

That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears, than wars or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

~~~~~  
WOLSEY TO CROMWELL.

THUS far hear me, Cromwell ;  
And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee,  
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—  
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;  
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.  
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.  
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :  
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it ?  
Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee ;  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's. Then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,  
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr !—Serve the King,  
And,—pr'ythee, lead me in ;  
There take an inventory of all I have,  
To the last penny, 't is the King's : my robe,  
And my integrity to Heaven, is all I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !  
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal

I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

~~~~~  
CARDINAL WOLSEY'S DEATH.

AT last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey ; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him ;
To whom he gave these words,—“ O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
Give him a little earth for charity ! ”
So went to bed ; where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still ; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight (which he himself
Foretold should be his last), full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

~~~~~  
TAKE, O TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY !

*Measure for Measure.*

TAKE, O take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn ;  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn :  
But my kisses bring again,  
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, O hide those hills of snow,  
Which thy frozen bosom bears,  
On whose tops the pinks that grow  
Are of those that April wears :  
But first set my poor heart free,  
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

LOVE AND LUST.

LOVE comforteth like sunshine after rain ;  
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun ;  
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain ;  
Lust's winter comes, e'er summer half be done. [dies :  
Love surfeits not ; Lust like a glutton  
Love is all truth ; Lust full of forged lies.

*Venus and Adonis.*

~~~~~  
SUNRISE.

LO! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty ;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus and Adonis.

~~~~~  
LUCRETIA SLEEPING.

HER lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,  
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss ;  
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,  
Swelling on either side to want his bliss ;  
Between whose hills her head entombed is ;

\* \* \* \* \*

Without the bed her other fair hand was,  
On the green coverlet, whose perfect white  
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,  
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night. [their light,  
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd  
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,  
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath ;  
O modest wantons ! wanton modesty !  
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,

And death's dim look in life's mortality.  
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,  
As if between them twain there were no strife, [in life,  
But that life liv'd in death, and death

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,  
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,  
Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they knew,  
And him by oath they truly honoured.

\* \* \* \* \*  
*Rape of Lucrece.*

~~~~~  
WHAT WIN I IF I GAIN ?

WHAT win I if I gain the thing I seek ?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
Who buys a minute's mirth, to wait a week ?
Or sells eternity to get a toy ?
For one sweet grape, who will the wine destroy ? [crown,
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the
Would with the sceptre strait be
struck down ?

