Miscellaneous Poems

Andrew Marvell
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A DIALOGUE, BETWEEN *The Resolved Soul, and Created Pleasure*.

Courage my Soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal Shield.
Close on thy Head thy Helmet bright.
Ballance thy Sword against the Fight.
See where an Army, strong as fair,
With silken Banners spreads the air.
Now, if thou bee'st that thing Divine,
In this day's Combat let it shine:
And shew that Nature wants an Art
To conquer one resolved Heart.

Pleasure.
Welcome the Creations Guest,
Lord of Earth, and Heavens Heir.
Lay aside that Warlike Crest,
And of Nature's banquet share:
Where the Souls of fruits and flow'rs
Stand prepar'd to heighten yours.

Soul.
I sup above, and cannot stay
To bait so long upon the way.

Pleasure.
On these downy Pillows lye,
Whose soft Plumes will thither fly:
On these Roses straw'd so plain
Lest one Leaf thy Side should strain.

Soul.
My gentler Rest is on a Thought,
Conscious of doing what I ought.

Pleasure.
If thou bee'st with Perfumes pleas'd,
Such as oft the Gods appeas'd,
Thou in fragrant Clouds shalt show
Like another God below.

Soul.
A Soul that knowes not to presume
Is Heaven's and its own perfume.

Pleasure.
Every thing does seem to vie
Which should first attract thine Eye:
But since none deserves that grace,
In this Crystal view thy face.

Soul.
When the Creator's skill is priz'd,
The rest is all but Earth disguis'd.

Pleasure.
Heark how Musick then prepares
For thy Stay these charming Aires;
Which the posting Winds recall,
And suspend the Rivers Fall.

Soul.
Had I but any time to lose,
On this I would it all dispose.
Cease Tempter. None can chain a mind
Whom this sweet Chordage cannot bind.

Chorus.
Earth cannot shew so brave a Sight
As when a single Soul does fence
The Batteries of alluring Sense,
And Heaven views it with delight.
Then persevere: for still new Charges sound:
And if thou overcom'st thou shalt be crown'd.

Pleasure.
All this fair, and cost, and sweet,
Which scatteringly doth shine,
Shall within one Beauty meet,
And she be only thine.

Soul.
If things of Sight such Heavens be,
What Heavens are those we cannot see?

Pleasure.
Where so e're thy Foot shall go
The minted Gold shall lie;
Till thou purchase all below,
And want new Worlds to buy.

Soul.
Wer't not a price who'ld value Gold?
And that's worth nought that can be sold.

Pleasure.
Wilt thou all the Glory have
That War or Peace commend?
Half the World shall be thy Slave
The other half thy Friend.

Soul.
What Friends, if to my self untrue?
What Slaves, unless I captive you?

Pleasure.
Thou shalt know each hidden Cause;
And see the future Time:
Try what depth the Centre draws;
And then to Heaven climb.
None thither mounts by the degree
Of Knowledge, but Humility.

Chorus.

Triumph, triumph, victorious Soul;
The World has not one Pleasure more:
The rest does lie beyond the Pole,
And is thine everlasting Store.

**On a Drop of Dew.**

See how the Orient Dew,
Shed from the Bosom of the Morn
Into the blowing Roses,
Yet careless of its Mansion new;
For the clear Region where 'twas born
Round in its self incloses:
And in its little Globes Extent,
Frames as it can its native Element.
How it the purple flow'r does slight,
Scarce touching where it lyes,
But gazing back upon the Skies,
Shines with a mournful Light;
Like its own Tear,
Because so long divided from the Sphear.
Restless it roules and unsecure,
Trembling lest it grow impure:
Till the warm Sun pitty it's Pain,
And to the Skies exhale it back again.
So the Soul, that Drop, that Ray
Of the clear Fountain of Eternal Day,
Could it within the humane flow'r be seen,
Remembring still its former height,
Shuns the sweat leaves and blossoms green;
And, recollecting its own Light,
Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express
The greater Heaven in an Heaven less.
In how coy a Figure wound,
Every way it turns away:
So the World excluding round,
Yet receiving in the Day.
Dark beneath, but bright above:
Here disdaining, there in Love.
How loose and easie hence to go:
How girt and ready to ascend.
Moving but on a point below,
It all about does upwards bend.
Such did the Manna's sacred Dew destil:
White, and intire, though congeal'd and chill.
Congeal'd on Earth: but does, dissolving, run
Into the Glories of th'Almighty Sun.

**The Coronet.**

When for the Thorns with which I long, too long,
   With many a piercing wound,
My Saviours head have crown'd,
I seek with Garlands to redress that Wrong:
   Through every Garden, every Mead,
I gather flow'rs (my fruits are only flow'rs)
   Dismantling all the fragrant Towers
That once adorn'd my Shepherdesses head.
And now when I have summ'd up all my store,
   Thinking (so I my self deceive)
So rich a Chaplet thence to weave
As never yet the king of Glory wore:
   Alas I find the Serpent old
That, twining in his speckled breast,
   About the flow'rs disguis'd does fold,
   With wreaths of Fame and Interest.
Ah, foolish Man, that would'st debase with them,
And mortal Glory, Heavens Diadem!
But thou who only could'st the Serpent tame,
   Either his slipp'ry knots at once untie,
   And disintangle all his winding Snare:
Or shatter too with him my curious frame:
   And let these wither, so that he may die,
That they, while Thou on both their Spoils dost tread,
   May crown thy Feet, that could not crown thy Head.

**Eyes and Tears.**

I

How wisely Nature did decree,
With the same Eyes to weep and see!
That, having view'd the object vain,
They might be ready to complain.

II

And, since the Self-deluding Sight,
In a false Angle takes each hight;
These Tears which better measure all,
Like wat'ry Lines and Plummets fall.
III

Two Tears, which Sorrow long did weigh
Within the Scales of either Eye,
And then paid out in equal Poise,
Are the true price of all my Joyes.

IV

What in the World most fair appears,
Yea even Laughter, turns to Tears:
And all the Jewels which we prize,
Melt in these Pendants of the Eyes.

V

I have through every Garden been,
Amongst the Red, the White, the Green;
And yet, from all the flow'rs I saw,
No Hony, but these Tears could draw.

VI

So the all−seeing Sun each day
Distills the World with Chymick Ray;
But finds the Essence only Showers,
Which straight in pity back he powers.

VII

Yet happy they whom Grief doth bless,
That weep the more, and see the less:
And, to preserve their Sight more true,
Bath still their Eyes in their own Dew.

VIII

So Magdalen, in Tears more wise
Dissolv'd those captivating Eyes,
Whose liquid Chaines could flowing meet
To fetter her Redeemers feet.

IX

Not full sailes hasting loaden home,
Nor the chast Ladies pregnant Womb,
Nor Cynthia Teeming show's so fair,
As two Eyes swoln with weeping are.

X

The sparkling Glance that shoots Desire,
Drench'd in these Waves, does lose it fire.
Yea oft the Thund'rer pitty takes
And here the hissing Lightning slakes.
XI

The Incense was to Heaven dear,
Not as a Perfume, but a Tear.
And Stars shew lovely in the Night,
But as they seem the Tears of Light.

XII

Ope then mine Eyes your double Sluice,
And practise so your noblest Use.
For others too can see, or sleep;
But only humane Eyes can weep.

XIII

Now like two Clouds dissolving, drop,
And at each Tear in distance stop:
Now like two Fountains trickle down:
Now like two floods o'return and drown.

XIII

Thus let your Streams o'reflow your Springs,
Till Eyes and Tears be the same things:
And each the other's difference bears;
These weeping Eyes, those seeing Tears.

Bermudas.

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In th'Oceans bosome unespy'd,
From a small Boat, that row'd along,
The listning Winds receiv'd this Song. What should we do but sing his Praise

That led us through the watry Maze,
Unto an Isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where he the huge Sea−Monsters wracks,
That lift the Deep upon their Backs.
He lands us on a grassy Stage;
Safe from the Storms, and Prelat's rage.
He gave us this eternal Spring,
Which here enamells every thing;
And sends the Fowl's to us in care,
On daily Visits through the Air.
He hangs in shades the Orange bright,
Like golden Lamps in a green Night.
And does in the Pomgranates close,
Jewels more rich than Ormus show's.
He makes the Figs our mouths to meet;
And throws the Melons at our feet.
But Apples plants of such a price,
No Tree could ever bear them twice.
With Cedars, chosen by his hand,
From Lebanon, he stores the Land.
And makes the hollow Seas, that roar,
Proclaime the Ambergris on shoar.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospels Pearl upon our Coast.
And in these Rocks for us did frame
A Temple, where to sound his Name.
Oh let our Voice his Praise exalt,
Till it arrive at Heavens Vault:
Which thence (perhaps) rebounding, may
Eccho beyond the Mexique Bay.
Thus sung they, in the English boat,
An holy and a chearful Note,
And all the way, to guide their Chime,
With falling Oars they kept the time.

**Clorinda and Damon.**

C.  
*Damon* come drive thy flocks this way.

D.  
No: 'tis too late they went astray.

C.  
I have a grassy Scutcheon spy'd,
Where Flora blazons all her pride.
The Grass I aim to feast thy Sheep:
The Flow'rs I for thy Temples keep.

D.  
Grass withers; and the Flow'rs too fade.

C.  
Seize the short Joyes then, ere they vade.
Seest thou that unfrequented Cave?

D.  
That den?

C.  
Loves Shrine.

D.  
But Virtue's Grave.

C.  
In whose cool bosome we may lye
Safe from the Sun.

D.  
not Heaven's Eye.

C.  
Near this, a Fountaines liquid Bell
Tinkles within the concave Shell.

D.
Might a Soul bath there and be clean,  
Or slake its Drought?

C. What is't you mean?

D. These once had been enticing things,  
   Clorinda, Pastures, Caves, and Springs.

C. And what late change?

D. The other day  
   Pan met me.

C. What did great Pan say?

D. Words that transcend poor Shepherds skill,  
   But He ere since my Songs does fill:  
   And his Name swells my slender Oate.

C. Sweet must Pan sound in Damons Note.

D. Clorinda's voice might make it sweet.

C. Who would not in Pan's Praises meet?

Chorus.  
   Of Pan the flowry Pastures sing,  
   Caves echo, and the Fountains ring.  
   Sing then while he doth us inspire;  
   For all the World is our Pan's Quire.

A Dialogue between the Soul and Body.

Soul.  
   O who shall, from this Dungeon, raise  
   A Soul inslav'd so many ways?  
   With bolts of Bones, that fetter'd stands  
   In Feet; and manacled in Hands.  
   Here blinded with an Eye; and there  
   Deaf with the drumming of an Ear.  
   A Soul hung up, as 'twere, in Chains  
   Of Nerves, and Arteries, and Veins.  
   Tortur'd, besides each other part,  
   In a vain Head, and double Heart.

Body.  
   O who shall me deliver whole,  
   From bonds of this Tyrannic Soul?  
   Which, stretcht upright, impales me so,  
   That mine own Precipice I go;
And warms and moves this needless Frame:
(A Fever could but do the same.)
And, wanting where its spight to try,
Has made me live to let me dye.
A Body that could never rest,
Since this ill Spirit it possesst.

Soul.

What Magick could me thus confine
Within anothers Grief to pine?
Where whatsoever it complain,
I feel, that cannot feel, the pain.
And all my Care its self employes,
That to preserve, which me destroys:
Constrain'd not only to indure
Diseases, but, whats worse, the Cure:
And ready oft the Port to gain,
Am Shipwrackt into Health again.

Body.

But Physick yet could never reach
The Maladies Thou me dost teach;
Whom first the Cramp of Hope does Tear:
And then the Palsie Shakes of Fear.
The Pestilence of Love does heat:
Or Hatred's hidden Ulcer eat.
Joy's cheerful Madness does perplex:
Or Sorrow's other Madness vex.
Which Knowledge forces me to know;
And Memory will not foregoe.
What but a Soul could have the wit
To build me up for Sin so fit?
So Architects do square and hew,
Green Trees that in the Forest grew.

The Nymph complaining for the death of her Faun.

The wanton Troopers riding by
Have shot my Faun and it will dye.
Ungentle men! They cannot thrive
To kill thee. Thou neer didst alive
Them any harm: alas nor cou'd
Thy death yet do them any good.
I'me sure I never wisht them ill;
Nor do I for all this; nor will:
But, if my simple Pray'rs may yet
Prevail with Heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will Joyn my Tears
Rather then fail. But, O my fears!
It cannot dye so. Heavens King
Keeps register of every thing:
And nothing may we use in vain.
Ev'n Beasts must be with justice slain;
Else Men are made their Deodands.
Though they should wash their guilty hands
In this warm life blood, which doth part
From thine, and wound me to the Heart,
Yet could they not be clean: their Stain
Is dy'd in such a Purple Grain.
There is not such another in
The World, to offer for their Sin.           Unconstant  Sylvio, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning (I remember well)
Ty'd in this silver Chain and Bell,
Gave it to me: nay and I know
What he said then; I'm sure I do.
Said He, look how your Huntsman here
Hath taught a Faun to hunt his Dear.
But Sylvio soon had me beguil'd.
This waxed tame; while he grew wild,
And quite regardless of my Smart,
Left me his Faun, but took his Heart.            Thenceforth I set my self to play
My solitary time away,
With this: and very well content,
Could so mine idle Life have spent.
For it was full of sport; and light
Of foot, and heart; and did invite,
Me to its game: it seem'd to bless
Its self in me. How could I less
Than love it? O I cannot be
Unkind, t'a Beast that loveth me.             Had it liv'd  long, I do not know
Whether it too might have done so
As Sylvio did: his Gifts might be
Perhaps as false or more than he.
But I am sure, for ought that I
Could in so short a time espie,
Thy Love was far more better then
The love of false and cruel men.             With sweetest  milk, and sugar, first
I it at mine own fingers nurst.
And as it grew, so every day
It wax'd more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a Breath! And oft
I blusht to see its foot more soft,
And white, (shall I say then my hand?)
NAY any Ladies of the Land.            It is a wond'rous thing, how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet.
With what a pretty skipping grace,
It oft would challenge me the Race:
And when 'thad left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay.
For it was nimbler much than Hindes;
And trod, as on the four Winds.            I have a Garden  of my own,
But so with Roses over grown,
And Lillies, that you would it guess
To be a little Wilderness.
And all the Spring time of the year
It onely loved to be there.
Among the beds of Lillyphes, I
Have sought it oft, where it should lye;
Yet could not, till it self would rise,
Find it, although before mine Eyes.
For, in the flaxen Lillies shade,
It like a bank of Lillies laid.
Upon the Roses it would feed,
Until its Lips ev'n seem'd to bleed:
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those Roses on my Lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On Roses thus its self to fill:
And its pure virgin Limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of Lillies cold.
Had it liv'd long, it would have been
Lillies without, Roses within.          O help! O help!  I see it faint:
And dye as calmly as a Saint.
See how it weeps. The Tears do come
Sad, slowly dropping like a Gumme.
So weeps the wounded Balsome: so
The holy Frankincense doth flow.
The brotherless Heliades
Melt in such Amber Tears as these.          I in a golden Vial will
Keep these two crystal Tears; and fill
It till it do o'reflow with mine;
Then place it in Diana's Shrine.          Now my sweet Faun is vanish'd to
Whether the Swans and Turtles go
In fair Elizium to endure,
With milk−white Lambs, and Ermins pure.
O do not run too fast: for I
Will but bespeak thy Grave, and dye.          First my unhappy Statue shall
Be cut in Marble; and withal,
Let it be weeping too: but there
Th'Engraver sure his Art may spare;
For I so truly thee bemoane,
That I shall weep though I be Stone:
Until my Tears, still dropping, wear
My breast, themselves engraving there.
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,
Of purest Alabaster made:
For I would have thine Image be
White as I can, though not as Thee.

The Nymph complaining for the death of her Faun.
Young Love.

I
Come little Infant, Love me now,
While thine unsuspected years
Clear thine aged Fathers brow
From cold Jealousie and Fears.

II
Pretty surely 'twere to see
By young Love old Time beguil'd:
While our Sportings are as free
As the Nurses with the Child.

III
Common Beauties stay fifteen;
Such as yours should swifter move;
Whose fair Blossoms are too green
Yet for Lust, but not for Love.

IV
Love as much the snowy Lamb
Or the wanton Kid does prize,
As the lusty Bull or Ram,
For his morning Sacrifice.

V
Now then love me: time may take
Thee before thy time away:
Of this Need wee'll Virtue make,
And learn Love before we may.

VI
So we win of doubtful Fate;
And, if good she to us meant,
We that Good shall antedate,
Or, if ill, that Ill prevent.

VII
Thus as Kingdomes, frustrating
Other Titles to their Crown,
In the cradle crown their King,
So all Forraign Claims to drown,

VIII
So, to make all Rivals vain,
Now I crown thee with my Love:
Crown me with thy Love again,
And we both shall Monarchs prove.
To his Coy Mistress.

Had we but World enough, and Time,
This coyness Lady were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long Loves Day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges side
Should'st Rubies find: I by the Tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the Flood:
And you should if you please refuse
Till the Conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable Love should grow
Vaster then Empires, and more slow.
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine Eyes, and on thy Forehead Gaze.
Two hundred to adore each Breast.
But thirty thousand to the rest.
An Age at least to every part,
And the last Age should show your Heart.
For Lady you deserve this State;
Nor would I love at lower rate. But at my back I alwaies hear
Times winged Charriot hurrying near:
And yonder all before us lye
Desarts of vast Eternity.
Thy Beauty shall no more be found;
Nor, in thy marble Vault, shall sound
My echoing Song: then Worms shall try
That long preserv'd Virginity:
And your quaint Honour turn to dust;
And into ashes all my Lust.
The Grave's a fine and private place,
But none I think do there embrace. Now therefore, while the youthful hew
Sits on thy skin like morning glew,
And while thy willing Soul transpires
At every pore with instant Fires,
Now let us sport us while we may;
And now, like am'rous birds of prey,
Rather at once our Time devour,
Than languish in his slow—chapt pow'r.
Let us roll all our Strength, and all
Our sweetness, up into one Ball.
And tear our Pleasures with rough strife,
Thorough the Iron gates of Life.
Thus, though we cannot make our Sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.
The unfortunate Lover.

