilent myrtils ſhade?
Who now ſhall teach to change my oaten quill
For trumpet 'larms, or humble verſes fill
With gracefull majeſtie, and loftie riſing skill?

3

Ah thou dread Spirit, ſhed thy holy fire,
Thy holy flame into my frozen heart;
Teach thou my creeping meaſures to aſpire,
And ſwell in bigger notes, and higher art:
Teach my low Muſe thy fierce alarums ring,
And raiſe my ſoft ſtrain to high thundering:
Tune thou my loftie ſong; thy battels muſt I ſing.

4

Such as thou wert within the ſacred breaſt
Of that thrice famous Poet-Shepherd-King;
And taught'ſt his heart to frame his Canto's beſt
Of all that e're thy glorious works did ſing:
Or as thoſe holy Fiſhers once amongs
Thou flamedſt bright with ſparkling parted tongues,
And brought'ſt down heav'n to earth in thoſe all-conqu'ring ſongs.

Theſe

5

These mighty Heroes, fill'd with justest rage
To be in narrow walls so closely pent,
Glitt'ring in arms, and goodly equipage,
Stood at the Castles gate, now ready bent
To sally out, and meet the enemie:
A hot disdain sparkled in every eye,
Breathing out hatefull warre, and deadly enmitie.

6

Thither repairs the carefull *Intellect*,
With his fair Spouse *Voletta*, heav'nly fair:
With both, their daughter; whose divine aspect,
Though now sad damps of sorrow much empair,
Yet through those clouds did shine so glorious bright,
That every eye did homage to the sight,
Yeelding their captive hearts to that commanding light.

7

But who may hope to paint such majestie,
Or shadow well such beautie, such a face,
Such beauteous face, unseen to mortall eye?
Whose powerfull looks, and more then mortall grace
Loves self hath lov'd, leaving his heav'nly throne,
With amorous sighs, and many a lovely mone
(Whom all the world would wooe) woo'd her his one-
(ly one.

8

Farre be that boldnesse from thy humble swain,
Faireſt *Ectecta*, to describe thy beautie,
And with unable skill thy glory stain,
Which ever he admires with humble dutie:
But who to view such blaze of beautie longs,
Go he to *Sinah*, th' holy groves amongs;
Where that wise Shepherd chants her in his Song of
songs.

9

The Islands King with sober countenance
Aggrates the Knights, who thus his right defended;
And with grave speech, and comely amenance
Himself, his State, his Spouse, to them commended:
His lovely childe, that by him pensive stands,
He last delivers to their valiant hands;
And her to thank the Knights, her Champions, he com-
(mands.

10

The God-like Maid a while all silent stood,
And down to th' earth let fall her humble eyes;
While modest thoughts shot up the flaming bloud,
Which fir'd her scarlet cheek with rosie dies:
But soon to quench the heat, that lordly reignes,
From her fair eye a shower of crystall rains,
Which with his silver streams o're-runs the beauteous
(plains.

11

As when the Sunne in midst of summers heat
Draws up thinne vapours with his potent ray,
Forcing dull waters from their native seat;
At length dimme clouds shadow the burning day:
Till coldest aire, soon melted into showers,
Upon the earth his welcome anger powres,
And heav'ns cleare forehead now wipes off her former
(lowres.

12

At length a little lifting up her eyes,
A renting sigh way for her sorrow brake,
Which from her heart 'gan in her face to rise,
And first in th' eye, then in the lip thus spake;
Ah gentle Knights, how may a simple maid,
With justest grief and wrong so ill apaid,
Give due reward for such your pains, and friendly aid?

But

13

But if my Princely Spouse do not delay
His timely presence in my greatest need,
He will for me your friendly love repay,
And well requite this your so gentle deed:
Then let no fear your mighty hearts assail:
His word's himself; himself he cannot fail.
Long may he stay, yet sure he comes, and must prevail.

14

By this the long-shut gate was open laid;
Soon out they rush in order well arang'd:
And fastning in their eyes that heav'nly Maid,
How oft for fear her faireſt colour chang'd!
Her looks, her worth, her goodly grace, and state
Comparing with her present wretched fate,
Pitie whets just revenge, and loves fire kindles hate.

15

Long at the gate the thoughtfull *Intellect*
Staid with his fearfull Queen, and daughter fair;
But when the Knights were past their dimme aspect,
They follow them with vowes, and many a prayer:
At last they climbe up to the Castles height;
From which they view'd the deeds of every Knight,
And markt the doubtfull end of this intestine fight.

16

As when a youth, bound for the *Belgick* warre,
Takes leave of friends upon the *Kentish* shore;
Now are they parted, and he sail'd so farre,
They see not now, and now are seen no more:
Yet farre off viewing the white trembling sails,
The tender mother soon plucks off her veils,
And shaking them aloft, unto her sonne she hails.

17

Mean time theſe Champions march in fit aray,
Till both the armies now were come in ſight:
A while each other boldly viewing ſtay,
With ſhort delayes whetting fierce rage and ſpight.
Sound now ye trumpets, ſound alarums loud,
Heark how their clamours whet their anger proud:
See, yonder are they met in midſt of duſtie cloud.

18

So oft the South with civil enmitie
Muſters his watrie forces 'gainſt the Weſt;
The rowling clouds come tumbling up the skie,
In dark folds wrapping up their angry gueſt:
At length the flame breaks from th' impriſoning cold,
With horrid noiſe tearing the limber mold;
While down in liquid tears the broken vapours roll'd.

19

Firſt did that warlike Maid her ſelf advance;
And riding from amidſt her companie,
About her helmet wav'd her mighty lance,
Daring to fight the proudeſt enemie:
Porneios ſoon his ready ſpear addreſt,
And kicking with his heel his haſtie beaſt,
Bent his ſharp-headed lance againſt her dainty breaſt.

20

In vain the broken ſtaffe ſought entrance there,
Where *Love* himſelf oft entrance ſought in vain:
But much unlike the Martial Virgins ſpear,
Which low diſmounts her foe on duſtie plain,
Broaching with bloudy point his breaſt before:
Down from the wound trickled the bubbling gore,
And bid pale death come in at that red gaping doore.

There

21

There lies he cover'd now in lowly duſt,
And foully wallowing in clutter'd bloud,
Breathing together out his life and luſt,
Which from his breaſt ſwamme in the ſteaming ſloud:
In maids his joy; now by a maid defi'd,
His life he loſt, and all his former pride:
With women would he live, now by a woman di'd.

22

Aſelges, ſtruck with ſuch a heavie ſight,
Greedie to venge his brothers ſad decay,
Spurr'd forth his flying ſteed with fell deſpight,
And met the virgin in the middle way:
His ſpear againſt her head he fiercely threw,
Which to that face performing homage due,
Kiſſing her helmet, thence in thouſand ſhivers flew.

23

The wanton boy had dreamt that lateſt night,
That he had learnt the liquid aire diſpart,
And ſwimme along the heav'ns with pineons light;
Now that fair maid taught him this nimble art:
For from his ſaddle farre away ſhe ſent,
Flying along the emptie element;
That hardly yet he knew whither his courſe was bent.

24

The reſt that ſaw with fear the ill ſucceſſe
Of ſingle fight, durſt not like fortune trie;
But round beſet her with their numerous preſſe:
Before, beſide, behinde they on her flie,
And every part with coward odds aſſail:
But ſhe redoubling ſtrokes as thick as hail,
Drove farre their flying troops, & threſht with iron flail.

As

25

As when a gentle greyhound ſet around
With little curres, which dare his way moleſt,
Snapping behinde; ſoon as the angrie hound
Turning his courſe, hath caught the buſieſt,
And ſhaking in his fangs hath welnigh ſlain;
The reſt fear'd with his crying, runne amain;
And ſtanding all aloof whine, houl, and bark in vain.

26

The ſubtil Dragon, that from farre did view
The waſte and ſpoil made by this maiden Knight,
Fell to his wonted guile; for well he knew
All force was vain againſt ſuch wondrous might:
A craftie ſwain well taught to cunning harms,
Call'd falſe Delight, he chang'd with helliſh charms;
That true Delight he ſeem'd, the ſelf-ſame ſhape and (arms.

27

The watchfull'ſt ſight no difference could deſcrie;
The ſame his face, his voice, his gate the ſame:
Thereto his words he feign'd; and coming nigh
The Maid, that fierce purſues her martiall game,
He whets her wrath with many a guilefull word,
Till ſhe leſſe carefull did fit time afford:
Then up with both his hands he lifts his balefull ſword.

28

You powerfull heav'ns! and thou their Governour!
With what eyes can you view this dolefull ſight?
How can you ſee your faireſt Conquerour
So nigh her end by ſo unmanly ſlight?
The dreadfull weapon through the aire doth glide;
But ſure you turn'd the harmfull edge aſide:
Elſe muſt ſhe there have fall'n, and by that traitour di'd.

Yet

29

Yet in her ſide deep was the wound impight;
Her flowing life the ſhining armour ſtains:
From that wide ſpring long rivers took their flight,
With purple ſtreams drowning the ſilver plains:
Her cheerfull colour now grows wanne and pale,
Which oft ſhe ſtrives with courage to recall, (fall.
And rouze her fainting head, which down as oft would

30

All ſo a Lilie, preſt with heavie rain,
Which fills her cup with ſhowers up to the brinks;
The wearie ſtalk no longer can ſuſtain
The head, but low beneath the burden ſinks:
Or as a virgin Roſe her leaves diſplayes,
Whom too hot ſcorching beams quite diſarayes;
Down flags her double ruffe, and all her ſweet decayes.

31

Th' undanted Maid, feeling her feet denie
Their wonted dutie, to a tree retir'd;
Whom all the rout purſue with deadly crie:
As when a hunted Stag, now welnigh tir'd,
Shor'd by an oak, 'gins with his head to play;
The fearfull hounds dare not his horns aſſay,
But running round about, with yelping voices bay.

32

And now perceiving all her ſtrength was ſpent,
Lifting to liſtning heav'n her trembling eyes,
Thus whiſpring ſoft, her ſoul to heav'n ſhe ſent;
Thou chaſteſt Love, that rul'ſt the wandring skies,
More pure then pureſt heavens by thee moved;
If thine own love in me thou ſure haſt proved;
If ever thou my ſelf, my vows, my love haſt loved.

33

Let not this Temple of thy ſpotleſſe love
Be with foul hand and beaſtly rage defil'd:
But when my ſpirit ſhall his camp remove,
And to his home return, too long exil'd;
Do thou protect it from the ravenous ſpoil
Of ranc'rous enemies, that hourely toil
Thy humble votarie with loathſome ſpot to foil.

34

With this few drops fell from her fainting eyes,
To dew the fading roſes of her cheek;
That much high Love ſeem'd paſſion'd with thoſe cries;
Much more thoſe ſtreams his heart and patience break:
Straight he the charge gives to a winged Swain,
Quickly to ſtep down to that bloudie plain,
And aid her wearie arms, and rightfull cauſe maintain.

35

Soon ſtoops the ſpeedie Herauld through the aire,
Where chaſte *Agneia* and *Encrates* fought:
See, ſee, he cries, where your *Parthenia* fair,
The flower of all your armie, hemm'd about
With thouſand enemies, now fainting ſtands,
Readie to fall into their murdring hands:
Hie ye, oh hie ye faſt; the higheſt Love commands.

36

They caſting round about their angrie eye,
The wounded Virgin almoſt ſinking ſpi'd: (flie:
They prick their ſteeds, which ſtraight like lightning
Their brother *Continence* runnes by their ſide;
Fair *Continence*, that truely long before
As his hearts liege, this Ladie did adore:
And now his faithfull love kindled his hate the more.

Encrates

37

Encrates and his Spouſe with flaſhing ſword
Aſſail the ſcatter'd troops, that headlong flie;
While *Continence* a precious liquour pour'd
Into the wound, and ſuppled tenderly:
Then binding up the gaping orifice,
Reviv'd the ſpirits, that now ſhe gan to riſe,
And with new life confront her heartleſſe enemies.

38

So have I often ſeen a purple flower
Fainting through heat, hang down her drooping head;
But ſoon refreſhed with a welcome ſhower,
Begins again her livèly beauties ſpread,
And with new pride her ſilken leaves diſplay;
And while the Sunne doth now more gently play,
Lay out her ſwelling boſome to the ſmiling day.

39

Now ruſh they all into the flying trains;
Bloud fires their bloud, and ſlaughter kindles fight:
The wretched vulgar on the purple plains
Fall down as thick, as when a ruſtick wight
From laden oaks the plenteous akorns poures,
Or when the blubbring ayer ſadly lowres,
And melts his ſullen brow, and weeps ſweet April ſhowers.

40

The greedy Dragon, that aloof did ſpie
So ill ſucceſſe of this renewed fray;
More vext with loſſe of certain victorie,
Depriv'd of ſo aſſur'd and wiſhed prey,
Gnaſhed his iron teeth for grief and ſpite:
The burning ſparks leap from his flaming ſight,
And forth his ſmoking jawes ſteams out a ſmouldring night.

41

Straight thither ſends he in a freſh ſupply,
The ſwelling band that drunken *Methos* led,
And all the rout his brother *Gluttonie*
Commands, in lawleſſe bands diſordered:
So now they bold reſtore their broken fight,
And fiercely turn again from ſhamefull flight;
While both with former loſſe ſharpen their raging ſpite.

42

Freſhly theſe Knights aſſault theſe freſher bands,
And with new battell all their ſtrength renew:
Down fell *Geloios* by *Encrates* hands,
Agneia Mæchus and *Anagnus* ſlew;
And ſpying *Methos* fenc't in's iron vine,
Pierc't his ſwoln panch: there lies the grunting ſwine,
And ſpues his liquid ſoul out in his purple wine.

43

As when a greedy lion, long unfed,
Breaks in at length into the harmleſſe folds;
(So hungry rage commands) with fearfull dread
He drags the ſilly beaſts: nothing controlls
The victour proud; he ſpoils, devours, and tears:
In vain the keeper calls his ſhepherd peers:
Mean while the ſimple flock gaze on with ſilent fears:

44

Such was the ſlaughter theſe three Champions made;
But moſt *Encrates*, whoſe unconquer'd hands
Sent thouſand foes down to th' infernall ſhade,
With uſeleſſe limbes ſtrewing the bloudie ſands:
Oft were they ſuccourd freſh with new ſupplies,
But fell as oft: the Dragon grown more wiſe
By former loſſe, began another way deviſe.

Soon

45

Soon to their aid the *Cyprian* band he ſent,
For eaſie skirmiſh clad in armour light:
Their golden bowes in hand ſtood ready bent,
And painted quivers (furniſht well for fight)
Stuck full of ſhafts, whoſe heads foul poyſon ſtains;
Which dipt in *Phlegethon* by helliſh ſwains, (pains.
Bring thouſand painfull deaths, and thouſand deadly

46

Thereto of ſubſtance ſtrange, ſo thinne, and ſlight,
And wrought by ſubtil hand ſo cunningly,
That hardly were diſcern'd by weaker ſight;
Sooner the heart did feel, then eye could ſee:
Farre off they ſtood, and flung their darts around,
Raining whole clouds of arrows on the ground;
So ſafely others hurt, and never wounded wound.

47

Much were the Knights encumbred with theſe foes;
For well they ſaw, and felt their enemies:
But when they back would turn the borrow'd blows,
The light-foot troop away more ſwiftly flies,
Then do their winged arrows through the winde:
And in their courſe oft would they turn behinde,
And with their glancing darts their hot purſuers blinde.

48

As when by *Ruſsian Volgha's* frozen banks
The falſe-back *Tartars* fear with cunning feigne,
And poaſting faſt away in flying ranks,
Oft backward turn, and from their bowes down rain
Whole ſtorms of darts; ſo do they flying fight:
And what by force they loſe, they winne by ſlight;
Conquerd by ſtanding out, and conquerours by flight:

49

Such was the craft of this falſe *Cyprian* crue:
Yet oft they ſeem'd to ſlack their fearfull pace,
And yeeld themſelves to foes that faſt purſue;
So would they deeper wound in nearer ſpace:
In ſuch a fight he winnes, that faſteſt flies.
Flie, flie, chaſte Knights, ſuch ſubtil enemies:
The vanquiſht cannot live, and conqu'rour ſurely dies.

50

The Knights oppreſt with wounds and travel paſt,
Began retire, and now were neare to fainting:
With that a winged Poaſt him ſpeeded faſt,
The Generall with theſe heavy newes acquainting:
He ſoon refreſht their hearts that 'gan to tire.
But let our weary Muſe a while reſpire:
Shade we our ſcorched heads from *Phœbus* parching fire.



CANT. XII.

THe ſhepherds guarded from the ſparkling heat
Of blazing aire, upon the flowrie banks,
(Where various flowers damask the fragrant ſeat,
And all the grove perfume) in wonted ranks
Securely ſit them down, and ſweetly play:
At length thus *Thirſil* ends his broken lay,
Leſt that the ſtealing night his later ſong might ſtay.

2

Thrice, oh thrice happie ſhepherds life and ſtate,
When Courts are happineſſe unhappie pawns!
His cottage low, and ſafely humble gate
Shuts out proud fortune, with her ſcorns, and fawns:
No feared treaſon breaks his quiet ſleep:
Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep;
Himſelf as innocent as are his ſimple ſheep.

3

No *Serian* worms he knows, that with their threed
Draw out their ſilken lives; nor ſilken pride:
His lambes warm fleece well fits his little need,
Not in that proud *Sidonian* tincture di'd:
No emptie hopes, no courtly fears him fright;
No begging wants his middle fortune bite:
But ſweet content exiles both miſerie and ſpite.

4

In ſtead of muſick and baſe flattering tongues,
Which wait to firſt-ſalute my Lords upriſe,
The cheerfull lark wakes him with early ſongs,
And birds ſweet whiſtling notes unlock his eyes:
In countrey playes is all the ſtrife he uſes,
Or ſing, or dance unto the rurall Muſes;
And but in muſicks ſports, all difference refuſes.

His

5

His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thouſand ſweets, and rich content:
The ſmooth-leav'd beeches in the field receive him
With cooleſt ſhades, till noon-tides rage is ſpent:
His life is neither toſt in boiſt'rous ſeas
Of troublous world, nor loſt in ſlothfull eaſe:
Pleas'd & full bleſt he lives, when he his God can pleaſe.

6

His bed of wool yeelds ſafe and quiet ſleeps,
While by his ſide his faithfull ſpouſe hath place:
His little ſonne into his boſome creeps,
The lively picture of his fathers face:
Never his humble houſe or ſtate torment him;
Leſſe he could like, if leſſe his God had ſent him:
And when he dies, green turfs with graſſie tombe con-
(tent him.

7

The worlds great Light his lowly ſtate hath bleſt,
And left his heav'n to be a ſhepherd baſe:
Thouſand ſweet ſongs he to his pipe addreſt:
Swift rivers ſtood; beaſts, trees, ſtones ranne apace,
And ſerpents flew to heare his ſofteſt ſtrains:
He fed his flock, where rolling *Jordan* reignes; (pains.
There took our rags, gave us his robes, and bore our

8

Then thou high Light, whom ſhepherds low adore,
Teach me, oh do thou teach thy humble ſwain
To raiſe my creeping ſong from earthly floor:
Fill thou my empty breaſt with loftie ſtrain;
That ſinging of thy warres and dreadfull fight,
My notes may thunder out thy conqu'ring might,
And 'twixt the golden ſtarres cut out her towring flight.

The

9

The mightie Generall moved with the news
Of thoſe foure famous Knights ſo neare decay,
With haſtie ſpeed the conquering foe purſues;
At laſt he ſpies where they were led away,
Forc't to obey the Victours proud commands:
Soon did he ruſh into the middle bands,
And cut the ſlaviſh cords from their captived hands.

10

And for the Knights were faint, he quickly ſent
To *Penitence*, whom *Phœbus* taught his art;
Which ſhe had eakt with long experiment:
For many a ſoul, and many a wounded heart
Had ſhe reſtor'd, and brought to life again
The broken ſpirit, with grief and horrour ſlain;
That oft reviv'd, yet di'd as oft with ſmarting pain.

11

For ſhe in ſeverall baths their wounds did ſteep;
The firſt of Rue which purg'd the foul infection,
And cur'd the deepeſt wound, by wounding deep:
Then would ſhe make another ſtrange confection,
And mix it with Nepenthe ſoveraigne;
Wherewith ſhe quickly ſwag'd the rankling pain:
Thus ſhe the Knights recur'd, and waſht from ſinfull (ſtain.

12

Mean time the fight now fiercer grows then ever:
(For all his troops the Dragon hither drew)
The two Twin-*Loves*, whom no place mought diſſever,
And *Knowledge* with his train begins anew
To ſtrike freſh ſummons up, and hot alarms:
In midſt great *Fido*, clad in ſunne-like arms,
With his unmatched force repairs all former harms.

13

So when the Sunne ſhines in bright *Taurus* head,
Returning tempeſts all with winter fill;
And ſtill ſucceſſive ſtorms freſh muſtered
The timely yeare in his firſt ſpringings kill:
And oft it breathes a while, then ſtraight again
Doubly powres out his ſpite in ſmoking rain:
The countreys vows & hopes ſwimme on the drowned (plain.

14

The lovely Twinnes ride 'gainſt the *Cyprian* bands,
Chaſing their troops now with no feigned flight:
Their broken ſhafts lie ſcatter'd on the ſands,
Themſelves for fear quite vaniſht out of ſight:
Againſt theſe conquerours *Hypocriſie*,
And *Coſmo's* hated bands, with *Ecthros* ſlie,
And all that rout do march, & bold the Twinnes defie.

15

Elpinus mightie enemies aſſail;
But *Doubt* of all the other moſt infeſted;
That oft his fainting courage 'gan to fail,
More by his craft then ods of force moleſted:
For oft the treachour chang'd his weapon light,
And ſudden alter'd his firſt kinde of fight, (ſlight.
And oft himſelf and ſhape transform'd with cunning

16

So that great river, with *Alcides* ſtriving
In *Oeneus* court for the *Ætolian* Maid,
To divers ſhapes his fluent limbes contriving,
From manly form in ſerpents frame he ſtaid,
Sweeping with ſpeckled breaſt the duſtie land;
Then like a bull with horns did armed ſtand:
His hanging dewlap trail'd along the golden ſand.

Such

17

Such ſhapes and changing faſhions much diſmaid him,
That oft he ſtagger'd with unwonted fright;
And but his brother *Fido* oft did aid him,
There had he fell in unacquainted fight:
But he would ſtill his wavering ſtrength maintain,
And chaſe that Monſter through the ſandie plain;
Which from him fled apace, but oft return'd again.

18

Yet him more ſtrong and cunning foes withſtand,
Whom he with greater skill and ſtrength defi'd:
Foul *Ignorance*, with all her owl-ey'd band;
Oft-ſtarting *Fear*, *Diſtruſt* ne're ſatisfi'd,
And fond *Suſpect*, and thouſand other foes;
Whom farre he drives with his unequall blows,
And with his flaming ſword their fainting armie mows.

19

As when bloud-guilty earth for vengeance cries,
(If greateſt things with leſſe we may compare)
The mighty Thunderer through the ayer flies,
While ſnatching whirlwinds open waies prepare:
Dark clouds ſpread out their ſable curtains o're him;
And Angels on their flaming wings up bore him:
Meantime the guilty heav'ns for fear flie faſt before him

20

There while he on the windes proud pineons rides,
Down with his fire ſome lofty mount he throwes,
And fills the low vale with his ruin'd ſides;
Or on ſome church his three-forkt dart beſtowes;
(Which yet his ſacred worſhip foul miſtakes)
Down falls the ſpire, the body fearfull quakes;
Nor ſure to fall, or ſtand, with doubtfull trembling ſhakes.

21

With *Fido Knowledge* went, who order'd right
His mighty hands: ſo now his ſcatter'd troops
Make head again, filling their broken fight;
While with new change the Dragons armie droops,
And from the following victours headlong runne:
Yet ſtill the Dragon fruſtrates what is done;
And eas'ly makes them loſe what they ſo hardly wonne

22

Out of his gorge a helliſh ſmoke he drew,
That all the field with foggie miſt enwraps;
As when *Typhœus* from his panch doth ſpew
Black ſmothering flames, roll'd in loud thunder-claps:
The pitchie vapours choke the ſhining ray,
And bring dull night upon the ſmiling day;
The wavering *Ætna* ſhakes, and fain would runne away.

23

Yet could his bat-ey'd legions eas'ly ſee
In this dark Chaos; they the ſeed of night:
But theſe not ſo, who night and darkneſſe flee;
For they the ſonnes of day, and joy in light:
But *Knowledge* ſoon began a way deviſe,
To bring again the day, and cleare their eyes:
So open'd *Fido's* ſhield, and golden veil unties.

24

Of one pure diamond, celeſtiall fair,
That heav'nly ſhield by cunning hand was made;
Whoſe light divine, ſpred through the miſtie aire,
To brighteſt morn would turn the Weſtern ſhade,
And lightſome day beget before his time;
Framed in heav'n without all earthly crime;
Dipt in the firy Sunne, which burnt the baſer ſlime.

As

25

As when from fennie moors the lumpiſh clouds
With riſing ſteams damp the bright mornings face;
At length the piercing Sunne his team unſhrouds,
And with his arrows th' idle fogge doth chaſe:
The broken miſt lies melted all in tears:
So this bright ſhield the ſtinking darkneſſe teares,
And giving back the day, diſſolves their former fears.

26

Which when afarre the firie Dragon ſpies,
His ſlights deluded with ſo little pain;
To his laſt refuge now at length he flies:
Long time his pois'nous gorge he ſeem'd to ſtrain;
At length with loathly ſight he up doth ſpue
From ſtinking panch a moſt deformed crue,
That heav'n it ſelf did flie from their moſt ugly view.

27

The firſt that crept from his deteſted maw,
Was * *Hamartia,* foul deformed wight; * Sinne.
More foul, deform'd, the Sunne yet never ſaw;
Therefore ſhe hates the all-betraying light:
A woman ſeem'd ſhe in her upper part;
To which ſhe could ſuch lying gloſſe impart,
That thouſands ſhe had ſlain with her deceiving art.

28

The reſt (though hid) in ſerpents form arayd,
With iron ſcales, like to a plaited mail:
Over her back her knotty tail diſplaid,
Along the empty aire did lofty ſail:
The end was pointed with a double ſting,
Which with ſuch dreaded might ſhe wont to fling,
That nought could help the wound, but bloud of hea-
v'nly King.

29

Of that first woman her the Dragon got,
(The fouleſt baſtard of ſo fair a mother)
Whom when ſhe ſaw ſo fil'd with monſtrous ſpot,
She caſt her hidden ſhame and birth to ſmother;
But ſhe welnigh her mothers ſelf had ſlain:
And all that dare her kindely entertain;
So ſome parts of her damme, more of her ſire remain.

30

Her viperous locks hung looſe about her eares;
Yet with a monſtrous ſnake ſhe them reſtrains,
Which like a border on her head ſhe wears:
About her neck hang down long adder chains,
In thouſand knots, and wreaths infolded round;
Which in her anger lightly ſhe unbound,
And darting farre away would ſure and deadly wound.

31

Yet fair and lovely ſeems to fools dimme eyes;
But hell more lovely, *Pluto's* ſelf more fair
Appeares, when her true form true light deſcries:
Her loathſome face, blancht skinne, and ſnakie hair,
Her ſhapeleſſe ſhape, dead life, her carrion ſmell,
The devils dung, the childe and damme of hell,
Is chaffer fit for fools their precious ſouls to ſell.