Rape of Lucrece.

~~~~~  
VENUS WITH THE DEAD BODY OF ADONIS.

SHE looks upon his lips, and they are pale ;  
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold ;  
She whispers in his ear a heavy tale,  
As if he heard the woeful words she told :  
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,  
Where, lo, two lamps burnt out in darkness lies !

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld  
A thousand times, and now no more reflect ; [excell'd,  
Their virtue lost, wherein they late  
And every beauty robb'd of his effect.  
Wonder of time ! (quoth she) this is my spite,  
That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.



Since thou art dead, lo ! here I prophesy,  
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend ;  
It shall be waited on with jealousy,  
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end ;  
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low ;  
That all love's pleasure shall not match  
his woe.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,  
And shall be blasted in a breathing-while,  
The bottom poison, and the top o'er-  
straw'd  
With sweets that shall the sharpest sight  
beguile.  
The strongest body shall it make most  
weak,  
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the  
fool to speak.

It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,  
Teaching decrepid age to tread the mea-  
sures ;  
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,  
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor  
with treasures ;  
It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,  
Make the young old, the old become a  
child.

It shall suspect where is no cause of fear ;  
It shall not fear where it should most  
distrust ;  
It shall be merciful, and too severe,  
And most deceiving when it seems most  
just ;  
Perverse it shall be, when it seems  
most toward,  
Put fear to valour, courage to the  
coward.

It shall be cause of war and dire  
events,  
And set dissention 'twixt the son and  
sire ;  
Subject and servile to all discontents,  
As dry combustious matter is to fire.  
Sith in his prime, death doth my love  
destroy,  
They that love best, their loves shall  
not enjoy.

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd  
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,

And in his blood, that on the ground lay  
spill'd,  
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd  
with white,  
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and  
the blood  
Which in round drops upon their  
whiteness stood.

She bows her head the new-sprung flower  
to smell,  
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath ;  
And says within her bosom it shall dwell,  
Since he himself is reft from her by death :  
She crops the stalk, and in the breach  
appears  
Green dropping sap, which she com-  
pares to tears.

Poor flower ! (quoth she) this was thy  
father's guise  
(Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling  
sire),  
For every little grief to wet his eyes,  
To grow unto himself was his desire,  
And so 't is thine ; but know, it is as  
good  
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

Here was thy father's bed, here in my  
breast,  
Thou art the next of blood, and 't is thy  
right ;  
Low in this hollow cradle take thy rest,  
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day  
and night :  
There shall not be one minute of an  
hour,  
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's  
flower.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,  
And yokes her silver doves, by whose  
swift aid  
Their mistress, mounted, through the  
empty skies  
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd ;  
Holding their course to Paphos, where  
their queen  
Means to immure herself, and not be  
seen.

*Venus and Adonis.*

## SONNET.

FULL many a glorious morning have I  
seen  
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign  
eye,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows  
green,  
Gilding pale streams with heavenly al-  
chemy ;  
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
With ugly rack on his celestial face,  
And from the forlorn world his visage  
hide,  
Stealing unseen to west with this dis-  
grace :  
Even so my sun one early morn did shine  
With all-triumphant splendour on my  
brow ;  
But, out, alack ! he was but one hour  
mine,  
The region cloud hath mask'd him from  
me now.  
Yet him for this my love no whit dis-  
daineth ;  
Suns of the world may stain when  
heaven's sun staineth.

## SONNET.

NOT marble, not the gilded monuments  
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful  
rhyme ;  
But you shall shine more bright in these  
contents  
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with  
sluttish time.  
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,  
And broils root out the work of masonry,  
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire  
shall burn  
The living record of your memory.  
'Gainst death and all oblivion's enmity  
Shall you pace forth ; your praise shall  
still find room,  
Even in the eyes of all posterity  
That wear this world out to the ending  
doom.  
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,  
You live in this, and dwell in lovers'  
eyes.

## SONNET.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,  
For as you were when first your eye I  
ey'd,  
Such seems your beauty still. Three  
winters' cold  
Have from the forests shook three sum-  
mers' pride :  
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn  
turn'd  
In process of the seasons have I seen,  
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes  
burn'd,  
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are  
green.  
Ah ! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,  
Steal from his figure, and no pace per-  
ceiv'd !  
So your sweet hue, which methinks still  
doth stand,  
Hath motion, and mine eye may be  
deceiv'd.  
For fear of which, hear this, thou age  
unbred,  
Ere you were born was beauty's sum-  
mer dead.

## SONNET.

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent  
thought  
I summon up remembrance of things  
past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear  
time's waste :  
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,  
For precious friends hid in death's date-  
less night,  
And weep afresh love's long-since-can-  
cell'd woe,  
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd  
sight.  
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,  
Which I new pay as if not paid before.  
But if the while I think on thee, dear  
friend,  
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows  
end.



[ANONYMOUS. 1635.]

## THE FAIRY QUEEN.

COME follow, follow me,  
You, fairy elves that be :  
Which circle on the greene,  
Come follow Mab your queene.  
Hand in hand let's dance around,  
For this place is fairye ground.

When mortals are at rest,  
And snoring in their nest ;  
Unheard, and unesp'y'd,  
Through key-holes we do glide ;  
Over tables, stools, and shelves,  
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And, if the house be foul  
With platter, dish, or bowl,  
Up stairs we nimbly creep,  
And find the sluts asleep :  
There we pinch their armes and thighs ;  
None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,  
And from uncleanness kept,  
We praise the household maid,  
And duely she is paid :  
For we use before we goe  
To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroom's head  
Our table-cloth we spread ;  
A grain of rye, or wheat,  
Is manchet, which we eat ;  
Pearly drops of dew we drink  
In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,  
With unctuous fat of snailles,  
Between two cockles stew'd,  
Is meat that's easily chew'd ;  
Tales of wormes, and marrow of mice,  
Do make a dish that's wondrous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,  
Serve for our minstrelsie ;  
Grace said, we dance a while,  
And so the time beguile :  
And if the moon doth hide her head,  
The gloe-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewie grasse  
So nimbly do we passe ;  
The young and tender stalk  
Ne'er bends when we do walk :  
Yet in the morning may be seen  
Where we the night before have been.

[SIR WALTER RALEIGH. 1593.]

## THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

Go, soul, the body's guest,  
Upon a thankless errand !  
Fear not to touch the best ;  
The truth shall be thy warrant.  
Go, since I needs must die,  
And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the Court—it glows  
And shines like rotten wood ;  
Go, tell the Church—it shows  
What's good, and doth no good.  
If Church and Court reply,  
Then give them both the lie.

Tell Potentates—they live  
Acting by others' action,  
Not loved unless they give,  
Not strong but by a faction.  
If Potentates reply,  
Give Potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition  
That rule affairs of state—  
Their purpose is ambition,  
Their practice—only hate.  
And if they once reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,  
They beg for more by spending  
Who, in their greatest cost,  
Seek nothing but commending.  
And if they make reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Zeal—it lacks devotion ;  
Tell Love—it is but lust ;  
Tell Time—it is but motion ;  