I

Alas, how pleasant are their dayes
With whom the Infant Love yet playes!
Sorted by pairs, they still are seen
By Fountains cool, and Shadows green.
But soon these Flames do lose their light,
Like Meteors of a Summers night:
Nor can they to that Region climb,
To make impression upon Time.

II

'Twas in a Shipwrack, when the Seas
Rul'd, and the Winds did what they please,
That my poor Lover floting lay,
And, e're brought forth, was cast away:
Till at the last the master−Wave
Upon the Rock his Mother drave;
And there she split against the Stone,
In a Cesarian Section.

III

The Sea him lent these bitter Tears
Which at his Eyes he alwaies bears.
And from the Winds the Sighs he bore,
Which through his surging Breast do roar.
No Day he saw but that which breaks,
Through frightened Clouds in forked streaks.
While round the ratling Thunder hurl'd,
As at the Fun'ral of the World.

IV

While Nature to his Birth presents
This masque of quarrelling Elements;
A num'rous fleet of Corm'rans black,
That sail'd insulting o're the Wrack,
Receiv'd into their cruel Care,
Th'unfortunate and abject Heir:
Guardians most fit to entertain
The Orphan of the Hurricane.

V

They fed him up with Hopes and Air,
Which soon digested to Despair.
And as one Corm'rant fed him, still
Another on his Heart did bill.
Thus while they famish him, and feast,
He both consumed, and increast:
And languished with doubtful Breath,
Th’*Amphibium* of Life and Death.

VI

And now, when angry Heaven wou’d
Behold a spectacle of Blood,
Fortune and He are call’d to play
At sharp before it all the day:
And Tyrant Love his brest does ply
With all his wing’d Artillery.
Whilst he, betwixt the Flames and Waves,
Like *Ajax*, the mad Tempest braves.

VII

See how he nak’d and fierce does stand,
Cuffing the Thunder with one hand;
While with the other he does lock,
And grapple, with the stubborn Rock:
From which he with each Wave rebounds,
Torn into Flames, and ragg’d with Wounds.
And all he saies, a Lover drest
In his own Blood does relish best.

VIII

This is the only *Banneret*
That ever Love created yet:
Who though, by the Malignant Starrs,
Forced to live in Storms and Warrs;
Yet dying leaves a Perfume here,
And Musick within every Ear:
And he in Story only rules,
In a Field *Sable* a Lover *Gules*.

*The Gallery.*

I

_Clorae_ come view my Soul, and tell
Whether I have contriv’d it well.
Now all its several lodgings lye
Compos’d into one Gallery;
And the great _Arras_—hangings, made
Of various Faces, by are laid;
That, for all furniture, you’l find
Only your Picture in my Mind.

II

Here Thou art painted in the Dress
Of an Inhumane Murtheress;
Examining upon our Hearts
Thy fertile Shop of cruel Arts:
Engines more keen than ever yet
Adorned Tyrants Cabinet;
Of which the most tormenting are
Black Eyes, red Lips, and curled Hair.

III
But, on the other side, th'art drawn
Like to Aurora in the Dawn;
When in the East she slumb'ring lyes,
And stretches out her milky Thighs;
While all the morning Quire does sing,
And Manna falls, and Roses spring;
And, at thy Feet, the wooing Doves
Sit perfecting their harmless Loves.

IV
Like an Enchantress here thou show'st,
Vexing thy restless Lover's Ghost;
And, by a Light obscure, dost rave
Over his Entrails, in the Cave;
Divining thence, with horrid Care,
How long thou shalt continue fair;
And (when inform'd) them throw'st away,
To be the greedy Vultur's prey.

V
But, against that, thou sit'st a float
Like Venus in her pearly Boat.
The Halcyons, calming all that's nigh,
Betwixt the Air and Water fly.
Or, if some rowling Wave appears,
A Mass of Ambergris it bears.
Nor blows more Wind than what may well
Convoy the Perfume to the Smell.

VI
These Pictures and a thousand more,
Of Thee, my Gallery dost store;
In all the Forms thou can'st invent
Either to please me, or torment:
For thou alone to people me,
Art grown a num'rous Colony;
And a Collection choicer far
Then or White-hall's, or Mantua's were.

VII
But, of these Pictures and the rest,
That at the Entrance likes me best:
Where the same Posture, and the Look
Remains, with which I first was took.
A tender Shepherdess, whose Hair
Hangs loosely playing in the Air,
Transplanting Flow'rs from the green Hill,
To crown her Head, and Bosome fill.

The Fair Singer.

I
To make a final conquest of all me,
Love did compose so sweet an Enemy,
In whom both Beauties to my death agree,
Joyning themselves in fatal Harmony;
That while she with her Eyes my Heart does bind,
She with her Voice might captivate my Mind.

II
I could have fled from One but singly fair:
My dis-intangled Soul it self might save,
Breaking the curled trammels of her hair.
But how should I avoid to be her Slave,
Whose subtile Art invisibly can wreath
My Fetters of the very Air I breath?

III
It had been easie fighting in some plain,
Where Victory might hang in equal choice.
But all resistance against her is vain,
Who has th'advantage both of Eyes and Voice.
And all my Forces needs must be undone,
She having gained both the Wind and Sun.

Mourning.

I
You, that decipher out the Fate
Of humane Off--springs from the Skies,
What mean these Infants which of late
Spring from the Starrs of Chlora's Eyes?

II
Her Eyes confus'd, and doubled ore,
With Tears suspended ere they flow;
Seem bending upwards, to restore
To Heaven, whence it came, their Woe.

III
When, molding of the watry Sphears,
Slow drops unty themselves away;
As if she, with those precious Tears,
Would strow the ground where Strephon lay.

IV
Yet some affirm, pretending Art,
Her Eyes have so her Bosome drown’d,
Only to soften near her Heart
A place to fix another Wound.

V
And, while vain Pomp does her restrain
Within her solitary Bowr,
She courts her self in am’rous Rain;
Her self both Danae and the Showr.

VI
Nay others, bolder, hence esteem
Joy now so much her Master grown,
That whatsoever does but seem
Like Grief, is from her Windows thrown.

VII
Nor that she payes, while she survives,
To her dead Love this Tribute due;
But casts abroad these Donatives,
At the installing of a new.

VIII
How wide they dream! The Indian Slaves
That sink for Pearl through Seas profound,
Would find her Tears yet deeper Waves
And not of one the bottom sound.

IX
I yet my silent Judgment keep,
Disputing not what they believe:
But sure as oft as Women weep,
It is to be suppos’d they grieve.

Daphnis and Chloe.

I
Daphnis must from Chloe part:
Now is come the dismal Hour
That must all his Hopes devour,
All his Labour, all his Art.
Nature, her own Sexes foe,
Long had taught her to be coy:
But she neither knew t’enjoy,
Nor yet let her Lover go.

But, with this sad News surpriz’d,
Soon she let that Niceness fall;
And would gladly yield to all,
So it had his stay compriz’d.

Nature so her self does use
To lay by her wonted State,
Lest the World should separate;
Sudden Parting closer glews.

He, well read in all the ways
By which men their Siege maintain,
Knew not that the Fort to gain
Better ’twas the Siege to raise.

But he came so full possest
With the Grief of Parting thence,
That he had not so much Sence
As to see he might be blest.

Till Love in her Language breath’d
Words she never spake before;
But then Legacies no more
To a dying Man bequeath’d.

For, Alas, the time was spent,
Now the latest minut’s run
When poor Daphnis is undone,
Between Joy and Sorrow rent.

At that Why, that Stay my Dear,
His disorder’d Locks he tare;
And with rouling Eyes did glare,
And his cruel Fate forswear.
X
As the Soul of one scarce dead,
With the shrieks of Friends aghast,
Looks distracted back in hast,
And then streight again is fled.

XI
So did wretched Daphnis look,
Frighting her he loved most.
At the last, this Lovers Ghost
Thus his Leave resolved took.

XII
Are my Hell and Heaven Joyn'd
More to torture him that dies?
Could departure not suffice,
But that you must then grow kind?

XIII
Ah my Chloe how have I
Such a wretched minute found,
When thy Favours should me wound
More than all thy Cruelty?

XIV
So to the condemned Wight
The delicious Cup we fill;
And allow him all he will,
For his last and short Delight.

XV
But I will not now begin
Such a Debt unto my Foe;
Nor to my Departure owe
What my Presence could not win.

XVI
Absence is too much alone:
Better 'tis to go in peace,
Than my Losses to increase
By a late Fruition.

XVII
Why should I enrich my Fate?
'Tis a Vanity to wear,
For my Executioner,
Jewels of so high a rate.
XVIII
Rather I away will pine
In a manly stubborness
Than be fatted up express
For the Canibal to dine.

XIX
Whilst this grief does thee disarm,
All th'Enjoyment of our Love
But the ravishment would prove
Of a Body dead while warm.

XX
And I parting should appear
Like the Gourmand Hebrew dead,
While he Quailes and Manna fed,
And does through the Desert err.

XXI
Or the Witch that midnight wakes
For the Fern, whose magick Weed
In one minute casts the Seed.
And invisible him makes.

XXII
Gentler times for Love are ment:
Who for parting pleasure strain
Gather Roses in the rain,
Wet themselves and spoil their Sent.

XXIII
Farewel therefore all the fruit
Which I could from Love receive:
Joy will not with Sorrow weave,
Nor will I this Grief pollute.

XXIV
Fate I come, as dark, as sad,
As thy Malice could desire;
Yet bring with me all the Fire
That Love in his Torches had.

XXV
At these words away he broke;
As who long has praying ly'n,
To his Heads−man makes the Sign,
And receives the parting stroke.
XXVI
But hence Virgins all beware.
Last night he with Phlogis slept;
This night for Dorinda kept;
And but rid to take the Air.

XXVII
Yet he does himself excuse;
Nor indeed without a Cause.
For, according to the Lawes,
Why did Chloe once refuse?

The Definition of Love.

I
My Love is of a birth as rare
As 'tis for object strange and high:
It was begotten by despair
Upon Impossibility.

II
Magnanimous Despair alone.
Could show me so divine a thing,
Where feeble Hope could ne'r have flown
But vainly flapt its Tinsel Wing.

III
And yet I quickly might arrive
Where my extended Soul is fixt,
But Fate does Iron wedges drive,
And alwaies crowds it self betwixt.

IV
For Fate with jealous Eye does see
Two perfect Loves; nor lets them close:
Their union would her ruine be,
And her Tyrannick pow'r depose.

V
And therefore her Decrees of Steel
Us as the distant Poles have plac'd,
(Though Loves whole World on us doth wheel)
Not by themselves to be embrac'd.

VI
Unless the giddy Heaven fall,
And Earth some new Convulsion tear;
And, us to joyn, the World should all
Be cramp'd into a Planisphere.
VII
As Lines so Loves *oblique* may well
Themselves in every Angle greet:
But ours so truly *Paralel,*
Though infinite can never meet.

VIII
Therefore the Love which us doth bind,
But Fate so enviously debarrs,
Is the Conjunction of the Mind,
And Opposition of the Stars.

*The Picture of little T. C. in a Prospect of Flowers.*

I
See with what simplicity
This Nimph begins her golden daies!
In the green Grass she loves to lie,
And there with her fair Aspect tames
The Wilder flow’rs, and gives them names:
But only with the Roses playes;
And them does tell
What Colour best becomes them, and what Smell.

II
Who can foretel for what high cause
This Darling of the Gods was born!
Yet this is She whose chaster Laws
The wanton Love shall one day fear,
And, under her command severe,
See his Bow broke and Ensigns torn.
Happy, who can
Appease this virtuous Enemy of Man!

III
O then let me in time compound,
And parly with those conquering Eyes;
Ere they have try’d their force to wound,
Ere, with their glancing wheels, they drive
In Triumph over Hearts that strive,
And them that yield but more despise.
Let me be laid,
Where I may see thy Glories from some Shade.

IV
Mean time, whilst every verdant thing
It self does at thy Beauty charm,
Reform the errours of the Spring;
Make that the Tulips may have share
Of sweetness, seeing they are fair;  
And Roses of their thorns disarm:  
But most procure  
That Violets may a longer Age endure.

But O young beauty of the Woods, 
Whom Nature courts with fruits and flow'rs, 
Gather the Flow'rs, but spare the Buds; 
Lest Flora angry at thy crime, 
To kill her Infants in their prime, 
Do quickly make th'Example Yours; 
And, ere we see, 
Nip in the blossome all our hopes and Thee.

**Tom May's Death.**

As one put drunk into the Packet-boat,  
Tom May was hurry'd hence and did not know't. 
But was amaz'd on the Elysian side, 
And with an Eye uncertain, gazing wide, 
Could not determine in what place he was, 
For whence in Stevens ally Trees or Grass. 
Nor where the Popes head, nor the Mitre lay, 
Signs by which still he found and lost his way. 
At last while doubtfully he all compares, 
He saw near hand, as he imagin'd Ares. 
Such did he seem for corpulence and port, 
But 'twas a man much of another sort; 
'Twas Ben that in the dusky Laurel shade 
Amongst the Chorus of old Poets laid, 
Sounding of ancient Heroes, such as were 
The Subjects Safety, and the Rebel's Fear. 
But how a double headed Vulture Eats, 
Brutus and Cassius the Peoples cheats.

But seeing May he varied streight his Song, 
Gently to signifie that he was wrong. 
Cups more then civil of Emilthian wine, 
I sing (said he) and the Pharsalian Sign, 
Where the Historian of the Common-wealth 
In his own Bowels sheath'd the conquering health. 
By this May to himself and them was come, 
He found he was translated, and by whom. 
Yet then with foot as stumbling as his tongue 
Prest for his place among the Learned thong. 
But Ben, who knew not neither foe nor friend, 
Sworn Enemy to all that do pretend, 
Rose more then ever he was seen severe, 
Shook his gray locks, and his own Bayes did tear.
At this intrusion. Then with Laurel wand,  
The awful Sign of his suprem command.  
At whose dread Whisk Virgil himself does quake,  
And Horace patiently its stroke does take,  
As he crowds in he whipt him oer the pate  
Like Pembroke at the Masque, and then did rate.  

Far from these blessed shades tread back agen  
Most servil' wit, and Mercenary Pen.  

Polydore, Lucan, Allan, Vandale, Goth,  
Malignant Poet and Historian both.  
Go seek the novice Statesmen, and obtrude  
On them some Romane cast similitude,  
Tell them of Liberty, the Stories fine,  
Until you all grow Consuls in your wine.  
Or thou Dictator of the glass bestow  
On him the Cato, this the Cicero.  
Transferring old Rome hither in your talk,  
As Bethlem's House did to Loretto walk.  
Foul Architect that hadst not Eye to see  
How ill the measures of these States agree.  
And who by Romes example England lay,  
Those but to Lucan do continue May.  
But the nor Ignorance nor seeming good  
Misled, but malice fixt and understood.  
Because some one than thee more worthy weares  
The sacred Laurel, hence are all these teares?  
Must therefore all the World be set on flame,  
Because a Gazet writer mist his aim?  
And for a Tankard−bearing Muse must we  
As for the Basket Guelphs and Gibellines be?  
When the Sword glitters oer the Judges head,  
And fear has Coward Churchmen silenced,  
Then is the Poets time, 'tis then he drawes,  
And single fights forsaken Vertues cause.  
He, when the wheel of Empire, whirleth back,  
And though the World disjointed Axel crack,  
Sings still of ancient Rights and better Times,  
Seeks wretched good, arraigns successful Crimes.  
But thou base man first prostituted hast  
Our spotless knowledge and the studies chast.  
Apostatizing from our Arts and us,  
To turn the Chronicler to Spartacus.  
Yet wast thou taken hence with equal fate,  
Before thou couldst great Charles his death relate.  
But what will deeper wound thy little mind,  
Hast left surviving Davenant still behind  
Who laughs to see in this thy death renew'd,  
Right Romane poverty and gratitude.  
Poor Poet thou, and grateful Senate they,  
Who thy last Reckoning did so largely pay.  
And with the publick gravity would come,
When thou hadst drunk thy last to lead thee home.
If that can be thy home where Spencer lyes
And reverend Chaucer, but their dust does rise
Against thee, and expels thee from their side,
As th'Eagles Plumes from other birds divide.
Nor here thy shade must dwell, Return, Return,
Where Sulphrey Phlegeton does ever burn.
The Cerberus with all his Jawes shall gnash,
    Megæra thee with all her Serpents lash.
Thou riveted unto Ixion's wheel
Shalt break, and the perpetual Vulture feel.
'Tis just what Torments Poets ere did feign,
Thou first Historically shouldst sustain.
    Thus by irrevocable Sentence cast,
May only Master of these Revels past.
    And streight he vanish't in a Cloud of pitch,
Such as unto the Sabbath bears the Witch.

The Match.

I
    Nature had long a Treasure made
        Of all her choisest store;
    Fearing, when She should be decay'd,
        To beg in vain for more.

II
    Her Orientest Colours there,
        And Essences most pure,
    With sweetest Perfumes hoarded were,
        All as she thought secure.

III
    She seldom them unlock'd, or us'd,
        But with the nicest care;
    For, with one grain of them diffus'd,
        She could the World repair.

IV
    But likeness soon together drew
        What she did separate lay;
    Of which one perfect Beauty grew,
        And that was Celia.

V
    Love wisely had of long fore−seen
        That he must once grow old;
    And therefore stor'd a Magazine,
        To save him from the cold.
VI
He kept the several Cells repleat
With Nitre thrice refin’d;
The Naphta’s and the Sulphurs heat,
And all that burns the Mind.

VII
He fortifi’d the double Gate,
And rarely thither came;
For, with one Spark of these, he streight
All Nature could inflame.

VIII
Till, by vicinity so long,
A nearer Way they sought;
And, grown magnetically strong,
Into each other wrought.

IX
Thus all his fewel did unite
To make one fire high:
None ever burn’d so hot, so bright:
And Celia that am I.

X
So we alone the happy rest,
Whilst all the World is poor,
And have within our Selves possest
All Love’s and Nature’s store.