32

The ſecond in this rank was black *Deſpair*,
Bred in the dark wombe of eternall Night:
His looks faſt nail'd to *Sinne*, long footie hair
Fill'd up his lank cheeks with wide-ſtaring fright:
His leaden eyes, retir'd into his head,
Light, heav'n, and earth, himſelf, and all things fled:
A breathing coarſe he ſeem'd, wrapt up in living lead.

His

33

His bodie all was fram'd of earthly paſte,
And heavie mold; yet earth could not content him:
Heav'n faſt he flies, and heav'n fled him as faſt;
Though 'kin to hell, yet hell did much torment him:
His very ſoul was nought but ghaſtly fright:
With him went many a fiend, and ugly ſprite,
Armed with ropes and knives, all inſtruments of ſpite.

34

In ſtead of feathers, on his dangling creſt
A luckleſſe Raven ſpred her blackeſt wings;
And to her croaking throat gave never reſt,
But deathfull verſes and ſad dirges ſings:
His helliſh arms were all with fiends emboſt,
Who damned ſouls with endleſſe torments roaſt,
And thouſand wayes deviſe to vex the tortur'd ghoſt.

35

Two weapons ſharp as death he ever bore;
Strict *Judgement*, which from farre he deadly darts;
Sinne at his ſide, a two edg'd ſword, he wore,
With which he ſoon appalls the ſtouteſt hearts:
Upon his ſhield *Alecto* with a wreath
Of ſnakie whips the damn'd ſouls tortureth:
And round about was wrote, *Reward of ſinne is death.*

36

The laſt two brethren were farre different,
Onely in common name of death agreeing;
The firſt arm'd with a ſithe ſtill mowing went;
Yet whom, and when he murder'd, never ſeeing;
Born deaf, and blinde: nothing might ſtop his way:
No prayers, no vows his keeneſt ſithe could ſtay;
Nor Beauties ſelf his ſpite, nor Vertues ſelf allay.

No

37

No ſtate, no age, no ſex may hope to move him;
Down falls the young, and old, the boy, and maid:
Nor begger can intreat, nor King reprove him;
All are his ſlaves in's cloth of fleſh araid:
The bride he ſnatches from the bridegrooms arms,
And horrour brings, in midſt of loves alarms:(harms.
Too well we know his power by long experienc't

38

A dead mans skull ſuppli'd his helmets place,
A bone his club, his armour ſheets of lead:
Some more, ſome leſſe fear his all-frighting face;
But moſt who ſleep in downie pleaſures bed:
But who in life have daily learnt to die,
And dead to this, live to a life more high;
Sweetly in death they ſleep, and ſlumbring quiet lie.

39

The ſecond farre more foul in every part,
Burnt with blue fire, and bubbling ſulphure ſtreams;
Which creeping round about him, fill'd with ſmart
His curſed limbes, that direly he blaſphemes:
Moſt ſtrange it ſeems, that burning thus for ever,
No reſt, no time, no place theſe flames may ſever:
Yet death in thouſand deaths without death dieth ne-
(ver.

40

Soon as theſe helliſh monſters came in ſight,
The Sunne his eye in jettie vapours drown'd,
Scar'd at ſuch hell-hounds view; heav'ns' mazed light
Sets in an early evening; earth aſtound,
Bids dogs with houls give warning: at which ſound
The fearfull ayer ſtarts, ſeas break their bound,
And frighted fled away; no ſands might them impound.

The

41

The palsied troop first (like asps shaken) fare;
Till now their heart, congeal'd in icie bloud,
Candied the ghastly face; locks stand and stare:
Thus charm'd, in ranks of stone they marshall'd stood:
Their useleſſe swords fell idlely on the plain,
And now the triumph sounds in loftie strain; (chain.
So conqu'ring Dragon bindes the Knights with slavish

42

As when proud *Phineus* in his brothers feast
Fill'd all with tumult, and inteſtine broil;
Wise *Perseus*, with such multitudes oppreſt,
Before him bore the snakie Gorgons spoil:
The vulgar rude stood all in marble chang'd,
And in vain ranks and rockie order rang'd, (strang'd.
Were now more quiet gueſts, from former rage e-

43

The fair *Eclecta*, who with grief had stood,
Viewing th' oft changes of this doubtfull fight,
Saw now the field swimme in her Champions bloud,
And from her heart, rent with deep paſſion, sigh'd;
Limming true sorrow in sad silent art.
Light grief floats on the tongue; but heavie smart
Sinks down, and deeply lies in centre of the heart.

44

What *Dædal* art such griefs can truely shew,
Broke heart, deep sighs, thick sobs, & burning prayers,
Baptizing ever limbe in weeping dew?
Whoſe swoln eyes, pickled up in brinie tears,
Crystalline rocks, corall the lid appeares,
Compaſt about with tides of grief and fears;
Where grief stores fear with sighs, and fear stores grief
with tears.

45

At length sad Sorrow, mounted on the wings
Of loud-breath'd sighs, his leaden weight uprears;
And vents it self in softest whisperings,
Follow'd with deadly grones, usher'd by tears:
While her fair hands, and watrie shining eyes
Were upward bent upon the mourning skies,
Which seem'd with cloudie brow her grief to sympa-
(thize.

46

Long while the silent passion, wanting vent,
Made flowing tears her words, and eyes her tongue;
Till Faith, Experience, Hope assistance lent
To shut both floud-gates up with patience strong:
The streams well ebb'd, new hopes some comforts
borrow (row:
From firmest truth; then glimpst the hopefull mor-
So spring some dawns of joy, so fets the night of sor-
(row.

47

Ah deerest Lord, my hearts sole Soveraigne,
Who sitt'st high mounted on thy burning throne;
Heark from thy heav'ns, where thou dost safely reigne,
Cloth'd with the golden Sunne, and silver Moon:
Cast down a while thy sweet and gracious eye,
And low avail that flaming Majestie,
Deigning thy gentle sight on our sad miserie.

48

To thee, deare Lord, I lift this watrie eye,
This eye which thou so oft in love * hast prais'd;
This eye with which thou * wounded oft wouldst die;
To thee (deare Lord) these suppliant hands are rais'd:
These to be lilies thou hast often told me;
Which if but once again may ever hold thee,
Will never let thee loose, will never more unfold thee.

* Cant. 1. 15.

* Cant. 4. 9.

Seest

49

Seeſt how thy foes deſpitefull trophies reare,
Too confident in thy prolong'd delayes?
Come then, oh quickly come, my deareſt deare:
When ſhall I ſee thee crown'd with conqu'ring bayes,
And all thy foes trod down, and ſpred as clay?
When ſhall I ſee thy face, and glories ray?
Too long thou ſtay'ſt, my Love; come Love, no longer (ſtay.

50

Haſt thou forgot thy former word and love,
Or lockt thy ſweetneſſe up in fierce diſdain?
In vain didſt thou thoſe thouſand miſchiefs prove?
Are all thoſe griefs, thy birth, life, death in vain?
Oh no; of ill thou onely doſt repent thee,
And in thy dainty mercies moſt content thee: (me?
Then why with ſtay ſo long ſo long doſt thou torment

51

Reviving Cordiall of my dying ſprite,
The beſt Elixar for ſouls drooping pain;
Ah now unſhade thy face, uncloud thy ſight;
See, every way's a trap, each path's a train:
Hells troops my ſoul beleaguer; bow thine eares,
And hear my cries pierce through my grones & fears:
Sweet Spouſe, ſee not my ſinnes, but through my plaints (and tears.

52

Let frailty favour, ſorrow ſuccour move;
Anchour my life in thy calm ſtreams of bloud:
Be thou my rock, though I poore changeling rove,
Toſt up and down in waves of worldly floud:
Whil'ſt I in vale of tears at anchour ride, (guide,
Where windes of earthly thoughts my ſails miſ-
Harbour my fleſhly bark ſafe in thy wounded ſide.

53

Take, take my contrite heart, thy ſacrifice,
Waſht in her eyes that ſwimmes and ſinks in woes:
See, ſee, as ſeas with windes high working riſe,
So ſtorm, ſo rage, ſo gape thy boaſting foes.
Deare Spouſe, unleſſe thy right hand even ſteers,
Oh if thou anchour not theſe threatning fears;
Thy ark will ſail as deep in bloud, as now in tears.

54

With that a thundring noiſe ſeem'd ſhake the skie,
As when with iron wheels through ſtonie plain
A thouſand chariots to the battell flie;
Or when with boiſtrous rage the ſwelling main,
Puft up with mighty windes, does hoarſly roar;
And beating with his waves the trembling ſhore,
His ſandie girdle ſcorns, & breaks earths ramperd doore

55

* Our late moſt learned Soveraigne in his remonſtrance and comment on the Apocal.

And ſtraight * an Angel full of heav'nly might,
(Three ſeveral crowns circled his royall head)
From Northern coaſt heaving his blazing light,
Through all the earth his glorious beams diſpread,
And open laies the Beaſts and Dragons ſhame:
For to this end th' Almighty did him frame,
And therefore from ſupplanting gave his ominous name

56

A ſilver trumpet oft he loudly blew,
Frighting the guiltie earth with thundring knell;
And oft proclaim'd, as through the world he flew,
Babel, great *Babel* lies as low as hell:
Let every Angel loud his trumpet ſound,
Her heav'n-exalted towers in duſt are drown'd:
Babel, proud *Babel's* fall'n, and lies as low as ground.

The

57

The broken heav'ns diſpart with fearfull noiſe,
And from the breach out ſhoots a ſuddain light;
Straight ſhrilling trumpets with loud ſounding voice
Give echoing ſummons to new bloudy fight:
Well knew the Dragon that all-quelling blaſt,
And ſoon perceiv'd that day muſt be his laſt;
Which ſtrook his frighted heart, & all his troops aghaſt.

58

Yet full of malice and of ſtubborn pride,
Though oft had ſtrove, and had been foild as oft,
Boldly his death and certain fate defi'd:
And mounted on his flaggie ſails aloft,
With boundleſſe ſpite he long'd to try again
A ſecond loſſe, and new death; glad and fain
To ſhew his pois'nous hate, though ever ſhew'd in vain.

59

So up he roſe upon his ſtretched ſails,
Fearleſſe expecting his approaching death:
So up he roſe, that th' ayer ſtarts, and fails,
And over-preſſed ſinks his load beneath:
So up he roſe, as does a thunder-cloud,
Which all the earth with ſhadows black does ſhroud:
So up he roſe, and through the weary ayer row'd.

60

Now his Almighty foe farre off he ſpies;
Whoſe Sun-like arms daz'd the eclipſed day,
Confounding with their beams leſſe-glitt'ring skies,
Firing the aire with more then heav'nly ray;
Like thouſand Sunnes in one: ſuch is their light;
A ſubject onely for immortall ſprite,
Which never can be ſeen, but by immortall ſight.

61

His threatning eyes ſhine like that dreadfull flame,
With which the Thunderer arms his angry hand:
Himſelf had fairly wrote his wondrous name,
Which neither earth nor heav'n could underſtand:
A hundred crowns, like towers, beſet around
His conqu'ring head: well may they there abound,
When all his limbes and troops with gold are richly (crown'd.

62

His armour all was dy'd in purple bloud;
(In purple bloud of thouſand rebell Kings)
In vain their ſtubborn powers his arm withſtood:
Their proud necks chain'd he now in triumph brings,
And breaks their ſpears, & cracks their traitour ſwords
Upon whoſe arms and thigh, in golden words
Was fairly writ, *The KING of Kings, & LORD of Lords.*

63

His ſnow-white ſteed was born of heav'nly kinde,
Begot by *Boreas* on the *Thracian* hills;
More ſtrong and ſpeedy then his parent Winde:
And (which his foes with fear and horrour fills)
Out from his mouth a two-edg'd ſword he darts;
Whoſe ſharpeſt ſteel the bone and marrow parts,
And with his keeneſt point unbreaſts the naked hearts.

64

The Dragon, wounded with this flaming brand,
They take, and in ſtrong bonds and fetters tie:
Short was the fight, nor could he long withſtand
Him, whoſe appearance is his victorie.
So now he's bound in adamantine chain;
He ſtorms, he roars, he yells for high diſdain:
His net is broke, the fowl go free, the fowler ta'ne.

Thence

65

Thence by a mighty Swain he ſoon was led
Unto a thouſand thouſand torturings:
His tail, whoſe folds were wont the ſtarres to ſhed,
Now ſtretcht at length, cloſe to his belly clings:
Soon as the pit he ſees, he back retires,
And battel new, but all in vain, reſpires:
So there he deeply lies, flaming in icie fires.

66

As when *Alcides* from forc't hell had drawn
The three-head dog, and maſter'd all his pride;
Baſely the fiend did on his Victour fawn,
With ſerpent tail clapping his hollow ſide:
At length arriv'd upon the brink of light,
He ſhuts the day out of his dullard ſight,
And ſwelling all in vain renews unhappie fight.

67

Soon at this ſight the Knights revive again,
As freſh as when the flowers from winter tombe
(When now the Sunne brings back his nearer wain)
Peep out again from their freſh mothers wombe:
The primroſe lighted new, her flame diſplayes,
And frights the neighbour hedge with firie rayes:
And all the world renew their mirth & ſportive playes.

68

The Prince, who ſaw his long impriſonment
Now end in never-ending libertie;
To meet the Victour, from his caſtle went,
And falling down, claſping his royall knee,
Poures out deſerved thanks in gratefull praiſe:
But him the heav'nly Saviour ſoon doth raiſe,
And bids him ſpend in joy his never ſpending dayes.

The

69

The fair *Electa*, that with widowed brow
Her abſent Lord long mourn'd in ſad aray,
* Revel. 19. 8. Now * ſilken linnen cloth'd like frozen ſnow,
Whoſe ſilver ſpanglets ſparkle 'gainſt the day:
This ſhining robe her Lord himſelf had wrought,
While he her love with hundred preſents ſought,
And it with many a wound, & many a torment bought.

70

And thus arayd, her heav'nly beauties ſhin'd
(Drawing their beams from his moſt glorious face)
* Revel. 21. 11. Like to a precious * Jaſper, pure refin'd;
Which with a Cryſtall mixt, much mends his grace:
The golden ſtarres a garland fair did frame,
To crown her locks; the Sunne lay hid for ſhame,
And yeelded all his beams to her more glorious flame.

71

Ah who that flame can tell? ah who can ſee?
Enough is me with ſilence to admire;
While bolder joy, and humbe majeſtie
In either cheek had kindled graceſull fire:
Long ſilent ſtood ſhe, while her former fears
And griefs ran all away in ſliding tears;
That like a watrie Sunne her gladſome face appeares.

72

At length when joyes had left her cloſer heart,
To ſeat themſelves upon her thankfull tongue;
Firſt in her eyes they ſudden flaſhes dart,
Then forth i'th' muſick of her voice they throng;
My Hope, my Love, my Joy, my Life, my Bliſſe,
(Whom to enjoy is heav'n, but hell to miſſe)
What are the worlds falſe joyes, what heav'ns true joyes
to this? Ah

73

Ah deareſt Lord! does my rapt ſoul behold thee?
Am I awake? and ſure I do not dream?
Do theſe thrice bleſſed arms again infold thee?
Too much delight makes true things feigned ſeem.
Thee, thee I ſee; thou, thou thus folded art:
For deep thy ſtamp is printed in my heart, (part.
And thouſand ne're-felt joyes ſtream in each melting

74

Thus with glad ſorrow did ſhe ſweetly plain her,
Upon his neck a welcome load depending;
While he with equall joy did entertain her,
Her ſelf, her Champions, highly all commending:
So all in triumph to his palace went,
Whoſe work in narrow words may not be pent;
For boundleſſe thought is leſſe then is that glorious tent.

75

There ſweet delights, which know nor end, nor meaſure;
No chance is there, nor eating times ſucceeding:
No waſtfull ſpending can empair their treaſure;
Pleaſure full grown, yet ever freſhly breeding:
Fulneſſe of ſweets excludes not more receiving:
The ſoul ſtill big of joy, yet ſtill conceiving;
Beyond ſlow tongues report, beyond quick thoughts

76 (perceiving.

There are they gone, there will they ever bide;
Swimming in waves of joyes, and heav'nly loves:
He ſtill a Bridegroom, ſhe a gladſome Bride;
Their hearts in love, like ſpheres ſtill conſtant moving:
No change, no grief, no age can them befall:
Their bridall bed is in that heav'nly hall,
Where all dayes are but one, and onely one is all.

77

And as in ſtate they thus in triumph ride,
The boyes aud damſels their juſt praiſes chaunt;
The boyes the Bridegroom ſing, the maids the Bride,
While all the hills glad *Hymens* loudly vaunt:
Heav'ns winged ſhoals, greeting this glorious ſpring,
Attune their higher notes, and *Hymens* ſing:
Each thought to paſſe, & each did paſſe thoughts lofti-
(eſt wing.

78

Upon his lightning brow Love proudly ſitting
Flames out in power, ſhines out in majeſtie;
There all his loftie ſpoils and trophies fitting,
Diſplayes the marks of higheſt Deitie:
There full of ſtrength in lordly arms he ſtands,
And every heart, and every ſoul commands: (ſtands.
No heart, no ſoul his ſtrength and lordly force with-

79

Upon her forehead thouſand cheerfull Graces,
Seated in thrones of ſpotleſſe ivorie;
There gentle Love his armed hand unbraces,
His bow unbent diſclaims all tyrannie:
There by his play a thouſand ſouls beguiles,
Perſwading more by ſimple modeſt ſmiles,
Then ever he could force by arms, or craftie wiles.

80

Upon her cheek doth Beauties ſelf implant
The freſheſt garden of her choiceſt flowers;
On which if Envie might but glance aſcant,
Her eyes would ſwell, and burſt, and melt in ſhowers:
Thrice fairer both then ever faireſt ey'd.
Heav'n never ſuch a Bridegroom yet deſcri'd;
Nor ever earth ſo fair, ſo undefil'd a Bride.

Full

81

Full of his Father ſhines his glorious face,
As farre the Sunne ſurpaſſing in his light,
As doth the Sunne the earth with flaming blaze:
Sweet influence ſtreams from his quickning ſight:
His beams from nought did all this All diſplay;
And when to leſſe then nought they fell away,
He ſoon reſtor'd again by his new orient ray.

82

All heav'n ſhines forth in her ſweet faces frame:
Her ſeeing Starres (which we miſcall bright eyes)
More bright then is the mornings brighteſt flame,
More fruitfull then the May-time Geminies:
Theſe back reſtore the timely ſummers fire;
Thoſe ſpringing thoughts in winter hearts inſpire,
Inſpiriting dead ſouls, and quickning warm deſire.

83

Theſe two fair Sunnes in heav'nly ſphere are plac't,
Where in the centre Joy triumphing ſits:
Thus in all high perfections fully grac't,
Her mid-day bliſſe no future night admits;
But in the mirrours of her Spouſes eyes
Her faireſt ſelf ſhe dreſſes; there where lies
All ſweets, a glorious beautie to emparadize.

84

His locks like ravens plumes, or ſhining jet,
Fall down in curls along his ivory neck;
Within their circlets hundred Graces ſet,
And with love-knots their comely hangings deck:
His mighty ſhoulders, like that Giant Swain,
All heav'n and earth, and all in both ſuſtain;
Yet knows no wearineſſe, nor feels oppreſſing pain.

85

Her amber hair, like to the ſunnie ray,
With gold enamels fair the ſilver white;
There heav'nly loves their prettie ſportings play,
Firing their darts in that wide flaming light:
Her daintie neck, ſpread with that ſilver mold,
Where double beautie doth it ſelf unfold,
In th' own fair ſilver ſhines, and fairer borrow'd gold.

86

His breaſt a rock of pureſt alabaſter,
Where Loves ſelf ſailing ſhipwrackt often ſitteth;
Hers a twinne-rock, unknown, but to th' ſhip-maſter;
Which harbours him alone, all other ſplitteth.
Where better could her love then here have neſted?
Or he his thoughts then here more ſweetly feaſted?
Then both their love & thoughts in each are ever reſted.

87

Runne now you ſhepherd-ſwains; ah run you thither,
Where this fair Bridegroom leads the bleſſed way:
And haſte you lovely maids, haſte you together
With this ſweet Bride; while yet the ſunne-ſhine day
Guides your blinde ſteps, while yet loud ſummons
That every wood & hill reſounds withall, (call,
Come *Hymen, Hymen* come, dreſt in thy golden pall.

88

The ſounding Echo back the muſick flung,
While heav'nly ſpheres unto the voices playd.
But ſee, the day is ended with my ſong,
And ſporting bathes with that fair Ocean Maid:
Stoop now thy wing, my Muſe, now ſtoop thee low:
Hence mayſt thou freely play, and reſt thee now;
While here I hang my pipe upon the willow bough.

So

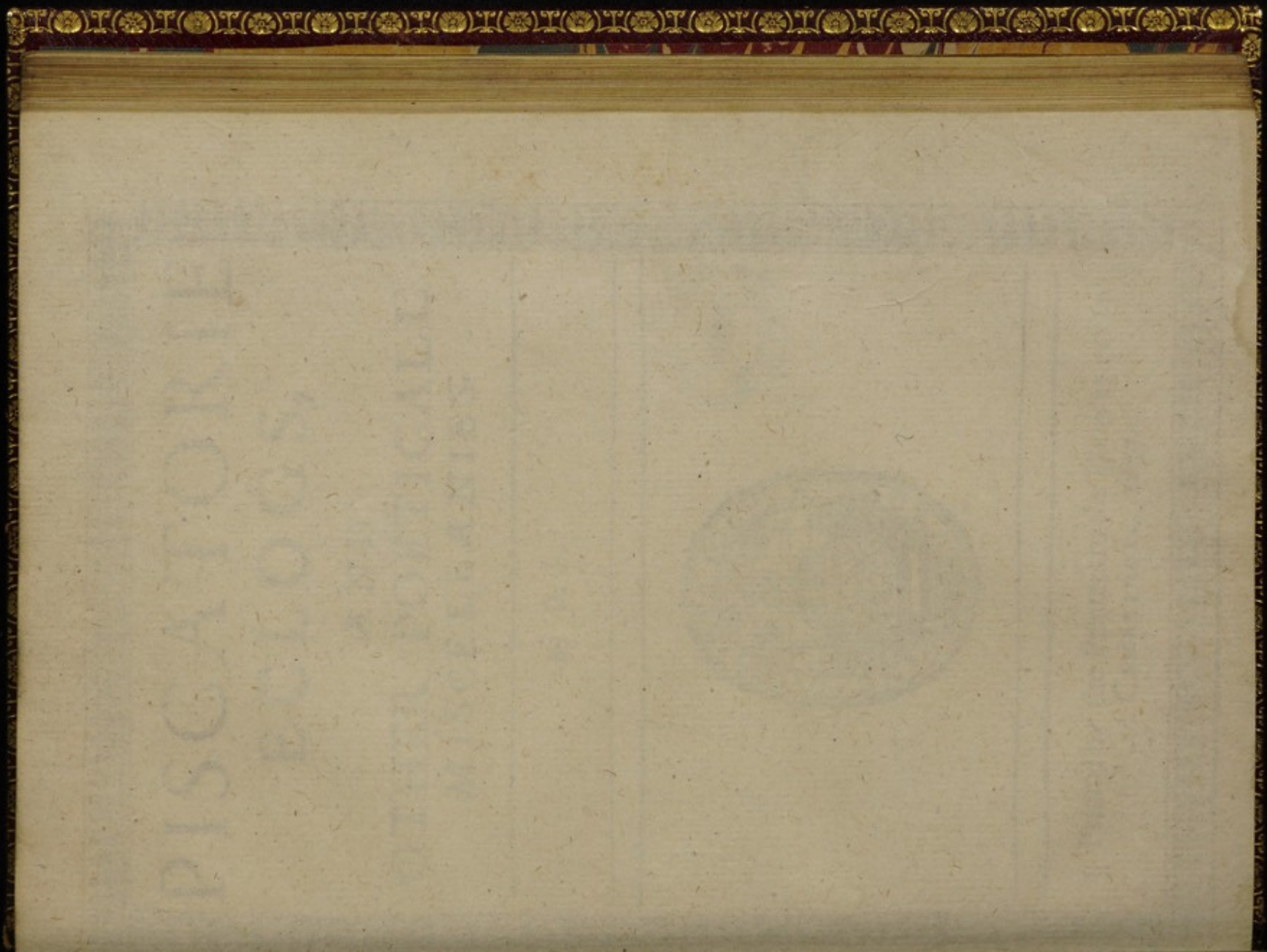
89

So up they roſe, while all the ſhepherds throng
With their loud pipes a countrey triumph blew,
And led their *Thirſil* home with joyfull ſong:
Mean time the lovely Nymphs with garlands new
His locks in Bay and honour'd Palm-tree bound,
With Lilies ſet, and Hyacinths around;
And Lord of all the yeare, and their May-ſportings crown'd.

FINIS.







PISCATORIE ECLOGS, AND OTHER POETICALL MISCELLANIES.

By P. F.



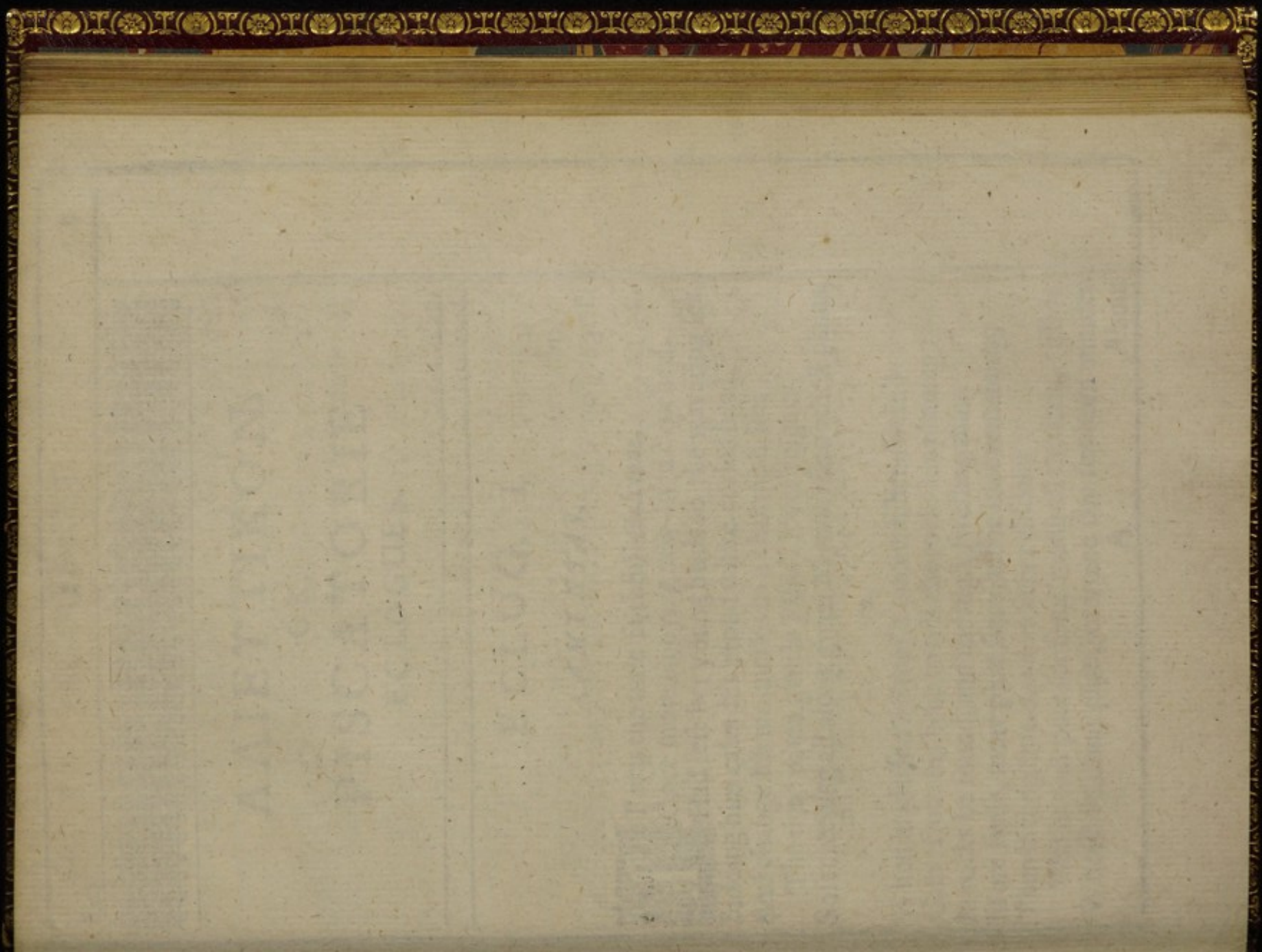
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PISCATORIE
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ΑΛΙΕΥΤΙΚΟΝ,
OR,
PISCATORIE
ECLOGUES.

