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**THE
COMPLETE WORKS OF RICHARD
CRASHAW.
IN TWO VOLUMES.**

VOL. I.

MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.
STEPS TO THE TEMPLE. CARMEN DEO NOSTRO.
THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES. AIRELLES.

LONDON:
ROBSON AND SONS, PRINTERS, PANCRAS ROAD, N.W.

The Fuller Worthies' Library.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF RICHARD CRASHAW.

FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED
AND COLLATED WITH THE ORIGINAL AND EARLY EDITIONS,
AND MUCH ENLARGED WITH

- I. Hitherto unprinted and inedited Poems from Archbishop Sancroft's MSS. &c. &c.
- II. Translation of the whole of the Poemata et Epigrammata.
- III. Memorial-Introduction, Essay on Life and Poetry, and Notes.
- IV. In Quarto, reproduction in facsimile of the Author's own Illustrations of 1652, with others specially prepared.

EDITED BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART,

ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

**IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.**

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TO
THE VERY REVEREND

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D.
AS AN EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE FOR
FUNDAMENTAL INTELLECTUAL AND SPIRITUAL
QUICKENING AND NURTURE
FOUND IN AND SUSTAINED BY HIS WRITINGS
EARLIER AND LATEST,
THIS EDITION
OF A POET HE LOVES AS ENGLISHMAN AND CATHOLIC
IS DEDICATED BY

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.



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Those marked [*] are printed for the first time from MSS.; those marked [†] have additions for the first time given in their places.

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PREFACE.

I have at last the pleasure of seeing half-fulfilled a long-cherished wish and intention, by the issue of the present Volume, being Vol. I. of the first really worthy edition of the complete Poetry of RICHARD CRASHAW, while Vol. II. is so well advanced that it may be counted on for Midsummer (*Deo favente*).

This Volume contains the whole of the previously-published English Poems, with the exception of the Epigrams scattered among the others, which more fittingly find their place in Vol. II., along with the Latin and Greek originals, and our translation of all hitherto untranslated. Here also will be found important, and peculiarly interesting as characteristic, additions of unprinted and inedited poems by CRASHAW from Archbishop SANCROFT'S MSS., among the TANNER MSS. in the Bodleian. These I have named 'Airelles,' after the little Alpine flowers that are dug out beneath the mountain masses of snow and ice, with abiding touches of beauty and perfume, as though they had been sheltered within walls and glass. The formerly printed Poems have been collated and recollated anxiously with the original and other early and authoritative editions, the results of which are shown in Notes and Illustrations at the close of each poem. Many of the various readings are of rare interest, and collation has revealed successive additions and revisions altogether unrecorded by modern editors. In their places I have pointed out the flagrant carelessness of the last Editor, W.B. TURNBULL, Esq., in Smith's 'Library of Old Authors.'

As was meet, I have adhered to the first titles of 'Steps to the Temple' and 'The Delights of the Muses,' the former embracing the SACRED, and the latter the SECULAR Poems. The original Editor (whoever he was), not the Author, gave these titles. In the Preface to 'the learned Reader,' he says, '*we stile* his sacred Poems, Steps to the Temple.' At one time I was disposed to assign the editorship of the volumes of 1646 and 1648 to SANCROFT; but inasmuch as both contained Bp. RAINBOW'S verses prefixed to ISAACSON'S 'Chronologie,' while the piece is not in the SANCROFT MS., it seems he could not have been the editor. His pathetic closing words reveal much love: 'I will conclude all that I have impartially writ of this learned young Gent. (*now dead to us*) as hee himselfe doth, with the last line of his poem upon Bishop Andrewes' picture before his Sermons, *Verte paginas—Look on his following leaves, and see him breath.*'

I would now give an account of previous editions of our Worthy, and our use of them. The earliest of his publications—excluding minor pieces in University Collections as recorded in our Essay—was a volume of Latin Epigrams published at Cambridge in 1634 in a small 8vo. The name of CRASHAW nowhere appears, but his initials R.C. are appended to the Dedication to his friend LANEY. The title-page was as follows: 'Epigrammatum Sacrorum Liber. Cantabrigiæ, ex Academiæ celeberrimæ typographo, 1634.' Besides the Epigrams, this now rare volume contained certain of his 'Poemata' before the Epigrams. A second edition was published in 1670 with a few additional Epigrams, and those in Greek. A third edition appeared in 1674. Fuller details, with collation of each, are given in Vol. II. in their places.