_The Mower against Gardens._

Luxurious Man, to bring his Vice in use,
Did after him the World seduce:
And from the fields the Flow’rs and Plants allure,
Where Nature was most plain and pure.
He first enclos’d within the Gardens square
A dead and standing pool of Air:
And a more luscious Earth for them did knead,
Which stupifi’d them while it fed.
The Pink grew then as double as his Mind;
The nutriment did change the kind.
With strange perfumes he did the Roses taint.
And Flow’rs themselves were taught to paint.
The Tulip, white, did for complexion seek;
And learn’d to interline its cheek:
Its Onion root they then so high did hold,
That one was for a Meadow sold.
Another World was search'd, through Oceans new,
    To find the Marvel of Peru.
And yet these Rarities might be allow'd,
    To Man, that sov'reign thing and proud;
Had he not dealt between the Bark and Tree,
    Forbidden mixtures there to see.
No Plant now knew the Stock from which it came;
    He grafts upon the Wild the Tame:
That the uncertain and adult'rate fruit
    Might put the Palate in dispute.
His green Seraglio has its Eunuchs too;
    Left any Tyrant him out−doe.
And in the Cherry he does Nature vex,
    To procreate without a Sex.
'Tis all enforc'd; the Fountain and the Grot;
    While the sweet Fields do lye forgot:
Where willing Nature does to all dispence
    A wild and fragrant Innocence:
And Fauns and Faryes do the Meadows till,
    More by their presence then their skill.
Their Statues polish'd by some ancient hand,
    May to adorn the Gardens stand:
But howso'ere the Figures do excel,
    The Gods themselves with us do dwell.

Damon the Mower.

I
Hearth how the Mower Damon Sung,
With love of Juliana stung!
While ev'ry thing did seem to paint
The Scene more fit for his complaint.
Like her fair Eyes the day was fair;
But scorching like his am'rous Care.
Sharp like his Sythe his Sorrow was,
And wither'd like his Hopes the Grass.

II
Oh what unusual Heats are here,
Which thus our Sun−burn'd Meadows fear!
The Grass−hopper its pipe gives ore;
And hamstring'd Frogs can dance no more.
But in the brook the green Frog wades;
And Grass−hoppers seek out the shades.
Only the Snake, that kept within,
Now glitters in its second skin.

Damon the Mower.
III
This heat the Sun could never raise,
Nor Dog-star so inflame's the dayes.
It from an higher Beauty grow'th,
Which burns the Fields and Mower both:
Which made the Dog, and makes the Sun
Hotter then his own Phaeton.
Not July causeth these Extremes,
But Juliana's scorching beams.

IV
Tell me where I may pass the Fires
Of the hot day, or hot desires.
To what cool Cave shall I descend,
Or to what gelid Fountain bend?
Alas! I look for Ease in vain,
When Remedies themselves complain.
No moisture but my Tears do rest,
Nor Cold but in her Icy Breast.

V
How long wilt Thou, fair Shepheardess,
Esteem me, and my Presents less?
To Thee the harmless Snake I bring,
Disarmed of its teeth and sting.
To Thee Chameleons changing-hue,
And Oak leaves tipt with hony due.
Yet Thou ungrateful hast not sought
Nor what they are, nor who them brought.

VI
I am the Mower Damon, known
Through all the Meadows I have mown.
On me the Morn her dew distills
Before her darling Daffadils.
And, if at Noon my toil me heat,
The Sun himself licks off my Sweat.
While, going home, the Ev'ning sweet
In cowslip-water bathes my feet.

VII
What, though the piping Shepherd stock
The plains with an unnum'red Flock,
This Sithe of mine discovers wide
More ground then all his Sheep do hide.
With this the golden fleece I shear
Of all these Closes ev'ry Year.
And though in Wooll more poor then they,
Yet am I richer far in Hay.
VIII
Nor am I so deform’d to sight,
If in my Sithe I looked right;
In which I see my Picture done,
As in a crescent Moon the Sun.
The deathless Fairyes take me oft
To lead them in their Danses soft:
And, when I tune my self to sing,
About me they contract their Ring.

IX
How happy might I still have mow’d,
Had not Love here his Thistles sow’d!
But now I all the day complain,
Joyning my Labour to my Pain;
And with my Sythe cut down the Grass,
Yet still my Grief is where it was:
But, when the Iron blunter grows,
Sighing I whet my Sythe and Woes.

X
While thus he threw his Elbow round,
Depopulating all the Ground,
And, with his whistling Sythe, does cut
Each stroke between the Earth and Root,
The edged Stele by careless chance
Did into his own Ankle glance;
And there among the Grass fell down,
By his own Sythe, the Mower mown.

XI
Alas! said He, these hurts are slight
To those that dye by Loves despight.
With Shepherds−purse, and Clowns−all−heal,
The Blood I stanch, and Wound I seal.
Only for him no Cure is found,
Whom Julianas Eyes do wound.
'Tis death alone that this must do:
For Death thou art a Mower too.

The Mower to the Glo−Worms.

I
Ye living Lamps, by whose dear light
The Nightingale does sit so late,
And studying all the Summer−night,
Her matchless Songs does meditate;

Damon the Mower.
II
Ye Country Comets, that portend
No War, nor Princes funeral,
Shining unto no higher end
Then to presage the Grasses fall;

III
Ye Glo−worms, whose officious Flame
To wandring Mowers shows the way,
That in the Night have lost their aim,
And after foolish Fires do stray;

IV
Your courteous Lights in vain you wast,
Since Juliana here is come,
For She my Mind hath so displac'd
That I shall never find my home.

The Mower's Song.

I
My Mind was once the true survey
Of all these Medows fresh and gay;
And in the greenness of the Grass
Did see its Hopes as in a Glass;
When Juliana came, and She
What I do to the Grass, does to my Thoughts and Me.

II
But these, while I with Sorrow pine,
Grew more luxuriant still and fine;
That not one Blade of Grass you spy'd,
But had a Flower on either side;
When Juliana came, and She
What I do to the Grass, does to my Thoughts and Me.

III
Unthankful Medows, could you so
A fellowship so true forego,
And in your gawdy May−games meet,
While I lay trodden under feet?
When Juliana came, and She
What I do to the Grass, does to my Thoughts and Me.

IV
But what you in Compassion ought,
Shall now by my Revenge be wrought:
And Flow'rs, and Grass, and I and all,
Will in one common Ruine fall.
For Juliana comes, and She
What I do to the Grass, does to my Thoughts and Me.

V
And thus, ye Meadows, which have been
Companions of my thoughts more green,
Shall now the Heraldry become
With which I shall adorn my Tomb;
For Juliana comes, and She
What I do to the Grass, does to my Thoughts and Me.

_Ametas and Thestylis making Hay−Ropes._

I.

_Ametas._
Think'st Thou that this Love can stand,
Whilst Thou still dost say me nay?
Love unpaid does soon disband:
Love binds Love as Hay binds Hay.

II.

_Thestylis._
Think'st Thou that this Rope would twine
If we both should turn one way?
Where both parties so combine,
Neither Love will twist nor Hay.

III.

_Ametas._
Thus you vain Excuses find,
Which your selve and us delay:
And Love tyes a Womans Mind
Looser then with Ropes of Hay.

IV.

_Thestylis._
What you cannot constant hope
Must be taken as you may.

V.

_Ametas._
Then let's both lay by our Rope,
And go kiss within the Hay.
Musicks Empire.

I

First was the World as one great Cymbal made,
Where Jarring Windes to infant Nature plaid.
All Musick was a solitary sound,
To hollow Rocks and murm'ring Fountains bound.

II

Jubal first made the wilder Notes agree;
And Jubal tun'd Musicks Jubilee:
He call'd the Ecchoes from their sullen Cell,
And built the Organs City where they dwell.

III

Each sought a consort in that lovely place;
And Virgin Trebles wed the manly Base.
From whence the Progeny of numbers new
Into harmonious Colonies withdrew.

IV

Some to the Lute, some to the Viol went,
And others chose the Cornet eloquent.
These practising the Wind, and those the Wire,
To sing Mens Triumphs, or in Heavens quire.

V

Then Musick, the Mosaique of the Air,
Did of all these a solemn noise prepare:
With which She gain'd the Empire of the Ear,
Including all between the Earth and Spheare.

VII

Victorious sounds: yet here your Homage do
Unto a gentler Conqueror then you;
Who though He flies the Musick of his praise,
Would with you Heavens Hallelujahs raise.

The Garden.

I

How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the Palm, the Oke, or Bayes;
And their uncessant Labours see
Crown'd from some single Herb or Tree,
Whose short and narrow verged Shade
Does prudently their Toyles upbraid;
While all Flow'rs and all Trees do close
To weave the Garlands of repose.

II
Fair quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence thy Sister dear!
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busie Companies of Men.
Your sacred Plants, if here below,
Only among the Plants will grow.
Society is all but rude,
To this delicious Solitude.

III
No white nor red was ever seen
So am'rous as this lovely green.
Fond Lovers, cruel as their Flame,
Cut in these Trees their Mistress name.
Little, Alas, they know, or heed,
How far these Beauties Hers exceed!
Fair Trees! where s'eer you barkes I wound,
No Name shall but your own be found.

IV
When we have run our Passions heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The Gods, that mortal Beauty chase,
Still in a Tree did end their race.
  Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that She might Laurel grow.
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a Nymph, but for a Reed.

V
What wond'rous Life in this I lead!
Ripe Apples drop about my head;
The Luscious Clusters of the Vine
Upon my Mouth do crush their Wine;
The Nectaren, and curious Peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on Melons, as I pass,
Insnar'd with Flow'rs, I fall on Grass.

VI
Mean while the Mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness:
The Mind, that Ocean where each kind
Does streight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other Worlds, and other Seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green Thought in a green Shade.

VII
Here at the Fountains sliding foot,
Or at some Fruit−trees mossy root,
Casting the Bodies Vest aside,
My Soul into the boughs does glide:
There like a Bird it sits, and sings,
Then whets, and combs its silver Wings;
And, till prepar'd for longer flight,
Waves in its Plumes the various Light.

VIII
Such was that happy Garden−state,
While Man there walk'd without a Mate:
After a Place so pure, and sweet,
What other Help could yet be meet!
But 'twas beyond a Mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two Paradises 'twere in one
To live in Paradise alone.

IX
How well the skilful Gardner drew
Of flow'rs and herbes this Dial new;
Where from above the milder Sun
Does through a fragrant Zodiack run;
And, as it works, th'industrious Bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholsome Hours
Be reckon'd but with herbs and flow'rs!

Fleckno, an English Priest at Rome.

Oblig'd by frequent visits of this man,
Whom as Priest, Poet, and Musician,
I for some branch of Melchizedeck took,
(Though he derives himself from my Lord Brooke)
I sought his Lodging; which is at the Sign
Of the sad Pelican; Subject divine
For Poetry: There three Stair−Cases high,
Which signifies his triple property,
I found at last a Chamber, as 'twas said,
But seem'd a Coffin set on the Stairs head.
Not higher then Seav'n, nor larger then three feet;
Only there was nor Seeling, nor a Sheet,
Save that th'ingenious Door did as you come
Turn in, and shew to Wainscot half the Room.
Yet of his State no man could have complain'd;
There being no Bed where he entertain'd:
And though within one Cell so narrow pent,
He'd Stanza's for a whole Appartement.
Straight without further information,
In hideous verse, he, and a dismal tone,
Begins to exercise; as if I were
Posset; and sure the Devil brought me there.
But I, who now imagin'd my self brought
To my last Tryal, in a serious thought
Calm'd the disorders of my youthful Breast,
And to my Martyrdom prepared Rest.
Only this frail Ambition did remain,
The last distemper of the sober Brain,
That there had been some present to assure
The future Ages how I did indure:
And how I, silent, turn'd my burning Ear
Towards the Verse; and when that could ne'er
Held him the other; and unchanged yet,
Ask'd still for more, and pray'd him to repeat:
Till the Tyrant, weary to persecute,
Left off, and try'd t'allure me with his Lute.

Now as two Instruments, to the same
key

Being tun'd by Art, if the one touched be
The other opposite as soon replies,
Mov'd by the Air and hidden Sympathies;
So while he with his gouty Fingers craules
Over the Lute, his murmuring Belly calls,
Whose hungry Guts to the same streightness twin'd
In Echo to the trembling Strings repin'd.

I, that perceiv'd now what his Musick
ment,

Ask'd civilly if he had eat this Lent.
He answered yes; with such, and such an one.
For he has this of gen'rous, that alone
He never feeds; save only when he tryes
With gristly Tongue to dart the passing Flyes.
I ask'd if he eat flesh. And he, that was
So hungry that though ready to say Mass
Would break his fast before, said he was Sick,
And th'Ordinance was only Politick.
Nor was I longer to invite him: Scant
Happy at once to make him Protestant,
And Silent. Nothing now Dinner stay'd
But till he had himself a Body made.
I mean till he were drest: for else so thin
He stands, as if he only fed had been
With consecrated Wafers: and the Host
Hath sure more flesh and blood then he can boast.
This Basso Relievo of a Man,
Who as a Camel tall, yet easly can
The Needles Eye thread without any stich,
(His only impossible is to be rich)
Lest his too subtle Body, growing rare,
Should leave his Soul to wander in the Air,
He therefore circumscribes himself in rimes;
And swaddled in's own papers seaven times,
Wears a close Jacket of poetick Buff,
With which he doth his third Dimension Stuff.
Thus armed underneath, he over all
Does make a primitive Sotana fall;
And above that yet casts an antick Cloak,
Worn at the first Counsel of Antioch;
Which by the Jews long hid, and Disesteem'd,
He heard of by Tradition, and redeem'd.
But were he not in this black habit deck't,
This half transparent Man would soon reflect
Each colour that he past by; and be seen,
As the Chamelion, yellow, blew, or green.

He drest, and ready to disfurnish now
His Chamber, whose compactness did allow
No empty place for complementing doubt,
But who came last is forc'd first to go out;
I meet one on the Stairs who made me stand,
Stopping the passage, and did him demand:
I answer'd he is here Sir; but you see
You cannot pass to him but thorow me.
He thought himself affronted; and reply'd,
I whom the Pallace never has deny'd
Will make the way here; I said Sir you'l do
Me a great favour, for I seek to go.
He gathering fury still made sign to draw;
But himself there clos'd in a Scabbard saw
As narrow as his Sword's; and I, that was
Delightful, said there can no Body pass
Except by penetration hither, where
Two make a crowd, nor can three Persons here
Consist but in one substance. Then, to fit
Our peace, the Priest said I too had some wit:
To prov't, I said, the place doth us invite
But its own narrowness, Sir, to unite.
He ask'd me pardon; and to make me way
Went down, as I him follow'd to obey.
But the propitiatory Priest had straight
Oblig'd us, when below, to celebrate
Together our attonement: so increas'd
Betwixt us two the Dinner to a Feast.     Let it suffice that we could eat in peace;
And that both Poems did and Quarrels cease
During the Table; though my new made Friend
Did, as he threatened, ere 'twere long intend
To be both witty and valiant: I loth,
Said 'twas too late, he was already both.       But now, Alas, my first Tormentor came,
Who satisfy'd with eating, but not tame
Turns to recite; though Judges most severe
After th'Assizes dinner mild appear,
And on full stomach do condemn but few:
Yet he more strict my sentence doth renew;
And draws out of the black box of his Breast
Ten quire of paper in which he was drest.
Yet that which was a greater cruelty
Then Nero's Poem he calls charity:
And so the Pelican at his door hung
Picks out the tender bosome to its young.  Of all his Poems there he stands ungirt
Save only two foul copies for his shirt:
Yet these he promises as soon as clean.
But how I loath'd to see my Neighbour glean
Those papers, which he pilled from within
Like white fleaks rising from a Leaper's skin!
More odious then those raggs which the French youth
At ordinaries after dinner show'h,
When they compare their Chancres and Poulains.
Yet he first kist them, and after takes pains
To read; and then, because he understood
Not one Word, thought and swore that they were good.
But all his praises could not now appease
The provok't Author, whom it did displease
To hear his Verses, by so just a curse,
That were ill made condemn'd to be read worse:
And how (impossible) he made yet more
Absurdityes in them then were before.
For he his untun'd voice did fall or raise
As a deaf Man upon a Viol playes,
Making the half points and the periods run
Confus'der then the atomes in the Sun.
Thereat the Poet swell'd, with anger full,
And roar'd out, like Perillus in's own Bull;
Sir you read false. That any one but you
Should know the contrary. Whereat, I, now
Made Mediator, in my room, said, Why?
To say that you read false Sir is no Lye.
Thereat the waxen Youth relented straight;
But saw with sad dispair that was too late.
For the disdainful Poet was retir'd
Home, his most furious Satyr to have fir'd
Against the Rebel; who, at this struck dead
Wept bitterly as disinherited.
Who should commend his Mistress now? Or who
Praise him? both difficult indeed to do
With truth. I counsell'd him to go in time,
Ere the fierce Poets anger turn'd to rime.  He hasted; and I, finding my self free,
As one scap't strangely from Captivity,
Have made the Chance be painted; and go now
To hang it in Saint Peter's for a Vow.
Sit further, and make room for thine own fame,
Where just desert enrolles thy honour’d Name
The good Interpreter. Some in this task
Take of the Cypress vail, but leave a mask,
Changing the Latine, but do more obscure
That sence in English which was bright and pure.
So of Translators they are Authors grown,
For ill Translators make the Book their own.
Others do striving words and forced phrase
To add such lustre, and so many rayes,
That but to make the Vessel shining, they
Much of the precious Metal rub away.
He is Translations thief that addeth more,
As much as he that taketh from the Store
Of the first Author. Here he maketh blots
That mends; and added beauties are but spots. Cælia whose English doth more
richly flow
Then Tagus, purer then dissolved snow,
And sweet as are her lips that speak it, she
Now learns the tongues of France and Italy;
But she is Cælia still: no other grace
But her own smiles commend that lovely face;
Her native beauty’s not Italianated,
Nor her chast mind into the French translated:
Her thoughts are English, though her sparkling wit
With other Language doth them fitly fit. Translators learn of her: but stay I slide
Down into Error with the Vulgar tide;
Women must not teach here: the Doctor doth
Stint them to Cawdles Almond—milk, and Broth.
Now I reform, and surely so will all
Whose happy Eyes on thy Translation fall,
I see the people hastning to thy Book,
Liking themselves the worse the more they look,
And so disliking, that they nothing see
Now worth the liking, but thy Book and thee.
And (if I Judgment have) I censure right;
For something guides my hand that I must write.
You have Translations statutes best fulfil’d.
That handling neither sully nor would guild

On Mr. Milton’s Paradise lost.