Tell Flesh—it is but dust.  
And wish them not reply,  
For thou must give the lie.

Tell Age—it daily wasteth ;  
Tell Honour—how it alters ;  
Tell Beauty—how she blasteth ;  
Tell Favour how it falters,  
And as they shall reply,  
Give every one the lie.

Tell Wit—how much it wrangles  
In tickle points of niceness ;  
Tell Wisdom—she entangles  
Herself in over-wiseness.  
And when they do reply,  
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell Physic—of her boldness ;  
Tell Skill—it is pretension ;  
Tell Charity—of coldness ;  
Tell Law—it is contention.  
And as they do reply,  
So give them still the lie.

Tell Fortune—of her blindness ;  
Tell Nature—of decay ;  
Tell Friendship—of unkindness ;  
Tell Justice—of delay.  
And if they will reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Arts—they have no soundness,  
But vary by esteeming ;  
Tell Schools—they want profoundness,  
And stand too much on seeming.  
If Arts and Schools reply,  
Give Arts and Schools the lie.

Tell Faith—it's fled the City ;  
Tell—how the Country erreth ;  
Tell—Manhood shakes off pity ;  
Tell—Virtue least preferreth.  
And if they do reply,  
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I  
Commanded thee, done blabbing,  
Although to give the lie  
Deserves no less than stabbing,  
Yet stab at thee who will,  
No stab the soul can kill.

## DULCINA.

[Ascribed to SIR WALTER RALEIGH on doubtful authority.]

As at noon Dulcina rested  
In her sweet and shady bower,

Came a shepherd, and requested  
In her lap to sleep an hour.  
But from her look  
A wound he took  
So deep, that for a further boon  
The nymph he prays.  
Whereto she says,  
Forego me now, come to me soon.

But in vain she did conjure him  
To depart her presence so ;  
Having a thousand tongues to allure him,  
And but one to bid him go ;  
Where lips invite,  
And eyes delight,  
And cheeks, as fresh as rose in June,  
Persuade delay ;  
What boots she say,  
Forego me now, come to me soon ?

He demands what time for pleasure  
Can there be more fit than now ;  
She says, night gives love that leisure,  
Which the day can not allow.  
He says, the sight  
Improves delight ;  
Which she denies : night's murky noon  
In Venus' plays  
Makes bold, she says ;  
Forego me now, come to me soon.

But what promise or profession  
From his hands could purchase scope,  
Who would sell the sweet possession  
Of such beauty for a hope ?  
Or for the sight  
Of lingering night  
Forego the present joys of noon ?  
Though ne'er so fair  
Her speeches were,  
Forego me now, come to me soon.

How, at last, agreed these lovers ?  
She was fair, and he was young ;  
The tongue may tell what th' eye discovers ;  
Joys unseen are never sung.  
Did she consent,  
Or he relent ;  
Accepts he night, or grants she noon ;  
Left he her a maid,  
Or not ; she said,  
Forego me now, come to me soon.



[G. WITHER. 1588—1667.]

## SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP!

SLEEP, baby, sleep! what ails my dear,  
What ails my darling thus to cry?  
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,  
To hear me sing thy lullaby.  
My pretty lamb, forbear to weep;  
Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou blessed soul, what canst thou fear?  
What thing to thee can mischief do?  
Thy God is now thy father dear,  
His holy Spouse thy mother too.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Though thy conception was in sin,  
A sacred bathing thou hast had;  
And though thy birth unclean hath been,  
A blameless babe thou now art made.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

While thus thy lullaby I sing,  
For thee great blessings ripening be;  
Thine Eldest Brother is a king,  
And hath a kingdom bought for thee.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Sweet baby, sleep, and nothing fear;  
For whosoever thee offends  
By thy protector threaten'd are,  
And God and angels are thy friends.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

When God with us was dwelling here,  
In little babes He took delight;  
Such innocents as thou, my dear,  
Are ever precious in his sight.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

A little infant once was He;  
And strength in weakness then was laid  
Upon His virgin mother's knee,  
That power to thee might be convey'd.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

In this thy frailty and thy need  
He friends and helpers doth prepare,  
Which thee shall cherish, clothe, and feed,  
For of thy weal they tender are.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

The King of kings, when he was born,  
Had not so much for outward ease;  
By Him such dressings were not worn,  
Nor such like swaddling-clothes as these.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Within a manger lodged thy Lord,  
Where oxen lay, and asses fed:  
Warm rooms we do to thee afford,  
An easy cradle or a bed.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

The wants that He did then sustain  
Have purchased wealth, my babe, for thee;  
And by His torments and His pain  
Thy rest and ease secur'd be.  
My baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou hast, yet more, to perfect this,  
A promise and an earnest got  
Of gaining everlasting bliss,  
Though thou, my babe, perceiv'st it not.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

## SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR.

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

Should my heart be griev'd or pin'd  
'Cause I see a woman kind?  
Or a well-dispos'd nature  
Join'd with a lovely feature?

Be she meeker, kinder than  
Turtle-dove or pelican,  
If she be not so to me,  
What care I how kind she be?

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

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

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

## I LOVED A LASS, A FAIR ONE.

I LOV'D a lass, a fair one,  
As fair as e'er was seen;  
She was indeed a rare one,  
Another Sheba Queen.  
But, fool as then I was,  
I thought she lov'd me too:  
But now, alas! she's left me,  
Falero, lero, loo.

Her hair like gold did glisten,  
Each eye was like a star,  
She did surpass her sister,  
Which pass'd all others far;  
She would me honey call,  
She'd, oh—she'd kiss me too:  
But now, alas! she's left me,  
Falero, lero, loo.

Many a merry meeting  
My love and I have had;

She was my only sweeting,  
She made my heart full glad;  
The tears stood in her eyes,  
Like to the morning dew:  
But now, alas! she's left me,  
Falero, lero, loo.

Her cheeks were like the cherry,  
Her skin as white as snow;  
When she was blythe and merry,  
She angel-like did show;  
Her waist exceeding small,  
The fives did fit her shoe:  
But now, alas! she's left me,  
Falero, lero, loo.

In summer time or winter  
She had her heart's desire;  
I still did scorn to stint her  
From sugar, sack, or fire;  
The world went round about,  
No cares we ever knew:  
But now, alas! she's left me,  
Falero, lero, loo.

To maidens' vows and swearing  
Henceforth no credit give;  
You may give them the hearing,  
But never them believe;  
They are as false as fair,  
Unconstant, frail, untrue:  
For mine, alas! hath left me,  
Falero, lero, loo.

[THOMAS HEYWOOD. 1607.]

## GOOD-MORROW.

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

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



YE LITTLE BIRDS THAT SIT  
AND SING.*Faire Maide of the Exchange.*

YE little birds that sit and sing  
Amidst the shady valleys,  
And see how Phillis sweetly walks  
Within her garden alleys;  
Go, pretty birds, about her bower,  
Sing, pretty birds; she may not lower.  
Ah me! methinks I see her frown:  
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go tell her through your chirping bills  
As you by me are bidden,  
To her is only known my love,  
Which from the world is hidden.  
Go, pretty birds, and tell her so;  
See that your notes strain not too low,  
For still methinks I see her frown:  
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go tune your voices' harmony,  
And sing I am her lover;  
Strain loud and sweet, that every note  
With sweet content may move her;  
And she that hath the sweetest voice,  
Tell her I will not change my choice;  
Yet still methinks I see her frown:  
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Oh, fly, make haste; see, see, she falls  
Into a pretty slumber;  
Sing round about her rosy bed,  
That, waking, she may wonder.  
Sing to her, 'tis her lover true  
That sendeth love by you and you;  
And when you hear her kind reply,  
Return with pleasant warblings.

[SIR HENRY WOTTON. 1568—1639.]

## YOU MEANER BEAUTIES.

YOU meaner beauties of the night,  
That poorly satisfy our eyes  
More by your number than your light,—  
You common people of the skies,  
What are you when the moon shall  
rise?

Ye violets that first appear,  
By your pure purple mantles known,

Like the proud virgins of the year,  
As if the spring were all your own,—  
What are you when the rose is blown?

Ye curious chanters of the wood,  
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,  
Thinking your passion understood  
By your weak accents,—what's your  
praise  
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

So when my mistress shall be seen,  
In sweetness of her looks and mind,  