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Nothing more of any considerableness was published until 1646, two years after the Poet's ejection. Then appeared a small volume of Poems, chiefly English, arranged in two distinct classes, Sacred and Secular, the latter with a separate title-page. In the Note which follows this Preface, the title-pages of the volume will be found, along with those of the subsequent editions of 1648 and 1670. With reference to the volume of 1646, a mistake in the printing was thus pointed out: 'Reader, there was a sudden mistake ('tis too late to recover it): thou wilt quickly find it out, and I hope as soone passe it over; some of the humane Poems are misplaced amongst the Divine.' These 'humane' poems, that belonged not to the 'Steps' but the 'Delights of the Muses,' were fifteen in all. They were assigned their own places in the new edition of 1648. With two exceptions, we have adhered to the classification of the 1648 edition: the exceptions are, that we have placed 'Vexilla Regis' immediately after the 'Office of the Holy Crosse,' as belonging properly to that composition; and the 'Apologie' for the Hymn to TERESA after the first, not after the second Hymn, seeing the 'Apologie' is only for the first. The new edition bore on its title-page the announcement: 'The second Edition, wherein are added divers pieces not before extant.' Our contents of the present Volume (immediately following our Dedication) shows these additions, which were important and precious; viz. twenty-nine new English Poems and eighteen new Latin Poems.

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The next edition was published in PARIS in 1652. In our Note (as *supra*) the title-page is given. This volume is an elegant one, and is adorned with twelve dainty engravings after the Author's own designs, though we possess a copy without the engravings, having blanks left. This exceedingly rare book contains most of the Sacred Poems and some of the more serious of the Secular Poems; but as the contents (as *supra*) show, there were large omissions, notably the Sospetto and Musick's Duel. It was edited by THOMAS CAR, who prefixes two poems of his own, as follows:

I. CRASHAWE, THE ANAGRAMME 'HE WAS CAR.'

1 Was CAR then Crashawe; or was Crashawe Car,
Since both within one name combinèd are?
Yes, Car's Crashawe, he Car; 'tis loue alone
Which melts two harts, of both composing one.
5 So Crashaw's still the same: so much desired
By strongest witts; so honor'd, so admired;
Car was but he that enter'd as a friend
With whom he shar'd his thoughtes, and did commend
(While yet he liu'd) this worke; they lou'd each other:
10 Sweete Crashawe was his friend; he Crashawe's brother.
So Car hath title then; 'twas his intent
That what his riches pen'd, poore Car should print;
Nor feares he checke, praying that happie one
Who was belou'd by all; disprais'd by none:
15 To witt, being pleas'd with all things, he pleas'd all,
Nor would he giue, nor take offence; befall
What might, he would possesse himselfe, and liue
As deade (deuoyde of interest) t' all might giue
Desease t' his well-composèd mynd; fore-stal'd
20 With heauenly riches; which had wholly call'd
His thoughts from earth, to liue aboue in th' aire
A very bird of paradice. No care
Had he of earthly trashe. What might suffice
To fitt his soule to heauenly exercise
25 Sufficèd him: and may we guesse his hart
By what his lipps brings forth, his onely part
Is God and godly thoughtes. Leaues doubt to none
But that to whom one God is all; all's one.
What he might eate or weare he tooke no thought;
30 His needfull foode he rather found then sought.
He seekes no downes, no sheetes, his bed's still made;
If he can find a chaire or stoole, he's layd.
When Day peepes in, he quitts his restlesse rest,
And still, poore soule, before he's vp, he's dre'st.
35 Thus dying did he liue, yet liued to dye
In th' Virgin's lappe, to whom he did applye
His virgine thoughtes and words, and thence was styld

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40 By foes, the chaplaine of the virgine myld,
 While yet he liued without. His modestie
 Imparted this to some, and they to me.
 Liue happie then, deare soule! inioy the rest
 Eternally by paynes thou purchacedst,
 While Car must liue in care, who was thy friend,
 Nor cares he how he liue, so in the end
 45 He may inioy his dearest Lord and thee;
 And sitt and singe more skilfull songs eternally.^[1]

II. AN EPIGRAMME

Vpon the Pictures in the following Poemes, which the Authour first made with his owne hand, admirably well, as may be seene in his Manuscript dedicated to the Right Honourable Lady the L. Denbigh.