ECLOG. I.

AMYNTAS.

IT was the time faithfull *Halcyone*,
Once more enjoying new-liv'd *Ceyx* bed,
Had left her young birds to the wavering sea,
Bidding him calm his proud white-curled head,
And change his mountains to a champian lea;
The time when gentle *Flora's* lover reignes,
Soft creeping all along green *Neptunes* smoothest plains;

2

When hapless *Thelgon* (a poore fisher-swain)
Came from his boat to tell the rocks his plaining:
In rocks he found, and the high-swelling main
More sense, more pitie farre, more love remaining,
Then in the great *Amyntas* fierce disdain:
Was not his peer for song 'mong all the lads, (glads.
Whose shrilling pipe, or voice the sea-born maiden

3

About his head a rocky canopie,
And craggy hangings round a shadow threw,
Rebutting *Phœbus* parching fervencie;
Into his bosome *Zephyr* softly flew;
Hard by his feet the sea came waving by;
The while to seas and rocks (poore swain!) he sang;
The while the seas & rocks answ'ring loud echoes rang.

4

You goodly Nymphs, that in your marble cell
In spending never spend your sportfull dayes,
Or when you list in pearled boats of shell
Glide on the dancing wave, that leaping playes
About the wanton skiffe, and you that dwell
In *Neptunes* court, the Oceans plenteous throng,
Deigne you to gently heare sad *Thelgons* plaining song.

5

When the raw blossome of my youth was yet
In my first childhoods green enclosure bound,
Of *Aquadune* I learnt to fold my net,
And spread the sail, and beat the river round,
And withy labyrinths in straits to set,
And guide my boat, where *Thames* and *Isis* heire
By lowly *Æton* slides, and *Windsor* proudly fair.

6

There while our thinne nets dangling in the winde
Hung on our oars tops, I learnt to sing
Among my Peers, apt words to fitly binde
In numerous verse: witnesse thou crystall Spring,
Where all the lads were pebles wont to finde;
And your thick hasles, that on *Thamis* brink
Did oft with dallying boughs his silver waters drink.

But

7

But when my tender youth 'gan fairly blow,
I chang'd large *Thames* for *Chamus* narrower seas:
There as my yeares, so skill with yeares did grow;
And now my pipe the better sort did please;
So that with *Limnus*, and with *Belgio*
I durst to challenge all my fisher-peers, (yeares.
That by learn'd *Chamus* banks did spend their youthfull

8

And *Janus* self, that oft with me compared,
With his oft losses rais'd my victory;
That afterward in song he never dared
Provoke my conquering pipe, but enviously
Deprave the songs which first his songs had marred;
And closely bite, when now he durst not bark,
Hating all others light, because himself was dark.

9

And whether nature, joyn'd with art, had wrought me,
Or I too much beleev'd the fishers praise;
Or whether *Phœbus* self, or Muses taught me,
Too much enclin'd to verse, and Musick playes;
So farre credulitie, and youth had brought me,
I sang sad *Telethusa's* frustrate plaint,
And rustick *Daphnis* wrong, and magicks vain restraint:

10

And then appeas'd young *Myrtilus*, repining
At generall contempt of shepherds life;
And rais'd my rime to sing of *Richards* climbing;
And taught our *Chame* to end the old-bred strife,
Mythicus claim to *Nicias* resigning:
The while his goodly Nymphs with song delighted,
My notes with choicest flowers, & garlands sweet re-
quited.

11

From thence a Shepherd great, pleas'd with my song,
Drew me to *Basilissa's* Courtly place:
Fair *Basilissa*, faireſt maid among
The Nymphs that white-cliffe *Albions* forreſts grace.
Her errand drove my ſlender bark along
The ſeas, which waſh the fruitfull *Germans* land,
And ſwelling *Rhene*, whoſe wines run ſwiftly o're the (ſand.

12

But after bold'ned with my firſt ſucceſſe,
I durſt aſſay the new-found paths, that led
To ſlaviſh *Moſco's* dullard ſluggiſhneſſe;
Whoſe ſlothfull Sunne all winter keeps his bed,
But never ſleeps in ſummers wakefulneſſe:
Yet all for nought: another took the gain:
Faitour, that reapt the pleaſure of anothers pain!

13

And travelling along the Northern plains,
At her command I paſt the bounding *Tweed*,
And liv'd a while with *Caledonian* ſwains:
My life with fair *Amyntas* there I led:
Amyntas fair, whom ſtill my ſore heart plains.
Yet ſeem'd he then to love, as he was loved;
But (ah!) I fear, true love his high heart never proved.

14

And now he haunts th'infamous woods and downs,
And on *Napæan* Nymphs doth wholly dote:
What cares he for poore *Thelgons* plaintfull ſounds?
Thelgon, poore maſter of a poorer boat.
Janus is crept from his wont priſon bounds,
And ſits the Porter to his care and minde:
What hope, *Amyntas* love a fiſher-ſwain ſhould finde?

15

Yet once he ſaid, (which I, then fool, beleev'd)
(The woods of it, and *Damon* witneſſe be)
When in fair *Albions* fields he firſt arriv'd,
When I forget, true *Thelgons* love to me,
The love which ne're my certain hope deceiv'd;
The wavering ſea ſhall ſtand, and rocks remove:
He ſaid, and I beleev'd: ſo credulous is love.

16

You ſteady rocks, why ſtill do you ſtand ſtill?
You fleeting waves, why do you never ſtand?
Amyntas hath forgot his *Thelgons* quill;
His promiſe, and his love are writ in ſand:
But rocks are firm, though *Neptune* rage his fill;
When thou, *Amyntas*, like the fire-drake rangeſt:
The ſea keeps on his courſe, when like the winde thou (changeſt.

17

Yet as I ſwiftly ſail'd the other day,
The ſetled rock ſeem'd from his ſeat remove,
And ſtanding waves ſeem'd doubtfull of their way,
And by their ſtop thy wavering reprove:
Sure either this thou didſt but mocking ſay,
Or elſe the rock and ſea had heard my plaining.
But thou (ay me!) art onely conſtant in diſdaining.

18

Ah! would thou knew'ſt how much it better were
To 'bide among the ſimple fiſher-ſwains:
No ſhrieching owl, no night-crow lodgeth here;
Nor is our ſimple pleaſure mixt with pains:
Our ſports begin with the beginning yeare,
In calms to pull the leaping fiſh to land,
In roughs to ſing, and dance along the golden ſand.

19

I have a pipe, which once thou lovedst well,
(Was never pipe that gave a better sound)
Which oft to heare fair *Thetis* from her cell,
Thetis the Queen of seas, attended round
With hundred Nymphs and many powers that dwell
In th' Oceans rocky walls, came up to heare,
And gave me gifts, which still for thee lie hoarded here.

20

Here with sweet bayes the lovely myrtils grow,
Where th' Oceans fair-cheekt maidens oft repair;
Here to my pipe they dancen on a row:
No other swain may come to note their fair;
Yet my *Amyntas* there with me shall go.
Proteus himself pipes to his flocks hereby,
Whom thou shalt heare, ne're seen by any jealous eye.

21

But (ah!) both me, and fishers he disdains,
While I sit piping to the gadding winde,
Better that to the boysterous sea complains;
Sooner fierce waves are mov'd, then his hard minde:
I'le to some rock farre from our common mains,
And in his bottome learn forget my smart,
And blot *Amyntas* name from *Thelgons* wretched heart.

22

So up he rose, and lancht into the deep;
Dividing with his oare the surging main,
Which dropping seem'd with teares his case to weep;
The whistling windes joyn'd with the seas to plain,
And o're his boat in whines lamenting creep.
Nought feared he fierce Oceans watry ire,
Who in his heart of grief and love felt equall fire.

FINIS.

ECLOG. II.

THIRSIL.

Dorus, Myrtilus, Thomalin, Thirsil.

Dorus.

Myrtil, why idle sit we on the shore?
Since stormy windes, and waves intestine spite
Impatient rage of sail, or bending oare;
Sit we, and sing, while windes & waters fight;
And carol lowd of love, and loves delight.

2

Myrtil.

Dorus, ah rather stormy seas require
With sadder song the tempests rage deplore:
In calms let's sing of love, and lovers fire.
Tell we how *Thirsil* late our seas forswore,
When forc't he left our *Chame*, and desert shore.

3

Dorus.

Now as thou art a lad, repeat that lay;
Myrtil, his songs more please my ravisht eare,
Then rumbling brooks that with the pebles play,
Then murmuring seas broke on the banks to heare,
Or windes on rocks their whistling voices teare.

4

Myrtil.

Seest thou that rock, which hanging o're the main
Looks proudly down? there as I under lay,
Thirsil with *Thomalin* I heard complain,
Thomalin, (who now goes sighing all the day) (stay.
Who thus 'gan tempt his friend with *Chamish* boyes to

Thirsil,

5

Thom. *Thirsil*, what wicked chance, or luckleſſe ſtarre
From *Chamus* ſtreams removes thy boat and minde?
Farre hence thy boat is bound, thy minde more farre;
More ſweet, or fruitfull ſtreams where canſt thou finde?
Where fiſher-lads, or Nymphs more fair, or kinde?
The Muſes ſelves ſit with the ſliding *Chame:*
Chame and the Muſes ſelves do love thy name.
Where thou art lov'd ſo dear, ſo much to hate is ſhame.

6

Thirſil. The Muſes me forſake, not I the Muſes;
Thomalin, thou know'ſt how I them honour'd ever:
Not I my *Chame*, but me proud *Chame* refuſes:
His froward ſpites my ſtrong affections ſever;
Elſe, from his banks could I have parted never.
But like his Swannes, when now their fate is nigh,
Where ſinging ſweet they liv'd, there dead they lie;
So would I gladly live, ſo would I gladly die.

7

His ſtubborn hands my net hath broken quite:
My fiſh (the guerdon of my toil and pain)
He cauſeleſſe ſeaz'd, and with ungratefull ſpite
Beſtow'd upon a leſſe deſerving ſwain:
The coſt and labour mine, his all the gain.
My boat lies broke; my oares crackt, and gone:
Nought ha's he left me, but my pipe alone,
Which with his ſadder notes may help his maſter moan.

8

Thom. Ungratefull *Chame*! how oft hath *Thirſil* crown'd
With ſongs and garlands thy obſcurer head?
That now thy name through *Albion* loud doth ſound.
Ah fooliſh *Chame*! who now in *Thirſils* ſtead

Shall

Shall chant thy praiſe, ſince *Thelgon's* lately dead?
He whom thou lov'ſt, can neither ſing, nor play;
His duſty pipe, ſcorn'd, broke, is caſt away:
Ah fooliſh *Chame*! who now ſhall grace thy holy-day?

9

Too fond my former hopes! I ſtill expected *Thirſil.*
With my deſert his love ſhould grow the more:
Ill can he love, who *Thelgons* love rejected,
Thelgon, who more hath grac'd his graceleſſe ſhore,
Then any ſwain that ever ſang before.
Yet *Gripus* he prefer'd, when *Thelgon* ſtrove:
I wiſh no other curſe he ever prove;
Who *Thelgon* cauſeleſſe hates, ſtill may he *Gripus* love.

10

Thirſil, but that ſo long I know thee well, *Thom.*
I now ſhould think thou ſpeak'ſt of hate, or ſpite:
Can ſuch a wrong with *Chame*, or Muſes dwell,
That *Thelgons* worth and love with hate they 'quite?
Thomalin, judge thou; and thou that judgeſt right, *Thirſil.*
Great King of ſeas, (that graſp'ſt the Ocean) heare,
If ever thou thy *Thelgon* lovedſt deare: (bear.
Though thou forbear a while, yet long thou canſt not

11

When *Thelgon* here had ſpent his prentiſe-yeares,
Soon had he learnt to ſing as ſweet a note,
As ever ſtrook the churliſh *Chamus* eares:
To him the river gives a coſtly boat,
That on his waters he might ſafely float,
The ſongs reward, which oft unto his ſhore
He ſweetly tun'd: Then arm'd with ſail, and oare,
Dearely the gift he lov'd, but lov'd the giver more.

12

Scarce of the boat he yet was full possest,
When, with a minde more changing then his wave,
Again bequeath'd it to a wandring guest,
Whom then he onely saw; to him he gave
The sails, and oares: in vain poore *Thelgon* strave,
The boat is under sail, no boot to plain:
Then banisht him, the more to eke his pain,
As if himself were wrong'd, & did not wrong the swain.

13

From thence he furrow'd many a churlish sea,
The viny *Rhene*, and *Volgha's* self did passe,
Who sleds doth suffer on his watry lea,
And horses trampling on his ycie face:
Where *Phœbus* prison'd in the frozen glasse,
All winter cannot move his quenched light,
Nor in the heat will drench his chariot bright:
Thereby the tedious yeare is all one day and night.

14

Yet little thank, and lesse reward he got:
He never learn'd to sooth the itching eare:
One day (as chanc't) he spies that painted boat,
Which once was his: though his of right it were,
He bought it now again, and bought it deare.
But *Chame* to *Gripus* gave it once again,
Gripus the basest and most dung-hil swain,
That ever drew a net, or fisht in fruitfull main.

15

Go now, ye fisher-boyes, go learn to play,
To play, and sing along your *Chamus* shore:
Go watch, and toyl, go spend the night and day,
While windes & waves, while storms & tempests roar;

And for your trade consume your life, and store:
Lo your reward; thus will your *Chamus* use you.
Why should you plain, that lozel swains refuse you?
Chamus good fishers hates, the Muses selves abuse you.

16

Thomal. Ah *Thelgon*, poorest, but the worthiest swain,
That ever grac't unworthy povertie!
How ever here thou liv'dst in joylesse pain,
Prest down with grief, and patient miserie;
Yet shalt thou live when thy proud enemie
Shall rot, with scorn and base contempt oppress.
Sure now in joy thou safe and glad dost rest,
Smil'st at those eager foes, which here thee so molest.

17

Thirsil. *Thomalin*, mourn not for him: he's sweetly sleeping
In *Neptunes* court, whom here he sought to please;
While humming rivers by his cabin creeping,
Rock soft his slumbering thoughts in quiet ease:
Mourn for thy self, here windes do never cease;
Our dying life will better fit thy crying:
He softly sleeps, and blest is quiet lying.
Who ever living dies, he better lives by dying.

18

Thomal. Can *Thirsil* then our *Chame* abandon ever?
Thirsil. And never will our fishers see again?
Who 'gainst a raging stream doth vain endeavour
To drive his boat, gets labour for his pain:
When fates command to go, to lagge is vain.
As late upon the shore I chanc't to play,
I heard a voice, like thunder, lowdly say,
Thirsil, why idle liv'st? *Thirsil*, away, away.

19

Thou God of ſeas, thy voice I gladly heare;
Thy voice (thy voice I know) I glad obey:
Onely do thou my wandring whirry ſteer;
And when it erres, (as it will eas'ly ſtray)
Upon the rock with hopefull anchour ſtay.
Then will I ſwimme, where's either ſea, or ſhore,
Where never ſwain, or boat was ſeen afore:
My trunk ſhall be my boat, my arm ſhall be my oare.

20

Thomalin, me thinks I heare thy ſpeaking eye
Woo me my poſting journey to delay:
But let thy love yeeld to neceſſitie:
With thee, my friend, too gladly would I ſtay,
And live, and die: were *Thomalin* away,
(Though now I half unwilling leave his ſtream)
How ever *Chame* doth *Thirſil* lightly deem,
Yet would thy *Thirſil* leſſe proud *Chamus* ſcorns eſteem.

21

Thom. Who now with *Thomalin* ſhall ſit, and ſing?
Who left to play in lovely myrtils ſhade?
Or tune ſweet ditties to as ſweet a ſtring?
Who now thoſe wounds ſhall 'ſwage in covert glade,
Sweet-bitter wounds, which cruel love hath made?
You fiſher-boyes, and ſea-maids dainty crue,
Farewell; for *Thomalin* will ſeek a new,
And more reſpectfull ſtream: ungratefull *Chame* adieu.

22

Thirſil. *Thomalin*, forſake not thou the fiſher-ſwains,
Which hold thy ſtay and love at deareſt rate:
Here mayſt thou live among their ſportfull trains,
Till better times afford thee better ſtate:

Then

Then mayſt thou follow well thy guiding fate:
So live thou here with peace, and quiet bleſt;
So let thy love afford thee eaſe and reſt;
So let thy ſweeteſt foe recure thy wounded breaſt.

23

But thou, proud *Chame*, which thus haſt wrought me (ſpite,
Some greater river drown thy hatefull name:
Let never myrtle on thy banks delight,
But willows pale, the badge of ſpite and blame,
Crown thy ungratefull ſhores with ſcorn and ſhame.
Let dirt and mud thy lazie waters ſeiſe,
Thy weeds ſtill grow, thy waters ſtill decreaſe:
Nor let thy wretched love to *Gripus* ever ceaſe.

24

Farewell ye ſtreams, which once I loved deare;
Farewell ye boyes, which on your *Chame* do float;
Muſes farewell, if there be Muſes here;
Farewell my nets, farewell my little boat:
Come ſadder pipe, farewell my merry note:
My *Thomalin*, with thee all ſweetneſſe dwell;
Think of thy *Thirſil*, *Thirſil* loves thee well.
Thomalin, my deareſt deare, my *Thomalin*, farewell.

25

Ah hapleſſe boy, the fiſhers joy and pride! *Dorus.*
Ah wo is us we cannot help thy wo!
Our pity vain: ill may that ſwain betide,
Whoſe undeſerved ſpite hath wrong'd thee ſo.
Thirſil, with thee our joy, and wiſhes go.

26

Dorus, ſome greater power prevents thy curſe: *Myrtil.*
So vile, ſo baſely lives that hatefull ſwain;
So baſe, ſo vile, that none can wiſh him worſe.
But *Thirſil* much a better ſtate doth gain,
For never will he finde ſo thankleſſe main.

FINIS.

ECLOG. III.

MYRTILUS.

A Fiſher-lad (no higher dares he look)
Myrtil, ſat down by ſilver *Medwayes* ſhore:
His dangling nets (hung on the trembling oare)
Had leave to play, ſo had his idle hook,
While madding windes the madder Ocean ſhook.
Of *Chamus* had he learnt to pipe, and ſing,
And frame low ditties to his humble ſtring.

2

There as his boat late in the river ſtray'd,
A friendly fiſher brought the boy to view
Cælia the fair, whoſe lovely beauties drew
His heart from him into that heav'nly maid:
There all his wandring thoughts, there now they ſtaid.
All other fairs, all other love defies,
In *Cælia* he lives, for *Cælia* dies.

3

Nor durſt the coward woo his high deſiring,
(For low he was, lower himſelf accounts;
And ſhe the higheſt height in worth ſurmounts)
But ſits alone in hell his heav'n admiring,
And thinks with ſighs to fanne, but blows his firing.
Nor does he ſtrive to cure his painfull wound;
For till this ſickneſſe never was he ſound.

His

4

His blubber'd face was temper'd to the day;
All sad he look't, that sure all was not well;
Deep in his heart was hid an heav'nly hell;
Thick clouds upon his watrie eye-brows lay,
Which melting showre, and showring never stay:
So sitting down upon the sandy plain,
Thus 'gan he vent his grief, and hidden pain;

5

You sea-born maids, that in the Ocean reigne,
(If in your courts is known Loves matchlesse power,
Kindling his fire in your cold watry bower)
Learn by your own to pity others pain.
Tryphon, that know'st a thousand herbs in vain,
But know'st not one to cure a love-sick heart,
See here a wound, that farre outgoes thy art.

6

Your stately seas (perhaps with loves fire) glow,
And over-seeth their banks with springing tide,
Mustring their white-plum'd waves with lordly pride,
They soon retire, and lay their curl'd heads low;
So sinking in themselves they backward go:
But in my breast full seas of grief remain,
Which ever flow, and never ebbe again.

7

How well, fair *Thetis*, in thy glasse I see,
As in a crystal, all my raging pains!
Late thy green fields slept in their even plains,
While smiling heav'ns spread round a canopie:
Now tost with blasts, and civil enmitie,
While whistling windes blow trumpets to their fight,
And roaring waves, as drummes, whet on their spite.

8

Such cruel storms my restles heart command:
Late thousand joyes securely lodged there,
Ne fear'd I then to care, ne car'd to fear;
But pull'd the prison'd fishes to the land,
Or (spite of windes) pip't on the golden sand:
But since love sway'd my breast, these seas alarms
Are but dead pictures of my raging harms.

9

Love stirres desire; desire, like stormy winde,
Blows up high swelling waves of hope, and fear:
Hope on his top my trembling heart doth bear
Up to my heav'n, but straight my lofty minde
By fear sunk in despair deep drown'd I finde.
But (ah!) your tempests cannot last for ever;
But (ah!) my storms (I fear) will leave me never.

10

Haples, and fond! too fond, more haples swain, (loved:
Who lovest where th'art scorn'd, scorn'st where th'art
Or learn to hate, where thou hast hatred proved;
Or learn to love, where thou art lov'd again:
Ah cease to love, or cease to woo thy pain.
Thy love thus scorn'd is hell; do not so earn it;
At least learn by forgetting to unlearn it.

11

Ah fond, and haples swain! but much more fond,
How canst unlearn by learning to forget it, (it,
When thought of what thou should'st unlearn does whet
And surer ties thy minde in captive bond?
Canst thou unlearn a ditty thou hast con'd?
Canst thou forget a song by oft repeating?
Thus much more wilt thou learn by thy forgetting.

Haples,

12

Hapleſſe, and fond! moſt fond, more hapleſſe ſwain!
Seeing thy rooted love will leave thee never,
(She hates thy love) love thou her hate for ever:
In vain thou hop'ſt, hope yet, though ſtill in vain:
Joy in thy grief, and triumph in thy pain:
And though reward exceedeth thy aſpiring,
Live in her love, and die in her admiring.

13

Fair-cruel maid, moſt cruel, fairer ever,
How hath foul rigour ſtol'n into thy heart?
And on a comick ſtage hath learnt thee art
To play a Tyrant-tragical deceiver?
To promiſe mercy, but perform it never?
To look more ſweet, maskt in thy looks diſguiſe,
Then Mercy ſelf can look with Pities eyes?

14

Who taught thy honied tongue the cunning ſlight,
To melt the raviſht eare with muſicks ſtrains?
And charm the ſenſe with thouſand pleaſing pains?
And yet, like thunder roll'd in flames, and night,
To break the rived heart with fear and fright?
How rules therein thy breaſt, ſo quiet ſtate,
Spite leagu'd with mercy, love with loveleſſe hate?

15

Ah no, fair *Cælia*, in thy ſunne-like eye
Heav'n ſweetly ſmiles; thoſe ſtarres ſoft loving fire,
And living heat, not burning flames inſpire:
Love's ſelf enthron'd in thy brows ivorie,
And every grace in heavens liverie:
My wants, not thine, me in deſpairing drown:
When hell preſumes, no mar'l if heavens frown.

16

Those gracefull tunes, issuing from glorious spheares,
Ravish the eare and soul with strange delight,
And with sweet Nectar fill the thirsty sprite;
Thy honied tongue, charming the melted eares,
Stills stormy hearts, and quiets frights and fears:
My daring heart provokes thee; and no wonder,
When earth so high aspires, if heavens thunder.

17

See, see, fair *Cælia*, seas are calmly laid,
And end their boisterous threats in quiet peace;
The waves their drummes, the windes their trumpets (cease:
But my sick love (ah love full ill apayd!)
Never can hope his storms may be allayd;
But giving to his rage no end, or leisure,
Still restles rests: Love knows no mean or measure.

18

Fond boy, she justly scorns thy proud desire,
While thou with singing would'st forget thy pain:
Go strive to empty the still-flowing main:
Go fuell seek to quench thy growing fire:
Ah fooliish boy! scorn is thy musicks hire.
Drown then these flames in seas: but (ah!) I fear
To fire the main, and to want water there.

19

There first thy heav'n I saw, there felt my hell;
There smooth-calm seas rais'd storms of fierce desires;
There cooling waters kindled burning fires,
Nor can the Ocean quench them: in thy cell
Full stor'd with pleasures, all my pleasures fell.
Die then, fond lad: ah, well my death may please thee:
But love, (thy love) not life, not death, must ease me.

So

20

So down he ſwowning ſinks; nor can remove,
Till fiſher-boyes (fond fiſher-boyes) revive him,
And back again his life and loving give him:
But he ſuch wofull gift doth much reprove:
Hopeleſſe his life; for hopeleſſe is his love.
Go then, moſt loving, but moſt dolefull ſwain:
Well may I pitie; ſhe muſt cure thy pain.

FINIS.

ECLOG. IIII.

CHROMIS.

Thelgon. Chromis.

Thel. CHromis my joy, why drop thy rainie eyes?
And ſullen clouds hang on thy heavie brow?
Seems that thy net is rent, and idle lies;
Thy merry pipe hangs broken on a bough:
But late thy time in hundred joyes thou ſpent'ſt;
Now time ſpends thee, while thou in vain lament'ſt.

2

Chrom. *Thelgon*, my pipe is whole, and nets are new:
But nets and pipe contemn'd, and idle lie;
My little reed, that late ſo merry blew,
Tunes ſad notes to his maſters miſerie:
Time is my foe, and hates my rugged rimes:
And I as much hate both that hate, and times.

3

Thel. What is it then that cauſeth thy unreſt?
Or wicked charms? or loves new-kindled fire?
Ah! much I fear love eats thy tender breaſt;
Too well I know his never quenched ire,
Since I *Amyntas* lov'd, who me diſdains,
And loves in me nought but my grief and pains.

4

Chrom. No lack of love did ever breed my ſmart:
I onely learn'd to pity others pain,
And ward my breaſt from his deceiving art:
But one I love, and he loves me again;
In love this onely is my greateſt ſore,
He loves ſo much, and I can love no more.