By virtue first, then choice, a queen,  
Tell me if she was not design'd  
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY  
LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught  
That serveth not another's will,  
Whose armour is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,  
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death,  
Untied unto the world by care  
Of public fame or private breath.

Who envies none that chance doth  
raise,  
Nor vice hath ever understood;  
How deepest wounds are given by praise,  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumours freed,  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray  
More of his grace than gifts to lend,  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile hands,  
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;  
Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
And having nothing, yet hath all.

[WILLIAM WALSH. 1663—1709.]

## RIVALRY IN LOVE.

OF all the torments, all the cares,  
With which our lives are curst;  
Of all the plagues a lover bears,  
Sure rivals are the worst!  
By partners of each other kind,  
Afflictions easier grow;  
In love alone we hate to find  
Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see  
Are labouring in my breast;  
I beg not you would favour me,  
Would you but slight the rest.  
How great soe'er your rigours are,  
With them alone I'll cope:  
I can endure my own despair,  
But not another's hope.

[EDMUND WALLER. 1603—1687.]

## GO, LOVELY ROSE!

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

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

Small is the worth  
Of beauty from the light retired:  
Bid her come forth,  
Suffer herself to be desired,  
And not blush so to be admired.

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

ADDITIONAL STANZA BY KIRKE WHITE.

[Yet, though thou fade,  
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise;

And teach the maid  
That goodness Time's rude hand de-  
fies,—  
That virtue lives when beauty dies.]

## ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confined  
Shall now my joyful temples bind:  
It was my heaven's extremest sphere,  
The pale which held that lovely dear.  
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,  
Did all within this circle move!—  
A narrow compass! and yet there  
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair.  
Give me but what this ribbon bound,  
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

## OLD AGE.

THE seas are quiet when the winds give  
o'er;  
So calm are we when passions are no  
more;  
For then we know how vain it was to  
boast  
Of fleeting things too certain to be lost.  
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes  
Conceal that emptiness which age de-  
scries.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and  
decay'd,  
Lets in new light through chinks that  
time has made:  
Stronger by weakness wiser men become  
As they draw near to their eternal home:  
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they  
view  
That stand upon the threshold of the  
new.

[GEORGE HERBERT. 1593—1633.]

## VIRTUE.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky,  
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to night,  
For thou must die.  
Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,  
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,



Thy root is ever in its grave,  
And thou must die.  
Sweet spring, full of sweet days and  
roses,  
A box where sweets compacted lie,  
My music shows you have your closes,  
And all must die.  
Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
Like seasoned timber, never gives ;  
But when the whole world turns to coal,  
Then chiefly lives.

[THOMAS CAREW. 1580—1639.]

MEDIOCRITY IN LOVE  
REJECTED.

GIVE me more love, or more disdain ;  
The torrid or the frozen zone  
Brings equal ease unto my pain ;  
The temperate affords me none :  
Either extreme, of love or hate,  
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm ; if it be love—  
Like Danaë in a golden shower,  
I swim in pleasure ; if it prove  
Disdain, that torrent will devour  
My vulture hopes ; and he's possess'd  
Of heaven, that's but from hell releas'd.  
Then crown my joys, or cure my pain ;  
Give me more love, or more disdain.

ON CELIA SINGING.

You that think love can convey  
No other way  
But through the eyes into the heart  
His fatal dart ;  
Close up their casements, and but hear  
This syren sing,  
And on the wing  
Of her sweet voice it shall appear  
That love can enter at the ear.  
Then unveil your eyes, behold  
The curious mould  
Where that voice dwells ; and as we know  
When the cocks crow  
We freely may  
Gaze on the day,  
So may you, when the music's done,  
Awake and see the rising sun.

HE THAT LOVES A ROSY  
CHEEK.

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

But a smooth and steadfast mind,  
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,  
Hearts with equal love combin'd,  
Kindle never-dying fires ;  
Where these are not, I despise  
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

ASK ME NO MORE.

ASK me no more, where Jove bestows,  
When June is past, the fading rose ;  
For in your beauties' orient deep,  
These flow'rs, as in their causes, sleep.

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

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

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

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

MURDERING BEAUTY.

I'LL gaze no more on her bewitching face,  
Since ruin harbours there in every place ;  
For my enchanted soul alike she drowns  
With calms and tempests of her smiles  
and frowns.

I'll love no more those cruel eyes of hers,  
Which, pleas'd or anger'd, still are murderers :  
For if she dart (like lightning) through  
the air  
Her beams of wrath, she kills me with  
despair ;  
If she behold me with a pleasing eye,  
I surfeit with excess of joy, and die.

A PRAYER TO THE WIND.

Go, thou gentle whispering wind,  
Bear this sigh ; and if thou find  
Where my cruel fair doth rest,  
Cast it in her snowy breast ;  
So inflam'd by my desire,  
It may set her heart a-fire :  
Those sweet kisses thou shalt gain,  
Will reward thee for thy pain.  
Boldly light upon her lip,  
There suck odours, and thence skip  
To her bosom ; lastly, fall  
Down, and wander over all ;  
Range about those ivory hills  
From whose every part distills  
Amber dew ; there spices grow,  
There pure streams of nectar flow ;  
There perfume thyself, and bring  
All those sweets upon thy wing :  
As thou return'st change by thy pow'r  
Every weed into a flow'r ;  
Turn each thistle to a vine,  
Make the bramble eglantine ;  
For so rich a booty made,  
Do but this, and I am paid.  
Thou canst with thy pow'ful blast,  
Heat apace, and cool as fast :  
Thou canst kindle hidden flame,  
And again destroy the same ;  
Then, for pity, either stir  
Up the fire of love in her,  
That alike both flames may shine,  
Or else quite extinguish mine.

UNGRATEFUL BEAUTY.

KNOW, Celia, since thou art so proud,  
'T was I that gave thee thy renown :

Thou hadst, in the forgotten crowd  
Of common beauties, liv'd unknown,  
Had not my verse exhal'd thy name,  
And with it impt the wings of Fame.

That killing power is none of thine,  
I gave it to thy voice and eyes :  
Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine ;  
Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies ;  
Then dart not from thy borrowed sphere  
Lightning on him that fix'd thee there.

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

RED AND WHITE ROSES.

READ in these roses the sad story,  
Of my hard fate, and your own glory ;  
In the white you may discover  
The paleness of a fainting lover ;  
In the red the flames still feeding  
On my heart with fresh wounds bleeding,  
The white will tell you how I languish,  
And the red express my anguish :  
The white my innocence displaying,  
The red my martyrdom betraying :  
The frowns that on your brow resided,  
Have those roses thus divided.  
Oh ! let your smiles but clear the weather,  
And then they both shall grow together,

THE PRIMROSE.

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



## THE PROTESTATION.

No more shall meads be deck'd with  
flowers,  
Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bowers ;  
Nor greenest buds on branches spring,  
Nor warbling birds delight to sing ;  
Nor April violets paint the grove ;  
If I forsake my Celia's love.

The fish shall in the ocean burn,  
And fountains sweet shall bitter turn ;  
The humble oak no flood shall know  
When floods shall highest hills o'erflow ;  
Black Lethe shall oblivion leave ;  
If e'er my Celia I deceive.

Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,  
And Venus' doves want wings to fly ;  
The sun refuse to shew his light,  
And day shall then be turn'd to night,  
And in that night no star appear ;  
If once I leave my Celia dear.

Love shall no more inhabit earth,  
Nor lovers more shall love for worth ;  
Nor joy above in heaven dwell,  
Nor pain torment poor souls in hell ;  
Grim Death no more shall horrid prove ;  
If e'er I leave bright Celia's love.

[RICHARD LOVELACE. 1618—1658.]

## TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

WHEN love with unconfined wings  
Hovers within my gates,  
And my divine Althea brings  