1 'Twixt pen and pensill rose a holy strife
 Which might draw Vertue better to the life:
 Best witts gaue votes to that, but painters swore
 They neuer saw peeces so sweete before
 5 As thes fruits of pure Nature; where no Art
 Did lead the vntaught pensill, nor had part
 In th' worke ...
 The hand growne bold, with witt will needes contest:
 Doth it preuayle? ah no! say each is best.
 10 This to the eare speakes wonders; that will trye
 To speake the same, yet lowder, to the eye.
 Both in their aymes are holy, both conspire
 To wound, to burne the hart with heauenly fire.
 This then's the doome, to doe both parties right:
 15 This to the eare speakes best; that, to the sight.

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THOMAS CAR.^[2]

It is clear from these lines in the former poem—

'Car was but he that enter'd as a friend
 With whom he shar'd his thoughtes, *and did commend*
 (*While yet he liu'd*) THIS WORKE _____

So Car hath title then; *'twas his intent*
That what his riches pen'd, poore Car should print—

that the volume of 1652 carries the authority of CRASHAW with it as his own Selection from what he had written. So that I have had no hesitation in accepting its text of the Poems previously published (in 1646 and 1648): understanding that the Selection was regulated by his desire only to offer the COUNTESS OF DENBIGH those he himself most valued. There are inevitable misprints and a chaos of punctuation; but the text as a whole is a great advance on those preceding, as our Notes and Illustrations to the several poems prove. There are some very valuable additions throughout, entirely overlooked by modern Editors. Our text of all not in 1652 volume is based on that of 1648 collated with 1646.

The engravings celebrated in the Epigram of CAR—of whom more, and of the origin and purpose of the Volume, in our Essay—are as follows:

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1. 'To the noblest and best of ladyes:' a heart with an emblematical lock. Beneath is printed 'Non Vi' (= not by force), and the following lines:

'Tis not the work of force but skill
 To find the way into man's will.
 'Tis loue alone can hearts vnlock:
 Who knowes the Word, he needs not knock.

2. 'To the name above every name.' 'Numisma Urbani 6.' A dove under the tiara, surrounded with a glory. The legend is, 'In unitate Deus est.'

3. 'The Holy Nativity.' The Holy Family at Bethlehem. Beneath are these lines in French and Latin:

Ton Créateur te fait voir sa naissance
 Deignant souffrir pour toy des son enfance.

Quem vidistis, Pastores, &c.
 Natum vidimus, &c.

4. 'The Glorious Epiphanie.' The adoration of the Magi-kings.

5. 'The Office of the Holy Crosse.' Christ on the Cross. Beneath (from the Vulgate),

Tradidit semetipsum pro nobis oblationem et hostiam
Deo in odorem suavitatis.—Ad Ephe. 5.

6. 'The Recommendation.' The ascended Saviour looking down toward the Earth. Above, this line,

Expostulatio Jesu Christi cum mundo ingrato.

Beneath, a Latin poem of thirteen lines, which appears in its place in our Vol. II.

7. 'Sancta Maria Dolorum.' The Virgin Mary under the Cross with the instruments of the Passion, holding the dead Saviour in her arms.

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8. 'Hymn of St. Thomas.' A Remonstrance. 'Ecce panis Angelorum.'

9. 'Dies Iræ.' The Last Judgment. 'Dies Iræ, dies illa.'

10. 'O Gloriosa Domina.' The Virgin Mary and Child. Angels hold a crown over her head, surmounted by the Holy Dove. Beneath:

S. Maria Major.
Dilectus meus mihi, et ego illi,
Qui pascitur inter lilia. Cant.

11. 'The Weeper.' A female head, showing beneath, a bleeding and burning heart, surrounded by a glory. This couplet is below:

Lo, where a wounded heart, with bleeding eyes conspire:
Is she a flaming fountaine, or a weeping fire?

12. 'Hymn to St. Teresa.' Portrait: scroll above, inscribed 'Misericors Domini in æternum cantabo.' Beneath, 'La Vray Portraict de Ste. Terese, Fondatrice des Religieuses et Religieux réformez de l'ordre de N. Dame de mont Carmel: Décédée le 4^e Octo. 1582. Canonisée le 12^e Mars 1622.'

Besides these TWELVE, I discovered another in illustration of 'O Gloriosa Domina,' substituted for No. 10 in the very fine copy of the volume in the Douce Collection in the Bodleian. I have the satisfaction of furnishing admirable reproductions in fac-simile of Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, and 12, and by the kindness of the Bodleian Trustees, the unique illustration for No. 10. No. 11 by my friend W.J. LINTON, Esq. The whole of these belong exclusively to our illustrated quarto edition, and the impressions taken have been strictly limited thereto, and a very few for my own gift-use.