5

But when the fiſhers trade, once highly priz'd,
And juſtly honour'd in thoſe better times,
By every lozel-groom I ſee deſpis'd;
No marvel if I hate my jocond rimes,
And hang my pipe upon a willow bough:
Might I grieve ever, if I grieve not now.

6

Thel. Ah fooliſh boy! why ſhould'ſt thou ſo lament
To be like him, whom thou doſt like ſo well?
The Prince of fiſhers thouſand tortures rent.
To heav'n, lad, thou art bound: the way by hell.
Would'ſt thou ador'd, and great and merry be,
When he was mockt, debas'd, and dead for thee?

Mens

7

Mens ſcorns ſhould rather joy, then ſorrow move;
For then thou higheſt art, when thou art down.
Their ſtorms of hate ſhould more blow up my love;
Their laughters my applauſe, their mocks my crown.
Sorrow for him, and ſhame let me betide,
Who for me wretch in ſhame and ſorrow died.

8

Thelgon, 'tis not my ſelf for whom I plain, *Chrom.*
My private loſſe full eaſie could I bear,
If private loſſe might help the publick gain:
But who can blame my grief, or chide my fear,
Since now the fiſhers trade, and honour'd name
Is made the common badge of ſcorn and ſhame?

9

Little know they the fiſhers toilſome pain,
Whoſe labour with his age, ſtill growing, ſpends not:
His care and watchings (oft miſpent in vain)
The early morn begins, dark evening ends not.
Too fooliſh men, that think all labour ſtands
In travell of the feet, and tired hands!

10

Ah wretched fiſhers! born to hate and ſtrife;
To others good, but to your rape and ſpoil.
This is the briefeſt ſumme of fiſhers life,
To ſweat, to freeze, to watch, to faſt, to toil,
Hated to love, to live deſpis'd, forlorn,
A ſorrow to himſelf, all others ſcorn.

11

Thel. Too well I know the fishers thankleſſe pain,
Yet bear it cheerfully, nor dare repine.
To grudge at loſſe is fond, (too fond and vain)
When higheſt cauſes juſtly it aſſigne.
Who bites the ſtone, and yet the dog condemnes,
Much worſe is then the beaſt he ſo contemnes.

12

Chromis, how many fiſhers doſt thou know,
That rule their boats, and uſe their nets aright?
That neither winde, nor time, nor tide foreſlow?
Such ſome have been; but (ah!) by tempeſts ſpite
Their boats are loſt; while we may ſit and moan,
That few were ſuch, and now thoſe few are none.

13

Chrom. Ah eruel ſpite, and ſpitefull crueltie,
That thus hath robb'd our joy, and deſert ſhore!
No more our ſeas ſhall heare your melodie;
Your ſongs and ſhrilling pipes ſhall ſound no more:
Silent our ſhores, our ſeas are vacant quite.
Ah ſpitefull crueltie, and cruel ſpite!

14

Thel. In ſtead of theſe a crue of idle grooms,
Idle, and bold, that never ſaw the ſeas,
Fearleſſe ſucceed, and fill their empty rooms:
Some lazy live, bathing in wealth and eaſe:
Their floating boats with waves have leave to play,
Their ruſty hooks all yeare keep holy-day.

Here

15

Here ſtray their skiffes, themſelves are never here,
Ne're ſaw their boats: ill mought they fiſhers be:
Mean time ſome wanton boy the boat doth ſteer,
(Poore boat the while!) that cares as much as he:
Who in a brook a whirry cannot row,
Now backs the ſeas, before the ſeas he know.

16

Ah fooliſh lads, that think with waves to play, *Chrom.*
And rule rough ſeas, which never knew command!
Firſt in ſome river thy new skill aſſay,
Till time and practiſe teach thy weakly hand:
A thin, thin plank keeps in thy vitall breath:
Death ready waits. Fond boyes, to play with death!

17

Thel.

Some ſtretching in their boats ſupinely ſleep,
Seaſons in vain recall'd, and windes neglecting:
Other their hooks and baits in poiſon ſteep,
Neptune himſelf with deathfull drugges infecting:
The fiſh their life and death together drink,
And dead pollute the ſeas with venom'd ſtink.

18

Some teach to work, but have no hands to row:
Some will be eyes, but have no light to ſee:
Some will be guides, but have no feet to go:
Some deaf, yet eares; ſome dumbe, yet tongues will be:
Dumbe, deaf, lame, blinde, and maim'd; yet fiſhers all:
Fit for no uſe, but ſtore an hoſpital.

19

Some greater, scorning now their narrow boat,
In mighty hulks and ships (like courts) do dwell;
Slaving the skiffes that in their seas do float;
Their silken sails with windes do proudly swell;
Their narrow bottomes stretch they large and wide,
And make full room for luxurie and pride.

20

Self did I see a swain not long ago,
Whose lordly ship kept all the rest in aw:
About him thousand boats do waiting row;
His frowns are death, his word is firmest law;
While all the fisher-boyes their bonnets vail,
And farre adore their lord with strucken sail.

21

His eare is shut to simple fisher-swain.
For *Gemma's* self (a sea-nymph great and high)
Upon his boat attended long in vain:
What hope, poore fisher-boy may come him nigh?
His speech to her, and presence he denied.
Had *Neptune* come, *Neptune* he had defied.

22

Where *Tybers* swelling waves his banks o'reflow,
There princely fishers dwell in courtly halls:
The trade they scorn, their hands forget to row;
Their trade, to plot their rising, others falls;
Into their seas to draw the lesser brooks,
And fish for steeples high with golden hooks.

Thelgon,

23

Thelgon, how canſt thou well that fiſher blame, *Chrom.*
Who in his art ſo highly doth excell,
That with himſelf can raiſe the fiſhers name?
Well may he thrive, that ſpends his art ſo well.
Ah, little needs their honour to depreſſe:
Little it is; yet moſt would have it leſſe.

24

Alas poore boy! thy ſhallow-ſwimming ſight *Thel.*
Can never dive into their deepeſt art;
Thoſe ſilken ſhews ſo dimme thy dazel'd ſight.
Could'ſt thou unmask their pomp, unbreaſt their heart,
How would'ſt thou laugh at this rich beggerie!
And learn to hate ſuch happy miſerie!

25

Panting ambition ſpurres their tired breaſt:
Hope chain'd to doubt, fear linkt to pride and threat,
(Too ill yok't pairs) give them no time to reſt;
Tyrants to leſſer boats, ſlaves to the great.
That man I rather pity, then adore,
Who fear'd by others much, fears others more.

26

Moſt curſed town, where but one tyrant reignes:
(Though leſſe his ſingle rage on many ſpent)
But much more miſerie that ſoul remains,
When many tyrants in one heart are pent:
When thus thou ſerv'ſt, the comfort thou canſt have
From greatneſſe is, thou art a greater ſlave.

27

Chrom. Ah wretched swains, that live in fishers trade;
With inward griefs, and outward wants distressed;
While every day doth more your sorrow lade;
By others scorn'd, and by your selves oppressed!
The great the greater serve, the lesser these:
And all their art is how to rise and please.

28

Algon. Those fisher-swains, from whom our trade doth flow,
That by the King of seas their skill were taught;
As they their boats on *Jordan* wave did row,
And catching fish, were by a Fisher caught;
(Ah blessed chance! much better was the trade,
That being fishers, thus were fishes made)

29

Those happy swains, in outward shew unblest, (gain:
Were scourg'd, were scorn'd, yet was this losse their
By land, by sea, in life, in death, distrest;
But now with King of seas securely reigne:
For that short wo in this base earthly dwelling,
Enjoying joy all excellence excelling.

30

Then do not thou, my boy, cast down thy minde,
But seek to please with all thy busie care
The King of seas; so shalt thou surely finde
Rest, quiet, joy, in all this troublous fare.
Let not thy net, thy hook, thy singing cease:
And pray these tempests may be turn'd to peace.

Oh

31

Oh Prince of waters, Soveraigne of ſeas,
Whom ſtorms & calms, whom windes and waves obey;
If ever that great Fiſher did thee pleaſe,
Chide thou the windes, and furious waves allay:
So on thy ſhore the fiſher-boys ſhall ſing
Sweet ſongs of peace to our ſweet peaces King.

FINIS.

ECLOG. V.

NICÆA.

Damon, Algon, Nicæa.

THe well known fiſher-boy, that late his name,
And place, and (ah for pity!) mirth had changed;
Which from the Muſes ſpring, & churliſh *Chame*
Was fled, (his glory late, but now his ſhame:
For he with ſpite the gentle boy eſtranged)
Now 'long the *Trent* with his new fellows ranged:
There *Damon* (friendly *Damon*) met the boy,
Where lordly *Trent* kiſſes the *Darwin* coy,
Bathing his liquid ſtreams in lovers melting joy.

2

Algon, what luckleſſe ſtarre thy mirth hath blaſted? *Damon.*
My joy in thee, and thou in ſorrow drown'd.
The yeare with winter ſtorms all rent and waſted
Hath now freſh youth and gentler ſeaſons taſted:

The warmer ſunne his bride hath newly gown'd,
With firie arms clipping the wanton ground,
And gets an heav'n on earth: that primroſe there,
Which 'mongſt thoſe violets ſheds his golden hair,
Seems the ſunnes little ſonne, fixt in his azure ſpheare.

3

Seeſt how the dancing lambes on flowrie banks
Forget their food, to minde their ſweeter play?
Seeſt how they skip, and in their wanton pranks
Bound o're the hillocks, ſet in ſportfull ranks?
They skip, they vault; full little caren they
To make their milkie mothers bleating ſtay.
Seeſt how the ſalmons (waters colder nation)
Lately arriv'd from their ſea-navigation, (ſhion?
How joy leaps in their heart, ſhew by their leaping fa-

4

What witch enchants thy minde with ſullen madnes?
When all things ſmile, thou onely ſitt'ſt complaining.
Algon. *Damon*, I, onely I, have cauſe of ſadneſſe:
The more my wo, to weep in common gladneſſe:
When all eyes ſhine, mine onely muſt be raining;
No winter now, but in my breaſt, remaining:
Yet feels this breaſt a ſummers burning fever:
And yet (alas!) my winter thaweth never:
And yet (alas!) this fire eats and conſumes me ever.

5

Damon. Within our *Darwin*, in her rockie cell (harm'd;
A Nymph there lives, which thouſand boys hath
All as ſhe gliding rides in boats of ſhell,
Darting her eye, (where ſpite and beauty dwell:

Ay

Ay me, that ſpite with beautie ſhould be arm'd!)
Her witching eye the boy, and boat hath charm'd.
No ſooner drinks he down that poiſonous eye,
But mourns and pines: (ah piteous crueltie!)
With her he longs to live; for her he longs to die.

6

Damon, what *Tryphon* taught thine eye the art — *Algon.*
By theſe few ſignes to ſearch ſo ſoon, ſo well,
A wound deep hid, deep in my feſter'd heart,
Pierc't by her eye, Loves, and deaths pleaſing dart?
Ah, ſhe it is, an earthly heav'n, and hell,
Who thus hath charm'd my heart with ſugred ſpell.
Eaſe thou my wound: but (ah!) what hand can eaſe,
Or give a medicine that ſuch wound may pleaſe;
When ſhe my ſole Phyſician is my ſouls diſeaſe?

7

Poore boy! the wounds which ſpite and Love impart, — *Damon.*
There is no ward to fence, no herb to eaſe.
Heav'ns circling folds lie open to his dart:
Hells *Lethe's* ſelf cools not his burning ſmart:
The fiſhes cold flame with this ſtrong diſeaſe,
And want their water in the midſt of ſeas:
All are his ſlaves, hell, earth, and heav'n above:
Strive not i'th' net, in vain thy force to prove.
Give, woo, ſigh, weep, & pray: Love's only cur'd by love.

8

If for thy love no other cure there be, — *Algon.*
Love, thou art cureles: gifts, prayers, vows, and art,
She ſcorns both you and me: nay Love, ev'n thee;
Thou ſigh'ſt her priſoner, while ſhe laughs as free.

What ever charms might move a gentle heart,
I oft have try'd, and shew'd the earnfull smart,
Which eats my breast: she laughs at all my pain:
Art, prayers, vows, gifts, love, grief, she does disdain:
Grief, love, gifts, vows, prayers, art; ye all are spent in (vain.

9

Damon. *Algon*, oft hast thou fisht, but sped not straight;
With hook and net thou beat'st the water round:
Oft-times the place thou changest, oft the bait;
And catching nothing, still, and still dost wait:
Learn by thy trade to cure thee: time hath found
In desp'rate cures a salve for every wound.
The fish long playing with the baited hook,
At last is caught: Thus many a Nymph is took;
Mocking the strokes of Love, is with her striking strook.

10

Algon. The marbles self is pierc't with drops of rain:
Fires soften steel, and hardest metals try:
But she more hard then both: such her disdain,
That seas of tears, *Ætna's* of love are vain.
In her strange heart (weep I, burn, pine, or die)
Still reignes a cold, coy, careless apathie.
The rock that bears her name, breeds that hard stone
With goats bloud onely softned, she with none:
More precious she, and (ah!) more hard then diamond.

11

That rock I think her mother: thence she took
Her name and nature. *Damon*, *Damon*, see,
See where she comes, arm'd with a line and hook:
Tell me, perhaps thou think'st, in that sweet look,
The

The white is beauties native tapeſtrie;
'Tis cryſtall, (friend) yc'd in the frozen ſea:
The red is rubies; theſe two joyn'd in one,
Make up that beauteous frame: the difference none
But this; ſhe is a precious, living, ſpeaking ſtone.

12

No gemme ſo coſtly, but with coſt is bought: *Damon.*
The hardeſt ſtone is cut, and fram'd by art:
A diamond hid in rocks is found, if ſought:
Be ſhe a diamond, a diamond's wrought.
Thy fear congeales, thy fainting ſteels her heart.
I'le be thy Captain, boy, and take thy part:
Alcides ſelf would never combat two.
Take courage, *Algon*; I will teach thee woo. (no.
Cold beggars freez our gifts: thy faint ſuit breeds her

13

Speak to her, boy. *Al.* Love is more deaf then blinde.
She muſt be woo'd. *Al.* Love's tongue is in the eyes. *Damon.*
Speech is Love's dart. *Al.* Silence beſt ſpeaks the minde. *Damon.*
Her eye invites. *Al.* Thence love and death I finde. *Damon.*
Her ſmiles ſpeak peace. *Al.* Storms breed in ſmiling skies *Damon.*
Who ſilent loves? *Al.* Whom ſpeech all hope denies. *Damon.*
Why ſhould'ſt thou fear? *Al.* To Love Fear's neare *Damon.*
Well, if my cunning fail not, by a gin (akinne. *Damon.*
(Spite of her ſcorn, thy fear) I'le make thee woo, and
(winne.

14

What, ho, thou faireſt maid, turn back thine oare,
And gently deigne to help a fiſhers ſmart.
Are thy lines broke? or are thy trammels tore? *Nicæa.*
If thou deſir'ſt my help, unhide the ſore.

Ah gentlest Nymph, oft have I heard, thy art
Can soveraigne herbs to every grief impart:
So mayst thou live the fishers song, and joy,
As thou wilt deigne to cure this sickly boy.
Unworthy they of art, who of their art are coy.

15

His inward grief in outward change appeares;
His cheeks with sudden fires bright-flaming glow;
Which quencht, end all in ashes: storms of teares
Becloud his eyes, which soon forc't smiling cleares:
Thick tides of passions ever ebbe, and flow:
And as his flesh still wastes, his griefs still grow.

Nicæa. *Damon*, the wounds deep rankling in the minde
What herb could ever cure? what art could finde?
Blinde are mine eyes to see wounds in the soul most (blinde.

16

Algon. Hard maid, t'is worse to mock, then make a wound:
Why should'st thou then (fair-cruel) scorn to see
What thou by seeing mad'st? my sorrows ground
Was in thy eye, may by thy eye be found.
How can thy eye most sharp in wounding be,
In seeing dull? these two are one in thee,
To see, and wound by sight: thy eye the dart.
Fair-cruel maid, thou well hast learn'd the art,
With the same eye to see, to wound, to cure my heart.

17 (wounded.

Nicæa. What cures thy wounded heart? *Algon.* Thy heart so
Nicæa. Is't love to wound thy love? *Algon.* Loves wounds are
pleasing. (ed.
Nicæa. Why plain'st thou then? *Al.* Because thou art unwound-
Thy wound my cure: on this my plaint is grounded.

Cures

Cures are diſeaſes, when the wounds are eaſing: *Nicæa.*
Why would'ſt thou have me pleaſe thee by diſpleaſing?
Scorn'd love is death; loves mutuall wounds delight- *Algon.*
Happie thy love, my love to thine uniting. (ing:
Love paying debts grows rich; requited in requiting.

18

What lives alone, *Nicæa?* ſtarres moſt chaſte *Damon.*
Have their conjunctions, ſpheares their mixt embraces,
And mutuall folds. Nothing can ſingle laſt:
But die in living, in increaſing waſte.
Their joyning perfects them, but us defaces. *Nicæa.*
That's perfect which obtains his end: your graces *Algon.*
Receive their end in love. She that's alone
Dies as ſhe lives: no number is in one: (none.
Thus while ſhe's but her ſelf, ſhe's not her ſelf, ſhe's

19

Why blam'ſt thou then my ſtonie hard confection, *Nicæa.*
Which nothing loves? thou ſingle nothing art.
Love perfects what it loves; thus thy affection *Algon.*
Married to mine, makes mine and thy perfection.
Well then, to paſſe our *Tryphon* in his art, *Nicæa.*
And in a moment cure a wounded heart;
If faireſt *Darwin*, whom I ſerve, approve
Thy ſuit, and thou wilt not thy heart remove;
I'le joyn my heart to thine, and anſwer thee in love.

20

The ſunne is ſet; adieu. *Algon.* 'Tis ſet to me;
Thy parting is my ev'n, thy preſence light.
Farewell. *Algon.* Thou giv'ſt thy wiſh; it is in thee: *Nicæa.*
Unleſſe thou wilt, hapleſſe I cannot be.

Damon. Come *Algon*, cheerly home; the theevish night
Steals on the world, and robs our eyes of sight.
The silver streams grow black: home let us coast:
There of loves conquest may we safely boast:
Soonest in love he winnes, that oft in love hath lost.

FINIS.

ECLOG. VI.

THOMALIN.

Thirsil, *Thomalin.*

A Fisher-boy that never knew his peer
In daintie songs, the gentle *Thomalin*,
With folded arms, deep sighs, & heavy cheer
Where hundred Nymphs, & hundred Muses
Sunk down by *Chamus* brinks; with him his deare, (inne,
Deare *Thirsil* lay; oft times would he begin
To cure his grief, and better way advise;
But still his words, when his sad friend he spies,
Forsook his silent tongue, to speak in watrie eyes.

2

Under a sprouting vine they careless lie,
Whose tender leaves bit with the Eastern blast,
But now were born, and now began to die;
The latter warned by the formers haste,

Thinly

Thinly for fear ſalute the envious skie:
Thus as they ſat, *Thirſil* embracing faſt
His loved friend, feeling his panting heart
To give no reſt to his increaſing ſmart, (part:
At length thus ſpake, while ſighs words to his grief im-

3

Thomalin, I ſee thy *Thirſil* thou neglect'ſt, *Thirſil.*
Some greater love holds down thy heart in fear;
Thy *Thirſils* love, and counſel thou reject'ſt;
Thy ſoul was wont to lodge within my eare:
But now that port no longer thou reſpect'ſt;
Yet hath it ſtill been ſafely harbour'd there.
My eare is not acquainted with my tongue,
That either tongue, or eare ſhould do thee wrong:
Why then ſhould'ſt thou conceal thy hidden grief ſo (long?

4

Thirſil, it is thy love that makes me hide *Thom.*
My ſmother'd grief from thy known faithfull eare:
May ſtill my *Thirſil* ſafe, and merry 'bide;
Enough is me my hidden grief to bear:
For while thy breaſt in hav'n doth ſafely ride,
My greater half with thee rides ſafely there.
So thou art well; but ſtill my better part, *Thirſil.*
My *Thomalin*, ſinks loaden with his ſmart: (heart.
Thus thou my finger cur'ſt, and wound'ſt my bleeding

5

How oft hath *Thomalin* to *Thirſil* vowed,
That as his heart, ſo he his love eſteem'd!
Where are thoſe oaths? where is that heart beſtowed,
Which hides it from that breaſt which deare it deem'd,

And to that heart room in his heart allowed?
That love was never love, but onely seem'd.
Tell me, my *Thomalin*, what envious thief
Thus robs thy joy: tell me, my liefest lief: (grief.
Thou little lov'st me, friend, if more thou lov'st thy

6

Thom. *Thirsil*, my joyous spring is blasted quite,
And winter storms prevent the summers ray:
All as this vine, whose green the Eastern spite
Hath di'd to black, his catching arms decay,
And letting go their hold for want of might,
Mar'l winter comes so soon, in first of May.
Thirsil. Yet see the leaves do freshly bud again:
Thou drooping still di'st in this heavie strain:
Nor can I see or end or cause of all thy pain.

7

Thom. No marvel, *Thirsil*, if thou dost not know
This grief, which in my heart lies deeply drown'd:
My heart it self, though well it feels his wo,
Knows not the wo it feels: the worse my wound,
Which though I rankling finde, I cannot show.
Thousand fond passions in my breast abound;
Fear leagu'd to joy, hope and despair together, (ther,
Sighs bound to smiles; my heart though prone to ei-
While both it would obey, 'twixt both obeyeth neither

8

Oft blushing flames leap up into my face;
My guiltlesse cheek such purple flash admires:
Oft stealing tears slip from mine eyes apace,
As if they meant to quench those causelesse fires.

My

My good I hate; my hurt I glad embrace:
My heart though griev'd, his grief as joy desires:
I burn, yet know no fuel to my firing:
My wishes know no want, yet still desiring: (ring.
Hope knows not what to hope, yet still in hope aspi-

9

Thirsil. Too true my fears: alas, no wicked sprite,
No writhel'd witch, with spells or powerfull charms,
Or hellish herbs digg'd in as hellish night,
Gives to thy heart these oft and fierce alarms:
But *Love*, too hatefull *Love*, with pleasing spite,
And spitefull pleasure, thus hath bred thy harms,
And seeks thy mirth with pleasance to destroy.
'Tis *Love*, my *Thomalin*, my liefest boy;
'Tis *Love* robs me of thee, and thee of all thy joy.

10

Thomal. *Thirsil*, I ken not what is hate, or *Love*,
Thee well I love, and thou lov'st me as well;
Yet joy, no torment, in this passion prove:
But often have I heard the fishers tell,
He's not inferiour to the mighty *Jove*;
Jove heaven rules; *Love Jove*, heav'n, earth, and hell:
Tell me, my friend, if thou dost better know:
Men say, he goes arm'd with his shafts, and bow;
Two darts, one swift as fire, as lead the other slow.

11

Thirsil. Ah heedlesse boy! *Love* is not such a lad,
As he is fancy'd by the idle swain;
With bow and shafts, and purple feathers clad;
Such as *Diana* (with her buskin'd train

Of armed Nymphs along the forrests glade
With golden quivers) in *Thessalian* plain,
In level race outstrips the jumping Deer
With nimble feet; or with a mighty spear
Flings down a bristled bore, or els a squalid bear.

12

Love's sooner felt, then seen: his substance thinne
Betwixt those snowy mounts in ambush lies:
Oft in the eyes he spreads his subtil ginne;
He therefore soonest winnes, that fastest flies.
Fly thence my deare, fly fast, my *Thomalin*:
Who him encounters once, for ever dies:
But if he lurk between the ruddy lips,
Unhappie soul that thence his Nectar sips,
While down into his heart the sugred poison slips!

13

Oft in a voice he creeps down through the eare:
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 *Vertue's* self he'l hire:
Himself's a dart, when nothing els can move.
Who then the captive soul can well reprove,
When *Love*, and *Vertue's* self become the darts of *Love*?

14

Thom. Sure, *Love* it is, which breeds this burning fever:
For late (yet all too soon) on *Venus* day,
I chanc't (Oh cursed chance, yet blessed ever!)
As careless on the silent shores I stray,

Five

Five Nymphs to see (five fairer saw I never)
Upon the golden sand to dance and play:
The rest among, yet farre above the rest,
Sweet *Melite*, by whom my wounded breast,
Though rankling still in grief, yet joyes in his unrest.

15

There to their sportings while I pipe, and sing,
Out from her eyes I felt a firie beam,
And pleasing heat (such as in first of Spring
From Sol, inn'd in the Bull, do kindly stream)
To warm my heart, and with a gentle sting
Blow up desire: yet little did I dream
Such bitter fruits from such sweet roots could grow,
Or from so gentle eye such spite could flow:
For who could fire expect hid in an hill of snow?

16

But when those lips (those melting lips) I prest,
I lost my heart, which sure she stole away:
For with a blush she soon her guilt confest,
And sighs (which sweetest breath did soft convey)
Betraid her theft: from thence my flaming breast
Like thundring *Ætna* burns both night and day:
All day she present is, and in the night
My wakefull fancie paints her full to sight:
Absence her presence makes, darknes presents her light.

17

Thomalin, too well those bitter sweets I know,
Since fair *Nicæa* bred my pleasing smart:
But better times did better reason show,
And cur'd those burning wounds with heav'nly art.

Thirsil.

Those

Those storms of looser fire are laid full low;
And higher love safe anchours in my heart:
So now a quiet calm does safely reigne.
And if my friend think not my counsel vain;
Perhaps my art may cure, or much asswage thy pain.

18

Thom. *Thirsil*, although this witching grief doth please
My captive heart, and *Love* doth more detest
The cure, and curer, then the sweet disease;
Yet if my *Thirsil* doth the cure request,
This storm, which rocks my heart in slumbring ease,
Spite of it self, shall yeeld to thy behest.
Thirsil. Then heark how *Tryphons* self did salve my paining,
While in a rock I sat of love complaining;
My wounds with herbs, my grief with counsel sage re-
(straining.

19

But tell me first; Why should thy partial minde
More *Melite*, then all the rest approve?
Thom. *Thirsil*, her beautie all the rest did blinde,
That she alone seem'd worthy of my love.
Delight upon her face, and sweetnesse shin'd:
Her eyes do spark as starres, as starres do move:
Like those twin-fires, which on our masts appear,
And promise calms. Ah that those flames so clear
To me alone should raise such storms of hope and
(fear!

20

Thirsil. If that which to thy minde doth worthiest seem,
By thy wel-temper'd soul is most affected;
Canst thou a face worthy thy love esteem?
What in thy soul then love is more respected?

Those

Thoſe eyes which in their ſpheare thou, fond, doſt deem
Like living ſtarres, with ſome diſeaſe infected,
Are dull as leaden droſſe: thoſe beauteous rayes,
So like a roſe, when ſhe her breaſt diſplayes,
Are like a roſe indeed; as ſweet, as ſoon decayes.

21

Art thou in love with words? her words are winde,
As flit as is their matter, flitteſt aire.
Her beautie moves? can colours move thy minde?
Colours in ſcorned weeds more ſweet, and fair.
Some pleaſing qualitie thy thoughts doth binde?
Love then thy ſelf. Perhaps her golden hair?
Falſe metall, which to ſilver ſoon deſcends!
Is't pleaſure then which ſo thy fancie bends?
Poore pleaſure, that in pain begins, in ſorrow ends!