When I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,
In slender Book his vast Design unfold,
Messiah Crown’d, Gods Reconcil’d Decree,
Rebelling Angels, the Forbidden Tree,
Heav'n, Hell, Earth, Chaos, All; the Argument
Held me a while misdoubting his Intent,
That he would ruine (for I saw him strong)
The sacred Truths to Fable and old Song,
(So Sampson groap'd the Temples Posts in spight)
The World o'rewhelming to revenge his Sight.

Yet as I read, soon growing less severe,
I lik'd his Project, the success did fear;
Through that wide Field how he his way should find
O're which lame Faith leads Understanding blind;
Lest he perplext the things he would explain,
And what was easie he should render vain.

Or if a Work so infinite he spann'd,
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand
(Such as disquiet always what is well,
And by ill imitating would excell)
Might hence presume the whole Creations day
To change in Scenes, and show it in a Play.

Pardon me, mighty Poet, nor despise
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare
Within thy Labours to pretend a Share.
Thou hast not miss'd one thought that could be fit,
And all that was improper dost omit:
So that no room is here for Writers left,
But to detect their Ignorance or Theft.

That Majesty which through thy Work doth Reign
Draws the Devout, deterring the Profane.
And things divine thou treats of in such state
As them preserves, and Thee inviolate.
At once delight and horrour on us seize,
Thou singst with so much gravity and ease;
And above humane flight dost soar aloft,
With Plume so strong, so equal, and so soft.
The Bird nam'd from that Paradise you sing
So never Flags, but alwaies keeps on Wing.

Where couldst thou Words of such a compass find?
Whence furnish such a vast expense of Mind?
Just Heav'n Thee, like Tiresias, to requite,
Rewards with Prophesie thy loss of Sight.

Well might thou scorn thy Readers to allure
With tinkling Rhime, of thy own Sense secure;
While the Town−Bays writes all the while and spells,
And like a Pack−Horse tires without his Bells.
Their Fancies like our bushy Points appear,
The Poets tag them; we for fashion wear.
I too transported by the Mode offend,
And while I meant to Praise thee, must Commend.
Thy verse created like thy Theme sublime,
In Number, Weight, and Measure, needs not Rhime.
Stet quicunque volet potens
Aulae culmine lubrico &c.
Climb at Court for me that will
Tottering favors Pinacle;
All I seek is to lye still.
Settled in some secret Nest
In calm Leisure let me rest;
And far of the publick Stage
Pass away my silent Age.
Thus when without noise, unknown,
I have liv'd out all my span,
I shall dye, without a groan,
An old honest Country man.
Who expos'd to others Ey's,
Into his own Heart ne'r pry's,
Death to him's a Strange surprise

An Epitaph upon

Enough: and leave the rest to Fame.
'Tis to commend her but to name.
Courtship, which living she declin'd,
When dead to offer were unkind.
Where never any could speak ill,
Who would officious Praises spill?
Nor can the truest Wit or Friend,
Without Detracting, her commend.
To say she liv'd a Virgin chast,
In this Age loose and all unlac't;
Nor was, when Vice is so allow'd,
Of Virtue or asham'd, or proud;
That her Soul was on Heaven so bent
No Minute but it came and went;
That ready her last Debt to pay
She summ'd her Life up ev'ry day;
Modest as Morn; as Mid−day bright;
Gentle as Ev'ning; cool as Night;
'Tis true: but all so weakly said;
'Twere more Significant, She's Dead.
Upon the Hill and Grove at Bill-borow.
To the Lord Fairfax.

I

See how the arched Earth does here
Rise in a perfect Hemisphere!
The stiffest Compass could not strike
A Line more circular and like;
Nor softest Pensel draw a Brow
So equal as this Hill does bow.
It seems as for a Model laid,
And that the World by it was made.

II

Here learn ye Mountains more unjust,
Which to abrupter greatness thrust,
That do with your hook-shoulder’d height
The Earth deform and Heaven fright.
For whose excrescence ill design’d,
Nature must a new Center find,
Learn here those humble steps to tread,
Which to securer Glory lead.

III

See what a soft access and wide
Lyes open to its grassy side;
Nor with the rugged path deterrs
The feet of breathless Travellers.
See then how courteous it ascends,
And all the way it rises bends;
Nor for it self the height does gain,
But only strives to raise the Plain.

IV

Yet thus it all the field commands,
And in unenvy’d Greatness stands,
Discerning furthe then the Cliff
Of Heaven-daring Teneriff.
How glad the weary Seamen hast
When they salute it from the Mast!
By Night the Northern Star their way
Directs, and this no less by Day.

V

Upon its crest this Mountain grave
A Plum of aged Trees does wave.
No hostile hand durst ere invade
With impious Steel the sacred Shade.
For something alwaies did appear
Of the great Masters terrour there:
And Men could hear his Armour still
Ratling through all the Grove and Hill.

VI
Fear of the Master, and respect
Of the great Nymph did it protect;
Vera the Nymph that him inspir’d,
To whom he often here retir’d,
And on these Okes ingrav’d her Name;
Such Wounds alone these Woods became:
But ere he well the Barks could part
’Twas writ already in their Heart.

VII
For they (’tis credible) have sense,
As We, of Love and Reverence,
And underneath the Courser Rind
The Genius of the house do bind.
Hence they successes seem to know,
And in their Lord’s advancement grow;
But in no Memory were seen
As under this so streight and green.

VIII
Yet now no further strive to shoot,
Contented if they fix their Root.
Nor to the winds uncertain gust,
Their prudent Heads too far intrust.
Onely sometimes a flutt’ring Breez
Discourses with the breathing Trees;
Which in their modest Whispers name
Those Acts that swell’d the Cheek of Fame.

IX
Much other Groves, say they, then these
And other Hills him once did please.
Through Groves of Pikes he thunder’d then,
And Mountains rais’d of dying Men.
For all the Civick Garlands due
To him our Branches are but few.
Nor are our Trunks enow to bear
The Trophees of one fertile Year.

X
’Tis true, the Trees nor ever spoke
More certain Oracles in Oak.
But Peace (if you his favour prize)
That Courage its own Praises flies.
Therefore to your obscurer Seats
From his own Brightness he retreats:
Nor he the Hills without the Groves,
Nor Height but with Retirement loves.

_Upon Appleton House, to my Lord Fairfax._

I

Within this sober Frame expect  
Work of no Forrain _Architect_;  
That unto Caves the Quarries drew,  
And Forrests did to Pastures hew;  
Who of his great Design in pain  
Did for a Model vault his Brain,  
Whose Columnes should so high be rais'd  
To arch the Brows that on them gaz'd.

II

Why should of all things Man unrul'd  
Such unproportion'd dwellings build?  
The Beasts are by their Denns exprest:  
And Birds contrive an equal Nest;  
The low roof'd Tortoises do dwell  
In cases fit of Tortoise−shell:  
No Creature loves an empty space;  
Their Bodies measure out their Place.

III

But He, superfluously spread,  
Demands more room alive then dead.  
And in his hollow Palace goes  
Where Winds as he themselves may lose.  
What need of all this Marble Crust  
T'impark the wanton Mose of Dust,  
That thinks by Breadth the World t'unite  
Though the first Builders fail'd in Height?

IV

But all things are composed here  
Like Nature, orderly and near:  
In which we the Dimensions find  
Of that more sober Age and Mind,  
When larger sized Men did stoop  
To enter at a narrow loop;  
As practising, in doors so strait,  
To strain themselves through _Heavens Gate_.

V

And surely when the after Age  
Shall hither come in _Pilgrimage_,  
These sacred Places to adore,
By Vere and Fairfax trod before,
Men will dispute how their Extent
Within such dwarfish Confines went:
And some will smile at this, as well
As Romulus his Bee–like Cell.

VI

Humility alone designs
Those short but admirable Lines,
By which, ungirt and unconstrain'd,
Things greater are in less contain'd.
Let others vainly strive t'immure
The Circle in the Quadrature!
These holy Mathematicks can
In ev'ry Figure equal Man.

VII

Yet thus the laden House does sweat,
And scarce indures the Master great:
But where he comes the swelling Hall
Stirs, and the Square grows Spherical;
More by his Magnitude distrest,
Then he is by its straitness prest:
And too officiously it slights
That in it self which him delights.

VIII

So Honour better Lowness bears,
Then That unwonted Greatness wears
Height with a certain Grace does bend,
But low Things clownishly ascend.
And yet what needs there here Excuse,
Where ev'ry Thing does answer Use?
Where neatness nothing can condemn,
Nor Pride invent what to contemn?

IX

A Stately Frontispice of Poor
Adorns without the open Door:
Nor less the Rooms within commends,
Daily new Furniture of Friends.
The House was built upon the Place
Only as for a Mark of Grace;
And for an Inn to entertain
Its Lord a while, but not remain.

X

Him Bishops–Hill, or Denton may,
Or Bilbrough, better hold then they:
But Nature here hath been so free
As if she said leave this to me.
Art would more neatly have defac’d
What she had laid so sweetly wast;
In fragrant Gardens, shaddy Woods,
Deep Meadows, and transparent Floods.

XI
While with slow Eyes we these survey,
And on each pleasant footstep stay,
We opportunly may relate
The Progress of this Houses Fate.
A Nunnery first gave it birth.
For Virgin Buildings oft brought forth.
And all that Neighbour–Ruine shows
The Quarries whence this dwelling rose.

XII
Near to this gloomy Cloysters Gates
There dwelt the blooming Virgin Thwates;
Fair beyond Measure, and an Heir
Which might Deformity make fair.
And oft She spent the Summer Suns
Discoursing with the Suttle Nunns.
Whence in these Words one to her weav’d,
(As ‘twere by Chance) Thoughts long conceiv’d.

XIII
‘Within this holy leisure we
‘Live innocently as you see.
‘These Walls restrain the World without,
‘But hedge our Liberty about.
‘These Bars inclose that wider Den
‘Of those wild Creatures, called Men.
‘The Cloyster outward shuts its Gates,
‘And, from us, locks on them the Grates.

XIV
‘Here we, in shining Armour white,
‘Like Virgin Amazons do fight.
‘And our chast Lamps we hourly trim,
‘Lest the great Bridegroom find them dim.
‘Our Orient Breaths perfumed are
‘With insense of incessant Pray’r.
‘And Holy–water of our Tears
‘Most strangely our Complexion clears.

XV
‘Not Tears of Grief; but such as those
‘With which calm Pleasure overflows;
‘Or Pity, when we look on you
‘That live without this happy Vow.
‘How should we grieve that must be seen
'Each one a Spouse, and each a Queen;
'And can in Heaven hence behold
'Our brighter Robes and Crowns of Gold?

XVI

'When we have prayed all our Beads,
'Some One the holy Legend reads;
'While all the rest with Needles paint
'The Face and Graces of the Saint.
'But what the Linnen can't receive
'They in their Lives do interweave.
'This Work the Saints best represents;
'That serves for Altar's Ornaments.

XVII

'But much it to our work would add
'If here your hand, your Face we had:
'By it we would our Lady touch;
'Yet thus She you resembles much.
'Some of your Features, as we sow'd,
'Through ev'ry Shrine should be bestow'd.
'And in one Beauty we would take
'Enough a thousand Saints to make.

XVIII

'And (for I dare not quench the Fire
'That me does for your good inspire)
'Twere Sacriledge a Mant t'admit
'To holy things, for Heaven fit.
'I see the Angels in a Crown
'On you the Lillies show'ring down:
'And round about you Glory breaks,
'That something more then humane speaks.

XIX

'All Beauty, when at such a height,
'Is so already consecrate.
'Fairfax I know; and long ere this
'Have mark'd the Youth, and what he is.
'But can he such a Rival seem
'For whom you Heav'n should disesteem?
'Ah, no! and 'twould more Honour prove
'He your Devoto were, then Love.

XX

'Here live beloved, and obey'd:
'Each one your Sister, each your Maid.
'And, if our Rule seem strictly pend,
'The Rule it self to you shall bend.
'Our Abbess too, now far in Age,
'Doth your succession near presage.
'How soft the yoke on us would lye,
Might such fair Hands as yours it tye!

XXI
'Your voice, the sweetest of the Quire,
'Shall draw Heav'n nearer, raise us higher.
'And your Example, if our Head,
'Will soon us to perfection lead.
'Those Virtues to us all so dear,
'Will straight grow Sanctity when here:
'And that, once sprung, increase so fast
'Till Miracles it work at last.

XXII
'Nor is our Order yet so nice,
'Delight to banish as a Vice.
'Here Pleasure Piety doth meet;
'One perfecting the other Sweet.
'So through the mortal fruit we boyl
'The Sugars uncorrupting Oyl:
'And that which perisht while we pull,
'Is thus preserved clear and full.

XXIII
'For such indeed are all our Arts;
'Still handling Natures finest Parts.
'Flow'rs dress the Altars; for the Clothes,
'The Sea-born Amber we compose;
'Balms for the griv'd we draw; and Pasts
'We mold, as Baits for curious tasts.
'What need is here of Man? unless
'These as sweet Sins we should confess.

XXIV
'Each Night among us to your side
'Appoint a fresh and Virgin Bride;
'Whom if our Lord at midnight find,
'Yet Neither should be left behind.
'Where you may lye as chast in Bed,
'As Pearls together billeted.
'All Night embracing Arm in Arm,
'Like Chrystal pure with Cotton warm.

XXV
'But what is this to all the store
'Of Joys you see, and may make more!
'Try but a while, if you be wise:
'The Tryal neither Costs, nor Tyes.
Now Fairfax seek her promis'd faith:
Religion that dispensed hath;
Which She hence forward does begin;
The Nuns smooth Tongue has suckt her in.

XXVI
Oft, though he knew it was in vain,
Yet would he valiantly complain.
'Is this that Sanctity so great,
'An Art by which you finly'r cheat?
'Hypocrite Witches, hence avant,
'Who though in prison yet inchant!
'Death only can such Theeves make fast,
'As rob though in the Dungeon cast.

XXVII
'Were there but, when this House was made,
'One Stone that a just Hand had laid,
'It must have fall'n upon her Head
'Who first Thee from thy Faith misled.
'And yet, how well soever ment,
'With them 'twould soon grow fraudulent:
'For like themselves they alter all,
'And vice infects the very Wall.

XXVIII
'But sure those Buildings last not long,
'Founded by Folly, kept by Wrong.
'I know what Fruit their Gardens yield,
'When they it think by Night conceal'd.
'Fly from their Vices. 'Tis thy state,
'Not Thee, that they would consecrate.
'Fly from their Ruine. How I fear
'Though guiltless lest thou perish there.

XXIX
What should he do? He would respect
Religion, but not Right neglect:
For first Religion taught him Right,
And dazled not but clear'd his sight.
Sometimes resolv'd his Sword he draws,
But reverenceth then the Laws:
For Justice still that Courage led;
First from a Judge, then Souldier bred.

XXX
Small Honour would be in the Storm.
The Court him grants the lawful Form;
Which licens'd either Peace or Force,
To hinder the unjust Divorce.
Yet still the Nuns his Right debar'd,
Standing upon their holy Guard.
Ill-counsell'd Women, do you know
Whom you resist, or what you do?
XXXI
Is not this he whose Offspring fierce
Shall fight through all the Universe;
And with successive Valour try
France, Poland, either Germany;
Till one, as long since prophecy'd,
His Horse through conquer'd Britain ride?
Yet, against Fate, his Spouse they kept;
And the great Race would intercept.

XXXII
Some to the Breach against their Foes
Their Wooden Saints in vain oppose.
Another bolder stands at push
With their old Holy−Water Brush.
While the disjointed Abbess threads
The gingling Chain−shot of her Beads.
But their lowd'st Cannon were their Lungs;
And sharpest Weapons were their Tongues.

XXXIII
But, waving these aside like Flyes,
Young Fairfax through the Wall does rise.
Then th'unfrequented Vault appear'd,
And superstitions vainly fear'd.
The Relicks false were set to view;
Only the Jewels there were true.
But truly bright and holy Thwaites
That weeping at the Altar waites.

XXXIII
But the glad Youth away her bears,
And to the Nuns bequeaths her Tears:
Who guiltily their Prize bemoan,
Like Gipsies that a Child hath stoln.
Thenceforth (as when th'Inchantment ends
The Castle vanishes or rends)
The wasting Cloister with the rest
Was in one instant dispossest.

XXXV
At the demolishing, this Seat
To Fairfax fell as by Escheat.
And what both Nuns and Founders will'd
'Tis likely better thus fulfill'd.
For if the Virgin prov'd not theirs,
The Cloyster yet remained hers.
Though many a Nun there made her Vow,
'Twas no Religious−House till now.
XXXVI
From that blest Bed the Heroe came,
Whom France and Poland yet does fame:
Who, when retired here to Peace,
His warlike Studies could not cease;
But laid these Gardens out in sport
In the just Figure of a Fort;
And with five Bastions it did fence,
As aiming one for ev'ry Sense.

XXXVII
When in the East the Morning Ray
Hangs out the Colours of the Day,
The Bee through these known Allies hums,
Beating the Dian with its Drumms.
Then Flow'rs their drowsie Ey lids raise,
Their Silken Ensigns each displayes,
And dries its Pan yet dank with Dew,
And fills its Flask with Odours new.

XXXVIII
These, as their Governour goes by,
In fragrant Vollyes they let fly;
And to salute their Governess
Again as great a charge they press:
None for the Virgin Nymph; for She
Seems with the Flow'rs a Flow'r to be.
And think so still! though not compare
With Breath so sweet, or Cheek so faire.

XXXIX
Well shot ye Firemen! Oh how sweet,
And round your equal Fires do meet;
Whose shrill report no Ear can tell,
But Ecchoes to the Eye and smell.
See how the Flow'rs, as at Parade,
Under their Colours stand displaid:
Each Regiment in order grows,
That of the Tulip Pinke and Rose.