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We have now done with genuine editions; but have yet to notice a wretched medley which bears the name of the '2d edition.' Its title-page is given in our Note (as before). This volume is fairly printed; but whatever was meant by '2d edition,' whether it was so styled from ignorance of the edition of 1648 or copying of its title, or because it was meant for a 2d edition of 1652, it is a deplorable compilation made out of 1646 and 1652. It first reprints 1646 and then 1652, omitting in the second part such poems of 1652 as were in 1646, but without taking the trouble of correcting any, so as to bring them into agreement with the better text. Not to mention well-nigh innumerable misprints and omissions, so blind is it, that it has twice printed two poems which in 1652 had their titles altered, not observing that it had already printed them under the old titles. These were the poems, *On the Death of a Young Gentleman*, and in *Praise of Lessius*. It contains only the eight Latin Poems of 1646, and no others. Of this edition TURNBULL says, 'In its text [it is] the most inaccurate of all'—and—What then? He reprints it! and leaves undetected its inaccuracies and omissions, and superadds as many more of his own—as our Notes and Illustrations demonstrate, albeit we have left many blunders unrecorded, contenting ourselves with seeing that our own is correct. And yet this Editor got in a rage with a correspondent (Professor M'Carthy) of *Notes and Queries*, who at the time corrected incidentally a misprinted letter—oblivious of (literally) hundreds infinitely worse.

PEREGRINE PHILLIPS in 1785 published a very well-printed volume of 'Selections' from CRASHAW; but, like TURNBULL, he blundered over the (so-called) '2d edition' of 1670, and seems never to have seen those of 1648 and 1652. Of other more recent editions I shall speak in our Essay, and, as already stated in our Memorial-Introduction, notice the University Collections and others, to which our Poet contributed. In its place, at close of the present Volume, see account of a hitherto unused edition of a Verse-Letter to COUNTESS OF DENBIGH.

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Of the Poems now for the first time printed, the present Volume contains no fewer than fifteen or sixteen with important additions: Vol. II. will contain very many more, as well as our Translation of the hitherto untranslated Poems and Epigrams. The source of all these erewhile unprinted Poems is Vol. 465 among the TANNER MSS., which is known to be in the handwriting (mainly) of Archbishop SANCROFT. The Volume is a collection of contemporary Poetry, but as it now rests in the Bodleian is imperfect, as the Index shows. The following details will probably interest our readers. In the Index is first of all the following, 'Mr. Crashaw's Epigrams, sacra Latina;' but it is erased. Then underneath is written 'Mr. Crashaw's poems transcrib'd frō his own copie, before they were printed; amongst w^{ch} are some not printed.' 'Latin, On y^e Gospels v p 7. On other