To whisper at my grates ;  
When I lie tangled in her hair,  
And fetter'd to her eye,  
The birds that wanton in the air  
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,  
With no allaying Thames,  
Our careless heads with roses bound,  
Our hearts with loyal flames ;  
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,  
When healths and draughts are free,—  
Fishes that tipple in the deep  
Know no such liberty.

When linnet-like confin'd, I  
With shriller throat shall sing  
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,  
And glories of my king :  
When I shall voice aloud how good  
He is, how great should be,—  
Enlarg'd winds that curl the flood  
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage ;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for a hermitage :  
If I have freedom in my love,  
And in my soul am free,—  
Angels alone that soar above  
Enjoy such liberty.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO  
THE WARS.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,—  
That from the nunnery  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind  
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,  
The first foe in the field ;  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such  
As you, too, shall adore ;  
I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honour more.

[SIR JOHN SUCKLING. 1613—1641.]

I PRITHEE, SEND ME BACK MY  
HEART.

I PRITHEE send me back my heart,  
Since I cannot have thine ;  
For if from yours you will not part,  
Why, then, shouldst thou have mine ?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,  
To find it were in vain ;  
For thou'st a thief in either eye  
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,  
And yet not lodge together ?  
O Love ! where is thy sympathy,  
If thus our breasts thou sever ?

But love is such a mystery,  
I cannot find it out ;  
For when I think I'm best resolv'd,  
Then I am most in doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe ;  
I will no longer pine ;  
For I'll believe I have her heart,  
As much as she has mine.

## WHY SO PALE AND WAN ?

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

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

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

## TRUE LOVE.

No, no, fair heretic, it needs must be  
But an ill love in me,  
And worse for thee ;  
For were it in my power  
To love thee now this hour  
More than I did the last ;  
'Twould then so fall,  
I might not love at all ;  
Love that can flow, and can admit  
increase,  
Admits as well an ebb, and may grow  
less.

True love is still the same ; the torrid  
zones,  
And those more frigid ones  
It must not know :  
For love grown cold or hot,  
Is lust, or friendship, not  
The thing we have.  
For that's a flame would die  
Held down, or up too high :  
Then think I love more than I can ex-  
press,  
And would love more, could I but love  
thee less.

[SIR CHARLES SEDLEY. 1639—1701.]

## THE GROWTH OF LOVE.

AH, Chloris ! that I now could sit  
As unconcerned, as when  
Your infant beauty could beget  
No pleasure nor no pain.

When I the dawn used to admire,  
And praised the coming day,  
I little thought the growing fire  
Must take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,  
Like metals in the mine :  
Age from no face took more away,  
Than youth conceal'd in thine.

But as your charms insensibly  
To their perfection pressed,  
Fond love as unperceived did fly,  
And in my bosom rest.

My passion with your beauty grew,  
And Cupid at my heart,  
Still, as his mother favoured you,  
Threw a new flaming dart.

Each gloried in their wanton part :  
To make a lover, he  
Employed the utmost of his art—  
To make a beauty she.

Though now I slowly bend to love,  
Uncertain of my fate,  
If your fair self my chains approve,  
I shall my freedom hate.



Lovers, like dying men, may well  
At first disordered be ;  
Since none alive can truly tell  
What fortune they must see.

[RICHARD CRASHAW. 1616—1648.]

### EUTHANASIA ; OR, THE HAPPY DEATH.

WOULD'ST see blithe looks, fresh cheeks  
beguile  
Age? would'st see December smile?  
Would'st see hosts of new roses grow  
In a bed of reverend snow?  
Warm thoughts, free spirits, flattering  
Winter's self into a spring?  
In some would'st see a man that can  
Live to be old, and still a man?  
Whose latest and most leaden hours,  
Fall with soft wings stuck with soft  
flowers ;  
And when life's sweet fable ends,  
Soul and body part like friends ;  
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay—  
A kiss, a sigh, and so—away ;—  
This rare one, reader, would'st thou see?  
Hark hither!—and thyself be he.

### EPITAPH.

To these, whom death again did wed,  
This grave's their second marriage-bed.  
For though the hand of Fate could force,  
'Twixt soul and body a divorce,  
It could not sunder man and wife,  
'Cause they both lived but one life.  
Peace, good reader, do not weep ;  
Peace, the lovers are asleep ;  
They (sweet turtles) folded lie,  
In the last knot love could tie.  
And though they lie as they were dead,  
Their pillow stone, their sheets of lead ;  
(Pillow hard, and sheets not warm)  
Love made the bed, they'll take no harm.  
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,  
Till this stormy night be gone,  
And th' eternal morrow dawn ;  
Then the curtains will be drawn,  
And they wake into that light  
Whose day shall never die in night.

### O ! THOU UNDAUNTED.

O ! THOU undaunted daughter of desires,  
By all thy dower of lights and fires ;  
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove ;  
By all thy lives and deaths of love ;  
By thy large draughts of intellectual day ;  
And by thy thirsts of love, more large  
than they ;  
By all thy brim-fill'd bowls of fierce desire ;  
By thy last morning's draught of liquid  
fire ;  
By the full kingdom of that final kiss,  
That seal'd thy parting soul, and made  
thee his ;  
By all the heavens thou hast in him,  
Fair sister of the seraphim ;  
By all of him we have in thee,  
Leave nothing of myself in me ;  
Let me so read thy life, that I  
Unto all life of mine may die.

### THE TEAR.

WHAT bright soft thing is this,  
Sweet Mary, thy fair eyes expense?  
A moist spark it is.  
A wat'ry diamond ; from whence  
The very term I think was found,  
The water of a diamond.

O 'tis not a tear,  
'Tis a star about to drop  
From thine eye its sphere,  
The sun will stoop and take it up,  
Proud will his sister be to wear  
This thine eye's jewel in her ear.

O 'tis a tear,  
Too true a tear ; for no sad een  
How sad soe'er  
Rain so tear as thine ;  
Each drop leaving a place so dear,  
Weeps for itself, as its own tear.

Such a pearl as this  
(Slipt from Aurora's dewy breast)  
The rose bud's sweet lip kisses ;  
And such the rose itself when vent  
With ungentle flames, does shed,  
Sweating in too warm a bed.

Such the maiden gem,  
By the wanton spring put on,  
Peeps from her parent stem,  
And blushes on the wat'ry sun ;  
This wat'ry blossom of thy een,  
Ripe will make the richer wine.

Fair drop, why quak'st thou so?  
'Cause thou straight must lay thy head  
In the dust? O no,  
The dust shall never be thy bed ;  
A pillow for thee will I bring,  
Stuff'd with down of angel's wing :

Thus carried up on high,  
(For to heaven thou must go)  
Sweetly shalt thou lie,  
And in soft slumbers bathe thy woe,  
Till the singing orbs awake thee,  
And one of their bright chorus make  
thee.

There thyself shalt be  
An eye, but not a weeping one,  
Yet I doubt of thee,  
Whether th' hadst rather there have  
shone,  
An eye of heaven ; or still shine here,  
In th' heaven of Mary's eye a tear.

[THOMAS STANLEY. 1664—1698.]

### THE DEPOSITION.

THOUGH when I lov'd thee thou wert  
fair,  
Thou art no longer so :  
Those glories, all the pride they wear  
Unto opinion owe.  
Beauties, like stars, in borrow'd lustre  
shine,  
And 't was my love that gave thee thine.

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

Then, proud Celinda, hope no more  
To be implor'd or woo'd ;

Since by thy scorn thou dost restore  
The wealth my love bestow'd ;  
And thy despis'd disdain too late shall  
find  
That none are fair but who are kind.

[ROBERT HERRICK. 1591—1674.]

### TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon ;  
As yet the early rising sun  
Has not attained his noon.  
Stay, stay,  
Until the hasting day  
Has run  
But to the even-song !  
And, having prayed together, we  
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,  
We have as short a spring,  
As quick a breath to meet decay,  
As you, or any thing.  
We die  
As your hours do, and dry  
Away,  
Like to the summer's rain,  
Or as the pearls of morning dew,  
Ne'er to be found again.

### TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,  
Why do ye fall so fast?  
Your date is not so past,  
But you may stay yet here awhile  
To blush and gently smile,  
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be,  
An hour or half's delight,  
And so to bid good-night?  
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth,  
Merely to show your worth  
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we  
May read, how soon things have  
Their end, though ne'er so brave.



And after they have shown their pride,  
Like you, awhile, they glide  
Into the grave.