22

What? is't her company ſo much contents thee?
How would ſhe preſent ſtirre up ſtormy weather,
When thus in abſence preſent ſhe torments thee?
Lov'ſt thou not one, but all theſe joyn'd together?
All's but a woman. Is't her love that rents thee?
Light windes, light aire; her love more light then either.
If then due worth thy true affection moves,
Here is no worth. Who ſome old hagge approves,
And ſcorns a beauteous ſpouſe, he rather dotes, then loves.

23

Then let thy love mount from theſe baſer things,
And to the higheſt love, and worth aſpire:
Love's born of fire, fitted with mounting wings;
That at his higheſt he might winde him higher;

Baſe love, that to baſe earth ſo baſely clings!
Look as the beams of that celeſtiall fire
Put out theſe earthly flames with purer rays
So ſhall that love this baſer heat allay, (day.
And quench theſe coals of earth with his more heav'nly

24

Raiſe then thy proſtrate love with towring thought;
And clog it not in chains, and priſon here:
The God of fiſhers deare thy love hath bought:
Moſt deare he loves: for ſhame, love thou as deare.
Next, love thou there, where beſt thy love is ſought;
My ſelf, or els ſome other fitting peer.
Ah might thy love with me for ever dwell! (hell?
Why ſhould'ſt thou hate thy heav'n, and love thy
She ſhall not more deſerve, nor cannot love ſo well.

25

Thus *Tryphon* once did wean my fond affection;
Then fits a ſalve unto th' infected place,
(A ſalve of ſoveraigne and ſtrange confection)
Nepenthe mixt with *Rue*, and *Herb-de-grace*:
So did he quickly heal this ſtrong infection,
And to my ſelf reſtor'd my ſelf apace.
Yet did he not my love extinguiſh quite:
I love with ſweeter love, and more delight:
But moſt I love that Love, which to my love ha's right.

26

Thom. Thrice happy thou that could'ſt! my weaker minde
Can never learn to climbe ſo lofty flight.
Thirſil. If from this love thy will thou canſt unbinde;
To will, is here to can: will gives thee might:

'Tis

'Tis done, if once thou wilt; 'tis done, I finde.
Now let us home: for see, the creeping night
Steals from those further waves upon the land.
To morrow shall we feast; then hand in hand
Free will we sing, and dance along the golden sand.

FINIS.

ECLOG. VII.

The PRIZE.

Thirsil, Daphnis, Thomalin.

AUrora from old *Tithons* frosty bed
(Cold, wintry, wither'd *Tithon*) early creeps;
Her cheek with grief was pale, with anger red;
Out of her window close she blushing peeps;
Her weeping eyes in pearled dew she steeps,
Casting what sportlesse nights she ever led:
She dying lives, to think he's living dead.
Curst be, and cursed is that wretched sire,
That yokes green youth with age, want with desire.
Who ties the sunne to snow? or marries frost to fire?

2

The morn saluting, up I quickly rise,
And to the green I poste; for on this day
Shepherd and fisher-boyes had set a prize,
Upon the shore to meet in gentle fray,
Which of the two should sing the choicest lay;

Daphnis the ſhepherds lad, whom *Mira's* eys
Had kill'd; yet with ſuch wound he gladly dies:
Thomalin the fiſher, in whoſe heart did reigne
Stella; whoſe love his life, and whoſe diſdain
Seems worſe then angry skies, or never quiet main.

3

There ſoon I view the merry ſhepherd-ſwains
March three by three, clad all in youthfull green:
And while the ſad recorder ſweetly plains,
Three lovely Nymphs (each ſeveral row between,
More lovely Nymphs could no where els be ſeen,
Whoſe faces ſnow their ſnowy garments ſtains)
With ſweeter voices fit their pleaſing ſtrains.
Their flocks flock round about; the horned rammes,
And ewes go ſilent by, while wanton lambes
Dancing along the plains, forget their milky dammes.

4

Scarce were the ſhepherds ſet, but ſtraight in ſight
The fiſher-boyes came driving up the ſtream;
Themſelves in blue, and twenty ſea-nymphs bright
In curious robes, that well the waves might ſeem:
All dark below, the top like frothy cream:
Their boats and maſts with flowres, and garlands dight;
And round the ſwannes guard them with armies white:
Their ſkiffes by couples dance to ſweeteſt ſounds,
Which running cornets breath to full plain grounds,
That ſtrikes the rivers face, and thence more ſweet re-
(bounds.

5

And now the Nymphs and ſwains had took their place;
Firſt thoſe two boyes; *Thomalin* the fiſhers pride,
Daphnis the ſhepherds: Nymphs their right hand grace;
And choiceſt ſwains ſhut up the other ſide:

So

So sit they down in order fit appli'd;
Thirsil betwixt them both, in middle space:
(*Thirsil* their judge, who now's a shepherd base,
But late a fisher-swain, till envious *Chame*
Had rent his nets, and sunk his boat with shame;
So robb'd the boyes of him, and him of all his game)

6

So as they sit, thus *Thirsil* 'gins the lay; *Thirsil.*
You lovely boyes, (the woods, and Oceans pride)
Since I am judge of this sweet peacefull fray,
First tell us, where, and when your Loves you spied:
And when in long discourse you well are tried,
Then in short verse by turns we'l gently play:
In love begin, in love we'l end the day.
Daphnis, thou first; to me you both are deare:
Ah, if I might, I would not judge, but heare:
Nought have I of a judge, but an impartiall eare.

7

Phœbus, if as thy words, thy oaths are true; *Daph.*
Give me that verse which to the honour'd bay
(That verse which by thy promise now is due)
To honour'd *Daphne* in a sweet tun'd lay
(*Daphne* thy chang'd, thy love unchanged aye)
Thou sangest late, when she now better staid,
More humane when a tree, then when a maid,
Bending her head, thy love with gentle signe repaid.

8

What tongue, what thought can paint my Loves per-
So sweet hath nature pourtray'd every part, (fection:
That art will prove that artists imperfection,
Who, when no eye dare view, dares limme her face.

Phœbus, in vain I call thy help to blaze
More light then thine, a light that never fell:
Thou tell'st what's done in heav'n, in earth, and hell:
Her worth thou mayst admire; there are no words to tell.

9

She is like thee, or thou art like her, rather:
Such as her hair, thy beams; thy single light,
As her twin-sunnes: that creature then, I gather,
Twice heav'nly is, where two sunnes shine so bright:
So thou, as she, confound'st the gazing sight:
Thy absence is my night; her absence hell.
Since then in all thy self she doth excell,
What is beyond thy self, how canst thou hope to tell?

10

First her I saw, when tir'd with hunting toyl,
In shady grove spent with the weary chace,
Her naked breast lay open to the spoil;
The crystal humour trickling down apace,
Like ropes of pearl, her neck and breast enlace:
The aire (my rivall aire) did coolly glide
Through every part: such when my Love I spi'd,
So soon I saw my Love, so soon I lov'd, and di'd.

11

Her face two colours paint; the first a flame,
(Yet she all cold) a flame in rosie die,
Which sweetly blushes like the mornings shame:
The second snow, such as on Alps doth lie,
And safely there the sunne doth bold defie:
Yet this cold snow can kindle hot desire.
Thou miracle; mar'l not, if I admire,
How flame should coldly freez, and snow should burn (as fire.

Her

12

Her ſlender waſte, her hand, that dainty breaſt,
Her cheek, her forehead, eye, and flaming hair,
And thoſe hid beauties, which muſt ſure be beſt,
In vain to ſpeak, when words will more impair:
Of all the fairs ſhe is the faireſt fair.
Ceaſe then vain words; well may you ſhew affection,
But not her worth: the minde her ſweet perfection
Admires: how ſhould it then give the lame tongue direction?

13

Unleſſe thy words be flitting as thy wave, *Thom.*
Proteus, that ſong into my breaſt inſpire,
With which the ſeas (when loud they rore and rave)
Thou ſoftly charm'ſt, and windes inteſtine ire
(When 'gainſt heav'n, earth, and ſeas they did conſpire)
Thou quiet laid'ſt: *Proteus*, thy ſong to heare,
Seas liſtning ſtand, and windes to whiſtle fear;
The lively Delphins dance, and briſly Seales give eare.

14

Stella, my ſtarre-like love, my lovely ſtarre:
Her hair a lovely brown, her forehead high,
And lovely fair; ſuch her cheeks roſes are:
Lovely her lip, moſt lovely is her eye:
And as in each of theſe all love doth lie;
So thouſand loves within her minde retiring,
Kindle ten thouſand loves with gentle firing.
Ah let me love my Love, not live in loves admiring!

15

At *Proteus* feaſt, where many a goodly boy,
And many a lovely laſſe did lately meet;
There firſt I found, there firſt I loſt my joy:
Her face mine eye, her voice mine eare did greet;

While

While eare & eye ſtrove which ſhould be moſt ſweet,
That face, or voice: but when my lips at laſt
Saluted hers, thoſe ſenſes ſtrove as faſt, (or taſte.
Which moſt thoſe lips did pleaſe; the eye, eare, touch,

16

The eye ſweares, never fairer lip was eyed;
The eare with thoſe ſweet reliſhes delighted,
Thinks them the ſpheares; the taſte that nearer tried
Their reliſh ſweet, the ſoul to feaſt invited;
The touch, with preſſure ſoft more cloſe united,
Wiſht ever there to dwell; and never cloyed,
(While thus their joy too greedy they enjoyed)
Enjoy'd not half their joy, by being overjoyed.

17

Her hair all dark more clear the white doth ſhow,
And with its night her faces morn commends:
Her eye-brow black, like to an ebon bow;
Which ſporting *Love* upon her forehead bends,
And thence his never-miſſing arrow ſends.
But moſt I wonder how that jetty ray,
Which thoſe two blackeſt ſunnes do fair diſplay,
Should ſhine ſo bright, & night ſhould make ſo ſweet a (day.

18

So is my love an heav'n; her hair a night:
Her ſhining forehead *Dian's* ſilver light:
Her eyes the ſtarres; their influence delight:
Her voice the ſphears; her cheek *Aurora* bright: (white
Her breaſt the globes, where heav'ns path milkie-
Runnes 'twixt thoſe hills: her hand (*Arions* touch)
As much delights the eye, the eare as much.
Such is my Love, that, but my Love, was never ſuch.

The

19

The earth her robe, the sea her swelling tide; *Thirsil.*
The trees their leaves, the moon her divers face;
The starres their courses, flowers their springing pride;
Dayes change their length, the Sunne his daily race:
Be constant when you love; *Love* loves not ranging:
Change when you sing; Muses delight in changing.

20

Pan loves the pine-tree; *Jove* the oak approves; *Daph.*
High populars *Alcides* temples crown:
Phœbus, though in a tree, still *Daphne* loves,
And hyacinths, though living now in ground:
Shepherds, if you your selves would victours see,
Girt then this head with *Phœbus* flower and tree.

21

Alcinous peares, *Pomona* apples bore: *Thom.*
Bacchus the vine, the olive *Pallas* chose:
Venus loves myrtils, myrtils love the shore:
Venus Adonis loves, who freshly blowes,
Yet breathes no more: weave, lads, with myrtils roses
And bay, and hyacinth the garland loses.

22

Mira, thine eyes are those twin-heav'nly powers, *Daph.*
Which to the widowed earth new offspring bring:
No marvel then, if still thy face so flowers,
And cheeks with beauteous blossomes freshly spring:
So is thy face a never-fading *May*:
So is thine eye a never-falling day.

23

Thom. *Stella*, thine eyes are those twin-brothers fair,
Which tempests slake, and promise quiet seas:
No marvel then if thy brown shadie hair,
Like night, portend sweet rest and gentle ease.
Thus is thine eye an ever-calming light:
Thus is thy hair a lovers ne'r-spent night.

24

Daph. If sleepy poppies yeeld to lilies white;
If black to snowy lambes; if night to day;
If Western shades to fair *Aurora's* light;
Stella must yeeld to *Mira's* shining ray.
In day we sport, in day we shepherds toy:
The night, for wolves; the light, the shepherds joy.

25

Thom. Who white-thorn equalls with the violet?
What workman rest compares with painfull light?
Who weares the glaring glasse, and scorns the jet?
Day yeeld to her, that is both day and night.
In night the fishers thrive, the workmen play;
Love loves the night; night's lovers holy-day.

26

Daph. Fly thou the seas, fly farre the dangerous shore:
Mira, if thee the king of seas should spie,
He'l think *Medusa* (sweeter then before)
With fairer hair, and double fairer eye,
Is chang'd again; and with thee ebbing low,
In his deep courts again will never flow.

Stella,

27

Stella, avoid both *Phœbus* eare, and eye: *Thom.*
His muſick he will ſcorn, if thee he heare:
Thee *Daphne*, (if thy face by chance he ſpie)
Daphne now fairer chang'd, he'l raſhly ſweare:
And viewing thee, will later riſe and fall;
Or viewing thee, will never riſe at all.

28

Phœbus and *Pan* both ſtrive my love to gain, *Daph.*
And ſeek by gifts to winne my careleſſe heart;
Pan vows with lambes to fill the fruitfull plain;
Apollo offers skill, and pleaſing art:
But *Stella*, if thou grant my ſuit, a kiſſe;
Phœbus and *Pan* their ſuit, my love, ſhall miſſe.

29

Proteus himſelf, and *Glaucus* ſeek unto me; *Thom.*
And twenty gifts to pleaſe my minde deviſe:
Proteus with ſongs, *Glaucus* with fiſh doth woo me:
Both ſtrive to winne, but I them both deſpiſe:
For if my Love my love will entertain,
Proteus himſelf, and *Glaucus* ſeek in vain.

30

Two twin, two ſpotted lambes, (my ſongs reward)
With them a cup I got, where Jove aſſumed *Daph.*
New ſhapes, to mock his wives too jealous guard;
Full of *Joves* fires it burns ſtill unconſumed:
But *Mira*, if thou gently deigne to ſhine,
Thine be the cup, the ſpotted lambes be thine.

31

Thom. A pair of swannes are mine, and all their train;
With them a cup, which *Thetis* self bestowed,
As she of love did heare me sadly plain;
A pearled cup, where Nectar oft hath flowed:
But if my Love will love the gift, and giver;
Thine be the cup, thine be the swannes for ever.

32

Daph. Thrice happy swains! thrice happy shepherds fate!
Thom. Ah blessed life! ah blessed fishers state!
Your pipes asswage your love; your nets maintain you.
Daph. Your lambkins clothe you warm; your flocks sustain you:
You fear no stormie seas, nor tempests roaring.
Thom. You sit not rots or burning starres deploring:
In calms you fish; in roughs use songs and dances.
Daph. More do you fear your Loves sweet-bitter glances,
Then certain fate, or fortune ever changing.
Thom. Ah that the life in seas so safely ranging,
Should with loves weeping eye be sunk, and drown'd!
Daph. The shepherds life *Phœbus* a shepherd crown'd,
His snowy flocks by stately *Peneus* leading.
Thom. What herb was that, on which old *Glaucus* feeding,
Grows never old, but now the gods augmenteth?
Daph. *Delia* her self her rigour hard relenteth:
To play with shepherds boy she's not ashamed.
Thom. *Venus*, of frothy seas thou first wast framed;
The waves thy cradle: now *Love's Queen* art named.

33

Daph. Thou gentle boy, what prize may well reward thee?
So slender gift as this not half requites thee.
May prosperous starres, and quiet seas regard thee;

But

But moſt, that pleaſing ſtarre that moſt delights thee:
May *Proteus* ſtill and *Glaucus* deareſt hold thee;
But moſt, her influence all ſafe infold thee: (thee.
May ſhe with gentle beams from her fair ſphear behold

34

As whiſtling windes 'gainſt rocks their voices tearing; *Thom.*
As rivers through the valleys ſoftly gliding;
As haven after cruel tempeſts fearing:
Such, faireſt boy, ſuch is thy verſes ſliding.
Thine be the prize: may *Pan* and *Phœbus* grace thee;
Moſt, whom thou moſt admir'ſt, may ſhe embrace thee;
And flaming in thy love, with ſnowy arms enlace thee.

35

You lovely boyes, full well your art you guided; *Thirſil.*
That with your ſtriving ſongs your ſtrife is ended:
So you your ſelves the cauſe have well decided;
And by no judge can your award be mended.
Then ſince the prize for onely one intended
You both refuſe, we juſtly may reſerve it,
And as your offering in *Love's* temple ſerve it; (it.
Since none of both deſerve, when both ſo well deſerve

36

Yet, for ſuch ſongs ſhould ever be rewarded;
Daphnis, take thou this hook of ivory cleareſt,
Giv'n me by *Pan*, when *Pan* my verſe regarded:
This fears the wolf, when moſt the wolf thou feareſt.
But thou, my *Thomalin*, my love, my deareſt, (ed;
Take thou this pipe, which oft proud ſtorms reſtrain-
Which, ſpite of *Chamus* ſpite, I ſtill retained:
Was never little pipe more ſoft, more ſweetly plained.

And

And you, fair troop, if *Thirsil* you disdain not,
Vouchsafe with me to take some short refection:
Excesse, or daints my lowly roofs maintain not;
Peares, apples, plummes, no sugred made confection.
So up they rose, and by *Love's* sweet direction (not
Sea-nymphs with shepherds sort: sea-boyes complain
That wood-nymphs with like love them entertain not.
And all the day to songs and dances lending,
Too swift it runnes, and spends too fast in spending.
With day their sports began, with day they take their ending.

FINIS.

POETICALL MISCELLANIES.

An *Hymen* at the Marriage of my moſt *deare Couſins M^r. W. and M. R.*

CHamus, that with thy yellow-ſanded ſtream
Slid'ſt ſoftly down where thouſand Muſes dwell,
Gracing their bowres, but thou more grac'd by them;
Heark *Chamus*, from thy low-built greeny cell;
Heark, how our *Kentiſh* woods with *Hymen* ring,
While all the Nymphs, and all the ſhepherds ſing,
Hymen, oh *Hymen*, here thy ſaffron garment bring.

With him a ſhoal of goodly ſhepherd-ſwains;
Yet he more goodly then the goodlieſt ſwain:
With her a troop of faireſt wood-nymphs trains;
Yet ſhe more fair then faireſt of the train:
And all in courſe their voice attempering,
While the woods back their bounding Echo fling,
Hymen, come holy *Hymen*; *Hymen* lowd they ſing.

His high-built forehead almoſt maiden fair,
Hath made an hundred Nymphs her chance envying:
Her

Her more then ſilver skin, and golden hair,
Cauſe of a thouſand ſhepherds forced dying.
Where better could her love then here have neſted?
Or he his thoughts more daintily have feaſted?
Hymen, come *Hymen*; here thy ſaffron coat is reſted.

His looks reſembling humble Majeſty,
Rightly his faireſt mothers grace befitteth:
In her face bluſhing, fearfull modeſty,
The Queens of chaſtity and beauty, ſitteth:
There cheerfulneſſe all ſadneſſe farre exileth:
Here love with bow unbent all gently ſmileth.
Hymen come, *Hymen* come; no ſpot thy garment 'fileth.

Love's bow in his bent eye-brows bended lies,
And in his eyes a thouſand darts of loving:
Her ſhining ſtarres, which (fools) we oft call eyes,
As quick as heav'n it ſelf in ſpeedy moving;
And this in both the onely difference being,
Other ſtarres blinde, theſe ſtarres indu'd with ſeeing.
Hymen, come *Hymen*; all is for thy rites agreeing.

His breaſt a ſhelf of pureſt alabaſter,
Where *Love's* ſelf ſailing often ſhipwrackt ſitteth:
Hers a twin-rock, unknown but to th'ſhip-maſter;
Which though him ſafe receives, all other ſplitteth:
Both *Love's* high-way, yet by *Love's* ſelf unbeaten,
Moſt like the milky path which croſſes heaven.
Hymen, come *Hymen*; all their marriage joyes are even.

And yet all theſe but as gilt covers be;
Within, a book more fair we written finde:

For Nature, framing th' Alls epitome,
Set in the face the Index of the minde.
Their bodies are but Temples, built for ſtate,
To ſhrine the Graces in their ſilver plate:
Come *Hymen*, *Hymen* come, theſe Temples conſecrate.

Hymen, the tier of hearts already tied;
Hymen, the end of lovers never ending;
Hymen, the cauſe of joyes, joyes never tried;
Joyes never to be ſpent, yet ever ſpending:
Hymen, that ſow'ſt with men the deſert ſands;
Come, bring with thee, come bring thy ſacred bands:
Hymen, come *Hymen*, th' hearts are joyn'd, joyn thou (the hands.

Warrant of lovers, the true ſeal of loving,
Sign'd with the face of joy; the holy knot,
That bindes two hearts, and holds from ſlippery
A gainfull loſſe, a ſtain without a blot; (moving;
That mak'ſt one ſoul as two, and two as one;
Yoke lightning burdens; love's foundation:
Hymen, come *Hymen*, now untie the maiden zone.

Thou that mad'ſt Man a brief of all thou mad'ſt,
A little living world, and mad'ſt him twain,
Dividing him whom firſt thou one creat'ſt,
And by this bond mad'ſt one of two again,
Bidding her cleave to him, and him to her,
And leave their parents, when no parents were:
Hymen, ſend *Hymen* from thy ſacred boſome here.

See where he goes, how all the troop he cheereth,
Clad with a ſaffron coat, in's hand a light;
In all his brow not one ſad cloud appeareth:
His coat all pure, his torch all burning bright.
Now chant we *Hymen*, ſhepherds; *Hymen* ſing:
See where he goes, as freſh as is the Spring.
Hymen, oh *Hymen*, *Hymen*, all the valleys ring.

Oh happy pair, where nothing wants to either,
Both having to content, and be contented;
Fortune and nature being ſpare to neither!
Ne're may this bond of holy love be rented,
But like two parallels, run a level race,
In juſt proportion, and in even ſpace.
Hymen, thus *Hymen* will their ſpotleſſe marriage grace.

Live each of other firmly lov'd, and loving;
As farre from hate, as ſelf-ill, jealouſie:
Moving like heav'n ſtill in the ſelf ſame moving;
In motion ne're forgetting conſtancy.
Be all your dayes as this; no cauſe to plain:
Free from ſatiety, or (but lovers) pain.
Hymen, ſo *Hymen* ſtill their preſent joyes maintain.

To my beloved Couſin *W. R.* Eſquire.

Calend. Januar.

COuſin, day-birds are ſilenc't, and thoſe fowl
Yet onely ſing, which hate warm *Phœbus* light;
Th' unlucky Parrat, and death-boding Owl,
Which uſh'ring in to heav'n their miſtreſſe Night,
Hollow their mates, triumphing o're the quick-ſpent light.

The wronged *Philomel* hath left to plain
Tereus conſtraint and cruel raviſhment:
Seems the poore bird hath loſt her tongue again.
Progne long ſince is gone to baniſhment;
And the loud-tuned Thruſh leaves all her merriment.

All ſo my frozen Muſe, hid in my breaſt,
To come into the open aire refuſes;
And dragg'd at length from hence, doth oft proteſt,
This is no time for *Phœbus*-loving Muſes;
When the farre-diſtant ſunne our frozen coaſt diſuſes.

Then till the ſunne, which yet in fiſhes hasks,
Or watry urn, impounds his fainting head,
'Twixt Taurus horns his warmer beam unmasks,
And ſooner riſes, later goes to bed;
Calling back all the flowers, now to their mother fled:

Till *Philomel* reſumes her tongue again,
And *Progne* fierce returns from long exiling;
Till the ſhrill Blackbird chants his merry vein;
And the day-birds the long-liv'd ſunne beguiling,
Renew their mirth, and the yeares pleaſant ſmiling:

Here muſt I ſtay, in ſullen ſtudy pent,
Among our *Cambridge* fennes my time miſſpending;
But then reviſit our long-long'd-for *Kent*.
Till then live happy, the time ever mending:
Happy the firſt o'th' yeare, thrice happy be the ending.

To Maſter *W. C.*

VV*Illy* my deare, that late by *Haddam* ſitting,
By little *Haddam*, in thoſe private ſhades,
Unto thy fancie thouſand pleaſures fitting,
With dainty Nymphs in thoſe retired glades,
Didſt ſpend thy time; (time that too quickly fades)
Ah! much I fear, that thoſe ſo pleaſing toyes
Have too much lull'd thy ſenſe and minde in ſlumbring (joyes.

Now art thou come to nearer *Maddingly*, (thee;
Which with freſh ſport and pleaſure doth enthrall
There new delights withdraw thy eare, thy eye;
Too much I fear, leſt ſome ill chance befall thee:
Heark, how the *Cambridge* Muſes thence recall thee;
Willy our deare, *Willy* his time abuſes:
But ſure thou haſt forgot our *Chame*, and *Cambridge* (Muſes.

Return now, *Willy*; now at length return thee:
Here thou and I, under the ſprouting vine,
By yellow *Chame*, where no hot ray ſhall burn thee,
Will ſit, and ſing among the Muſes nine;
And ſafely cover'd from the ſcalding ſhine,
We'l read that *Mantuan* ſhepherds ſweet complaining
Whom fair *Alexis* griev'd with his unjuſt diſdaining:

And

And when we liſt to lower notes deſcend,
Heare *Thirſil's* moan, and *Fuſca's* crueltie:
He cares not now his ragged flock to tend;
Fuſca his care, but careleſſe enemie:
Hope oft he ſees ſhine in her humble eye;
But ſoon her angrie words of hope deprives him:
So often dies with love, but love as oft revives him.

To my ever honoured Couſin *W. R. Eſquire.*

STrange power of home, with how ſtrong-twiſted arms
And Gordian-twined knot doſt thou enchain me!
Never might fair *Caliſto's* doubled charms,
Nor powerfull *Circe's* whiſpring ſo detain me,
Though all her art ſhe ſpent to entertain me;
Their preſence could not force a weak deſire: (fire.
But (oh!) thy powerfull abſence breeds ſtill-growing

By night thou try'ſt with ſtrong imagination
To force my ſenſe 'gainſt reaſon to belie it:
Me thinks I ſee the faſt-imprinted faſhion
Of every place, and now I fully eye it;
And though with fear, yet cannot well denie it,
Till the morn bell awakes me; then for ſpite
I ſhut mine eyes again, and wiſh back ſuch a night.

But in the day, my never-ſlak't deſire
Will caſt to prove by welcome forgerie,
That for my abſence I am much the nigher;
Seeking to pleaſe with ſoothing flatterie.
Love's wing is thought; and thought will ſooneſt fly,
Where it findes want: then as our love is dearer,
Abſence yeelds preſence; diſtance makes us nearer.

Ah! might I in ſome humble *Kentiſh* dale
For ever eas'ly ſpend my ſlow-pac't houres;
Much ſhould I ſcorn fair *Æton's* pleaſant vale,
Or *Windſor Tempe's* ſelf, and proudeſt towers:
There would I ſit ſafe from the ſtormie ſhowers,
And laugh the troublous windes, and angrie skie.
Piping (ah!) might I live, and piping might I die!