Subjects p 39, 95, 229. English Sacred Poems p 111. On other Subjects—39, 162, 164 v 167 v 196. 202 v 206. 223. v Suspetto di Herodi, translated frō Car. Marino p 287 v.' Guided by this Index—for, though to some 'R. CR.' is prefixed, others printed in 1646 and 1648 are left without name or initials—page 7 to 22 contains Latin Poems and Epigrams still unpublished. On page 22 is a large letter C = Crashaw. The pagination then leaps to p. 39 and goes on to page 64, and consists of Latin Poems and one in Greek 'On other Subjects,' also wholly unpublished. Page 66 is blank, and a blank leaf follows. Then there is a Latin poem by WALLIS, and pp. 95-6 contain other Latin poems by CRASHAW, in part published. Pages 97-102 are blank, and the pagination again leaps to p. 111, where begin the English Sacred Poems, continuing to page 137, with 'Crashaw' written at end. These pages (111-137) contain mainly Poems and Epigrams before published. On page 130 is a short poem 'On Good Friday' by T. Randolph. On page 135 are two poems by Dr. Alabaster: then, on page 136, Crashaw's poem 'On the Assumption,' and on page 137, a short poem by Wotton. Pages 138-142 are blank, and once more the pagination passes to p. 159, where there is a poem by GILES FLETCHER (pp. 159-160)—printed by us in Appendix to Poems of Dr. GILES FLETCHER in our FULLER WORTHIES' MISCELLANIES. Pages 160-1 have poems by Corbett (erroneously inserted as HERRICK'S by Hazlitt in his edition of Herrick), and a Song by WOTTON. On page 162 'The Faire Ethiopian,' by CRASHAW: p. 163, 'Upon Mr. Cl.' [Cleveland?], who made a Song against the D.D.s—The complaint of a woman with child [both anonymous]. Then at page 164 'Upon a gnatt burnt in a candle,' by Crashaw (being entered in Index as *supra*), and never published. On pages 165-6, Love's Horoscope (published): p. 166, *Ad Amicam*. T.R. (not by CRASHAW, being entered in Index under Randolph): pp. 167-71, Fidicinis et Philomela Bellum Musicum, and Upon Herbert's Temple: pp. 172-3, Upon Isaacson's Frontispiece (the second piece): pp. 173-4, An invitation to faire weather (all published before). Then translations from the Latin Poets with 'R. CR.' above each, pp. 174-178—all unpublished: pp. 178-9, from Virgil (published). Next on pp. 180-87 are the following: 'On y^e Gunpowder-Treason' (three separate pieces), and 'Upon the King's Coronation' (two pieces). These have never been printed until now in our present Vol., and they are unquestionably Crashaw's, inasmuch as (a) All entered thus 164 v. 167 are by him, and so these being entered under his name in Index as 167 v. 196 must belong to him; (b) 'Upon the King's Coronation' are renderings in part of his own Latin; (c) As shown in our Essay (where also their biographic value is shown) unusual words used by Crashaw occur in them. Pp. 187-90, 'Panegyrick upon the birth of the Duke of York' (published): pp. 190-2, 'Upon the birth of the Princesse Elizabeth' (never before printed). Pages 192-196, poems by Corbett, Wotton, and others. Pages 196-7, Translation from the Latin *Ex Euphormione* (not before published), and on Lessius (published). Then pp. 197-201, poems by various, in part anonymous: pp. 202-3, An Elegy on Staninough—not having his name or initials, but entered in Index under his name—(never before published): pp. 203-5, In obitum desider. M^{ri} Chambers (published, but the heading new), and Upon the death of a friend (not before published): p. 205, 'On a cobler' (anonymous): p. 206, In obitum D^r Brooke: Epitaphium Conjug. (published): page 207, poem by CULVERWELL: p. 208, blank; and then the pagination passes to p. 223. Pages 223-229, poems on Herrys [or Harris] (all published, but with variations): pp. 229-30, Elegie on Dr. Porter (never before published, and entered in Index under Crashaw): from p. 231 to 238, various poems, but none by Crashaw; then the pagination leaps to p. 238, and goes on to p. 255, with various pieces, but again none by CRASHAW. On pp. 297-8 are eight of the published English Epigrams. All the other anonymous and avowed poems being entered in the Index separately from CRASHAW'S, and under either their titles or authors, makes us safe to exclude them from our Volumes. On the other hand, the Index-entries and 'R.C.' together, assure us that rich and virgin as is the treasure-trove of unprinted and unpublished Poems—English and Latin, especially the Latin—it is without a shadow of doubt RICHARD CRASHAW'S, and of supreme worth. I have also had the good fortune to discover a Harleian MS. from Lord Somers' Library (6917-18), which furnishes some valuable readings of some of the Poems, as recorded and used by us.

Throughout we have endeavoured with all fidelity to reproduce our Worthy in integrity of text and orthography—diminishing only (slightly) italics and capitals, and as usual giving capitals to all divine Names (nouns and pronouns) and personifications. In Notes and Illustrations all various readings are recorded, and such elucidations and filling-in of names and allusions as are likely to be helpful.

It is now my pleasant duty to return right hearty, because heartfelt, thanks to many friends and correspondents who have aided me in a somewhat arduous and difficult work and 'labour of love.' To the venerable and illustrious man whose name by express permission adorns my Dedication, I owe a debt of gratitude for a beautiful, a pathetic, a (to me) sacred Letter, that greatly animated me to go forward. By my admirable friends Revs. J.H. CLARK, M.A., of West Dereham, Norfolk, and THOMAS ASHE, M.A., Ipswich, my edition (as Vol. II. will evidence) is advantaged in various Translations for the first time of the Latin poems, valuable in themselves, and the more valued for the generous enthusiasm and modesty with which they were offered, not to say how considerably they have lightened my own work in the same field. To Dr. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON, who retains in the Army his fine literary culture and acumen; to W. ALDIS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge; the very Reverend Dr. F.C. HUSENBETH, Cossey, Norwich; the Earl and Countess of DENBIGH; Monsignor STONOR, Rome; to Correspondents at LORETTO, DOUAI, PARIS, &c.; and to Colonel CHESTER and Mr. W.T. BROOKE, London,—I wish to tender my warmest thanks for various services most pleasantly rendered; all to the enrichment of our edition.