~~~~~  
NIGHT-PIECE TO JULIA.

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee!

No Will-o'-the-wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee!

But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay, [thee.
Since ghost there is none to affright

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number.

Then Julia let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And, when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.

~~~~~  
THE MAD MAID'S SONG.

GOOD-MORROW to the day so fair,  
Good-morrow, sir, to you;  
Good-morrow to my own torn hair,  
Bedabbled all with dew.

Good-morrow to this primrose too;  
Good-morrow to each maid  
That will with flowers the tomb bestrew  
Wherein my love is laid.

Ah, woe is me; woe, woe is me;  
Alack and well-a-day!  
For pity, sir, find out that bee  
Which bore my love away.

I'll seek him in your bonnet brave;  
I'll seek him in your eyes;  
Nay, now I think they've made his grave  
In the bed of strawberries.

I'll seek him there, I know ere this  
The cold, cold earth doth shake him;  
But I will go, or send a kiss  
By you, sir, to awake him.

Pray hurt him not; though he be dead,  
He knows well who do love him,  
And who with green turfs rear his head,  
And who so rudely move him.

He's soft and tender, pray take heed;  
With bands of cowslips bind him,  
And bring him home; but 't is decreed  
That I shall never find him.

~~~~~  
[NICHOLAS BRETON. 1555—1624.]

PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.

In the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
With a troop of damsels playing
Forth I went forsooth a maying.

When anon by a wood side,
Where, as May was in his pride,
I espied, all alone,
Phillida and Corydon.

Much ado there was, God wot!
He would love, and she would not,
She said, never man was true:
He says none was false to you;

He said he had lov'd her long;
She says love should have no wrong,
Corydon would kiss her then;
She says, maids must kiss no men,

Till they do for good and all,
When she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness truth,
Never lov'd a truer youth.

Then with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, faith and troth.
Such as silly shepherds use,
When they will not love abuse;

Love, which had been long deluded,
Was, with kisses sweet concluded;
And Phillida with garlands gay
Was made the lady of May.

[MARQUIS OF MONTROSE. 1614—1650.]
I'LL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE.

MY dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be govern'd by no other sway
But purest monarchy:
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
I'll call a synod in my heart,
And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe:
But 'gainst my batteries if I find
Thou storm or vex me sore,
As if thou set me as a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to share with me:
Or committees if thou erect,
Or go on such a score,
I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
Thy love and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
As ne'er was known before;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee more and more.

~~~~~  
[RICHARD ALLISON. 1666.]

THERE IS A GARDEN IN HER  
FACE.

THERE is a garden in her face,  
Where roses and white lilies grow;

A heavenly paradise is that place,  
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;  
There cherries grow that none may buy  
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose  
Of orient pearl a double row,  
Which, when her lovely laughter shows,  
They look like rosebuds fill'd with  
snow;  
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy  
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still,  
Her brows like bended bows do stand,  
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill  
All that approach with eye or hand  
These sacred cherries to come nigh,  
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

~~~~~  
[SIMON WASTELL. 1623.]