And would my luckie fortune ſo much grace me,
As in low *Cranebrook*, or high *Brenchly's* hill,
Or in ſome cabin neare thy dwelling place me,
There would I gladly ſport, and ſing my fill,
And teach my tender Muſe to raiſe her quill;
And that high *Mantuan* ſhepherd ſelf to dare;
If ought with that high *Mantuan* ſhepherd mought com-
(pare.
There would I chant either thy *Gemma's* praiſe,
Or els my *Fuſca*; (faireſt ſhepherdeſſe)
Or when me liſt my ſlender pipe to raiſe,
Sing of *Eliza's* fixed mournfulneſſe,
And much bewail ſuch wofull heavineſſe;
Whil'ſt ſhe a dear-lov'd Hart (ah luckleſſe!) ſlew:
Whoſe fall ſhe all too late, too ſoon, too much, did rue.

But ſeeing now I am not as I would,
But here among th'unhonour'd willows ſhade,
The muddy *Chame* doth me enforced hold;
Here I forſweare my merry piping trade:
My little pipe of ſeven reeds ymade
(Ah pleaſing pipe!) I'le hang upon this bough.
Thou *Chame*, and *Chamiſh* Nymphs, bear witneſſe of my
(vow.

To *E. C.* in *Cambridge*, my sonne *by the Universitty.*

WHen first my minde call'd it self in to think,
There fell a strife not easie for to end;
Which name should first crown the white papers brink,
An awing father, or an equall friend:
Fortune gives choice of either to my minde;
Both bonds to tie the soul, it never move;
That of commanding, this of easie love.

The lines of love, which from a fathers heart
Are draw'n down to the sonne; and from the sonne
Ascend to th' father, draw'n from every part,
Each other cut, and from the first transition
Still further wander with more wide partition:
But friends, like parallels, runne a level race,
In just proportion, and most even space.

Then since a double choice, double affection
Hath plac't it self in my twice-loving breast;
No title then can adde to this perfection,
Nor better that, which is alreadie best:
So naming one, I must implie the rest;
The same a father, and a friend; or rather,
Both one; a father-friend, and a friend-father.

No marvel then the difference of the place
Makes in my minde at all no difference:
For love is not produc'd or penn'd in space,
Having i'th' soul his onely residence.
Love's fire is thought; and thought is never thence,
Where it feels want: then where a love is deare,
The minde in fartheſt distance is most neare.

Me

Me *Kent* holds faſt with thouſand ſweet embraces;
(There mought I die with thee, there with thee live!)
All in the ſhades, the Nymphs and naked Graces
Freſh joyes and ſtill-ſucceeding pleaſures give;
So much we ſport, we have no time to grieve:
Here do we ſit, and laugh white-headed caring;
And know no ſorrow ſimple pleaſures marring.

A crown of wood-nymphs ſpread i'th' graſſie plain
Sit round about, no niggards of their faces;
Nor do they cloud their fair with black diſdain;
All to my ſelf will they impart their graces:
Ah! not ſuch joyes finde I in other places:
To them I often pipe, and often ſing,
Sweet notes to ſweeter voices tempering.

And now but late I ſang the *Hymen* toyes
Of two fair lovers, (fairer were there never)
That in one bed coupled their ſpouſall joyes;
Fortune and Nature being ſcant to neither:
What other dare not wiſh, was full in either.
Thrice happie bed, thrice happie lovers firing,
Where preſent bleſſings have out-ſtript deſiring!

And when me liſt to ſadder tunes apply me,
Paſilia's dirge, and *Eupathus* complaining;
And often while my pipe lies idle by me,
Read *Fuſca's* deep diſdain, and *Thirſil's* plaining;
Yet in that face is no room for diſdaining;
Where cheerfull kindneſſe ſmiles in either eye,
And beauty ſtill kiſſes humilitie.

Then

Then do not marvel *Kentiſh* ſtrong delights
Stealing the time, do here ſo long detain me:
Not powerfull *Circe* with her *Hecate* rites,
Nor pleaſing *Lotos* thus could entertain me,
As *Kentiſh* powerfull pleaſures here enchain me.
Mean time, the Nymphs that in our *Brenchly* uſe,
Kindly ſalute your buſy *Cambridge* Muſe.

To my beloved *Thenot* in anſwer of his verſe.

THenot my deare, how can a lofty hill
To lowly ſhepherds thoughts be rightly fitting?
An humble dale well fits with humble quill:
There may I ſafely ſing, all fearleſſe ſitting,
My *Fuſca's* eyes, my *Fuſca's* beauty dittying;
My loved loneneſſe, and hid Muſe enjoying:
Yet ſhould'ſt thou come, and ſee our ſimple toying,
Well would fair *Thenot* like our ſweet retired joying.

But if my *Thenot* love my humble vein,
(Too lowly vein) ne're let him *Colin* call me;
He, while he was, was (ah!) the choiceſt ſwain,
That ever grac'd a reed: what e're befall me,
Or *Myrtil*, (ſo'fore *Fuſca* fair did thrall me,
Moſt was I know'n) or now poore *Thirſil* name me,
Thirſil, for ſo my *Fuſca* pleaſes frame me:
But never mounting *Colin*; *Colin's* high ſtile will ſhame (me.

Two ſhepherds I adore with humble love;
Th' high-towring ſwain, that by ſlow *Mincius* waves
His well-grown wings at firſt did lowly prove,
Where *Corydon's* ſick love full ſweetly raves;

But after ſung bold *Turnus* daring braves:
And next our nearer *Colin's* ſweeteſt ſtrain;
Moſt, where he moſt his *Roſalind* doth plain.
Well may I after look, but follow all in vain.

Why then ſpeaks *Thenot* of the honour'd Bay?
Apollo's ſelf, though fain, could not obtain her;
She at his melting ſongs would ſcorn to ſtay,
Though all his art he ſpent to entertain her:
Wilde beaſts he tam'd, yet never could detain her.
Then ſit we here within this willow glade:
Here for my *Thenot* I a garland made
With purple violets, and lovely myrtil ſhade.

Upon the picture of *Achmat* the *Turkiſh tyrant.*

SUch *Achmat* is, the *Turks* great Emperour,
Third ſonne to *Mahomet*, whoſe youthly ſpring
But now with bloſſom'd cheek begins to flowre;
Out of his face you well may read a King:
Which who will throughly view, will eaſ'ly finde
A perfect Index to his haughty minde.

Within his breaſt, as in a palace, lie
Wakefull ambition leagu'd with haſtie pride;
Fierceneſſe alli'd with *Turkiſh* Majeſtie;
Reſts hate, in which his father living dy'd:
Deep in his heart ſuch *Turkiſh* vertue lies,
And thus looks through the window of his eyes.

His

His pleaſure (farre from pleaſure) is to ſee
His navie ſpread her wings unto the winde:
In ſtead of gold, arms fill his treaſurie,
Which(numberleſſe) fill not his greedie minde.
The ſad *Hungarian* fears his tried might;
And waning *Perſia* trembles at his ſight.

His greener youth, moſt with the heathen ſpent,
Gives Chriſtian Princes juſteſt cauſe to fear
His riper age, whoſe childhood thus is bent.
A thouſand trophies will he ſhortly rear,
Unleſſe that God, who gave him firſt this rage,
Binde his proud head in humble vaſſalage.

To Mr. *Jo. Tomkins.*

T*Homalin* my lief, thy muſick ſtrains to heare,
More raps my ſoul, then when the ſwelling windes
On craggie rocks their whiſtling voices tear;
Or when the ſea, if ſtopt his courſe he findes,
With broken murmures thinks weak ſhores to fear,
Scorning ſuch ſandie cords his proud head bindes:
More then where rivers in the ſummers ray
(Through covert glades cutting their ſhadie way)
Run tumbling down the lawns,& with the pebles play.

Thy ſtrains to heare, 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 ſugred joyes 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 harmonie,
The raviſht ſoul, with thy ſweet ſongs conſenting,
Scorning the earth, in heav'nly extaſie
Tranſcends the ſtarres, and with the angels train
Thoſe courts ſurvaies; and now come back again,
Findes yet another heav'n in thy delightfull ſtrain.

Ah! could'ſt thou here thy humble minde content
Lowly with me to live in countrey cell,
And learn ſuſpect the courts proud blandiſhment;
Here might we ſafe, here might we ſweetly dwell.
Live *Pallas* in her towers and marble tent;
But (ah!) the countrey 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 fortunes thunde-
(ring.

No flattery, hate, or envy lodgeth there;
There no ſuſpicion wall'd in proved ſteel,
Yet fearfull of the arms her ſelf doth wear:
Pride is not there; no tyrant there we feel;
No clamorous laws ſhall deaf thy muſick eare:
They

They know no change, nor wanton fortunes wheel:
Thouſand freſh ſports grow in thoſe daintie places:
Light Fawns & Nymphs dance in the woodie ſpaces,
And little *Love* himſelf plaies with the naked Graces.

But ſeeing fate my happie wiſh refuſes,
Let me alone enjoy my low eſtate.
Of all the gifts that fair *Parnaſſus* uſes,
Onely ſcorn'd povertie, and fortunes hate
Common I finde 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 heav'n, ſecurely live, and bleſt.

To thee I here bequeath the courtly joyes,
Seeing to court my *Thomalin* is bent:
Take from thy *Thirſil* theſe his idle toyes;
Here I will end my looſer merriment:
And when thou ſing'ſt them to the wanton boyes,
Among the courtly laſſes blandiſhment,
Think of thy *Thirſil's* love that never ſpends;
And ſoftly ſay, his love ſtill better mends:
Ah too unlike the love of court, or courtly friends!

Go little pipe; for ever I muſt leave thee,
My little little pipe, but ſweeteſt ever:
Go, go; for I have vow'd to ſee thee never,
Never, (ah!) never muſt I more receive thee;
But he in better love will ſtill perſever:
Go little pipe, for I muſt have a new:
Farewell ye *Norfolk* maids, and *Ida* crue:
Thirſil will play no more; for ever now adieu.

To *Thomalin.*

THomalin, ſince *Thirſil* nothing ha's to leave thee,
And leave thee muſt; pardon me (gentle friend)
If nothing but my love I onely give thee;
Yet ſee how great this *Nothing* is, I ſend:
For though this love of thine I ſweeteſt prove,
Nothing's more ſweet then is this ſweeteſt love.

The ſouldier *Nothing* like his prey eſteems;
Nothing toſs'd ſailers equal with the ſhore:
Nothing before his health the ſick man deems;
The pilgrim hugges his countrey; *Nothing* more:
The miſer hoording up his golden wares,
This *Nothing* with his precious wealth compares.

Our thoughts ambition onely *Nothing* ends;
Nothing fills up the golden-dropſied minde:
The prodigall, that all ſo laviſh ſpends,
Yet *Nothing* cannot; *Nothing* ſtayes behinde:
The King, that with his life a kingdome buyes,
Then life or crown doth *Nothing* higher prize.

Who all enjoyes, yet *Nothing* now deſires;
Nothing is greater then the higheſt *Jove*:
Who dwells in heav'n, (then) *Nothing* more requires;
Love, more then honey; *Nothing* more ſweet then love:
Nothing is onely better then the beſt;
Nothing is ſure: *Nothing* is ever bleſt.

I love my health, my life, my books, my friends,
Thee; (deareſt *Thomalin*) *Nothing* above thee:
For when my books, friends, health, life, fainting ends,
When thy love fails, yet *Nothing* ſtill will love me:
When heav'n, and aire, the earth, and floating mains
Are gone, yet *Nothing* ſtill untoucht remains.

Since then to other ſtreams I muſt betake me,
And ſpitefull *Chame* of all ha's quite bereft me;
Since Muſes ſelves (falſe Muſes) will forſake me,
And but this *Nothing*, nothing els is left me;
Take thou my love, and keep it ſtill in ſtore:
That given, *Nothing* now remaineth more.

Againſt a rich man deſpiſing povertie.

IF well thou view'ſt us with no ſquinted eye,
No partiall judgement, thou wilt quickly rate
Thy wealth no richer then my povertie;
My want no poorer then thy rich eſtate:
Our ends and births alike; in this, as I;
Poore thou wert born, and poore again ſhalt die.

My little fills my little-wiſhing minde;
Thou having more then much, yet ſeekeſt more:
Who ſeeks, ſtill wiſhes what he ſeeks, to finde;
Who wiſhes, wants; and who ſo wants, is poore:
Then this muſt follow of neceſſitie;
Poore are thy riches, rich my povertie.

Though

Though ſtill thou gett'ſt, yet is thy want not ſpent,
But as thy wealth, ſo growes thy wealthy itch:
But with my little I have much content;
Content hath all; and who hath all, is rich:
Then this in reaſon thou muſt needs confeſſe,
If I have little, yet that thou haſt leſſe.

What ever man poſſeſſes, God hath lent,
And to his audit liable is ever,
To reckon, how, and where, and when he ſpent:
Then this thou bragg'ſt, thou art a great receiver:
Little my debt, when little is my ſtore:
The more thou haſt, thy debt ſtill growes the more.

But ſeeing God himſelf deſcended down
T' enrich the poore by his rich povertie;
His meat, his houſe, his grave, were not his own,
Yet all is his from all eternitie:
Let me be like my Head, whom I adore:
Be thou great, wealthie, I ſtill baſe and poore.

Contemnenti.

COntinuall burning, yet no fire or fuel,
Chill icie froſts in midſt of ſummers frying,
A hell moſt pleaſing, and a heav'n moſt cruel,
A death ſtill living, and a life ſtill dying,
And whatſoever pains poore hearts can prove,
I feel, and utter in one word, I LOVE.

Two fires, of love and grief, each upon either,
And both upon one poore heart ever feeding;
Chill cold deſpair, moſt cold, yet cooling neither,
In midſt of fires his ycie froſts is breeding:
So fires and froſts, to make a perfect hell,
Meet in one breaſt, in one houſe friendly dwell.

Tir'd in this toylſome way (my deep affection)
I ever forward runne, and never eaſe me:
I dare not ſwerve, her eye is my direction:
A heavie grief, and weighty love oppreſſe me.
Deſire and hope, two ſpurres, that forth compell'd
But awfull fear, a bridle, ſtill withheld me. (me;

Twice have I plung'd, and flung, and ſtrove to caſt
This double burden from my weary heart:
Faſt though I runne, and ſtop, they ſit as faſt:
Her looks my bait, which ſhe doth ſeld' impart.
Thus fainting, ſtill ſome inne I wiſh and crave;
Either her maiden boſome, or my grave.

A VOW.

BY hope and fear, by grief and joy oppreſt,
With deadly hate, more deadly love infected;
Without, within, in body, ſoul, diſtreſt;
Little by all, leaſt by my ſelf reſpected,
But moſt, moſt there, where moſt I lov'd, neglected;
Hated, and hating life, to death I call;
Who ſcorns to take what is refus'd by all.

Whither, ah, whither then wilt thou betake thee,
Deſpiſed wretch, of friends, of all forlorn,
Since hope, and love, and life, and death forſake thee?
Poore ſoul, thy own tormenter, others ſcorn!
Whither, poore ſoul, ah, whither wilt thou turn?
What inne, what hoſt (ſcorn'd wretch) wilt thou now chuſe thee?
The common hoſt; and inne, death, grave, refuſe thee.

To thee, great Love, to thee I proſtrate fall,
That right'ſt in love the heart in falſe love ſwerved:
On thee, true Love, on thee I weeping call;
I, who am ſcorn'd, where with all truth I ſerved,
On thee, ſo wrong'd, where thou haſt ſo deſerved:
Diſdain'd, where moſt I lov'd, to thee I plain me,
Who truly loveſt thoſe, who (fools) diſdain thee.

Thou never-erring Way, in thee direct me;
Thou Death of death, oh, in thy death engrave me:
Thou hated Love, with thy firm love reſpect me;
Thou freeſt Servant, from this yoke unſlave me:
Glorious Salvation, for thy glory ſave me.
So neither love, nor hate, ſcorn, death, ſhall move me;
But with thy love, great Love, I ſtill ſhall love thee.

On womens lightneſſe.

WHo ſowes the ſand? or ploughs the eaſie ſhore?
Or ſtrives in nets to priſon in the winde?
Yet I, (fond I) more fond, and ſenſeleſſe more,
Thought in ſure love a womans thoughts to binde.
Fond, too fond thoughts, that thought in love to tie
One more inconſtant then inconſtancie!

Look

Look as it is with ſome true April day,
Whoſe various weather ſtores the world with flowers;
The ſunne his glorious beams doth fair diſplay,
Then rains, and ſhines again, and ſtraight it lowres,
And twenty changes in one houre doth prove;
So, and more changing is a womans love.

Or as the hairs which deck their wanton heads,
Which looſely fly, and play with every winde,
And with each blaſt turn round their golden threads;
Such as their hair, ſuch is their looſer minde:
The difference this, their hair is often bound;
But never bonds a woman might impound.

Falſe is their flattering colour, falſe and fading;
Falſe is their flattering tongue; falſe every part:
Their hair is forg'd, their ſilver foreheads ſhading;
Falſe are their eyes, but falſeſt is their heart:
Then this in conſequence muſt needs enſue;
All muſt be falſe, when every part's untrue.

Fond then my thoughts, which thought a thing ſo (vain!
Fond hopes, that anchour on ſo falſe a ground!
Fond love, to love what could not love again!
Fond heart, thus fir'd with love, in hope thus drown'd!
Fond thoughts, fond heart, fond hope; but fondeſt I,
To graſp the winde, and love inconſtancie!

A reply upon the fair *M. S.*

A Daintie maid, that drawes her double name
From bitter ſweetneſſe, (with ſweet bitterneſſe)
Did late my skill and faulty verſes blame,
And to her loving friend did plain confeſſe,

That I my former credit foul did ſhame,
And might no more a poets name profeſſe:
The cauſe that with my verſe ſhe was offended,
For womens levitie I diſcommended.

Too true you ſaid, that poet I was never,
And I confeſſe it (fair) if that content ye,
That then I playd the poet leſſe then ever;
Not, for of ſuch a verſe I now repent me,
(Poets to feigne, and make fine lies endeavour)
But I the truth, truth(ah !) too certain ſent ye:
Then that I am no poet I denie not;
For when their lightneſſe I condemne, I ly not.

But if my verſe had ly'd againſt my minde,
And praiſed that which truth cannot approve,
And falſly ſaid, they were as fair as kinde,
As true as ſweet, their faith could never move,
But ſure is linkt where conſtant love they finde,
That with ſweet braving they vie truth and love;
If thus I write, it cannot be deni'd
But I a poet were, ſo foul I ly'd.

But give me leave to write as I have found:
Like ruddy apples are their outſides bright,
Whoſe skin is fair, the core or heart unſound;
Whoſe cherry-cheek the eye doth much delight,
But inward rottenneſſe the taſte doth wound:
Ah! were the taſte ſo good as is the ſight,
To pluck ſuch apples (loſt with ſelf ſame price)
Would back reſtore us part of paradiſe.

But truth hath ſaid it, (truth who dare denie?)
Men ſeldome are, more ſeldome women ſure:
But if (fair-ſweet) thy truth and conſtancie
To better faith thy thoughts and minde procure,
If thy firm truth could give firm truth the lie,
If thy firſt love will firſt and laſt endure;
Thou more then woman art, if time ſo proves thee,
And he more then a man, that loved loves thee.

An Apologie for the premiſes to the *Ladie Culpepper.*

WHo with a bridle ſtrives to curb the waves?
Or in a cypreſſe cheſt locks flaming fires?
So when love angred in thy boſome raves,
And grief with love a double flame inſpires,
By ſilence thou mayſt adde, but never leſſe it:
The way is by expreſſing to repreſſe it.

Who then will blame affection not reſpected,
To vent in grief the grief that ſo torments him?
Paſſion will ſpeak in paſſion, if neglected:
Love that ſo ſoon will chide, as ſoon repents him;
And therefore boyiſh *Love's* too like a boy,
With a toy pleas'd, diſpleaſed with a toy.

Have you not ſeen, when you have chid or fought,
That lively picture of your lovely beauty,
Your pretty childe, at firſt to lowre or pout,
But ſoon again reclaim'd to love and duty;
Forgets the rod, and all her anger ends,
Playes on your lap, or on your neck depends:

Too like that pretty childe is childiſh *Love*,
That when in anger he is wrong'd, or beat,
Will rave and chide, and every paſſion prove,
But ſoon to ſmiles and fawns turns all his heat,
And prayes, and ſwears he never more will do it;
Such one is *Love*: alas that women know it!

But if ſo juſt excuſe will not content ye,
But ſtill you blame the words of angry *Love*;
Here I recant, and of thoſe words repent me:
In ſigne hereof I offer now to prove,
That changing womens love is conſtant ever,
And men, though ever firm, are conſtant never.

For men that to one fair their paſſions binde,
Muſt ever change, as do thoſe changing fairs;
So as ſhe alters, alters ſtill their minde,
And with their fading Loves their love impairs:
Therefore ſtill moving, as the fair they loved,
Moſt do they move, by being moſt unmoved.

But women, when their lovers change their graces,
What firſt in them they lov'd, love now in others,
Affecting ſtill the ſame in divers places;
So never change their love, but change their lovers:
Therefore their minde is firm and conſtant prov'd,
Seeing they ever love what firſt they lov'd.

Their love ty'd to ſome vertue, cannot ſtray,
Shifting the outſide oft, the inſide never:
But men (when now their Loves diſſolv'd to clay
Indeed are nothing) ſtill in love perſever:
How then can ſuch fond men be conſtant made,
That nothing love, or but (a nothing) ſhade?

What

What fool commends a ſtone for never moving?
Or blames the ſpeedie heav'ns for ever ranging?
Ceaſe then, fond men, to blaze your conſtant loving;
Love's firie, winged, light, and therefore changing:
Fond man, that thinks ſuch fire and aire to fetter!
All change; men for the worſe, women for better.

To my onely choſen Valentine and wife,

Ana-{MAYSTRESS ELISABETH VINCENT / IS MY BRESTS CHASTE VALENTINE.}-gram.

THink not (fair love) that Chance my hand directed
To make my choice my chance; blinde Chance & hands
Could never ſee what moſt my minde affected; (
But heav'n (that ever with chaſte true love ſtands)
Lent eyes to ſee what moſt my heart reſpected:
Then do not thou reſiſt what heav'n commands;
But yeeld thee his, who muſt be ever thine:
My heart thy altar is, my breaſt thy ſhrine;
Thy name for ever is, *My breſts chaſte Valentine.*

A tranſlation of Boëthius, the third book *and laſt verſe.*

HAppie man, whoſe perfect ſight
Views the over-flowing light!
Happie man, that canſt unbinde
Th' earth-barres pounding up the minde!
Once his wives quick fate lamenting
Orpheus ſat, his hair all renting,

While

While the ſpeedie woods came running,
And rivers ſtood to heare his cunning;
And the lion with the hart
Joyn'd ſide to ſide to heare his art:
Hares ran with the dogs a long,
Not from dogs, but to his ſong.
But when all his verſes turning
Onely fann'd his poore hearts burning,
And his grief came but the faſter,
(His verſe all eaſing, but his maſter)
Of the higher powers complaining,
Down he went to hell diſdaining:
There his ſilver lute-ſtrings hitting,
And his potent verſes fitting,
All the ſweets that e're he took
From his ſacred mothers brook,
What his double ſorrow gives him,
And love, that doubly-double grieves him,
There he ſpends to move deaf hell,
Charming divels with his ſpell,
And with ſweeteſt asking leave
Does the lords of ghoſts deceive.
The dog, whoſe never quiet yell
Affrights ſad ſouls in night that dwell,
Pricks up now his thrice two eares;
To howl, or bark, or whine he fears:
Struck with dumbe wonder at thoſe ſongs,
He wiſht more eares, and fewer tongues.
Charon amaz'd his oare foreſlowes,
While the boat the ſculler rowes.
Tantal might have eaten now

The fruit as ſtill as is the bough;
But he (fool!) no hunger fearing,
Starv'd his taſte, to feed his hearing.
Ixion, though his wheel ſtood ſtill,
Still was rapt with muſicks skill.
At length the Judge of ſouls with pitie
Yeelds, as conquer'd with his dittie;
Let's give back his ſpouſes herſe,
Purchaſ'd with ſo pleaſing verſe:
Yet this law ſhall binde our gift,
He turn not, till ha's *Tartar* left.
Who to laws can lovers draw?
Love in love is onely law:
Now almoſt he left the night,
When he firſt turn'd back his ſight;
And at once, while her he ey'd,
His Love he ſaw, and loſt, and dy'd.
So, who ſtrives out of the night
To bring his ſoul to joy in light,
Yet again turns back his eye
To view left hells deformitie;
Though he ſeems enlightned more,
Yet is blacker then afore.

A tranſlation of Boëthius, book 2 verſe 7.

VVHo onely honour ſeeks with prone affection,
And thinks that glory is his greateſt bliſſe;
Firſt let him view the heav'ns wide-ſtretched ſection,
Then in ſome mappe the earths ſhort narrowneſſe:
Well may he bluſh to ſee his name not able
To fill one quarter of ſo brief a table.

Why then should high-grow'n mindes so much rejoyce
To draw their stubborn necks from mans subjection?
For though loud fame stretch high her pratling voice
To blaze abroad their vertues great pefection;
Though goodly titles of their house adorn them
With ancient Heraldrie, yet death doth scorn them:
The high and base lie in the self same grave;
No difference there between a King and slave.

Where now are true *Fabricius* bones remaining?
Who knowes where *Brutus*, or rough *Cato* lives?
Onely a weak report, their names sustaining,
In records old a slender knowledge gives:
Yet when we reade the deeds of men inhumed,
Can we by that know them, long since consumed?

Now therefore lie you buried and forgotten;
Nor can report frustrate encroaching death:
Or if you think when you are dead, and rotten,
You live again by fame, and vulgar breath;
When with times shadows this false glory wanes,
You die again: but this your glorie gains.

Upon my brother, Mr *G. F.* his book entituled *Christs Victorie and Triumph.*

FOnd lads, that spend so fast your posting time,
(Too posting time, that spends your time as fast)
To chant light toyes, or frame some wanton rhyme,
Where idle boyes may glut their lustfull taste;
Or else with praise to clothe some fleshly slime
With virgin roses, and fair lilies chaste:
While itching blouds, and youthfull eares adore it;
But wiser men, and once your selves will most abhorre it.

But thou, (most neare, most deare) in this of thine
Hast prov'd the Muses not to *Venus* bound;
Such as thy matter, such thy Muse, divine:
Or thou such grace with Mercie's self hast found,
That she her self deignes in thy leaves to shine; (ground,
Or stoll'n from heav'n, thou brought'st this verse to
Which frights the nummed soul with fearfull thunder,
And soon with honeyed dews thawes it 'twixt joy and (wonder.

Then do not thou malicious tongues esteem;
(The glasse, through which an envious eye doth gaze,
Can eas'ly make a mole-hill mountain seem)
His praise dispraises; his dispraises praise;
Enough, if best men best thy labours deem,
And to the highest pitch thy merit raise;
While all the Muses to thy song decree
Victorious Triumph, Triumphant Victorie.

Upon the B. of *Exon.* Doct. *Hall his Meditations.*

MOst wretched soul, that here carowsing pleasure,
Hath all his heav'n on earth; and ne're distressed
Enjoyes these fond delights without all measure,
And freely living thus, is thus deceased!
Ah greatest curse, so to be ever blessed!
For where to live is heav'n, 'tis 'hell to die.
Ah wretch, that here begins hells miserie!

Most blessed soul, that lifted up with wings
Of faith and love, leaves this base habitation,
And scorning sluggish earth, to heav'n up springs;
On earth, yet still in heav'n by meditation;

With the ſouls eye foreſeeing th' heav'nly ſtation:
Then 'gins his life, when he's of life bereaven.
Ah bleſſed ſoul, that here begins his heaven!