The Illustrations (in the 4to) speak for themselves. I cannot sufficiently express my acknowledgments for the spontaneous and ever-increasing willingness of my artist-poet friend

W.J. LINTON, Esq., who from his temporary Transatlantic home has sent me the exquisite head- and tail-pieces in both volumes, besides cunningly interpreting the two original Illustrations drawn for me by Mrs. HUGH BLACKBURN of Glasgow, and the Poet's 'Weeper.' To Mrs. BLACKBURN her work is its own abundant reward; but none the less do I appreciate her great kindness to me.

Anything else needing to be said will be found in the Memorial-Introduction and Essay on the Life and Poetry, and Notes and Illustrations. I cannot better close our Preface than with the fine tribute of R. ARIS WILLMOTT, in his 'Dream of the Poets,' wherein he catches up the echo of COWLEY across two centuries:

Poet and Saint! thy sky was dark
And sad thy lonely vigil here;
But thy meek spirit, like the lark
Still showered music on the ear,
From its own heaven ever clear:
No pining mourner thou! thy strain
Could breathe a slumber upon Pain,
Singing thy tears asleep: not long
To stray by Siloa's brook was thine:
Yet Time hath never dealt thee wrong,
Nor brush'd the sweet bloom from thy line:
Thou hast a home in every song,
In every Christian heart, a shrine.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

15 St. Alban's Place, Blackburn, Lancashire,
4th February 1872.



MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.

In a Study of the Life and Poetry of our present Worthy, which will be found in our Volume II.—thus postponed in order that the completed Works may be before the student-reader along with it—I venture to hope new light will be shed on both, and his character as a Man and Poet—one of the richest of the minor Poets of England—vindicated and interpreted as never hitherto they have been. Some memories cannot bear the '*cruel light*' of close scrutiny, some poetries when tested prove falsetto-noted. RICHARD CRASHAW grows on us the more insight we gain. If he were as well known as GEORGE HERBERT, he would be equally cherished, while his Poetry would be recognised as perfumed with all his devoutness and of a diviner '*stuff*' and woven in a grander loom; in sooth, infinitely deeper and finer in almost every element of true singing as differenced from pious and gracious versifying. In this hurrying-scurrying age, only twos-and-threes take time to hold communion with these ancient Worthies; and hence my Essay, as with the FLETCHERS and LORD BROOKE and HENRY VAUGHAN, may win-back that recognition and love due to CRASHAW.

Then, in a much fuller and more adequate Memoir than hitherto furnished of WILLIAM CRASHAW, B.D., father of our Poet—also in our Volume II.—the usually-given ancestral details will appear from new and unused sources. So that here and now I intend to limit myself to a brief statement of the few outward Facts, *i.e.* reserving their relation to the central thing in RICHARD CRASHAW'S life—his passing from Protestantism to Catholicism, and to contemporaries and inner friends, and to his Poetry—to our announced Study.

WILLMOTT in his 'Lives of the English Sacred Poets' (vol. first, 1834, vol. second, 1839), begins his fine-toned little Notice thus: 'After an anxious search in all the accessible sources of information, I am able to tell little of one of whom every lover of poetry must desire to know much. The time of his birth and of his decease is involved in equal mystery.'^[3] Our 'all' is still 'little' as compared

with what we yearn for; but we do not need to begin so dolorously as our predecessor, for we have discovered both the 'time of his *birth* and of his *decease*.' He was born in London in 1612-3; this date being arrived at from the register-entry of his age on admission to the University, viz. 18 in 1630-1 (as hereafter stated). SHAKESPEARE was then retired to his beloved Stratford; MILTON was in the sixth year of his cherub-beauty. His father being 'Preacher at the Temple' at the date would have determined LONDON to have been his birthplace; but his admission to Pembroke and his own signature at Peterhouse, 'Richardum Crashaw, *Londinensem*,' prove it. Who was his mother I have failed to find. The second Mrs. WILLIAM CRASHAW, celebrated in a remarkable contemporary poetical tractate printed (if not published) by her bereaved husband (of which more anon and elsewhere, as *supra*), could not have been the Poet's mother, as she was not married to CRASHAW (*pater*) until 1619. We should gladly have exchanged the 'Honour of Vertue or the Monument erected by the sorrowfull Husband and the Epitaphs annexed by learned and worthy men, to the immortall memory of that worthy Gentle-woman M^{rs}. ELIZABETH CRASHAWE. Who dyed in child-birth, and was buried in Whit-Chappel: Octob. 8. 1620. In the 24 years of her age'—for a page on the first Mrs. Crashaw. Yet is it pleasant to know the motherless little lad received such a new mother as this tribute pictures. In 1620 he was in his ninth year. Thus twice a broad shadow blackened his father's house and his home. Little more than a year had he his 'second' mother.