MAN'S MORTALITY.

The Microbiblia.

LIKE as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had.
E'en such is man; whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth;
The flower fades, the morning hasteth;
The sun sets, the shadow flies;
The gourd consumes,—and man he dies!

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to day,
Or like the pearl'd dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan.
E'en such is man; who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended;
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended;
The hour is short, the span is long;
The swan's near death,—man's life is
done!

[THOMAS DURFEY. Died 1723.]

STILL WATER.

DAMON, let a friend advise ye,
Follow Clores though she flies ye,
Though her tongue your suit is slighting,
Her kind eyes you'll find inviting:
Women's rage, like shallow water,
Does but show their hurtless nature;
When the stream seems rough and
frowning,
There is still least fear of drowning.

Let me tell the adventurous stranger,
In our calmness lies our danger;
Like a river's silent running,
Stillness shows our depth and cunning:
She that rails ye into trembling,
Only shows her fine dissembling;
But the fawner to abuse ye,
Thinks ye fools, and so will use ye.

[JOHN MILTON. 1608-1664.]

THE INVOCATION AND INTRO-
DUCTION.*Paradise Lost.*

OF man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our
woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret
top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the
chosen seed,
In the beginning, how the Heavens and
Earth
Rose out of Chaos: or, if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that
flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pur-
sues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost
prefer

Before all temples the upright heart and
pure,

Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from
the first

Wast present, and, with mighty wings
out-spread,

Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast
abyss

And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is
dark

Illumine; what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument

I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to man.

Say first, for Heaven hides nothing
from thy view,

Nor the deep tract of Hell; say first,
what cause

Moved our grand parents, in that happy
state,

Favour'd of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his
will

För one restraint, lords of the world be-
sides?

Who first seduced them to that foul re-
volt?

The infernal serpent; he it was, whose
guile,

Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind, what time his
pride

Had cast him out from Heaven, with all
his host

Of rebel angels; by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,

He trusted to have equalled the Most
High,

If he opposed; and, with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Raised impious war in Heaven, and battle
proud,

With vain attempt. Him the Almighty
power

Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethe-
real sky,

With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
In adamant chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to
arms,

arms,

arms,

arms,

arms,

THE FALLEN ANGELS IN THE
BURNING LAKE.

THE superior fiend

Was moving toward the shore: his pon-
derous shield,

Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference

Hung on his shoulder, like the moon,
whose orb

Through optic glass the Tuscan artist
views

At evening from the top of Fesolé,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.

His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast

Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with, to support uneasy steps

Over the burning marle, not like those
steps

On Heaven's azure; and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with
fire:

Nathless he so endured till on the beach
Of that inflaméd sea he stood, and call'd
His legions, angel forms, who lay in-
tranced,

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the
brooks

In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian
shades,

High over-arch'd, imbower; or scatter'd
sedge

Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion
arm'd

Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast, whose
waves o'erthrew

Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pur-
sued

The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcasses
And broken chariot wheels: so thick be-
strewn,

Abject and lost lay these, covering the
flood,

Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded. "Princes, potentates,
Warriors, the flower of Heaven, once
yours, now lost,

If such astonishment as this can seize

arms,

arms,

arms,

arms,

arms,

Eternal spirits; or have ye chosen this
place,

After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find

To slumber here, as in the vales of
Heaven?

Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
T' adore the Conqueror? who now be-
holds

Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers, from Heaven-gates,
discern

Th' advantage, and, descending, tread us
down

Thus drooping, or with linkéd thunder-
bolts

Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!"

arms,

arms,

arms,

arms,

arms,

arms,

arms,

arms,

arms,

arms,

arms,

arms,

arms,

arms,

arms,

arms,

arms,

arms,

arms,

Did first create your leader ; next, free choice,
 With what besides in counsel or in fight
 Hath been achieved of merit ; yet this loss
 Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
 Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,
 Yielded with full consent. The happier state
 In Heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
 Envy from each inferior ; but who here
 Will envy whom the highest place exposes
 Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim,
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
 Of endless pain ? Where there is then no good
 For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
 From faction ; for none sure will claim in Hell
 Precedence ; none whose portion is so small
 Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
 Will covet more. With this advantage then
 To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
 More than can be in heaven, we now return
 To claim our just inheritance of old,
 Surer to prosper than prosperity
 Could have assur'd us ; and, by what best way,
 Whether of open war, or covert guile,
 We now debate : who can advise, may speak."

ADDRESS TO LIGHT.

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven,
 first-born,
 Or of the Eternal coeternal beam,
 May I express thee unblamed ? since God
 is light,
 And never but in unapproach'd light
 Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
 Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal
 stream,

Whose fountain who shall tell ? Before
 the Sun,
 Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the
 voice
 Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,
 Won from the void and formless infinite.
 Thee I revisit now with a bolder wing,
 Escaped the Stygian pool, though long
 detain'd
 In that obscure sojourn, while, in my
 flight,
 Through utter and through middle dark-
 ness borne,
 With other notes than to the Orphéan lyre,
 I sung of Chaos and eternal Night ;
 Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture
 down
 The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
 Though hard and rare : thee I revisit safe,
 And feel thy sovran vital lamp : but thou
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ;
 So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their
 orbs,
 Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
 Smit with the love of sacred song ; but
 chief
 Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks be-
 neath,
 That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling
 flow,
 Nightly I visit : nor sometimes forget
 Those other two, equall'd with me in fate
 So were I equall'd with them in renown,
 Blind Thamyras, and blind Mæonides,
 And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old :
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary
 move
 Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert
 hid,
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the
 year
 Seasons return ; but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or
 morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's
 rose,
 Or flocks or herds, or human face divine ;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark

Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of
 men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of Nature's works, to me expunged and
 rased,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut
 out.
 So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all
 her powers
 Irradiate : there plant eyes, all mist from
 thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and
 tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

THE ANGELIC WORSHIP.