XL
But when the vigilant Patroul
Of Stars walks round about the Pole,
Their Leaves, that to the stalks are curl'd,
Seem to their Staves the Ensigns furl'd.
Then in some Flow'rs beloved Hut
Each Bee as Sentinel is shut;
And sleeps so too: but, if once stir'd,
She runs you through, or askes the Word.
XLI
Oh Thou, that dear and happy Isle
The Garden of the World ere while,
Thou Paradise of four Seas,
Which Heaven planted us to please,
But, to exclude the World, did guard
With watry if not flaming Sword;
What luckless Apple did we tast,
To make us Mortal, and The Wast.

XLII
Unhappy! shall we never more
That sweet Militia restore,
When Gardens only had their Towrs,
And all the Garrisons were Flowrs,
When Roses only Arms might bear,
And Men did rosie Garlands wear?
Tulips, in several Colours barr’d,
Were then the Switzers of our Guard.

XLIII
The Gardiner had the Souliers place,
And his more gentle Forts did trace.
The Nursery of all things green
Was then the only Magazeen.
The Winter Quarters were the Stoves,
Where he the tender Plants removes.
But War all this doth overgrow:
We Ord’nance Plant and Powder sow.

XLIV
And yet their walks one on the Sod
Who, had it pleased him and God,
Might once have made our Gardens spring
Fresh as his own and flourishing.
But he preferr’d to the Cinque Ports
These five imaginary Forts:
And, in those half−dry Trenches, spann’d
Pow’r which the Ocean might command.

XLV
For he did, with his utmost Skill,
Ambition weed, but Conscience till.
Conscience, that Heaven−nursed Plant,
Which most our Earthly Gardens want.
A prickling leaf it bears, and such
As that which shrinks at ev’ry touch;
But Flowrs eternal, and divine,
That in the Crowns of Saints do shine.
XLVI
The sight does from these Bastions ply,
Th'invisible Artillery;
And at proud Cawood Castle seems
To point the Battery of its Beams.
As if it quarrell'd in the Seat
Th'Ambition of its Prelate great.
But ore the Meads below it plays,
Or innocently seems to gaze.

XLVII
And now to the Abyss I pass
Of that unfathomable Grass,
Where Men like Grashoppers appear,
But Grashoppers are Gyants there:
They, in there squeaking Laugh, contemn
Us as we walk more low then them:
And, from the Precipices tall
Of the green spir's, to us do call.

XLVIII
To see Men through this Meadow Dive,
We wonder how they rise alive.
As, under Water, none does know
Whether he fall through it or go.
But, as the Marriners that sound,
And show upon their Lead the Ground,
They bring up Flow'rs so to be seen,
And prove they've at the Bottom been.

XLIX
No Scene that turns with Engines strange
Does oftner then these Meadows change,
For when the Sun the Grass hath vext,
The tawny Mowers enter next;
Who seem like Israallies to be,
Walking on foot through a green Sea.
To them the Grassy Deeps divide,
And crowd a Lane to either Side.

L
With whistling Sithe, and Elbow strong,
These Massacre the Grass along:
While one, unknowing, carves the Rail,
Whose yet unfeather'd Quils her fail.
The Edge all bloody from its Breast
He draws, and does his stroke detest;
Fearing the Flesh untimely mow'd
To him a Fate as black forebode.
LI
But bloody *Thestylis*, that waites
To bring the mowing Camp their Cates,
Greedy as Kites has trust it up,
And forthwith means on it to sup:
When on another quick She lights,
And cryes, he call'd us *Israelites*;
But now, to make his saying true,
 Rails rain for Quails, for Manna Dew.

LII
Unhappy Birds! what does it boot
To build below the Grasses Root;
When Lowness is unsafe as Hight,
And Chance o'retakes what scapeth spight?
And now your Orphan Parents Call
Sounds your untimely Funeral.
Death−Trumpets creak in such a Note,
And 'tis the *Sourdine* in their Throat.

LIII
Or sooner hatch or higher build:
The Mower now commands the Field;
In whose new Traverse seemeth wrought
A Camp of Battail newly fought:
Where, as the Meads with Hay, the Plain
Lyes quilted ore with Bodies slain:
The Women that with forks it fling,
Do represent the Pillaging.

LIV
And now the careless Victors play,
Dancing the Triumphs of the Hay;
Where every Mowers wholesome Heat
Smells like an *Alexanders sweat*.
Their Females fragrant as the Mead
Which they in *Fairy Circles* tread:
When at their Dances End they kiss,
Their new−made Hay not sweeter is.

LV
When after this 'tis pil'd in Cocks,
Like a calm Sea it shews the Rocks:
We wondring in the River near
How Boats among them safely steer.
Or, like the *Desert Memphis Sand*,
Short *Pyramids* of Hay do stand.
And such the *Roman Camps* do rise
In Hills for Soldiers Obsequies.
LVI
This Scene again withdrawing brings
A new and empty Face of things;
A levell'd space, as smooth and plain,
As Clothes for Lilly strecht to stain.
The World when first created sure
Was such a Table rase and pure.
Or rather such is the Toril
Ere the Bulls enter at Madril.

LVII
For to this naked equal Flat,
Which Levellers take Pattern at,
The Villagers in common chase
Their Cattle, which it closer rase;
And what below the Sith increast
Is pincht yet nearer by the Breast.
Such, in the painted World, appear'd
Davenant with th'Universal Heard.

LVIII
They seem within the polisht Grass
A Landskip drawen in Looking−Glass.
And shrunk in the huge Pasture show
As Spots, so shap'd, on Faces do.
Such Fleas, ere they approach the Eye,
In Multiplyiug Glasses lye.
They feed so wide, so slowly move,
As Constellatious do above.

LIX
Then, to conclude these pleasant Acts,
Denton sets ope its Cataracts;
And makes the Meadow truly be
(What it but seem'd before) a Sea.
For, jealous of its Lords long stay,
It try's t'invite him thus away.
The River in it self is drown'd,
And Isl's th'astonish Cattle round.

LX
Let others tell the Paradox,
How Eels now bellow in the Ox;
How Horses at their Tails do kick,
Turn'd as they hang to Leeches quick;
How Boats can over Bridges sail;
And Fishes do the Stables scale.
How Salmons trespassing are found;
And Pikes are taken in the Pound.
LXI
But I, retiring from the Flood,
Take Sanctuary in the Wood;
And, while it lasts, my self imbark
In this yet green, yet growing Ark;
Where the first Carpenter might best
Fit Timber for his Keel have Prest.
And where all Creatures might have shares,
Although in Armies, not in Paires.

LXII
The double Wood of ancient Stocks
Link'd in so thick, an Union locks,
It like two Pedigrees appears,
On one hand Fairfax, th'other Veres:
Of whom though many fell in War,
Yet more to Heaven shooting are:
And, as they Natures Cradle deckt,
Will in green Age her Hearse expect.

LXIII
When first the Eye this Forrest sees
It seems indeed as Wood not Trees:
As if their Neighbourhood so old
To one great Trunk them all did mold.
There the huge Bulk takes place, as ment
To thrust up a Fifth Element;
And stretches still so closely wedg'd
As if the Night within were hedg'd.

LXIV
Dark all without it knits; within
It opens passable and thin;
And in as loose an order grows,
As the Corinthian Porticoes.
The arching Boughs unite between
The Columnes of the Temple green;
And underneath the winged Quires
Echo about their tuned Fires.

LXV
The Nightingale does here make choice
To sing the Tryals of her Voice.
Low Shrubs she sits in, and adorns
With Musick high the squatted Thorns.
But highest Oakes stoop down to hear,
And listning Elders prick the Ear.
The Thorn, lest it should hurt her, draws
Within the Skin its shrunken claws.
LXVI
But I have for my Musick found
A Sadder, yet more pleasing Sound:
The Stock−doves, whose fair necks are grac'd
With Nuptial Rings their Ensigns chast;
Yet always, for some Cause unknown,
Sad pair unto the Elms they moan.
O why should such a Couple mourn,
That in so equal Flames do burn!

LXVII
Then as I carless on the Bed
Of gelid Straw−berryes do tread,
And through the Hazles thick espy
The hatching Thrastles shining Eye,
The Heron from the Ashes top,
The eldest of its young lets drop,
As if it Stork−like did pretend
That Tribute to its Lord to send.

LXVIII
But most the Hewel's wonders are,
Who here has the Holt−felster's care.
He walks still upright from the Root,
Meas'ring the Timber with his Foot;
And all the way, to keep it clean,
Doth from the Bark the Wood−moths glean.
He, with his Beak, examines well
Which fit to stand and which to fell.

LXIX
The good he numbers up, and hacks;
As if he mark'd them with the Ax.
But where he, tinkling with his Beak,
Does find the hollow Oak to speak,
That for his building he designs,
And through the tainted Side he mines.
Who could have thought the tallest Oak
Should fall by such a feeble Strok'!

LXX
Nor would it, had the Tree not fed
A Traitor−worm, within it bred.
(As first our Flesh corrupt within
Tempts impotent and bashful Sin.
And yet that Worm triumphs not long,
But serves to feed the Hewels young.
While the Oake seems to fall content,
Viewing the Treason's Punishment.)
LXXI
Thus I, easie Philosopher,
Among the Birds and Trees confer:
And little now to make me, wants
Or of the Fowles, or of the Plants.
Give me but Wings as they, and I
Straight floting on the Air shall fly:
Or turn me but, and you shall see
I was but an inverted Tree.

LXXII
Already I begin to call
In their most learned Original:
And where I Language want, my Signs
The Bird upon the Bough divines;
And more attentive there doth sit
Then if She were with Lime−twigs knit.
No Leaf does tremble in the Wind
Which I returning cannot find.

LXXIII
Out of these scatter'd Sibyls Leaves
Strange Prophecies my Phancy weaves:
And in one History consumes,
Like Mexique Paintings, all the Plumes.
What Rome, Greece, Palestine, ere said
I in this light Mosaick read.
Thrice happy he who, not mistook,
Hath read in Natures mystick Book.

LXXIV
And see how Chance's better Wit
Could with a Mask my studies hit!
The Oak−Leaves me embroyder all,
Between which Caterpillars crawl:
And Ivy, with familiar trails,
Me licks, and clasps, and curles, and hales.
Under this antick Cope I move
Like some great Prelate of the Grove,

LXXV
Then, languishing with ease, I toss
On Pallets swoln of Velvet Moss;
While the Wind, cooling through the Boughs,
Flatters with Air my panting Brows.
Thanks for my Rest ye Mossy Banks,
And unto you cool Zephyr's Thanks,
Who, as my Hair, my Thoughts too shed,
And winnow from the Chaff my Head.

Upon Appleton House, to my Lord Fairfax.
LXXVI
How safe, methinks, and strong, behind
These Trees have I incamp’d my Mind;
Where Beauty, aiming at the Heart,
Bends in some Tree its useless Dart;
And where the World no certain Shot
Can make, or me it toucheth not.
But I on it securely play,
And gaul its Horsemen all the Day.

LXXVII
Bind me ye Woodbines in your 'twines,
Curle me about ye gadding Vines,
And Oh so close your Circles lace,
That I may never leave this Place:
But, lest your Fetters prove too weak,
Ere I your Silken Bondage break,
Do you, O Brambles, chain me too,
And courteous Briars nail me through.

LXXVIII
Here in the Morning tye my Chain,
Where the two Woods have made a Lane;
While, like a Guard on either side,
The Trees before their Lord divide;
This, like a long and equal Thread,
Betwixt two Labyrinths does lead.
But, where the Floods did lately drown,
There at the Ev'ning stake me down.

LXXIX
For now the Waves are fal'n and dry'd,
And now the Meadows fresher dy'd;
Whose Grass, with moister colour dasht,
Seems as green Silks but newly washt.
No Serpent new nor Crocodile
Remains behind our little Nile;
Unless it self you will mistake,
Among these Meads the only Snake.

LXXX
See in what wanton harmless folds
It ev'ry where the Meadow holds;
And its yet muddy back doth lick,
Till as a Chrystal Mirrour slick;
Where all things gaze themselves, and doubt
If they be in it or without.
And for his shade which therein shines,
Narcissus like, the Sun too pines.
LXXXI
Oh what a Pleasure 'tis to hedge
My Temples here with heavy sedge;
Abandoning my lazy Side,
Stretcht as a Bank unto the Tide;
Or to suspend my sliding Foot
On the Osiers undermined Root,
And in its Branches tough to hang,
While at my Lines the Fishes twang!

LXXXII
But now away my Hooks, my Quills,
And Angles, idle Utensils.
The young Maria walks to night:
Hide trifling Youth thy Pleasures slight.
'Twere shame that such judicious Eyes
Should with such Toyes a Man surprize;
She that already is the Law
Of all her Sex, her Ages Aw.

LXXXIII
See how loose Nature, in respect
To her, it self doth recollect;
And every thing so whisht and fine,
Starts forth with to its Bonne Mine.
The Sun himself, of Her aware,
Seems to descend with greater Care;
And lest She see him go to Bed,
In blushing Clouds conceales his Head.

LXXXIV
So when the Shadows laid asleep
From underneath these Banks do creep;
And on the River as it flows
With Eben Shuts begin to close;
The modest Halcyon comes in sight,
Flying betwixt the Day and Night;
And such an horror calm and dumb,
Admiring Nature does benum.

LXXXV
The viscous Air, wheres' ere She fly,
Follows and sucks her Azure dy;
The gellying Stream compacts below,
If it might fix her shadow so;
The stupid Fishes hang, as plain
As Flies in Chrystal overt'ane,
And Men the silent Scene assist,
Charm'd with the Saphir-winged Mist.
LXXXVI

Maria such, and so doth hush
The World, and through the Ev’ning rush.
No new–born Comet such a Train
Draws through the Skie, nor Star new–slain.
For streight those giddy Rockets fail,
Which from the putrid Earth exhale,
But by her Flames, in Heaven try’d,
Nature is wholly vitrifi’d.

LXXXVII

’Tis She that to these Gardens gave
That wondrous Beauty which they have;
She streightness on the Woods bestows;
To Her the Meadow sweetness owes;
Nothing could make the River be
So Chrystal–pure but only She;
She yet more Pure, Sweet, Streight, and Fair,
Then Gardens, Woods, Meads, Rivers are.

LXXXVIII

Therefore what first She on them spent,
They gratefully again present.
The Meadow Carpets where to tread;
The Garden Flow’rs to Crown Her Head;
And for a Glass the limpid Brook,
Where She may all her Beauties look;
But, since She would not have them seen,
The Wood about her draws a Skreen.

LXXXIX

For She, to higher Beauties rais’d,
Disdains to be for lesser prais’d.
She counts her Beauty to converse
In all the Languages as hers;
Nor yet in those her self imployes
But for the Wisdome, not the Noyse;
Nor yet that Wisdome would affect,
But as ’tis Heavens Dialect.

LXXXX

Blest Nymph! that couldst so soon prevent
Those Trains by Youth against thee meant;
Tears (watry Shot that pierce the Mind;)
And Sighs (Loves Cannon charg’d with Wind;)
True Praise (That breaks through all defence;)
And feign’d complying Innocence;
But knowing where this Ambush lay,
She scap’d the safe, but roughest Way.

Miscellaneous Poems

Upon Appleton House, to my Lord Fairfax.
LXXXI
This 'tis to have been from the first
In a *Domestick Heaven* nurst,
Under the *Discipline* severe
Of *Fairfax*, and the starry *Vere*;
Where not one object can come nigh
But pure, and spotless as the Eye;
And *Goodness* doth it self intail
On *Females*, if there want a *Male*.

LXXXII
Go now fond *Sex* that on your Face
Do all your useless Study place,
Nor once at Vice your Brows dare knit
Lest the smooth Forehead wrinkled sit
Yet your own Face shall at you grin,
Thorough the Black−bag of your Skin;
When *knowledge* only could have fill'd
And *Virtue* all those *Furrows* till'd.

LXXXIII
Hence *She* with Graces more divine
Supplies beyond her *Sex* the *Line*;
And, like a *sprig of Misleto*,
On the *Fairfacian* *Oak* does grow;
Whence, for some universal good,
The *Priest* shall cut the sacred Bud;
While her *glad Parents* most rejoice,
And make their *Destiny* their *Choice*.

LXXXIV
Mean time ye Fields, Springs, Bushes, Flow'rs,
Where yet She leads her studious Hours,
(Till Fate her worthily translates,
And *find a* *Fairfax* for our *Thwaites*)
Employ the means you have by Her,
And in your kind your selves preferr;
That, as all *Virgins* She preceds,
So you all *Woods, Streams, Gardens, Meads*.

LXXXV
For you *Thessalian* Tempe's *Seat*
Shall now be scorn'd as obsolete;
*Aranjeuz*, as less, disdain'd;
The *Bel−Retiro* as constrain'd;
But name not the *Idalian* *Grove*,
For 'twas the Seat of wanton Love;
Much less the Dead's *Elysian Fields*,
Yet nor to them your Beauty yields.
LXXXXVI
'Tis not, what once it was, the World;
But a rude heap together hurl'd;
All negligently overthrown,
Gulfes, Deserts, Precipices, Stone.
Your lesser World contains the same.
But in more decent Order tame;
You Heaven's Center, Nature's Lap.
And Paradise's only Map.

LXXXXVII
But now the Salmon−Fishers moist
Their Leathern Boats begin to hoist;
And, like Antipodes in Shoes,
Have shod their Heads in their Canoos.
How Tortoise like, but not so slow,
These rational Amphibii go?
Let's in: for the dark Hemisphere
Does now like one of them appear.

On the Victory obtained by Blake over the Spaniards,
in the Bay of Sanctacruze, in the Island of Teneriff. 1657.