Upon the Contemplations of the B. of Exceſter,
given to the Ladie E. W. at New-yeares-tide.

THis little worlds two little ſtarres are eyes;
And he that all eyes framed, fram'd all others
Downward to fall, but theſe to climbe the skies,
There to acquaint them with their ſtarrie brothers;
Planets fixt in the head (their ſpheare of ſenſe)
Yet wandring ſtill through heav'ns circumference,
The Intellect being their Intelligence.

Dull then that heavie ſoul, which ever bent
On earth and earthly toyes, his heav'n neglects;
Content with that which cannot give content:
What thy foot ſcorning kicks, thy ſoul reſpects.
Fond ſoul! thy eye will up to heav'n erect thee;
Thou it direct'ſt, and muſt it now direct thee?
Dull, heavie ſoul! thy ſcholar muſt correct thee.

Thrice happie ſoul, that guided by thine eyes,
Art mounted up unto that ſtarrie nation;
And leaving there thy ſenſe, entreſt the skies,
Enſhrin'd and ſainted there by contemplation!
Heav'n thou enjoy'ſt on earth, and now bereaven
Of life, a new life to thy ſoul is given.
Thrice happie ſoul, that haſt a double heaven!

That ſacred hand, which to this yeare hath brought you
Perfect your yeares, and with your yeares, his graces;

And when his will unto his will hath wrought you,
Conduct your ſoul unto thoſe happie places,
Where thouſand joyes, and pleaſures ever new,
And bleſſings thicker then the morning dew
With endleſſe ſweets rain on that heav'nly crue.

Theſe Aſclepiads of *M^r. H. S.* tranſlated *and enlarged.*

Nè Verbum mihi ſit mortua Litera,
Nec Chriſti Meritum Gratia vanida;
Sed Verbum fatuo ſola Scientia,
Et Chriſtus miſero ſola Redemptio.

UNletter'd *Word*, which never eare could heare;
Unwritten *Word*, which never eye could ſee,
Yet ſyllabled in fleſh-ſpell'd character,
That ſo to ſenſes thou might'ſt ſubject be;
Since thou in bread art ſtampt, in print art read,
Let not thy print-ſtampt Word to me be dead.

Thou all-contriving, all-deſerving Spirit,
Made fleſh to die, that ſo thou might'ſt be mine,
That thou in us, and we in thee might merit,
We thine, thou ours; thou humane, we divine;
Let not my dead lifes merit, my dead heart
Forfeit ſo deare a purchaſ'd deaths deſert.

Thou *Sunne* of wiſdome, knowledge infinite,
Made folly to the wiſe, night to prophane;
Be I thy *Moon*, oh let thy ſacred light
Increaſe to th' full, and never, never wane:
Wiſe folly ſet in me, fond wiſdome riſe,
Make me renounce my wiſdome, to be wiſe.

Thou *Life* eternall, pureſt bleſſednesſe,
Made mortal, wretched, ſinne it ſelf for me;
Shew me my death, my ſin, my wretchednesſe,
That I may flouriſh, ſhine, and live in thee:
So I with praiſe ſhall ſing thy life, deaths ſtorie,
O thou my *Merit, Life*, my *Wisdome, Glorie.*

Certain of the royal Prophets Pſalmes metaphraſed.

Pſalm 42. which agrees with the tune of *Like the Hermite poore.*

LOok as an hart with ſweat and bloud embrued,
Chas'd and emboſt, thirſts in the ſoil to be;
So my poore ſoul with eager foes purſued,
Looks, longs, O Lord, pines, pants, and faints for thee:
When, O my God, when ſhall I come in place
To ſee thy light, and view thy glorious face?

I dine and ſup with ſighs, with grones and teares,
While all thy foes mine eares with taunting load;
Who now thy cries, who now thy prayer heares?
Where is, ſay they, where is thy boaſted God?
My molten heart deep plung'd in ſad deſpairs
Runnes forth to thee in ſtreams of teares and prayers.

With grief I think on thoſe ſweet now paſt dayes,
When to thy houſe my troops with joy I led:
We ſang, we danc'd, we chanted ſacred layes;
No men ſo haſte to wine, no bride to bed.
Why droop'ſt, my ſoul? why faint'ſt thou in my (breaſt?
Wait ſtill with praiſe; his preſence is thy reſt.

My

My famiſht ſoul driv'n from thy ſweeteſt word,
(From Hermon hill, and Jordans ſwelling brook)
To thee laments, ſighs deep to thee, O Lord,
To thee ſends back her hungrie longing look:
Flouds of thy wrath breed flouds of grief and fears;
And flouds of grief breed flouds of plaints and teares.

His early light with morn theſe clouds ſhall clear,
Theſe drearie clouds, and ſtorms of ſad deſpairs:
Sure am I in the night his ſongs to heare,
Sweet ſongs of joy, as well as he my prayers.
I'le ſay, My God, why ſlight'ſt thou my diſtreſſe,
While all my foes my wearie ſoul oppreſſe?

My cruel foes both thee and me upbraid;
They cut my heart, they vant that bitter word,
Where is thy truſt? where is thy hope? they ſaid;
Where is thy God? where is thy boaſted Lord? (breaſt?
Why droop'ſt, my ſoul? why faint'ſt thou in my
Wait ſtill with praiſe; his preſence is thy reſt.

Pſal. 63. which may be ſung, as *The widow*, or *mock-widow*.

O Lord, before the morning
Gives heav'n warning
To let out the day,
My wakefull eyes
Look for thy riſe,
And wait to let in thy joyfull ray.

Lank hunger here peoples the deſert cells,
Here thirſt fills up the emptie wells:
How longs my fleſh for that bread without leaven!
How thirſts my ſoul for that wine of heaven!
Such (oh!) to taſte thy raviſhing grace!
Such in thy houſe to view thy glorious face!

Thy love, thy light, thy faces
Bright-ſhining graces,
(Whoſe unchanged ray
Knows nor morns dawn,
Nor evenings wane)
How farre ſurmount they lifes winter day!
My heart to thy glorie tunes all his ſtrings;
My tongue thy praiſes cheerly ſings:
And till I ſlumber, and death ſhall undreſſe me,
Thus will I ſing, thus will I bleſſe thee.
Fill me with love, oh fill me with praiſe;
So ſhall I vent due thanks in joyfull layes.

When night all eyes hath quenched,
And thoughts lie drenched
In ſilence and reſt;
Then will I all
Thy waies recall,
And look on thy light in darkneſſe beſt.
When my poore ſoul wounded had loſt the field,
Thou waſt my fort, thou waſt my ſhield.
Safe in thy trenches I boldly will vant me,
There will I ſing, there will I chant thee;
There I'le triumph in thy banner of grace,
My conqu'ring arms ſhall be thy arms embrace.

My

My foes from deeps ascending,
In rage transcending,
Assaulting me sore,
Into their hell
Are headlong fell;
There shall they lie, there howl, and roare:
There let deserv'd torments their spirits tear;
Feel they worst ills, and worse yet fear.
But with his spouse thine anointed in pleasure
Shall reigne, and joy past time or measure:
There new delights, new pleasures still spring:
Haste there, oh haste, my soul, to dance and sing.

PSAL. 127.

To the tune of that Psalme.

IF God build not the house, and lay
The ground-work sure; who ever build,
It cannot stand one stormie day:
If God be not the cities shield,
If he be not their barres and wall;
In vain is watch-tower, men, and all.

Though then thou wak'st when others rest,
Though rising thou prevent'st the Sunne;
Though with lean care thou daily feast,
Thy labour's lost, and thou undone:

But God his childe will feed and keep,
And draw the curtains to his ſleep.

Though th' haſt a wife fit, young, and fair,
An heritage heirs to advance;
Yet canſt thou not command an heir;
For heirs are Gods inheritance:
He gives the ſeed, the bud, the bloom;
He gives the harveſt to the wombe.

And look as arrows, by ſtrong arm
In a ſtrong bow drawn to the head,
Where they are meant, will ſurely harm,
And if they hit, wound deep and dead;
Children of youth are even ſo;
As harmfull, deadly, to a foe.

That man ſhall live in bliſſe and peace,
Who fills his quiver with ſuch ſhot:
Whoſe garners ſwell with ſuch increaſe,
Terrour and ſhame aſſail him not;
And though his foes deep hatred bear,
Thus arm'd, he ſhall not need to fear.

PSAL. 137.

To be ſung as, See the building.

WHere *Perah's* flowers
Perfume proud *Babels* bowers,
And paint her wall;
There we laid aſteeping
Our eyes in endleſſe weeping,
For *Sions* fall.
Our feaſts and ſongs we laid aſide;
On forlorn willows
(By *Perah's* billows)
We hung our harps, and mirth and joy defi'd,
That *Sions* ruines ſhould build foul *Babels* pride.

Our conqu'rours vaunting
With bitter ſcoffes and taunting,
Thus proudly jeſt;
Take down your harps, and ſtring them,
Recall your ſongs, & ſing them,
For *Sions* feaſt.
Were our harps well tun'd in every ſtring,
Our heart-ſtrings broken,
Throats drown'd, and ſoken
With tears and ſighs, how can we praiſe and ſing
The King of heav'n under an heathen king?

In all my mourning,
Jeruſalem, thy burning
If I forget;
Forget thy running,
My hand, and all thy cunning
To th' harp to ſet:

Let thy mouth, my tongue, be ſtill thy grave;
Lie there aſleeping,
For *Sion* weeping:
Oh let mine eyes in tears thy office have;
Nor riſe, nor ſet, but in their brinie wave.

Proud *Edoms* raging,
Their hate with bloud aſſwaging,
And vengefull ſword,
Their curſed joying
In *Sions* walls deſtroying
Remember, Lord:
Forget not, Lord, their ſpightfull cry,
Fire and deface it,
Deſtroy and raze it;
Oh let the name of *Sion* ever die:
Thus did they roare, and us and thee defie.

So ſhall thy towers
And all thy princely bowers,
Proud *Babel*, fall:
Him ever bleſſed,
Who th' oppreſſour hath oppreſſed,
Shall all men call:
Thrice bleſt, that turns thy mirth to grones;
That burns to aſhes
Thy towers, and daſhes
Thy brats 'gainſt rocks, to waſh thy bloudie ſtones
With thine own bloud, and pave thee with thy bones.

PSAL. 1.

BLesſed, who walk'ſt not in the worldlings way;
Bleſſed, who with foul ſinners wilt not ſtand:
Bleſſed, who with proud mockers dar'ſt not ſtay;
Nor ſit thee down amongſt that ſcornfull band.
Thrice bleſſed man, who in that heav'nly light
Walk'ſt, ſtand'ſt, and ſitt'ſt, rejoycing day and night.

Look as a thirſtie Palm full *Jordan* drinks,
(Whoſe leaf and fruit ſtill live, when winter dies)
With conqu'ring branches crowns the rivers brinks;
And ſummers fires, and winters froſts defies:
All ſo the ſoul, whom that clear light revives,
Still ſprings, buds, grows, and dying time ſurvives.

But as the duſt of chaffe, caſt in the aire,
Sinks in the dirt, and turns to dung and mire;
So ſinners driv'n to hell by fierce deſpair,
Shall frie in ice, and freez in helliſh fire:
For he, whoſe flaming eyes all actions turn,
Sees both; to light the one, the other burn.

PSAL. 130.

FRom the deeps of grief and fear,
O Lord, to thee my ſoul repairs:
From thy heav'n bow down thine eare;
Let thy mercie meet my prayers.

Oh if thou mark'ſt
what's done amiſſe,
What ſoul ſo pure,
can ſee thy bliſſe?

But with thee ſweet mercie ſtands,
Sealing pardons, working fear:
Wait my ſoul, wait on his hands;
Wait mine eye, oh wait mine eare:
If he his eye
or tongue affords,
Watch all his looks,
catch all his words.

As a watchman waits for day,
And looks for light, and looks again;
When the night grows old and gray,
To be reliev'd he calls amain:
So look, ſo wait,
ſo long mine eyes,
To ſee my Lord,
my Sunne, ariſe.

Wait ye ſaints, wait on our Lord;
For from his tongue ſweet mercie flows:
Wait on his croſſe, wait on his word;
Upon that tree redemption grows:
He will redeem
his Iſrael
From ſinne and wrath,
from death and hell.

AN HYMNE.

WAke, O my ſoul; awake, and raiſe
Up every part to ſing his praiſe,
Who from his ſpheare of glorie fell,
To raiſe thee up from death and hell:
See how his ſoul, vext for thy ſinne,
Weeps bloud without, feels hell within:
See where he hangs;
heark how he cries:
Oh bitter pangs!
Now, now he dies.

Wake, O mine eyes; awake, and view
Thoſe two twin-lights, whence heavens drew
Their glorious beams, whoſe gracious ſight
Fills you with joy, with life, and light:
See how with clouds of ſorrow drown'd,
They waſh with tears thy ſinfull wound:
See how with ſtreams
of ſpit th' are drencht;
See how their beams
with death are quencht.

Wake, O mine eare; awake, and heare
That powerfull voice, which ſtills thy fear,
And brings from heav'n thoſe joyfull news,
Which heav'n commands, which hell ſubdues;
Heark how his eares (heav'ns mercie-ſeat)
Foul ſlanders with reproaches beat:

Heark how the knocks
our eares reſound;
Heark how their mocks
his hearing wound.

Wake O my heart; tune every ſtring:
Wake O my tongue; awake, and ſing:
Think not a thought in all thy layes,
Speak not a word, but of his praiſe:
Tell how his ſweeteſt tongue they drownd
With gall; think how his heart they wound:
That bloudie ſpout
gagg'd for thy ſinne,
His life lets out,
thy death lets in.

AN HYMNE.

DRop, drop, ſlow tears,
and bathe thoſe beauteous feet,
Which brought from heav'n
the news and Prince of peace:
Ceaſe not, wet eyes,
his mercies to intreat;
To crie for vengeance
ſinne doth never ceaſe:
In your deep flouds
drown all my faults and fears;
Nor let his eye
ſee ſinne, but through my tears.

On my friends picture, who died in travel.

THough now to heav'n thy travels are confin'd,
Thy wealth, friends, life, and countrey, all are loſt;
Yet in this picture we thee living finde;
And thou with leſſer travel, leſſer coſt,
Haſt found new life, friends, wealth, and better coaſt:
So by thy death thou liv'ſt, by loſſe thou gain'ſt,
And in thy abſence preſent ſtill remain'ſt.

Upon Doctor *Playfer.*

VVHo lives with death, by death in death is lying;
But he who living dies, beſt lives by dying:
Who life to truth, who death to errour gives,
In life may die, by death more ſurely lives.
My ſoul in heaven breathes, in ſchools my fame:
Then on my tombe write nothing but my name.

Upon my brothers book called, *The grounds, labour, and reward of faith.*

THis lamp fill'd up, and fir'd by that bleſt Spirit,
Spent his laſt oyl in this pure heav'nly flame;
Laying the grounds, walls, roof of faith: this frame
With life he ends; and now doth there inherit
What here he built, crown'd with his laurel merit:
Whoſe palms and triumphs once he loudly rang,
There now enjoyes what here he ſweetly ſang.

This is his monument, on which he drew
His ſpirits image, that can never die;

But breathes in theſe 'live words, and ſpeaks to th' eye:
In theſe his winding-ſheets he dead doth ſhew
To buried ſouls the way to live anew,
And in his grave more powerfully now preacheth.
Who will not learn, when that a dead man teacheth?

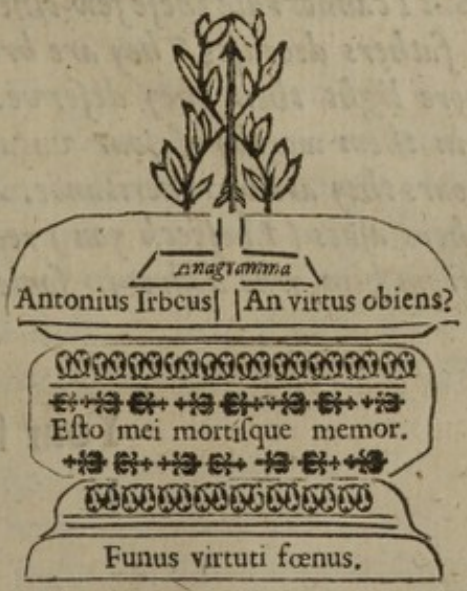
Upon Mr. *Perkins* his printed ſermons.

Perkins (our wonder) living, though long dead,
In this white paper, as a winding-ſheet,
And in this velome lies enveloped:
Yet ſtill he lives, guiding the erring feet,
Speaking now to our eyes, though buried.
If once ſo well, much better now he teacheth.
Who will not heare, when a live-dead man preacheth?

FINIS.

ELISA,
OR
AN ELEGIE UPON THE UNRIPE DECEASE
OF
S^r. ANTONIE IRBY:

Compoſed at the requeſt (and for a monument) of his ſurviving Ladie.



Printed by the printers to the *Univerſitie* of *Cambridge*. 1633.

To the right worthy Knight,

S^r. ANTONIE IRBY.

SIR, *I am altogether (I think) unknown to you, (as having never seen you since your infancie) neither do I now desire to be known by this trifle. But I cannot rule these few lines composed presently after your fathers decease; They are broken from me, and will see more light then they deserve. I wish there were any thing in them worthy of your vacant houres: Such as they are, yours they are by inheritance. As an Urn therefore of your fathers ashes (I beseech you) receive them, for his sake, and from him, who desires in some better employment to be*

Your servant,

P. F.

ELISA.

LOok as a ſtagge, pierc'd with a fatal bow,
(As by a wood he walks ſecurely feeding)
In coverts thick conceales his deadly blow,
And feeling death ſwim in his endles bleed-
(His heavy head his fainting ſtrength exceeding) (ing,
Bids woods adieu, ſo ſinks into his grave;
Green brakes and primroſe ſweet his ſeemly herſe em-
(brave:

2

So lay a gentle Knight now full of death,
With clowdie eyes his lateſt houre expecting;
And by his ſide, ſucking his fleeting breath,
His weeping Spouſe *Eliſa*; life neglecting,
And all her beauteous faires with grief infecting:
Her cheek as pale as his; 't were hard to ſcanne,
If death or ſorrows face did look more pale or wanne.

3

Cloſe by, her ſiſter, fair *Alicia*, ſits;
Faireſt *Alicia*, to whoſe ſweeteſt graces
His teares and ſighs a fellow paſſion fits:
Upon her eye (his throne) Love ſorrow places;
There Comfort Sadneſſe, Beautie Grief embraces:
Pitie might ſeem a while that face to borrow,
And thither now was come to comfort death & for-
row. At

4

At length lowd Grief thus with a fearfull ſhriek
(His trumpet) ſounds a battell, joy defying;
Spreading his colours in *Eliſa's* cheek,
And from her eyes (his watch-tower) farre eſpying
With Hope Delight, and Joy, and Comfort flying,
Thus with her tongue their coward flight purſues,
While ſighs, ſhrieks, tears give chace with never faint-

5 (ing crues:

Thou traitour Joy, that in proſperitie
So lowdly vaunt'ſt; whither, ah, whither flieſt?
And thou that bragg'ſt never from life to flie,
Falſe Hope, ah whither now ſo ſpeedy hieſt?
In vain thy winged feet ſo faſt thou plieſt:
Hope, thou art dead, and Joy in Hope relying (ing.
Bleeds in his hopeleſſe wounds, and in his death lies dy-

6

But then *Alicia* (in whoſe cheerfull eye
Comfort with Grief, Hope with Compaſſion lived)
Renews the fight; If Joy and Comfort die,
The fault is yours: ſo much (too much) you grieved,
That Hope could never hope to be relieved.
If all your hopes to one poore hope you binde,
No marvel if one fled, not one remains behinde.

7

Fond hopes on life, ſo weak a threed, depending!
Weak, as the threed ſuch knots ſo weakly tying:
But heav'nly joyes are circular, ne're ending,
Sure as the rock on which they grow; and lying
In heav'n, increaſe by loſſe, live beſt by dying.
Then let your hope on thoſe ſure joyes depend,
Which live & grow by death, & waſte not when they
ſpend. Then

8

Then ſhe; Great Lord, thy judgements righteous be,
To make good ill, when to our ill we uſe it:
Good leads us to the greateſt good, to Thee;
But we to other ends moſt fond abuſe it;
A common fault, yet cannot that excuſe it:
We love thy gifts, and take them gladly ever: (giver.
We love them (ah too much!) more then we love the

9

So falling low upon her humbled knees,
And all her heart within her eye expreſſing;
'Tis true, great Mercy, onely miſeries
Teach us our ſelves, and thee: oh, if confeſſing
Our faults to thee be all our faults releaſing,
But in thine eare, I never ſought to hide them:
Ah! thou haſt heard them oft, as oft as thou haſt ey'd (them.

10

I know the heart knows more then tongue can tell;
But thou perceiv'ſt the heart his foulneſſe telling:
Yet knows the heart not half, ſo wide an hell,
Such ſeas of ſinne in ſuch ſcant banks are ſwelling:
Who ſees all faults within his boſome dwelling?
Many my tenants are, and I not know them.
Moſt dangerous the wounds thou feel'ſt, and canſt not (ſhow them.

11

Some hidden fault, my Father, and my God,
Some fault I know not yet, nor yet amended,
Hath forc't thee frown, and uſe thy ſmarting rod;
Some grievous fault thee grievouſly offended:
But let thy wrath, (ah!) let it now be ended.
Father, this childiſh plea (if once I know it)
Let ſtay thy threatning hand, I never more will do it.

If

12

If to my heart thou ſhew this hidden ſore,
Spare me; no more, no more I will offend thee;
I dare not ſay I will, I would no more:
Say thou I ſhall, and ſoon I will amend me. (me;
Then ſmooth thy brow, and now ſome comfort lend
Oh let thy ſofteſt mercies reſt contented:
Though late, I moſt repent, that I ſo late repented.

13

Lay down thy rod, and ſtay thy ſmarting hand;
Theſe raining eyes into thy bottle gather:
Oh ſee thy bleeding Sonne betwixt us ſtand;
Remember me a childe, thy ſelf a father:
Or if thou mayſt not ſtay, oh puniſh rather
The part offending, this rebellious heart. (part?
Why pardon'ſt thou the worſe, and plagu'ſt my better

14

Was't not thy hand, that ty'd the ſacred knot?
Was't not thy hand, that to my hand did give him?
Haſt thou not made us one? command'ſt thou not, (him,
None looſe what thou haſt bound? if then thou reave
How without me by halves doſt thou receive him!
Tak'ſt thou the head, and leav'ſt the heart behinde?
Ay me! in me alone canſt thou ſuch monſter finde?

15

Oh why doſt thou ſo ſtrong me weak aſſail?
Woman of all thy creatures is the weakeſt,
And in her greateſt ſtrength did weakly fail:
Thou who the weak and bruiſed never breakeſt,
Who never triumph in the yeelding ſeekeſt;
Pitie my weak eſtate, and leave me never:
I ever yet was weak, and now more weak then ever.

16

With that her fainting ſpouſe lifts up his head,
And with ſome joy his inward griefs refraining,
Thus with a feeble voice, yet cheerfull, ſ'ed;
Spend not in tears this little time remaining;
Thy grief doth adde to mine, not eaſe my paining:
My death is life; ſuch is the ſcourge of God:
Ah, if his rods be ſuch, who would not kiſſe his rod?

17

My deare, (once all my joy, now all my care)
To theſe my words (theſe my laſt words) apply thee:
Give me thy hand; theſe my laſt greetings are:
Shew me thy face, I never more ſhall eye thee.
Ah would our boyes, our leſſer ſelves, were by thee!
Thoſe my 'live pictures to the world I give:
So ſingle onely die, in them twice-two I live.

18

You little ſouls, your ſweeteſt times enjoy,
And ſoftly ſpend among your mothers kiſſes;
And with your prettie ſports and hurtleſſe joy
Supply your weeping mothers grievous miſſes:
Ah, while you may, enjoy your little bliſſes,
While yet you nothing know: when back you view,
Sweet will this knowledge ſeem, when yet you nothing (knew.

19

For when to riper times your yeares arrive,
No more (ah then no more) may you go play you:
Lancht in the deep farre from the wiſhed hive, (you,
Change of worlds tẽpeſts through blinde ſeas will ſway
Till to the long-long'd haven they convey you:
Through many a wave this brittle life muſt paſſe,
And cut the churliſh ſeas, ſhipt in a bark of glaſſe.

20

How many ſhips in quick-ſands ſwallow'd been!
What gaping waves, whales, monſters there expect you!
How many rocks, much ſooner felt then ſeen!
Yet let no fear, no coward fright affect you:
He holds the ſtern, and he will ſafe direct you,
Who to my ſails thus long ſo gently blew,
That now I touch the ſhore, before the ſeas I knew.

21

I touch the ſhore, and ſee my reſt preparing.
Oh bleſſed God! how infinite a bleſſing
Is in this thought, that through this troubled faring,
Through all the faults this guiltie age depreſſing
I guiltleſſe paſt, no helpleſſe man oppreſſing;
And coming now to thee, lift to the skies
Unbribed hands, cleans'd heart, and never tainted eyes!

22

Life, life! how many *Sylla's* doſt thou hide
In thy calm ſtreams, which ſooner kill then threaten!
Gold, honour, greatneſſe, and their daughter, pride!
More quiet lives, and leſſe with tempeſts beaten,
Whoſe middle ſtate content doth richly ſweeten:
He knows not ſtrife, or brabling lawyers brawls;
His love and wiſh live pleaſ'd within his private walls.

23

The King he never ſees, nor fears, nor prayes;
Nor ſits court-promiſe and falſe hopes lamenting:
Within that houſe he ſpends and ends his dayes,
Where day he viewed firſt: his hearts contenting,
His wife, and babes; nor ſits new joyes inventing:
Unſpotted there, and quiet he remains; (reignes.
And 'mong his duteous ſonnes moſt lov'd and fearleſſe

Thou

24

Thou God of peace, with what a gentle tide (me!
Through this worlds raging tempeſt haſt thou brought
Thou, thou my open ſoul didſt ſafely hide,
When thouſand crafty foes ſo nearely ſought me;
Els had the endleſſe pit too quickly caught me;
That endleſſe pit, where it is eaſier never
To fall, then being fall'n to ceaſe from falling ever.

25

I never knew or want or luxurie,
Much leſſe their followers; or cares tormenting,
Or ranging luſt, or baſe-bred flatterie:
I lov'd, and was belov'd with like conſenting:
My hate was hers, her joy my ſole contenting:
Thus long I liv'd, and yet have never prov'd
Whether I lov'd her more, or more by her was lov'd.

26

Foure babes (the fift with thee I ſoon ſhall finde)
With equall grace in ſoul and bodie fram'd:
And leſt theſe goods might ſwell my bladder'd minde,
(Which laſt I name, but ſhould not laſt be nam'd)
A ſickneſſe long my ſtubborn heart hath tam'd,
And taught me pleaſing goods are not the beſt;
But moſt unbleſt he lives, that lives here ever bleſt.

27

Ah life, once vertues ſpring, now ſink of evil!
Thou change of pleaſing pain, and painfull pleaſure;
Thou brittle painted bubble, ſhop o' th' devil;
How doſt thou bribe us with falſe gilded treaſure,
That in thy joyes we finde no mean or meaſure!
How doſt thou witch! I know thou doſt deceive me:
I know I ſhould, I muſt, and yet I would not leave thee.