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Our after-Memoir of the elder CRASHAW shows that he was a man of no ordinary force of character and influence. The Epistles-dedicatory to his numerous polemical books are addressed with evident familiarity to the foremost in Church and State: and it is in agreement with this to learn (as we do) that MASTER RICHARD gained admission to the great 'Charterhouse' School through SIR HENRY YELVERTON and SIR RANDOLPH CREW—the former the patron-friend of the saintly DR. SIBBES, the latter of HERRICK, and both of mark. The Register of Charterhouse as now extant begins in 1680. So that we know not the date of young Crashaw's entry on the 'foundation' provided so munificently by SUTTON.^[4] As we shall find, one of the Teachers—Brooke—is gratefully and characteristically remembered by our Worthy in one of his Latin poems, none the less gratefully that 'the rod' is recalled. He was 'Schoolmaster' from 1627-8 to 1643. The age of admission was 10 to 14: the latter would bring us to 1627-8, or Brooke's first year of office. Probably, however, he entered sooner; but neither ROBERT GREY (1624-26) nor WILLIAM MIDDLETON, A.M. (1626-28), nor others of the Masters or celebrities of the famous School are celebrated by him, with the exception of (afterwards) BISHOP LANEY. FRANCIS BEAUMONT was Head-Master in June 18, 1624, and I should have liked to have been able to associate CRASHAW with the Beaumont family. Probably DR. JOSEPH BEAUMONT of 'Psyche' was a school-fellow.

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How long the Charterhouse was attended is unknown; but renewed researches at CAMBRIDGE add to as well as correct the usual dates of his attendance there. WILLMOTT states that 'he was elected a scholar of Pembroke Hall, March 26, 1632,' and remarks, 'and yet we find him lamenting the premature death of his friend, William Herrys, a fellow of the same College, which happened in the October of 1631.'^[5] He quotes from the COLE MSS. The original register in the Admission-book of Pembroke College removes the difficulty, and is otherwise valuable, as will be seen. It is as follows:

'Julij 6. 1631. Richardus Crashawe, Gulielmi presbyteri filius, natus Londini annos habens 18, admissus est ad 2æ mensæ ordinem sub tutela M^{ri} Tourney.'

He was 'matriculated *pensioner* of Pembroke, March 26, 1632,' but, as above, his 'admission' preceded. Belonging to Essex, it is not improbable that CRASHAW and HARRIS were school-fellows at the Charterhouse. His 'friendships' and associates, so winsomely 'sung' of, will demand full after-notice. In 1632-3 appeared GEORGE HERBERT'S 'Temple;' an influential event in our Poet's history. He took the degree of B.A. in 1634. In 1634 he published anonymously his volume of Latin Epigrams and other Poems; a very noticeable book from a youth of 20, especially as most must have been composed long previously. He passed from Pembroke to Peterhouse in 1636; and again I have the satisfaction to give, for the first time, the entry in the old College Register. It is as follows:

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'Anno Domini millesimo sexcentesimo tricesimo sexto vicesimo die mensis Novembris Richardus Crashaw admissus fuit a Reverendo in Christo Patre ac D^{no} D^{no} Francisco Episcopo Elæcisi ad locum sive societatem Magistri Simon Smith legitime vacantem in Collegio sive Domo S^{ti} Petri, et vicesimo secundo die ejusdem mensis coram Magistro et Sociis ejusdem Collegii personaliter constitutus, juramentum præstitit quod singulis Ordinationibus et Statutis Collegii (quantum in ipso est) reverenter obediret, et specialiter præter hoc de non appellando contra amotionem suam secundum modum et formam statutorum prædictorum et de salvando cistam Magistri Thomæ de Castro Bernardi et Magri Thomæ Holbrooke (quantum in ipso est) indemnum, quo juramento præstito admissus fuit a Magistro Collegii in perpetuum socium ejusdem Collegii et in locum supradictum. Per me Richardum Crashaw Londinensem.' (p. 500.)