Now does Spain's Fleet her spatious wings unfold,
Leaves the new World and hastens for the old:
But though the wind was fair, they slowly swoome
Frayted with acted Guilt, and Guilt to come:
For this rich load, of which so proud they are,
Was rais'd by Tyranny, and rais'd for War;
Every capacious Gallions womb was fill'd,
With what the Womb of wealthy Kingdomes yield,
The new Worlds wounded Intails they had tore,
For wealth wherewith to wound the old once more.
Wealth which all others Avarice might cloy,
But yet in them caus'd as much fear, as Joy.
For now upon the Main, themselves they saw,
That boundless Empire, where you give the Law,
Of winds and waters rage, they fearful be,
But much more fearful are your Flags to see
Day, that to those who sail upon the deep,
More wish't for, and more welcome is then sleep,
They dreaded to behold, Least the Sun's light,
With English Streamers, should salute their sight:
In thickest darkness they would choose to steer,
So that such darkness might suppress their fear;
At length theirs vanishes, and fortune smiles;
For they behold the sweet Canary Isles;
One of which doubtless is by Nature blest
Above both Worlds, since 'tis above the rest.
For least some Gloominess might stain her sky,
Trees there the duty of the Clouds supply;
O noble Trust which Heaven on this Isle pours,
Fertile to be, yet never need her showres.
A happy People, which at once do gain
The benefits without the ills of rain.
Both health and profit, Fate cannot deny;
Where still the Earth is moist, the Air still dry;
The jarring Elements no discord know,
Fewel and Rain together kindly grow;
And coolness there, with heat doth never fight;
This only rules by day, and that by Night.
Your worth to all these Isles, a just right brings,
The best of Lands should have the best of Kings.
And these want nothing Heaven can afford,
Unless it be, the having you their Lord;
But this great want, will not along one prove,
Your Conquering Sword will soon that want remove.
For Spain had better, Shee'l ere long confess,
Have broken all her Swords, then this one Peace,
Casting that League off, which she held so long,
She cast off that which only made her strong.
Forces and art, she soon will feel, are vain,
Peace, against you, was the sole strength of Spain.
By that alone those Islands she secures,
Peace made them hers, but War will make them yours;
There the indulgent Soil that rich Grape breeds,
Which of the Gods the fancied drink exceeds;
They still do yield, such is their preitious mould,
All that is good, and are not curst with Gold.
With fatal Gold, for still where that does grow,
Neither the Soyl, nor People quiet know.
Which troubles men to raise it when 'tis Oar,
And when 'tis raised, does trouble them much more.
Ah, why was thither brought that cause of War,
Kind Nature had from thence remov'd so far.
In vain doth she those Islands free from Ill,
If fortune can make guilty what she will.
But whilst I draw that Scene, where you ere long,
Shall conquests act, your present are unsung,
For Sanctacruze the glad Fleet takes her way,
And safely there casts Anchor in the Bay.
Never so many with one joyful cry,
That place saluted, where they all must dye.
Deluded men! Fate with you did but sport,
You scap't the Sea, to perish in your Port.
'Twas more for England's fame you should dye there,
Where you had most of strength, and least of fear.
The Peek's proud height, the Spaniards all admire,
Yet in their breasts, carry a pride much higher.
Onely to this vast hill a power is given,
At once both to Inhabit Earth and Heaven.
But this stupendious Prospect did not neer,
Make them admire, so much as as they did fear.  For here they met with news,
which did produce,
A grief, above the cure of Grapes best juice.
They learn'd with Terrou, that nor Summers heat,
Nor Winters storms, had made your Fleet retreat.
To fight against such Foes, was vain they knew,
Which did the rage of Elements subdue.
Who on the Ocean that does horror give,
To all besides, triumphanty do live.       With hast they therefore all their Gallions
moar,
    And flank with Cannon from the Neighbouring shelf.
    Forts, Lines, and Sconces all the Bay along,
They build and act all that can make them strong.    Fond men who know not whilst
such works they raise,
    They only Labour to exalt your praise.
Yet they by restless toyl, became at Length,
So proud and confident of their made strength.
That they with joy their boasting General heard,
Wish then for that assault he lately fear'd.
His wish he has, for now undaunted
Blake,
With winged speed, for Sanctacruze does make.
For your renown, his conquering Fleet does ride,
Ore Seas as vast as is the Spaniards pride.
Whose Fleet and Trenches view'd, he soon did say,
We to their Strength are more obilg'd then they.
Wer't not for that, they from their Fate would run,
And a third World seek out our Armes to shun.
Those Forts, which there, so high and strong appear,
Do not so much suppress, as shew their fear.
Of Speedy Victory let no man doubt,
Our worst works past, now we have found them out.
Behold their Navy does at Anchor lye,
And they are ours, for now they cannot fly.       This said, the whole Fleet gave it their
applause,
    And all assumes your courage, in your cause.
That Bay they enter, which unto them owes,
The noblest wreaths, that Victory bestows.
Bold Stainer Leads, this Fleets design'd by fate,
To give him Lawrel, as the Last did Plate.   The Thund'ring Cannon now begins the
Fight,
    And though it be at Noon, creates a Night.
The Air was soon after the fight begun,
Far more enflam'd by it, then by the Sun.
Never so burning was that Climate known,
War turn'd the temperate, to the Torrid Zone.     Fate these two Fleets, between both
Worlds had brought.
Who fight, as if for both those Worlds they fought.
Thousands of wayes, Thousands of men there dye,
Some Ships are sunk, some blown up in the skie.
Nature never made Cedars so high a Spire,  
As Oakes did then, Urg'd by the active fire.  
Which by quick powders force, so high was sent,  
That it return'd to its own Element.  
Torn Limbs some leagues into the Island fly,  
Whilst others lower, in the Sea do lye.  
Scarce souls from bodies sever'd are so far,  
By death, as bodies there were by the War.  
Th'all−seeing Sun, neer gaz'd on such a sight,  
Two dreadful Navies there at Anchor Fight.  
And neitheir have, or power, or will to fly,  
There one must Conquer, or there both must dye.  
Far different Motives yet, engag'd them thus,  
Necessity did them, but Choice did us.  
A choice which did the highest worth express,  
And was attended by as high success.  
For your resistless genious there did Raign,  
By which we Laurels reapt ev'n on the Mayn.  
So prosperous Stars, though absent to the sence,  
Bless those they shine for, by their Influence.  
Our Cannon now tears every Ship and  
Sconce,  
And o're two Elements Triumphs at once,  
Their Gallions sunk, their wealth the Sea does fill,  
The only place where it can cause no Ill,  
Ah would those Treasures which both Indies have,  
Were buryed in as large, and deep a grave,  
Wars chief support with them would buried be,  
And the Land owe her peace unto the Sea.  
Ages to come, your conquering Arms will bless,  
There they destroy, what had destroy'd their Peace.  
And in one War the present age may boast,  
The certain seeds of many Wars are lost,  
All the Foes Ships destroy'd, by Sea or fire,  
Victorious Blake, does from the Bay retire,  
His Seige of Spain he then again pursues,  
And there first brings of his success the news;  
The saddest news that ere to Spain was brought,  
Their rich Fleet sunk, and ours with Lawrel fraught.  
Whilst fame in every place, her Trumpet blowes,  
And tells the World, how much to you it owes.

A Dialogue between Thyrsis and Dorinda.

Dorinda.
When Death, shall snatch us from these Kids,  
And shut up our divided Lids,  
Tell me Thrissis, prethee do,  
Whither thou and I must go. Thyris.  
To the Elizium: [Dorinda] oh where i'ست?

Thyris.

A Dialogue between Thyrsis and Dorinda.
A Chast Soul, can never mis't.

**Dorinda.**

I know no way, but one, our home
Is our Elizium?

**Thyris.**

Cast thine Eye to yonder Skie,
There the milky way doth lye;
'Tis a sure but rugged way,
That leads to Everlasting day.

**Dorinda.**

There Birds may nest, but how can I,
That have no wings and cannot fly.

**Thyris.**

Do not sigh (fair Nimph) for fire
Hath no wings, yet doth aspire
Till it hit, against the pole,
Heaven's the Center of the Soul.

**Dorinda.**

But in Elizium how do they
Pass Eternity away.

**Thyris.**

Ho, ther's, neither hope nor fear
Ther's no Wolf, no Fox, no Bear.
No need of Dog to fetch our stray,
Our Lightfoot we may give away;
And there most sweetly thine Ear
May feast with Musick of the Sphear.

[Dorinda.]

How I my future state
By silent thinking, Antidate:
I preethe let us spend, our time come,
In talking of Elizium.

**Thyris.**

Then I'le go on: There, sheep are full
Of softest grass, and softest wooll;
There, birds sing Consorts, garlands grow,
Cold winds do whisper, springs do flow.
There, alwayes is, a rising Sun,
And day is ever, but begun.
Shepheards there, bear equal sway,
And every Nimph's a Queen of May.

**Dorinda.**

Ah me, ah me. Thyris.

**Dorinda.** why do'st Cry?

**Dorinda.**

I'm sick, I'm sick, and fain would dye:
Convinc't me now, that this is true;
By bidding, with mee, all adieu
I cannot live, without thee, I
Will for thee, much more with thee dye.

**Dorinda.**
Then let us give Corellia charge o’th Sheep,
And thou and I’le pick poppies and them steep
In wine, and drink on’t even till we weep,
So shall we smoothly pass away in sleep.

**The Character of Holland.**

_Holland, that scarce deserves the name of Land,_
As but th’Off−scouring of the British Sand;
And so much Earth as was contributed
By English Pilots when they heav’d the Lead;
Or what by th’Oceans slow alluvion fell,
Of shipwrackt Cockle and the Muscle−shell;
This indigested vomit of the Sea
Fell to the Dutch by just Propriety.            Glad then, as Miners that have found
the Oar,
They with mad labour fish’d the Land to Shoar ;
And div’d as desperately for each piece
Of Earth, as if’t had been of Ambergreece;
Collecting anxiously small Loads of Clay,
Less then what building Swallows bear away;
Or then those Pills which sordid Beetles roul,
Tranfusing into them their Dunghil Soul.           How did they rivet, with Gigantick
Piles,
Thorough the Center their new−catched Miles;
And to the stake a strugling Country bound,
Where barking Waves still bait the forced Ground;
Building their watry Babel far more high
To reach the Sea, then those to scale the Sky .           Yet still his claim the Injur’d Ocean
laid,
And oft at Leap−frog ore their Steeples plaid:
As if on purpose it on Land had come
To shew them what’s their Mare Liberum.
A daily deluge over them does boyl;
The Earth and Water play at Level−coyl;
The Fish oft−times the Burger dispossest,
And sat not as a Meat but as a Guest;
And oft the Tritons and the Sea−Nymphs saw
Whole sholes of Dutch serv’d up for Cabillau ;
Or as they over the new Level rang’d
For pickled Herring, pickled Heeren chang’d.
Nature, it seem’d, asham’d of her mistake,
Would throw their Land away at Duck and Drake .           Therefore Necessity, that first
made Kings,
Something like Government among them brings.
For as with Pygmees who best kills the Crane ,
Among the hungry he that treasures Grain,
Among the blind the one−ey’d blinkard reigns,
So rules among the drowned he that draines.
Not who first see the rising Sun commands,
But who could first discern the rising Lands.
Who best could know to pump an Earth so leak
Him they their Lord and Country's Father speak.
To make a Bank was a great Plot of State;
Invent a Shov'l and be a Magistrate.
Hence some small Dyke−grave unperceiv'd invades
The Pow'r, and grows as 'twere a King of Spades.
But for less envy some joynt States endures,
Who look like a Commission of the Sewers.
For these Half−anders, half wet, and half dry,
Nor bear strict service, nor pure Liberty.
’Tis probable Religion after this
Came next in order; which they could not miss.
How could the Dutch but be converted, when
Th'Apostles were so many Fishermen?
Besides the Waters of themselves did rise,
And, as their Land, so them did re−baptize.
Though Herring for their God few voices mist,
And Poor−John to have been th'Evangelist.
Faith, that could never. Twins conceive before,
Never so fertile, spawn'd upon this shore:
More pregnant then their Marg'ret, that laid down
For Hans−in−Kelder of a whole Hans−Town.
Sure when Religion did it self
imbark,
And from the East would Westward steer its Ark,
It struck, and splitting on this unknown ground,
Each one thence pillag'd the first piece he found:
Hence Amsterdam, Turk−Christian−Pagan−Jew,
Staple of Sects and Mint of Schisme grew;
That Bank of Conscience, where not one so strange
Opinion but finds Credit, and Exchange.
In vain for Catholicks our selves we bear;
The universal Church is onely there.
Nor can Civility there want for Tillage,
Where wisely for their Court they chose a Village.
How fit a Title clothes their Governours,
Themselves the Hogs as all their Subjects Bores
Let it suffice to give their
Country Fame
That it had one Civilis call'd by Name,
Some Fifteen hundred and more years ago,
But surely never any that was so. See but their Mairmaids with their Tails of
Fish,
Reeking at Church over the Chafing−Dish.
A vestal Turf enshrin'd in Earthen Ware
Fumes through the loop−holes of wooden Square.
Each to the Temple with these Altars tend,
But still does place it at her Western End:
While the fat steam of Female Sacrifice
Fills the Priests Nostrils and puts out his Eyes. Or what a Spectacle the Skipper
gross,
A Water−Hercules Butter−Coloss,
Tunn'd up with all their sev'ral Towns of Beer;  
When Stagg'ring upon some Land, Snick and Sneer,  
They try, like Statuaries, if they can,  
Cut out each others Athos to a Man:  
And carve in their large Bodies, where they please,  
The Armes of the United Provinces.  But when such Amity at home is show'd;  
What then are their confederacies abroad?  
Let this one court'sie witness all the rest;  
When their whole Navy they together prest,  
Not Christian Captives to redeem from Bands:  
Or intercept the Western golden Sands:  
No, but all ancient Rights and Leagues must vail,  
Rather then to the English strike their fail;  
To whom their weather−beaten Province ows  
It self, when as some greater Vessel tows  
A Cock−boat tost with the same wind and fate;  
We buoy'd so often up their sinking State.  Was this Jus Belli & Pacis; could this be  
Cause why their Burgomaster of the Sea  
Ram'd with Gun−powder, flaming with Brand wine,  
Should raging hold his Linstock to the Mine?  
While, with feign'd Treaties, they invade by stealth  
Our sore new circumcised Common wealth.  Yet of his vain Attempt no more he sees  
Then of Case−Butter shot and Bullet−Cheese.  
And the torn Navy stagger'd with him home,  
While the Sea laught it self into a foam,  
'Tis true since that (as fortune kindly sports,)  
A wholesome Danger drove us to our Ports.  
While half their banish'd keels the Tempest tost,  
Half bound at home in Prison to the frost:  
That ours mean time at leisure might careen,  
In a calm Winter, under Skies Serene.  
As the obsequious Air and Waters rest,  
Till the dear Halcyon hatch out all its nest.  
The Common wealth doth by its losses grow;  
And, like its own Seas, only Ebbs to flow.  
Besides that very Agitation laves,  
And purges out the corruptible waves.  And now again our armed Bucentore  
Doth yearly their Sea−Nuptials restore.  
And how the Hydra of seaven Provinces  
Is strangled by our Infant Hercules.  
Their Tortoise wants its vainly stretched neck;  
Their Navy all our Conquest or our Wreck:  
Or, what is left, their Carthage overcome  
Would render fain unto our better Rome.  
Unless our Senate, left their Youth disuse,  
The War, (but who would) Peace if begg'd refuse.  For now of nothing may our  
State despair,  
Darling of Heaven, and of Men the Care;  
Provided that they be what they have been,  
Watchful abroad, and honest still within.  
For while our Neptune doth a Trident shake,
Steel'd with those piercing Heads, Dean, Monck and Blake.
And while Jove governs in the highest Sphere,
Vainly in Hell let Pluto domineer.

An Horation Ode upon Cromwel's Return from Ireland.

The forward Youth that would appear
Must now forsake his Muses dear,
Nor in the Shadows sing
His Numbers languishing.
'Tis time to leave the Books in dust,
And oyl th'unused Armours rust:
Removing from the Wall
The Corslet of the Hall.
So restless Cromwel could not cease
In the inglorious Arts of Peace,
But through adventrous War
Urged his active Star.
And, like the three−fork'd Lightning, first
Breaking the Clouds where it was nurst,
Did through his own Side
His fiery way divide.
For 'tis all one to Courage high
The Emulous or Enemy;
And with such to inclose
Is more then to oppose.
Then burning through the Air he went,
And Pallaces and Temples rent:
And Cæsars head at last
Did through his Laurels blast.
'Tis Madness to resist or blame
The force of angry Heavens flame:
And, if we would speak true,
Much to the Man is due.
Who, from his private Gardens, where
He liv'd reserved and austere,
As if his hightest plot
To plant the Bergamot,
Could by industrious Valour climbe
To ruine the great Work of Time,
And cast the Kingdome old
Into another Mold.
Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the antient Rights in vain:
But those do hold or break
As Men are strong or weak.
Nature that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less:
And therefore must make room
Where greater Spirits come.
What Field of all the Civil Wars,
Where his were not the deepest Scars?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser Art.
Where, twining subtile fears with hope,
He wove a Net of such a scope,
That Charles himself might chase
To Caresbrooks narrow case.
That thence the Royal Actor born
The Tragick Scaffold might adorn
While round the armed Bands
Did clap their bloody hands.
He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable Scene:
But with his keener Eye
The Axes edge did try:
Nor call'd the Gods with vulgar spight
To vindicate his helpless Right;
But bow'd his comely Head,
Down as upon a Bed.
This was that memorable Hour
Which first assur'd the forced Pow'r.
So when they did design
The Capitols first Line,
A bleeding Head where they begun,
Did fright the Architects to run;
And yet in that the State
Foresaw it's happy Fate.
And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one Year tam'd:
So much one Man can do,
That does both act and know.
They can affirm his Praises best,
And have, though overcome, confest
How good he is, how just,
And fit for highest Trust:
Nor yet grown stiffer with Command,
But still in the Republick's hand:
How fit he is to sway
That can so well obey.
He to the Common Feet presents
A Kingdome, for his first years rents:
And, what he may, forbears
His Fame to make it theirs:
And has his Sword and Spoyls ungirt,
To lay them at the Publick's skirt.
So when the Falcon high
Falls heavy from the Sky,
She, having kill'd, no more does search,
But on the next green Bow to pearch;  
Where, when he first does lure,  
The Falckner has her sure.  
What may not then our Isle presume  
While Victory his Crest does plume!  
What may not others fear  
If thus he crown each Year!  
A Caesar he ere long to Gaul,  
To Italy an Hannibal,  
And to all States not free  
Shall Clymacterick be.  
The Pict no shelter now shall find  
Within his party-colour'd Mind;  
But from this Valour sad  
Shrink underneath the Plad:  
Happy if in the tufted brake  
The English Hunter him mistake;  
Nor lay his Hounds in near  
The Caledonian Deer.  
But thou the Wars and Fortunes Son  
March indefatigably on;  
And for the last effect  
Still keep thy Sword erect:  
Besides the force it has to fright  
The Spirits of the shady Night,  
The same Arts that did gain  
A Pow'r must it maintain.

**THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY Of the Government under O. C.**

Like the vain Curlings of the Watry maze,  
Which in smooth streams a sinking Weight does raise;  
So Man, declining always, disappears  
In the weak Circles of increasing Years;  
And his short Tumults of themselves Compose,  
While flowing Time above his Head does close.  
Cromwell alone with greater Vigour runs,  
(Sun-like) the Stages of succeeding Suns:  
And still the Day which he doth next restore,  
Is the just Wonder of the Day before.  
Cromwell alone doth with new Lustre spring,  
And shines the Jewel of the yearly Ring.  
Tis he the force of scatter'd Time contracts,  
And in one Year the work of Ages acts:  
While heavy Monarchs make a wide Return,  
Longer, and more Malignant then Saturn:  
And though they all Platonique years should reign,  
In the same Posture would be found again.  
Their earthy Projects under ground they lay,
More slow and brittle then the *China* clay:
Well may they strive to leave them to their Son,
For one Thing never was by one King don.
Yet some more active for a Frontier Town
Took in by Proxie, beggs a false Renown;
Another triumphs at the publick Cost,
And will have Wonn, if he no more have Lost;
They fight by Others, but in Person wrong,
And only are against their Subjects strong;
Their other Wars seem but a feign'd contest,
This Common Enemy is still opprest;
If Conquerors, on them they turn their might;
If Conquered, on them they wreak their Spight:
They neither build the Temple in their dayes,
Nor Matter for succeeding Founders raise;
Nor sacred Prophecies consult within,
Much less themselves to perfect them begin,
No other care they bear of things above,
But with Astrologers divine, and *Jove*,
To know how long their Planet yet Reprives
From the deserved Fate their guilty lives:
Thus (Image-like) and useless time they tell,
And with vain Scepter strike the hourly Bell;
Nor more contribute to the state of Things,
Then wooden Heads unto the Viols strings.

While indefatigable *Cromwell* hyes,

And cuts his way still nearer to the Skyes,
Learning a Musique in the Region clear,
To tune this lower to that higher Sphere.

So when *Amphion* did the Lute
command,
Which the God gave him, with his gentle hand,
The rougher Stones, unto his Measures hew'd,
Dans'd up in order from the Quarreys rude;
This took a Lower, that an Higher place,
As he the Treble alter'd, or the Base:
No Note he struck, but a new Story lay'd,
And the great Work ascended while he play'd.

The listning Structures he with
Wonder ey'd,
And still new Stopps to various Time apply'd:
Now through the Strings a Martial rage he throws,
And joyng streight the *Theban* Tow'r arose;
Then as he strokes them with a Touch more sweet,
The flocking Marbles in a Palace meet;
But, for he most the graver Notes did try,
Therefore the Temples rear'd their Columns high:
Thus, ere he ceas'd, his sacred Lute creates
Th'harmonious City of the seven Gates.

Such was that wondrous Order and
Consent,
When *Cromwell* tun'd the ruling Instrument;
While tedious Statesmen many years did hack,
Framing a Liberty that still went back;
Whose num'rous Gorge could swallow in an hour
That Island, which the Sea cannot devour:
Then our Amphion issues out and sings,
And once he struck, and twice, the pow'rful Strings.  

The Commonwealth then first together came,
And each one enter'd in the willing Frame;
All other Matter yields, and may be rul'd;
But who the Minds of stubborn Men can build?
No Quarry bears a Stone so hardly wrought,
Nor with such labour from its Center brought;
None to be sunk in the Foundation bends,
Each in the House the highest Place contends,
And each the Hand that lays him will direct,
And some fall back upon the Architect;
Yet all compos'd by his attractive Song,
Into the Animated City throng.  

The Commonwealth does through their Centers all
Draw the Circumf'rence of the publique Wall;
The crossest Spirits here do take their part,
Fast'ning the Contignation which they thwart;
And they, whose Nature leads them to divide,
Uphold, this one, and that the other Side;
But the most Equal still sustain the Height,
And they as Pillars keep the Work upright;
While the resistance of opposed Minds,
The Fabrick as with Arches stronger binds,
Which on the Basis of a Senate free,
Knit by the Roofs Protecting weight agree.

When for his Foot he thus a place had found,
He hurles e'r since the World about him round;
And in his sev'ral Aspects, like a Star,
Here shines in Peace, and thither shoots a War.
While by his Beams observing Princes steer,
And wisely court the Influence they fear;
O would they rather by his Pattern won.
Kiss the approaching, nor yet angry Son;
And in their numbred Footsteps humbly tread
The path where holy Oracles do lead;
How might they under such a Captain raise
The great Designes kept for the latter Dayes!
But mad with Reason, so miscall'd, of State
They know them not, and what they know not, hate,
Hence still they sing Hosanna to the Whore,
And her whom they should Massacre adore:
But Indians whom they should convert, subdue;
Nor teach, but traffique with, or burn the Jew.

Unhappy Princes, ignorantly bred,
By Malice some, by Erroour more misled;
If gracious Heaven to my Life give length,
Leisure to Time, and to my Weakness Strength,
Then shall I once with graver Accents shake
Your Regal sloth, and your long Slumbers wake;
Like the shrill Huntsman that prevents the East,
Winding his Horn to Kings that chase the Beast. Till then my Muse shall hollow far behind

Angelique Cromwell who outwings the wind;
And in dark Nights, and in cold Dayes alone
Pursues the Monster thorough every Throne:
Which shrinking to her Roman Den impure,
Gnashes her Goary teeth; nor there secure. Hence oft I think, if in some happy Hour
High Grace should meet in one with highest Pow'r,
And then a seasonable People still
Should bend to his, as he to Heavens will,
What we might hope, what wonderful Effect
From such a wish'd Conjuncture might reflect.
Sure, the mysterious Work, where none withstand,
Would forthwith finish under such a Hand:
Fore−shortned Time its useless Course would stay,
And soon precipitate the latest Day.
But a thick Cloud about that Morning lyes,
And intercepts the Beams of Mortal eyes,
That 'tis the most which we determine can,
If these the Times, then this must be the Man.
And well he therefore does, and well has guest,
Who in his Age has always forward prest:
And knowing not where Heavens choice may light,
Girds yet his Sword, and ready stands to fight;
But Men alas, as if they nothing car'd,
Look on, all unconcern'd, or unprepar'd;
And Stars still fall, and still the Dragons Tail
Swinges the Volumes of its horrid Flail.
For the great Justice that did first suspend
The World by Sin, does by the same extend.
Hence that blest Day still counterpoysed wastes,
The Ill delaying, what th'Elected hastes;
Hence landing Nature to new Seas is tost,
And good Designes still with their Authors lost. And thou, great Cromwell, for whose
happy birth
A Mold was chosen out of better Earth;
Whose Saint−like Mother we did lately see
Live out an Age, long as a Pedigree;
That she might seem, could we the Fall dispute,
T'have smelt the Blossome, and not eat the Fruit;
Though none does of more lasting Parents grow,
But never any did them Honor so;
Though thou thine Heart from Evil still unstain'd,
And always hast thy Tongue from fraud refrain'd;
Thou, who so oft through Storms of thundring Lead
Hast born securely thine undaunted Head,
Thy Brest through ponyarding Conspiracies,
Drawn from the Sheath of lying Prophecies;
Thee proof beyond all other Force or Skill,
Our Sins endanger, and shall one day kill. How near they fail'd, and in thy sudden Fall
At once assay'd to overturn us all.

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Miscellaneous Poems

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY Of the Government under O. C.
Our brutish fury strugling to be Free,
Hurry'd thy Horses while they hurry'd thee.
When thou hadst almost quit thy Mortal cares,
And soyl'd in Dust thy Crown of silver Hairs.
Let this one Sorrow interweave among
The other Glories of our yearly Song.
Like skilful Looms which through the costly threed
Of purling Ore, a shining wave do shed:
So shall the Tears we on past Grief employ,
Still as they trickle, glitter in our Joy.
So with more Modesty we may be True,
And speak as of the Dead the Praises due:
While impious Men deceiv'd with pleasure short,
On their own Hopes shall find the Fall retort.
But the poor Beasts wanting their noble Guide,
What could they more? shrunk guiltily aside.
First winged Fear transports them far away,
And leaden Sorrow then their flight did stay.
See how they each his towring Crest abate,
And the green Grass, and their known Mangers hate,
Nor through wide Nostrils snuffe the wanton air,
Nor their round Hoofs, or curled Mane's compare;
With wandring Eyes, and restless Ears they stood,
And with shrill Neighings ask'd him of the Wood.
Thou Cromwell falling, not a stupid Tree,
Or Rock so savage, but it mourn'd for thee:
And all about was heard a Panique groan,
As if that Natures self were overthrown.
It seem'd the Earth did from the Center tear;
It seem'd the Sun was faln out of the Sphere:
Justice obstructed lay, and Reason fool'd; 
Courage disheartned, and Religion cool'd.
A dismal Silence through the Palace went,
And then loud Shreeks the vaulted Marbles rent.
Such as the dying Chorus sings by turns,
And to deaf Seas, and ruthless Tempests mourns,
When now they sink, and now the plundring Streams
Break up each Deck, and rip the Oaken seams.
But thee triumphant hence the firy Carr,
And firy Steeds had born out of the Warr,
From the low World, and thankless Men above,
Unto the Kingdom blest of Peace and Love:
We only mourn'd our selves, in thine Ascent,
Whom thou hadst left beneath with Mantle rent.
For all delight of Life thou then didst lose,
When to Command, thou didst thy self Depose;
Resigning up thy Privacy so dear,
To turn the headstrong Peoples Charioteer;
For to be Cromwell was a greater thing,
Then ought below, or yet above a King:
Therefore thou rather didst thy Self depress,
Yielding to Rule, because it made thee Less.
For, neither didst thou from the first apply
Thy sober Spirit unto things too High,
But in thine own Fields exercisedst long,
An healthful Mind within a Body strong;
Till at the Seventh time thou in the Skyes,
As a small Cloud, like a Mans hand didst rise;
Then did thick Mists and Winds the air deform,
And down at last thou pow'r'dst the fertile Storm;
Which to the thirsty Land did plenty bring,
But though forewarn'd, o'r—took and wet the King.       What since he did, an higher Force
him push'd
Still from behind, and it before him rush'd,
Though undiscern'd among the tumult blind,
Who think those high Decrees by Man design'd.
'Twas Heav'n would not that his Pow'r should cease,
But walk still middle betwixt War and Peace;
Choosing each Stone, and poysing every weight,
Trying the Measures of the Bredth and Height;
Here pulling down, and there erecting New,
Founding a firm State by Proportions true.       When Gideon so did from the War retreat,
Yet by the Conquest of two Kings grown great,
He on the Peace extends a Warlike power,
And Is'rel silent saw him rase the Tow'r;
And how he Succoths Elders durst suppress,
With Thorns and Briars of the Wilderness.
No King might ever such a Force have done;
Yet would not he be Lord, nor yet his Son.       Thou with the same strength, and an Heart
as plain,
Didst (like thine Olive) still refuse to Reign;
Though why should others all thy Labor spoil,
And Brambles be anointed with thine Oyl,
Whose climbing Flame, without a timely stop,
Had quickly Levell'd every Cedar's top.
Therefore first growing to thy self a Law,
Th'ambitious Shrub's thou in just time didst aw.       So have I seen at Sea, when whirling
Winds,
Hurry the Bark, but more the Seamens minds,
Who with mistaken Course salute the Sand,
And threat'ning Rocks misapprehend for Land;
While baleful Tritons to the shipwrack guide.
And Corpysants along the Tacklings slide.
The Passengers all wearyd out before,
Giddy, and wishing for the fatal Shore;
Some lusty Mate, who with more careful Eye
Counted the Hours, and ev'ry Star did spy,
The Helm does from the artless Steersman strain,
And doubles back unto the safer Main.
What though a while they grumble discontent,
Saving himself he does their loss prevent.       'Tis not a Freedome, that where All
command;
Nor Tyranny, where One does them withstand:
But who of both the Bounders knows to lay
Him as their Father must the State obey. Thou, and thine House, like Noah's Eight did rest,  
Left by the Wars Flood on the Mountains crest:  
And the large Vale lay subject to thy Will,  
Which thou but as an Husbandman would Till:  
And only didst for others plant the Vine  
Of Liberty, not drunken with its Wine. That sober Liberty which men may have,  
That they enjoy, but more they vainly crave:  
And such as to their Parents Tents do press,  
May shew their own, not see his Nakedness. Yet such a Chammish issue still does rage,  
The Shame and Plague both of the Land and Age,  
Who watch'd thy halting, and thy Fall deride,  
Rejoycing when thy Foot had slipt aside;  
That their new King might the fifth Scepter shake,  
And make the World, by his Example, Quake:  
Whose frantique Army should they want for Men  
Might muster Heresies, so one were ten.  
What thy Misfortune, they the Spirit call,  
And their Religion only is to Fall.  
Oh Mahomet! now couldst thou rise again,  
Thy Falling−sickness should have made thee Reign,  
While Feake and Simpson would in many a Tome,  
Have writ the Comments of thy sacred Foame:  
For soon thou mightst have past among their Rant  
Wer't but for thine unmoved Tulipant;  
As thou must needs have own'd them of thy band  
For prophecies fit to be Alcorand. Accursed Locusts, whom your King does spit  
Out of the Center of th'unbottom'd Pit;  
Wand'rans, Adult'rans, Lyers, Munser's rest,  
Sorcerers, Atheists, Jesuites, Possess;  
You who the Scriptures and the Laws deface  
With the same liberty as Points and Lace;  
Oh Race most hypocritically strict!  
Bent to reduce us to the ancient Pict;  
Well may you act the Adam and the Eve;  
Ay, and the Serpent too that did deceive. But the great Captain, now the danger's ore,  
Makes you for his sake Tremble one fit more;  
And, to your spight, returning yet alive  
Does with himself all that is good revive. So when first Man did through the Morning new  
See the bright Sun his shining Race pursue,  
All day he follow'd with unwearied sight,  
Pleas'd with that other World of moving Light;  
But thought him when he miss'd his setting beams,  
Sunk in the Hills, or plung'd below the Streams.  
While dismal blacks hung round the Universe,  
And Stars (like Tapers) burn'd upon his Herse:  
And Owls and Ravens with their screeching noyse  
Did make the Fun'rals sadder by their Joyes.  
His weeping Eyes the doleful Vigils keep,  
Not knowing yet the Night was made for sleep:
Still to the West, where he him lost, he turn'd,
And with such accents, as Despairing, mourn'd:
Why did mine Eyes once see so bright a Ray;
Or why Day last no longer then a Day?
When streight the Sun behind him he descry'd,
Smiling serenely from the further side. So while our Star that gives us Light and Heat,
Seem'd now a long and gloomy Night to threat,
Up from the other World his Flame he darts,
And Princes shining through their windows starts;
Who their suspected Counsellors refuse,
And credulous Ambassadors accuse. 'Is this, saith one, the Nation that we read
'Spent with both Wars, under a Captain dead?
'Yet rig a Navy while we dress us late;
'And ere we Dine, rase and rebuild our State.
'What Oaken Forrests, and what golden Mines!
'What Mints of Men, what Union of Designes!
'Unless their Ships, do, as their Fowle proceed
'Of shedding Leaves, that with their Ocean breed.
'Theirs are not Ships, but rather Arks of War,
'And beaked Promontories sail'd from far;
'Of floting Islands a new Hatched Nest;
'A Fleet of Worlds, of other Worlds in quest;
'An hideous shole of wood—Leviathans,
'Arm'd with three Tire of brazen Hurricans;
'That through the Center shoot their thundring side
'And sink the Earth that does at Anchor ride.
'What refuge to escape them can be found,
'Whose watry Leaguers all the world surround?
'Needs must we all their Tributaries be,
'Whose Navies hold the Sluces of the Sea.
'The Ocean is the Fountain of Command,
'But that once took, we Captives are on Land.
'And those that have the Waters for their share,
'Can quickly leave us neither Earth nor Air.
'Yet if through these our Fears could find a pass;
'Through double Oak, & lin'd with treble Brass;
'That one Man still, although but nam'd, alarms
'More then all Men, all Navies, and all Arms.
'Him, all the Day, Him, in late Nights I dread,
'And still his Sword seems hanging o're my head:
'The Nation had been ours, but his one Soul
'Moves the great Bulk, and animates the whole.
'He Secrecy with Number hath inchas'd,
'Courage with Age, Maturity with Hast:
'The Valiants Terror, Riddle of the Wise;
'And still his Fauchion all our Knots unties.
'Where did he learn those Arts that cost us dear?
'Where below Earth, or where above the Sphere?
'He seems a King by long Succession born,
'And yet the same to be a King does scorn.
'Abroad a King he seems, and something more,

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY Of the Government under  O. C.
'At Home a Subject on the equal Floor.
'O could I once him with our Title see,
'So should I hope yet he might Dye as wee.
'But let them write his Praise that love him best,
'It grieves me sore to have thus much confest. Pardon, great Prince, if thus their Fear or

Spight
  More then our Love and Duty do thee Right.
  I yield, nor further will the Prize contend;
So that we both alike may miss our End:
  While thou thy venerable Head dost raise
  As far above their Malice as my Praise.
  And as the Angel of our Commonweal,
  Troubling the Waters, yearly mak't them Heal.

Two Songs at the Marriage of the Lord Fauconberg and the Ludy Mary Cromwell.