28

Ah death! once greateſt ill, now onely bleſſing,
Untroubled ſleep, ſhort travel, ever reſting,
All ſickneſſe cure, thou end of all diſtreſſing,
Thou one meals faſt, uſher to endleſſe feaſting;
Though hopeleſſe griefs crie out thy aid requeſting,
Though thou art ſweetned by a life moſt hatefull;
How is't, that when thou com'ſt, thy coming is ungrate-
(full?

29

Frail fleſh, why would'ſt thou keep a hated gueſt,
And him refuſe whom thou haſt oft invited?
Life thy tormenter, death thy ſleep and reſt.
And thou (poore ſoul) why at his ſight art frighted,
Who clears thine eyes, and makes thee eagle-ſighted?
Mount now my ſoul, & ſeat thee in thy throne: (one.
Thou ſhalt be one with him, by whom thou firſt waſt

30

Why ſhould'ſt thou love this ſtar, this borrow'd light,
And not that Sunne, at which thou oft haſt gueſſed,
But gueſs'd in vain? which dares thy piercing ſight,
Which never was, which cannot be expreſſed?
Why lov'ſt thy load, & joy'ſt to be oppreſſed? (ces?
Seeſt thou thoſe joyes? thoſe thouſand thouſand gra-
Mount now my ſoul, & leap to thoſe outſtretcht embra-
(ces.

31

Deare countrey, I muſt leave thee; and in thee
No benefit, which moſt doth pierce and grieve me:
Yet had not haſty death prevented me,
I would repay my life, and ſomewhat give thee:
My ſonnes for that I leave; and ſo I leave thee:
Thus heav'n commands; the lord outrides the page,
And is arriv'd before: death hath prevented age.

My

32

My dearest *Bettie*, my more loved heart,
I leave thee now; with thee all earthly joying:
Heav'n knows, with thee alone I sadly part:
All other earthly sweets have had their cloying;
Yet never full of thy sweet loves enjoying,
Thy constant loves, next heav'n I did referre them:
Had not much grace prevail'd, 'fore heav'n I should pre-
(ferre them.

33

I leave them, now the trumpet calls away;
In vain thine eyes beg for some times reprieving;
Yet in my children here immortall stay:
In one I die, in many ones am living:
In them, and for them stay thy too much grieving:
Look but on them, in them thou still wilt see
Marry'd with thee again thy twice-two *Antonie*.

34

And when with little hands they stroke thy face,
As in thy lap they sit (ah careless) playing,
And stammering ask a kisse, give them a brace;
The last from me: and then a little staying,
And in their face some part of me survaying,
In them give me a third, and with a teare
Shew thy deare love to him, who lov'd thee ever deare.

35

And now our falling house leans all on thee;
This little nation to thy care commend them:
In thee it lies that hence they want not me;
Themselves yet cannot, thou the more defend them;
And when green age permits, to goodnesse bend them:
A mother were you once, now both you are:
Then with this double style double your love and care.

36

Turn their unwarie steps into the way:
What first the vessel drinks, it long retaineth;
No barres will hold, when they have us'd to stray:
And when for me one asks, and weeping plaineth,
Point thou to heav'n, and say, he there remaineth:
And if they live in grace, grow, and persever, (ver.
There shall they live with me: els shall they see me ne-

37

My God, oh in thy fear here let them live;
Thy wards they are, take them to thy protection:
Thou gav'st them first, now back to thee I give;
Direct them thou, and help her weak direction;
That reunited by thy strong election,
Thou now in them, they then may live in thee;
And seeing here thy will, may there thy glorie see.

38

Bettie, let these last words long with thee dwell:
If yet a second *Hymen* do expect thee,
Though well he love thee, once I lov'd as well:
Yet if his presence make thee lesse respect me,
Ah do not in my childrens good neglect me:
Let me this faithfull hope departing have;
More easie shall I die, and sleep in careless grave.

39

Farewell, farewell; I feel my long long rest,
And iron sleep my leaden heart oppressing:
Night after day, sleep after labour's best;
Port after storms, joy after long distressing:
So weep thy losse, as knowing 't is my blessing:
Both as a widow and a Christian grieve:
Still live I in thy thoughts, but as in heav'n I live.

Death

40

Death, end of old joyes, entrance into new,
I follow thee, I know I am thy debtour;
Not unexpect thou com'ſt to claim thy due:
Take here thine own, my ſouls too heavie fetter;
Not life, lifes place I change, but for a better:
Take thou my ſoul, that bought'ſt it: ceaſe your tears:
Who ſighing leaves the earth, himſelf and heaven fears.

41

Thus ſaid, and while the bodie ſlumbring lay,
(As *Theſeus Ariadne's* bed forſaking)
His quiet ſoul ſtole from her houſe of clay;
And glorious Angels on their wings it taking,
Swifter then lightning flew, for heaven making:
There happie goes he, heav'nly fires admiring,
Whoſe motion is their bait; whoſe reſt is reſtleſſe giring:

42

And now the courts of that thrice bleſſed King
It enters, and his preſence ſits enjoying;
While in it ſelf it findes an endleſſe ſpring
Of pleaſures new, and never weary joying,
Ne're ſpent in ſpending; feeding, never cloying:
Weak pen to write! for thought can never feign them:
The minde that all can hold, yet cannot half contain thē.

43

There doth it bleſſed ſit, and looking down,
Laughs at our buſie care, and idle paining;
And fitting to it ſelf that glorious crown,
Scorns earth, where even Kings moſt ſerve by reigning;
Where men get wealth, and hell; ſo looſe by gaining.
Ah bleſſed ſoul! there ſit thou ſtill delighted,
Till we at length to him with thee ſhall be united.

But

44

But when at last his Lady sad espies
His flesh of life, her self of him deprived;
Too full of grief, closing his quenched eyes,
As if in him, by him, for him she lived,
Fell dead with him; and once again revived,
Fell once again: pain wearie of his paining, (ing.
And grief with too much grief felt now no grief remain-

45

Again reliev'd, all silent sat she long;
No word to name such grief durst first adventer:
Grief is but light that floats upon the tongue,
But weightie sorrow presses to the center,
And never rests till th' heavie heart it enter;
And in lifes house was married to life:
Grief made life grievous seem, and life enlivens grief:

46

And from their bed proceeds a numerous presse, (ing:
First shrieks, then tears & sighs the hearts ground rent-
In vain poore Muse would'st thou such dole expresse;
For thou thy self lamenting her lamenting,
And with like grief transform'd to like tormenting,
With heavie pace bring'st forth thy lagging verse,
Which cloath'd with blackest lines attends the mourn-

47 (full herse.

The cunning hand which that Greek Princesse drew
Readie in holy fires to be consum'd,
Pitie and sorrow paints in divers hue;
One wept, he pray'd, this sigh'd, that chaf'd and fum'd;
But not to limme her fathers look presum'd:
For well he knew his skilfull hand had fail'd: (vail'd.
Best was his sorrow seen, when with a cloth 't was

Look

48

Look as a nightingale, whoſe callow young
Some boy hath markt, and now half nak'd hath taken,
Which long ſhe cloſely kept, and foſter'd long,
But all in vain; ſhe now poore bird forſaken
Flies up and down, but grief no place can ſlaken:
All day, and night her loſſe ſhe freſh doth rue,
And where ſhe ends her plaints, there ſoon begins anew:

49

Thus ſat ſhe deſolate, ſo ſhort a good,
Such gift ſo ſoon exacted ſore complaining:
Sleep could not paſſe, but almoſt ſunk i'th' floud;
So high her eye-banks ſwell'd with endleſſe raining:
Surfet of grief had bred all meats diſdaining:
A thouſand times my *Antonie*, ſhe cried,
Irby a thouſand times; and in that name ſhe died.

50

Thus circling in her grief it never ends,
But moving round back to it ſelf enclineth;
Both day and night alike in grief ſhe ſpends:
Day ſhews her day is gone, no ſun there ſhineth:
Black night her fellow mourner ſhe defineth:
Light ſhews his want, and ſhades his picture draw:
Him (nothing) beſt ſhe ſees, when nothing now ſhe ſaw.

THou blacker Muſe, whoſe rude uncombed hairs
With fatal eugh and cypreſſe ſtill are ſhaded;
Bring hither all thy ſighs, hither thy teares:
As ſweet a plant, as fair a flower is faded,
As ever in the Muſes garden bladed;
While th'owner (hapleſſe owner) ſits lamenting,
And but in diſcontent & grief, findes no contenting.

2

The ſweet (now ſad) *Eliſa* weeping lies,
While fair *Alicia's* words in vain relieve her;
In vain thoſe wells of grief ſhe often dries:
What her ſo long, now doubled ſorrows give her, [her)
What both their loves (which doubly double grieve
She careleſſe ſpends without or end or meaſure;
Yet as it ſpends, it grows: poor grief can tell his treaſure.

3

All as a turtle on a bared bough
(A widow turtle) joy and life deſpiſes,
Whoſe truſtie mate (to pay his holy vow)
Some watchfull eye late in his rooſt ſurpriſes,
And to his God for errour ſacrifices;
She joyleſſe bird ſits mourning all alone,
And being one when two, would now be two, or none:

4

So ſat ſhe gentle Lady weeping ſore,
Her deſert ſelf and now cold lord lamenting;
So ſat ſhe careleſſe on the duſty floor,
As if her tears were all her ſouls contenting:
So ſat ſhe, as when ſpeechleſſe griefs tormenting
Locks up the heart, the captive tongue enchaining:
So ſat ſhe joyleſſe down in wordleſſe grief complaining.

Her

5

Her chearfull eye (which once the cryſtall was,
Where Love and Beautie dreſs'd their faireſt faces,
And fairer ſeem'd by looking in that glaſſe)
Had now in tears drown'd all their former graces: (ces
Her ſnow-white arms, whoſe warm & ſweet embra-
Could quicken death, their now dead lord infold,
And ſeem'd as cold and dead as was the fleſh they hold.

6

The roſes in her cheek grow pale and wan;
As if his pale cheeks livery they affected:
Her head, like fainting flowers oppreſt with rain,
On her left ſhoulder lean'd his weight neglected:
Her dark-gold locks hung looſly unreſpected;
As if thoſe fairs, which he alone deſerv'd,
With him had loſt their uſe, and now for nothing ſerv'd.

7

Her Lady ſiſter ſat cloſe by her ſide,
Alicia, in whoſe face Love proudly lorded;
Where Beauties ſelf and Mildneſſe ſweet reſide,
Where every Grace her naked ſight afforded,
And Majeſtie with Love ſat well accorded:
A little map of heav'n, ſweet influence giving;
More perfect yet in this, it was a heaven living.

8

Yet now this heav'n with melting clouds was ſtain'd:
Her ſtarry eyes with ſiſter grief infected
Might ſeem the *Pleiades*, ſo faſt they rain'd:
And though her tongue to comfort ſhe directed,
Sighs waiting on each word like grief detected;
That in her face you now might plainly ſee
Sorrow to ſit for Love, Pitie for Majeſtie.

9

At length when now thoſe ſtorms ſhe had allay'd,
A league with grief for ſome ſhort time indenting;
She 'gan to ſpeak, and ſiſter onely ſaid:
The ſad *Eliſa* ſoon her words preventing,
El. In vain you think to eaſe my hearts tormenting;
Words, comforts, hope, all med'cine is in vain:
My heart moſt hates his cure, & loves his pleaſing pain.

10

Al. As vain to weep, ſince fate cannot reprieve.
El. Teares are moſt due, when there is no reprieving.
Al. When doom is paſt, weak hearts that fondly grieve.
El. A helpleſſe griefs ſole joy is joyleſſe grieving.
Al. To loſſes old new loſſe is no relieving:
You loſe your teares. *El.* When that I onely fear
For ever now is loſt, poore loſſe to loſe a teare.

11

Al. Nature can teach, that who is born muſt die.
El. And Nature teaches teares in griefs tormenting.
Al. Paſſions are ſlaves to Reaſons monarchie.
El. Reaſon beſt ſhews her reaſon in lamenting.
Al. Religion blames impatient diſcontenting.
El. Not paſſion, but exceſſe Religion branded;
Nor ever countermands what Natures ſelf commanded

12

Al. That hand which gave him firſt into your hand,
To his own hand doth now again receive him:
Impious and fond, to grudge at his command,
Who once by death from death doth ever reave him!
He lives by leaving life, which ſoon would leave him:
Thus God and him you wrong by too much crying.
Who living dy'd to life, much better lives by dying.

Not

13

Not him I plain; ill would it fit our loves, *El.*
In his beſt ſtate to ſhew my hearts repining;
To mourn at others good, fond envy proves:
I know his ſoul is now more brightly ſhining
Then all the ſtarres their light in one combining:
No, deareſt ſoul; (ſo lifting up her eyes, [skies)
Which ſhew'd like watry ſuns quench't in the moiſter

14

My deare, my deareſt *Irby*, (at that name,
As at a well-known watch-word, forth there preſſed
Whole flouds of teares, and ſtraight a ſuddain quame
Seizing her heart, her tongue with weight oppreſſed,
And lockt her grief within her ſoul diſtreſſed;
There all in vain he cloſe and hidden lies:
Silence is ſorrows ſpeech; his tongue ſpeaks in her eyes:

15

Till grief new mounted on uneven wings
Of loud-breath'd ſighs, his leaden weight up ſending,
Back to the tongue his heavie preſence brings,
His uſher teares, deep grones behinde attending,
And in his name her breath moſt gladly ſpending,
As if he gone, his name were all her joying)
Irby, I never grudg'd thee heav'n, and heav'ns enjoying.

16

'Tis not thy happineſſe that breeds my ſmart,
It is my loſſe, and cauſe that made me loſe thee;
Which hatching firſt this tempeſt in my heart,
Thus juſtly rages; he that lately choſe thee (thee,
To live with him, where thou might'ſt ſafe repoſe
Hath found ſome cauſe out of my little caring,
By ſpoiling thine to ſpare, and ſpoil my life by ſparing.

17

Whither, ah whither shall I turn my head,
Since thou my God so sore my heart hast beaten?
Thy rods yet with my bloud are warm and red:
Thy scourge my soul hath drunk, my flesh hath eaten.
Who helps, when thou my Father so dost threaten?
Thou hid'st thy eyes; or if thou dost not hide them,
So dost thou frown, that best I hidden may abide them.

18

I weeping grant, what ever may be dreaded,
All ill thou canst inflict, I have deserved;
Thy mercy I, I mercie onely pleaded.
Most wretched men, if all that from thee swerved,
By merit onely in just weight were served!
If nought thou giv'st, but what desert doth get me,
Oh give me nothing then; for nothing I intreat thee.

19

Ah wherefore are thy mercies infinite,
If thou dost hourd them up, and never spend them?
Mercy's no mercy hid in envious night:
The rich mans goods, while in his chest he penn'd them,
Were then no goods; much better to misspend them.
Why mak'st thou such a rod? so fierce dost threat me?
Thy frowns to me were rods; thy forehead would have (beat me.

20

Thou seiz'd my joy; ah he is dead and gone, (smarted:
That might have dress'd my wounds, when thus they
To all my griefs I now am left alone;
Comfort's in vain to hopelesse grief imparted:
Hope, comfort, joy with him are all departed.
Comfort, hope, joy, lifes flatterers, most I flie you,
And would not deigne to name, but naming to defie you.

Sister,

21

Siſter, too farre your paſſions violent heat — *Al.*
And griefs too headlong in your plaint convay you:
You feel your ſtripes, but mark not who does beat;
'Tis he that takes away, who can repay you:
This grief to other rods doth open lay you:
He bindes your grief to patience, not dejection.
Who bears the firſt not well, provokes a new correctiõ.

22

I know 'tis true; but ſorrows blubber'd eye — *El.*
Fain would not ſee, and cannot well behold it:
My heart ſurround with grief is ſwoll'n ſo high,
It will not ſink, till I alone unfold it;
But grows more ſtrong, the more you do withhold it:
Leave me a while alone; griefs tide grows low,
And ebs, when private tears the eye-banks overflow.

23

She quickly roſe, and readie now to go,
Remember meaſure in your griefs complaining;
His laſt, his dying words command you ſo:
So left her; and *Eliſa* ſole remaining,
Now every grief more boldly entertaining,
They flock about her round; ſo one was gone,
And twentie freſh arriv'd. 'Lone grief is leaſt alone.

24

Thus as ſhe ſat with fixt and ſetled eye, (ed:
Thouſand fond thoughts their wandring ſhapes depaint.
Now ſeem'd ſhe mounted to the cryſtall skie,
And one with him, and with him fellow-ſainted;
Straight pull'd from heav'n: & then again ſhe fainted:
Thus while their numerous thoughts each fancie brought,
The minde all idle ſat: much thinking loſt her thought.

And

25

And fancy, finding now the dulled ſight
Idle with buſineſſe, to her ſoul preſented
(While th' heavy minde obſcur'd his ſhaded light)
Her wofull body from her head abſented;
And ſuddain ſtarting, with that thought tormented,
A thing impoſſible too true ſhe found:
The head was gone, and yet the headleſſe body ſound.

26

Nor yet awake ſhe cries; ah this is wrong,
To part what Natures hand ſo neare hath tied;
Stay oh my head, and take thy trunk along:
But then her minde (recall'd) her errour ſpied;
And ſigh'd to ſee how true the fancy lied,
Which made the eye his inſtrument to ſee
That true, which being true it ſelf muſt nothing be.

27

Vile trunk (ſaies ſhe) thy head is ever gone;
Vile headleſſe trunk, why art thou not engraved?
One waſt thou once with him, now art thou none;
Or if thou art, or wert, how art thou ſaved?
And liveſt ſtill, when he to death is ſlaved?
But (ah) when well I think, I plainly ſee,
That death to him was life, and life is death to me.

28

Vile trunk, if yet he live; ah then again
Why ſeek'ſt thou not with him to be combined?
But oh ſince he in heav'n doth living reigne,
Death wer't to him in ſuch knots to be twined;
And life to me with him to be confined:
So while I better think, I eas'ly ſee
My life to him were death, his death were life to me.

Then

29

Then die with him, vile trunk, and dying live;
Or rather with him live, his life applying;
Where thou ſhalt never die, nor ever grieve:
But ah, though death thou feel'ſt within thee lying,
Thou ne're art dead, though ſtill in ſorrow dying:
Moſt wretched ſoul, which haſt thy ſeat and being,
Where life with death is one, & death with life agreeing!

30

He lives and joyes; death life to him hath bred:
Why is he living then in earth enwombed?
But I, a walking coarſe, in life am dead:
'Tis I, my friends, 'tis I muſt be entombed; (nummed:
Whoſe joy with grief, whoſe life with death's be-
Thou coffin art not his, nor he is thine;
Mine art thou: thou the dead, & not the livings ſhrine.

31

You few thinne boards, how in ſo ſcanted room
So quiet ſuch great enemies contain ye?
All joy, all grief lies in this narrow tombe:
You contraries, how thus in peace remain ye,
That one ſmall cabin ſo ſhould entertain ye?
But joy is dead, and here entomb'd doth lie,
While grief is come to moan his dead-lov'd enemie.

32

How many vertues in this little ſpace
(This little little ſpace) lie buried ever!
In him they liv'd, and with them every grace:
In him they liv'd, and di'd, and riſe will never.
Fond men! go now, in vertues ſteps perſever;
Go ſweat, and toil; thus you inglorious lie:
In this old frozen age vertue it ſelf can die.

33

Thoſe petty Northern ſtarres do never fall;
The unwaſht Beare the Ocean wave deſpiſes;
Ever unmov'd it moves, and ever ſhall:
The Sun, which oft his head in night diſguiſes,
So often as he falls, ſo often riſes;
And ſtealing backward by ſome hidden way,
With ſelf ſame light begins and ends the yeare & day.

34

The flowers, which in the abſence of the Sunne
Sleep in their winter-houſes all diſarm'd,
And backward to their mothers wombe do runne;
Soon as the earth by Taurus horns is warm'd,
Muſter their colour'd troups; and freſhly arm'd,
Spreading their braving colours to the skie,
Winter and winters ſpight, bold little elves, defie.

35

But Vertues heav'nly and more glorious light,
Though ſeeming ever ſure, yet oft diſmounteth;
And ſinking low, ſleeps in eternall night,
Nor ever more his broken ſpheare remounteth: (eth
Her ſweeteſt flower, which other flowers ſurmount-
As farre as roſes nettles, ſooneſt fadeth:
Down falls her glorious leaf, & never more it bladeth.

36

And as that dainty flower, the maiden roſe,
Her ſwelling boſome to the Sunne diſcloſes;
Soon as her lover hot and fiery grows,
Straight all her ſweets unto his heat expoſes,
Then ſoon diſrob'd her ſweet and beautie loſes;
While hurtfull weeds, hemlocks, & nettles ſtinking
Soon from the earth aſcend, late to their graves are ſinking.

All

37

All ſo the vertuous bud in blooming falls,
While vice long flouriſhing late ſees her ending:
Vertue once dead no gentle ſpring recalls;
But vice ſprings of it ſelf; and ſoon aſcending,
Long views the day, late to his night deſcending.
Vain men, that in this life ſet up your reſt,
Which to the ill is long, and ſhort unto the beſt!

38

And as a dream, where th' idle fancie playes,
One thinks that fortune high his head advances;
Another ſpends in woe his weary dayes;
A third ſeems ſport in love, and courtly dances;
A fourth to finde ſome glitt'ring treaſure chances;
Soon as they wake, they ſee their thoughts were vain,
And either quite forget, or laugh their idle brain:

39

Such is the world, and ſuch lifes quick-ſpent play:
This baſe, and ſcorn'd; that great, in high eſteeming;
This poore, and patched ſeems; that rich, and gay;
This ſick, that ſound; yet all is but a ſeeming:
So like that waking oft we fear w'are dreaming;
And think we wake oft, when we dreaming play.
Dreams are as living nights; life as a dreaming day.

40

Go then, vain life; for I will truſt no more
Thy flattering dreams: death, to thy reſting take me:
Thou ſleep without all dreams, lifes quiet ſhore,
When wilt thou come? when wilt thou overtake me?
Enough I now have liv'd; loath'd life forſake me:
Thou good mens endleſſe fight, thou ill mens feaſt;
That at the beſt art bad, and worſt art to the beſt.

41

Thus as in teares ſhe drowns her ſwollen eyes,
A ſuddain noiſe recalls them; backward bending
Her weary head, there all in black ſhe ſpies
Six mournfull bearers, the ſad hearſe attending,
Their feet and hands to that laſt dutie lending:
All ſilent ſtood ſhe, trembling, pale, and wan;
The firſt grief left his ſtage, a new his part began.

42

And now the coffin in their arms they take,
While ſhe with weight of grief ſat ſtill amazed;
As do ſear leaves in March, ſo did ſhe quake,
And with intented eyes upon them gazed:
But when from ground the doleful hearſe they raiſed,
Down on the beer half dead ſhe careleſſe fell;
While teares did talk apace, and ſighs her ſorrows tell.

43

At laſt, Fond men (ſaid ſhe) you are deceiv'd;
It is not he, 'tis I muſt be interred:
Not he, but I of life and ſoul bereav'd;
He lives in heav'n, among the ſaints referred:
This trunk, this headleſſe body muſt be buried.
But while by force ſome hold her, up they reare him,
And weeping at her tears, away they ſoftly beare him.

44

But then impatient grief all paſſion proves,
She prayes & weeps; with teares ſhe doth intreat them:
But when this onely fellow paſſion moves,
She ſtorms and raves, and now as faſt doth threat them;
And as ſhe onely could, with words doth beat them;
Ah cruell men, ah men moſt cruell, ſtay:
It is my heart, my life, my ſoul, you beare away.

And

45

And now no ſooner was he out of ſight,
As if ſhe would make good what ſhe had ſpoken,
Firſt from her hearts deep centre deep ſhe ſigh'd;
Then, (as if heart, and life, and ſoul were broken)
Down dead ſhe fell; and once again awoken,
Fell once again; ſo to her bed they bore her:
While friends (no friends) hard love to life and grief (reſtore her.

46

Unfriendly friends, (ſaith ſhe) why do ye ſtrive
To barre wiſht death from his ſo juſt ingreſſion?
Your pitie kills me; 'tis my death to live,
And life to die: it is as great oppreſſion
To force out death, as life from due poſſeſſion;
'Tis much more great: better that quickly ſpills
A loathed life, then he that with long torture kills.

47

And then, as if her guiltleſſe bed offended;
Thou trait'rous bed, when firſt thou didſt receive me,
Not ſingle to thy reſt I then aſcended:
Double I came, why ſhould I ſingle leave thee?
Why of my better part doſt thou bereave me?
Two preſt thee firſt: why ſhould but one depart?
Reſtore, thou trait'rous bed, reſtore that better part.

48

Thus while one grief anothers place inherits,
And one yet hardly ſpent, a new complained:
Griefs leaden vapour dulls the heavy ſpirits,
And ſleep too long from ſo wiſht ſeat reſtrained,
Now of her eyes un'wares poſſeſſion gained;
And that ſhe might him better welcome give,
Her lord he new preſents, and makes him freſh to live.

49

She thinks he lives, and with her goes along;
And oft she kiss'd his cheek, and oft embraced;
And sweetly askt him where he staid so long,
While he again her in his arms enlaced;
Till strong delight her dream and joy defaced:
But then she willing sleeps; sleep glad receives her;
And she as glad of sleep, that with such shapes deceives (her.

50

Sleep widow'd eyes, and cease so fierce lamenting;
Sleep grieved heart, and now a little rest thee:
Sleep sighing words, stop all your discontenting;
Sleep beaten breast; no blows shall now molest thee:
Sleep happy lips; in mutuall kisses nest ye:
Sleep weary Muse, and do not now disease her:
Fancie, do thou with dreams and his sweet presence
please her.

FINIS.



¶ To my deare friend, the SPENCER of this age.

Deare friend,

NO more a Stranger *now: I lately paſt*
Thy curious Building; *call'd; but then my haſte*
Deny'd me a full draught; I did but taſte.

Thy Wine *was rich and pleaſing; did appeare*
No common grape: *My haſte could not forbeare*
A ſecond ſippe; I hung a Garland *there:*

Paſt on my way; I laſht through thick and thinne,
Diſpatch'd my buſineſſe, and return'd agen;
I call'd the ſecond time; unhors'd, went in:

View'd every Room; *each* Room *was beautifi'd*
With new Invention, *carv'd on every ſide,*
To pleaſe the common and the curious ey'd:

View'd every Office; *every* Office *lay*
Like a rich Magazen; *& did bewray*
Thy Treaſure, *op'ned with thy* golden key:

View'd every Orchyard; *every* Orchyard *did*
Appeare a Paradiſe, *whoſe fruits were hid*
(Perchance) with ſhadowing Leaves, *but none forbid:*

View'd

View'd every Plot; *ſpent ſome delightfull houres*
In every Garden, *full of new-born* flowers,
Delicious banks, *and delectable* bowers.

Thus having ſtepp'd and travell'd every ſtaire
Within, and taſted every fruit that's rare
Without; I made thy houſe *my* thorough-fare.

Then give me leave, rare Fletcher, *(as before*
I left a Garland *at thy* Gates *) once more*
To hang this Ivie *at thy* Poſtern-doore.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

FINIS.

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