No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but
 all
 The multitude of angels, with a shout
 Loud as from numbers without number,
 sweet
 As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heaven
 rung
 With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd
 The eternal regions : lowly reverent
 Towards either throne they bow, and to
 the ground
 With solemn adoration down they cast
 Their crowns inwove with amarant and
 gold ;
 Immortal amarant, a flower which once
 In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
 Began to bloom ; but soon for man's
 offence
 To Heaven removed where first it grew,
 there gows,
 And flowers aloft shading the fount of
 life,
 And where the river of bliss through midst
 of Heaven
 Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber
 stream :
 With these that never fade the spirits elect
 Bind their resplendent locks inwreathed
 with beams ;
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off,
 the bright
 Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
 Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.

Then, crown'd again, their golden harps
 they took,
 Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their
 side
 Like quivers hung, and with preamble
 sweet
 Of charming symphony they introduce
 Their sacred song, and waken raptures
 high ;
 No voice exempt, no voice but well could
 join
 Melodious part, such concord is in Heaven.

SATAN'S SOLILOQUY IN SIGHT
 OF PARADISE.

O THOU, that, with surpassing glory
 crown'd,
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the
 God
 Of this new world ; at whose sight all the
 stars
 Hide their diminish'd heads ; to thee I
 call,
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy
 name,
 O Sun ! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
 That bring to my remembrance from what
 state
 I fell ; how glorious once above thy sphere,
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me
 down
 Warring in Heaven against Heaven's
 matchless king :
 Ah, wherefore ! he deserved no such
 return
 From me, whom he created what I was
 In that bright emnence, and with his good
 Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard.
 What could be less than to afford him
 praise,
 The easiest recompense, and pay him
 thanks,
 How due ! yet all his good proved ill in
 me,
 And wrought but malice ; lifted up so high
 I 'sdained subjection, and thought one step
 higher
 Would set me highest, and in a moment
 quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,

So burthensome still paying, still to owe;
Forgetful what from him I still received,
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged; what burden
then?

O, had his powerful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had
raised

Ambition! Yet why not? some other
power

As great might have aspired, and me,
though mean,

Drawn to his part; but other powers as
great

Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free will and power
to stand?

Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or
what to accuse,

But Heaven's free love dealt equally to
all?

Be then his love accursed, since, love or
hate,

To me alike, it deals eternal woe.

Nay, cursed be thou; since against his thy
will

Chose freely what it now so justly rues.

Me miserable! which way shall I fly

Infinite wrath and infinite despair?

Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;

And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep,

Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,

To which the Hell I suffer seems a
Heaven.

O, then, at last relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?

None left but by submission; and that
word

Disdain forbids me, and my dread of
shame

Among the spirits beneath, whom I
seduced

With other promises and other vaunts

Than to submit, boasting I could subdue

The Omnipotent. Ay me! they little know

How dearly I abide that boast so vain.

Under what torments inwardly I groan,

While they adore me on the throne of
Hell.

With diadem and sceptre high advanced,

The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery: such joy ambition finds.

But say I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former state; how
soon

Would height recal high thoughts, how
soon unsay

What feign'd submission swore? Ease
would recant

Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconciliation grow,

Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced
so deep;

Which would but lead me to a worse
relapse

And heavier fall: so should I purchase
dear

Short intermission bought with double
smart.

This knows my Punisher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging
peace:

All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
Of us outcast, exiled, his new delight,

Mankind, created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope; and with hope, farewell
fear;

Farewell remorse! all good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least

Divided empire with Heaven's King I
hold,

By thee, and more than half perhaps will
reign;

As man ere long, and this new world,
shall know.

~~~~~  
PARADISE.

So on he fares, and to the border comes,  
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,

Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure  
green,

As with a rural mound, the champain  
head

Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides  
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and  
wild,

Access denied; and overhead upgrew  
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,

Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching  
palm,

A sylvan scene; and, as the ranks ascend

Shade above shade, a woody theatre  
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their  
tops

The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung:  
Which to our general sire gave prospect  
large

Into his nether empire neighbouring  
round.

And higher than that wall a circling row  
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest  
fruit,

Blossoms and fruits at once, of golden  
hue,

Appear'd, with gay enamell'd colours  
mix'd:

On which the Sun more glad impress'd  
his beams

Than in fair evening cloud, or humid  
bow,

When God hath shower'd the earth; so  
lovely seem'd

That landscape: and of pure, now purer  
air

Meets his approach, and to the heart  
inspires

Vernal delight and joy, able to drive  
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales,

Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense  
Native perfumes, and whisper whence  
they stole

Those balmy spoils. As when, to them  
who sail

Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are  
past

Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds  
blow

Sabeian odours from the spicy shore  
Of Araby the blest; with such delay

Well pleased, they slack their course, and  
many a league,

Cheer'd with the grateful smell, old Ocean  
smiles.

~~~~~  
EVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

THAT day I oft remember, when from
sleep

I first awaked, and found myself reposed
Under a shade on flowers, much wonder-
ing where

And what I was, whence thither brought,
and how.

Not distant far from thence, a murmuring
sound

Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved,

Pure as the expanse of Heaven; I thither
went

With unexperienced thought, and laid me
down

On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another
sky.

As I bent down to look, just opposite,
A shape within the watery gleam ap-
pear'd,

Bending to look on me: I started back,
It started back; but pleased I soon re-
turn'd,

Pleased it return'd as soon with answering
looks

Of sympathy and love.

~~~~~  
EVENING IN PARADISE.

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight  
gray

Had in her sober livery all things clad;  
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,

They to their grassy couch, these to their  
nests,

Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightin-  
gale;

She all night long her amorous descant  
sung;

Silence was pleased: now glow'd the fir-  
mament

With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led  
The starry host, rode brightest, till the  
Moon,

Rising in clouded majesty, at length  
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless  
light,

And o'er the dark her silver mantle  
threw.

~~~~~  
EVE'S CONJUGAL LOVE.

MY author and disposer, what thou
bid'st,

Unargued I obey: so God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine: to know
no more