First. [Th' Astrologers own Eyes are set]

Chorus. Endymion. Luna.

Chorus.
  Th' Astrologers own Eyes are set,
  And even Wolves the Sheep forget;
Only this Shepheard, late and soon,
  Upon this Hill outwakes the Moon.
  Heark how he sings, with sad delight,
  Thorough the clear and silent Night.

Endymion.
  Cynthia, O Cynthia, turn thine Ear,
  Nor scorn Endymions plaints to hear.
  As we our Flocks, so you command
  The fleecy Clouds with silver wand.

Cynthia.
  If thou a Mortal, rather sleep;
  Or if a Shepheard, watch thy Sheep.

Endymion.
  The Shepheard, since he saw thine Eyes,
  And Sheep are both thy Sacrifice.
  Nor merits he a Mortal's name,
  That burns with an immortal Flame.

Cynthia.
  I have enough for me to do,
  Ruling the Waves that Ebb and flow.

Endymion.
  Since thou disdain'st not then to share
  On Sublunary things thy care;
  Rather restrain these double Seas,
  Mine Eyes uncessant deluges.
Cynthia.
   My wakeful Lamp all night must move,
   Securing their Repose above.

Endymion.
   If therefore thy resplendent Ray
   Can make a Night more bright then Day;
   Shine thorough this obscurer Brest,
   With shades of deep Despair opprest.

Chorus.
   Courage, Endymion, boldly Woo,
   Anchises was a Shepheard too:
   Yet is her younger Sister laid
   Sporting with him in Ida's shade:
   And Cynthia, though the strongest,
   Seeks but the honour to have held out longest.

Endymion.
   Here unto Latmos Top I clime:
   How far below thine Orbe sublime?
   O why, as well as Eyes to see,
   Have I not Armes that reach to thee?

Cynthia.
   'Tis needless then that I refuse,
   Would you but your own Reason use.

Endymion.
   Though I so high may not pretend,
   It is the same so you descend.

Cynthia.
   These Stars would say I do them wrong,
   Rivals each one for thee too strong.

Endymion.
   The Stars are fix'd unto their Sphere,
   And cannot, though they would, come near.
   Less Loves set of each others praise,
   While Stars Eclypse by mixing Rayes. Cynthia.
   That Cave is dark.

Endymion
   Then none can spy:
   Or shine Thou there and 'tis the Sky.

Chorus.
   Joy to Endymion,
   For he has Cynthia's favour won.
   And Jove himself approves
   With his serenest influence their Loves.
   For he did never love to pair
   His Progeny above the Air;
   But to be honest, valiant, wise,
   Makes Mortals matches fit for Deityes.
Second Song. [Phillis, Tomalin, away]


_Hobbinol._

_Phillis, Tomalin, away:_

Never such a merry day.
For the Northern Shepheards Son
Has Menalca's daughter won.

_Phillis._

Stay till I some flow'rs ha' ty'd
In a Garland for the Bride.

_Tomalin._

If thou would'st a Garland bring,

_Phillis_ you may wait the Spring:

They ha' chosen such an hour
When She is the only flow'r.

_Phillis._

Let's not then at least be seen
Without each a Sprig of Green.

_Hobbinol._

Fear not; at Menalca's Hall
There is Bayes enough for all.
He when Young as we did graze,
But when Old he planted Bayes.

_Tomalin._

Here She comes; but with a Look
Far more catching then my Hook.
'Twas those Eyes, I now dare swear;
Led our Lambs we knew not where.

_Hobbinol._

Not our Lambs own Fleeces are
Curl'd so lovely as her Hair:
Nor our Sheep new Wash'd can be
Half so white or sweet as She.

_Phillis._

He so looks as fit to keep
Somewhat else then silly Sheep.

_Hobbinol._

Come, lets in some Carol new
Pay to Love and Them their due.

_All._

Joy to that happy Pair,
Whose Hopes united banish our Despair.
What Shephoard could for Love pretend,
Whil'st all the Nymphs on Damon's choice attend?
What Shepherdess could hope to wed
Before Marina's turn were sped?
Now lesser Beauties may take place,
And meaner Virtues come in play;
While they,
Looking from high,
Shall grace
Our Flocks and us with a propitious Eye.
  But what is most, the gentle Swain
No more shall need of Love complain;
  But Virtue shall be Beauties hire,
And those be equal that have equal Fire.

Marina yields. Who dares be coy?
Or who despair, now Damon does enjoy?
Joy to that happy Pair,
Whose Hopes united banish our Despair.

A Poem upon the Death of O. C.

That Providence which had so long the care
Of Cromwell's head, and numbred ev'ry hair,
Now in its self (the Glass where all appears)
Had seen the period of his golden Years:
And thenceforth onely did attend to trace,
What death might least so fair a Life deface.

The People, which what most they fear esteem,
Death when more horrid so more noble deem;
And blame the last Act, like Spectators vain,
Unless the Prince whom they applaud be slain.
Nor Fate indeed can well refuse that right
to those that liv'd in War, to dye in Fight.

But long his Valour none had left that could
Indanger him, or Clemency that would.
And he whom Nature all for Peace had made,
But angry Heaven unto War had sway'd,
And so less useful where he most desir'd,
For what he least affected was admir'd,
Deserved yet an End whose ev'ry part
Should speak the wondrous softness of his Heart.

To Love and Grief the fatal Writ was sign'd;
(Those nobler weaknesses of humane Mind,
From which those Powers that issu'd the Decree,
Although immortal, found they were not free.)
That they, to whom his Breast still open lyes,
In gentle Passions should his Death disguise:
And leave succeeding Ages cause to mourn,
As long as Grief shall weep, or Love shall burn.

Streight does a slow and languishing Disease
Eliza, Natures and his darling, seize.
Her when an infant, taken with her Charms,
He oft would flourish in his mighty Arms;
And, lest their force the tender burthen wrong,
Slacken the vigour of his Muscles strong;
Then to the Mothers brest her softly move,
Which while she drain'd of Milk she fill'd with Love:
But as with riper Years her Virtue grew,
And ev'ry minute adds a Lustre new;
When with meridian height her Beauty shin'd,
And thorough that sparkled her fairer Mind;
When She with Smiles serene and Words discreet
His hidden Soul at ev'ry turn could meet;
Then might y' ha' daily his Affection spy'd,
Doubling that knot which Destiny had ty'd:
While they by sence, not knowing, comprehend
How on each other both their Fates depend.
With her each day the pleasing Hours he shares,
And at her Aspect calms her growing Cares;
Or with a Grand sire's joy her Children sees
Hanging about her neck or at his knees.
Hold fast dear Infants, hold them both or none;
This will not stay when once the other's gone.            A silent fire now wasts those

Limbs of Wax,
And him within his tortur'd Image racks.
So the Flowr with'ring which the Garden crown'd,
The sad Root pines in secret under ground.
Each Groan he doubled and each Sigh he sigh'd,
Repeated over to the restless Night.
No trembling String compos'd to numbers new,
Answers the touch in Notes more sad more true.
She lest He grieve hides what She can her pains,
And He to lessen hers his Sorrow feigns:
Yet both perceiv'd, yet both conceal'd their Skills,
And so diminishing increast their ills:
That whether by each others grief they fell,
Or on their own redoubled, none can tell.           And now Eliza's purple Locks were

shorn,
Where She so long her Fathers fate had worn:
And frequent lightning to her Soul that flyes,
Devides the Air, and opens all the Skyes:
And now his Life, suspended by her breath,
Ran out impetuously to hasting Death.
Like polish'd Mirrors, so his steely Brest
Had ev'ry figure of her woes exprest;
And with the damp of her last Gasps obscur'd,
Had drawn such staines as were not to be cur'd.
Fate could not either reach with single stroke,
But the dear Image fled the Mirrour broke.              And now shall tell us more of

mournful Swans,
Of Halcyons kind, or bleeding Pelicans?
No downy breast did ere so gently beat,
Or fan with airy plumes so soft an heat.
For he no duty by his height excus'd,
Nor though a Prince to be a Man refus'd:
But rather then in his Eliza's pain
Not love, not grieve, would neither live nor reign.

A Poem upon the Death of O. C.
And in himself so oft immortal try'd,
Yet in compassion of another dy'd.    So have I seen a Vine, whose lasting Age
Of many a Winter hath surviv'd the rage.
Under whose shady tent Men ev'ry year
At its rich bloods expence their Sorrows cheer,
If some dear branch where it extends its life
Chance to be prun'd by an untimely knife,
The Parent−Tree unto the Grief succeeds,
And through the Wound its vital humour bleeds;
Trickling in watry drops, whose flowing shape
Weeps that it falls ere fix'd into a Grape.
So the dry Stock, no more that spreading Vine,
Frustrates the Autumn and the hopes of Wine.    A secret Cause does sure those Signs
ordain
Fore boding Princes falls, and seldom vain.
Whether some Kinder Pow'rs, that wish us well,
What they above cannot prevent, foretell;
Or the great World do by consent presage,
As hollow Seas with future Tempests rage:
Or rather Heav'n, which us so long foresees,
Their fun'rals celebrate while it decrees.
But never yet was any humane Fate
By nature solemniz'd with so much state.
He unconcern'd the dreadful passage crost;
But oh what pangs that Death did Nature cost!
First the great Thunder was shot off, and sent
The Signal from the starry Battlement.
The Winds receive it, and its force out−do,
As practising how they could thunder too:
Out of the Binders Hand the Sheaves they tore,
And thrash'd the Harvest in the airy floore;
Or of huge Trees, whose growth with his did rise,
The deep foundations open'd to the Skyes.
Then heavy Showres the winged Tempests dead,
And pour the Deluge ore the Chaos head.
The Race of warlike Horses at his Tomb
Offer themselves in many an Hecatomb;
With pensive head towards the ground they fall,
And helpless languish at the tainted Stall.
Numbers of Men decrease with pains unknown,
And hasten not to see his Death their own.
Such Tortures all the Elements unfix'd,
Troubled to part where so exactly mix'd.
And as through Air his wasting Spirits flow'd,
The Universe labour'd beneath their load.    Nature it seem'd with him would Nature vye;
He with Eliza, It with him would dye.    He without noise still travell'd to his End,
As silent Suns to meet the Night descend.
The Stars that for him fought had only pow'r
Left to determine now his fatal Hour,
Which, since they might not hinder, yet they cast
To chuse it worthy of his Glories past.    No part of time but bore his mark away

A Poem upon the Death of O. C.
Of honour; all the Year was Cromwell's day
But this, of all the most auspicious found,
Twice had in open field him Victor crown'd
When up the armed Mountains of Dunbar
He march'd, and through deep Severn ending war.
What day should him eternize but the same
That had before immortaliz'd his Name?
That so who ere would at his Death have joy'd,
In their own Griefs might find themselves impoy'd;
But those that sadly his departure griev'd,
Yet joy'd remembring what he once atchiev'd.
And the last minute his victorious Ghost
Gave chase to Ligny on the Belgick Coast.
Here ended all his mortal toyles: He lay'd
And slept in Peace under the Lawrel shade.       O Cromwell, Heavens Favorite! To none
Have such high honours from above been shown:
For whom the Elements we Mourners see,
And Heav'n it self would the great Herald be;
Which with more Care set forth his Obsequies
Then those of Moses hid from humane Eyes;
As jealous only here lest all be less,
That we could to his Memory express.       Then let us to our course of Mourning keep:
Where Heaven leads, 'tis Piety to weep.
Stand back ye Seas, and shrunk beneath the vail
Of your Abyssse, with cover'd Head bewail
Your Monarch: We demand not your supplies
To compass in our Isle; our Tears suffice;
Since him away the dismal Tempest rent,
Who once more joyn'd us to the Continent;
Who planted England on the Flandrick shoar,
And stretch'd our frontire to the Indian Ore;
Whose greater Truths obscure the Fables old,
Whether of Brittish Saints or Worthy's told;
And in a valour less'ning Arthur's deeds,
For Holyness the Confessor exceeds.       He first put Armes into Religions hand,
And tim'rous Conscience unto Courage man'd:
The Souldier taught that inward Mail to wear,
And fearing God how they should nothing fear.
Those Strokes he said will pierce through all below
Where those that strike from Heaven fetch their Blow.
Astonish'd armyes did their flight prepare:
And Cityes strong were stormed by his prayer.
Of that for ever Prestons field shall tell
The story, and impregnable Chonmell.
And where she sandy mountain Fenwick scald
The sea between yet hence his pray'r prevail'd.
What man was ever so in Heav'n obey'd
Since the commanded Sun ore Gibeon stayd.
In all his warrs needs must he triumph, when
He conquer'd God still ere he fought with men.       Hence though in battle none so brave or

A Poem upon the Death of O. C.
Yet him the adverse steel could never pierce:
Pitty it seem'd to hurt him more that felt
Each wound himself which he to others delt,
Danger it self refusing to offend
So loose an enemy so fast a freind.
Friendship that sacred vertue long dos claime
The first foundation of his house and name
But within one its narrow limitts fall
His tendernesse extended unto all:
And that deep soule through every chanell flows
Where kindly nature loves it self to lose.
More strong affections never reason serv'd
Yet still affected most what best deserv'd.
If he Eliza lov'd so that degree
(Though who more worthy to be lov'd then she)
If so indulgent to his own, how deare
To him the Children of the Highest were?
For her he once did natures tribute pay:
For these his life adventur'd every day.
And 't would be found could we his thoughts have cast
Their griefs struck deepest if Eliza's last.
What prudence more then humane did he need
To keep so deare, so diff'ring mindes agreed?
The worser sort as conscious of their ill,
Lye weak and easy to the rulers will:
But to the good (too many or too few).
All law is uselesse all reward is due.
Oh ill advis'd if not for Love for shame
Spare yet your own if you neglect his fame.
Least others dare to think your zeale a maske
And you to govern only Heavens taske.
Valour, Religion, Friendship, Prudence dy'd
At once with him and all that's good beside:
And we deaths refuse Natures dregs confin'd
To loathsome life Alas are left behinde:
Where we (so once we us'd) shall now no more
To fetch day presse about his chamber door;
From which he issu'd with that awfull state
It seem'd Mars broke through Ianus double gate:
Yet alwayes temper'd with an Aire so mild
No Aprill suns that ere so gently smil'd:
No more shall heare that powerfull language charm
Whose force oft spar'd the labour of his arm:
No more shall follow where he spent the dayes
In warre, in counsell, or in pray'r, and praise,
Whose meanest acts he would himself advance
As ungirt David to the Arke did dance.
All All is gone of ours or his delight
In horses fierce, wild deer or armour bright.
Francisca faire can nothing now but weep
Nor with soft notes shall sing his cares asleep.
And mortall sleep over those wakefull eys:
I saw him dead, a leaden slumber lyes
Those gentle Rayes under the lidds were fled
Which through his lookes that piercing sweetnesse she
That port which so Majestique was and strong
Loose and depriv'd of vigour stretch'd along:
All wither'd, ill discolour'd pale and wan,
How much another thing, no more that man?
Oh humane glory vaine, Oh death, Oh wings,
Oh worthlesse world, Oh transitory things.    Yet dwelt that greatnesse in his shape
decay'd
That still though dead greater then death he layd.
And in his alter'd face you something faire
That threatens death he yet will live againe.    Not much unlike the sacred Oake which
shoots
To heav'n its branches and through earth its roots:
Whose spacious boughs are hung with Trophees round,
And honour'd wreaths have oft the Victour crown'd
When angry Jove darts lightning through the Aire
At mortalls sins, nor his own plant will spare
(It groanes and bruses all below that stood
So many yeares the shelter of the wood)
The tree erewhile foreshorten'd to our view
When folk shews taller yet then as it grew.    So shall his praise to after times increase
When truth shall be allow'd and faction cease
And his own shadows with him fall. The Eye
Detracts from objects then it self more high:
But when death takes them from that envy'd seate
Seing how little we confesse how greate.    Thee many ages hence in martaill verse
Shall th'English souldier ere he charge rehearse:
Singing of thee inflame themselvs to fight
And with the name of Cromwell armyes fright.
As long as rivers to the seas shall runne
As long as Cynthia shall relieve the sunne,
While staggs shall fly unto the forests thick,
While sheep delight the grassy downs to pick,
As long as future time succeeds the past,
Always thy honour, praise and name shall last.    Thou in a pitch how farre, beyond the
sphere
Of humane glory towr'st, and raigning there
Despoyld of mortall robes, in seas of blisse
Plunging dost bathe, and tread the bright Abyssse:
There thy great soule yet once a world dos see
Spacious enough, and pure enough for thee.
How soon thou Moses hast and Isoua found
And David for the Sword, and harpe renown'd?
How strait canst to each happy Mansion goe?
(Farr better known above then here below)
And in those joyes dost spend the endlessse day
Which in expressing we our selves betray.    For we since thou art gone with heavy
doome
Wander like ghosts about thy loved tombe:
And lost in tears have neither sight nor minde
To guide us upward through this Region blinde
Since thou art gone who best that way could'st teach
Onely our sighs perhaps may thither reach.
And Richard yet where his great Parent led
Beats on the rugged track: He vertue dead
Revives, and by his milder beams assures;
And yet how much of them his griefe obscures?
He as his Father long was kept from sight
In private to be view'd by better light:
But open'd once, what splendour dos he throw
A Cromwell in an houre a Prince will grow.
How he becomes that seat, how strongly streins,
How gently winds at once the ruling Reins?
Heav'n to this choise prepar'd a Diadem
Richer then any Eastern silk or gemme:
A pearly rainbow; where the Sun inchas'd
His brows like an Imperiall Iewell grac'd.
We find already what those Omens mean,
Earth nere more glad, nor heaven more serene:
Cease now our griefs, Calme peace succeeds a war
Rainbows to storms, Richard to Oliver.
Tempt not his clemency to try his pow'r
He threatens no Deluge, yet foretells a showre.
Poetry About Miscellaneous Things. Original online poetry are poems which couldn't fit into other categories. They range from religious and spiritual to nature -- with everything in between. All poems are personally written by the owner of this website, Gary R. Hess. In short, these poems fit well within the "miscellaneous" category. They aren't about break ups, love, friendship, patriotism, and they definitely aren't funny. They are something else.