He was made Fellow in 1637, and M.A. in 1638; looking forward to becoming a 'Minister' of the Gospel. His Latin Poems in honour of, and in pathetic appeal regarding PETERHOUSE, are of the rarest interest, and suggest much elucidatory of his great 'change' in religious matters; a change that must have been a sad shock to his ultra-Protestant father, but in which, beyond all gainsaying, conscience ruled, if the heart quivered. While at the University he was called on to contribute to the various 'Collections' issued from 1631 onward; and it certainly is once more

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noticeable that such a mere youth should have been thus recognised. His Verses—Latin and English—appeared thus with those of HENRY MORE, JOSEPH BEAUMONT, EDWARD KING ('Lycidas'), COWLEY, and others; and more than hold their own. In 1635 SHELFORD, 'priest' of RINGSFIELD, obtained a laudatory poem from him for his 'Five Pious and Learned Discourses.' According to ANTHONY A-WOOD, on the authority of one who knew (*not* from the Registers), he took a degree in 1641 at Oxford.^[6]

Of his inner Life and experiences during these years (twelve at least), and the influences that went to shape his decision and after-course, and his relation to the COUNTESS OF DENBIGH, I shall speak fully and I trust helpfully in our Essay. We need to get at the Facts and Circumstances to pronounce a righteous verdict. For his great-brained, stout-hearted, iron-willed Father, the stormy period was congenial: but for his son the atmosphere was mephitic; as the Editor's 'Preface to the Learned Reader,' in his 'character' of him, suggests. Signatures were being put unsolemnly to the Solemn League and Covenant,' and as a political not a religious thing, by too many. RICHARD CRASHAW could not do that, and the crash of 'Ejection' came. Here is the rescript from the Register of PETERHOUSE once more unused hitherto:^[7]

'Whereas in pursuite of an ordinance of Parliament for regulating and reforming of the Universitie of Cambridge, I have ejected Mr. Beaumont, Mr. Penniman, Mr. Crashaw, Mr. Holder, Mr. Tyringham, late fellowes of Peterhouse, in Cambridge. And whereas Mr. Charles Hotham, Robert Quarles, Howard Becher, Walter Ellis, Edward Sammes, have been examined and approved by the Assembly of Divines now sitting at Westminster, according to the said Ordinance as fitt to be Fellowes: These are therefore to require you, and every of you, to receive the said Charles Hotham, Robert Quarles, Howard Becher, Walter Ellis, Masters of Arts; and Edward Sammes, Bach^r, as fellowes of your Colledge in room of the said Mr. Beaumont, Mr. Penniman, Mr. Crashaw, Mr. Holder, Mr. Tyringham, formerly ejected, and to give them place according to their seniority in the Universitie, in reference to all those that are or shall hereafter bee putt in by mee accordinge to the Ordinance of Parliament aforesaid. Given under my hand and seale the eleaventh day of June anno 1644.

'MANCHESTER.

'To the Master, President, and Fellowes of Peterhouse, in Cambridge.' (p. 518.)

'The ejection' of 1644, like that larger one of 1662, brought much sorrow and trial to a number of good and true souls. To one so gentle, shy, self-introspective as CRASHAW, it must have been as the tearing down of a nest to a poor bird. His fellow-sufferers went hither and thither. Our first glimpse of our Worthy after his 'ejection' is in 1646, when the 'Steps to the Temple' and 'Delights of the Muses' appeared, with its Editor's touching saying at the close of his Preface 'now dead to us.' A second edition, with considerable additions, was published in 1648. Previous to 1646 he had 'gone over' to Catholicism; for in the 'Steps' of that year is 'An Apologie' for his 'Hymn'—'In Memory of the Vertuous and Learned Lady Madre de Teresa, that sought an early Martyrdome.' In 1646 it is headed simply 'An Apologie for the precedent Hymne:' in the 'Carmen Deo Nostro' of 1652 it is more fully inscribed 'An Apologie for the foregoing Hymn, as hauing been writt when the author was yet among the Protestantes.' His two Latin poems, '*Fides quæ sola justificat non est sine spe et dilectione*' and '*Baptismus non tollit futura peccata*,' were first published in 1648. TURNBULL was either ignorant of their existence or intentionally suppressed them.

Our Worthy did not long remain in England. He retired to France; and his little genial poem on sending 'two green apricocks' to COWLEY sheds a gleam of light on his residence in Paris. COWLEY was in the 'gay city' in 1646 as Secretary to LORD JERMYN; and inasmuch as the volume of that year contained his own alternate-poem on 'Hope,' I like to imagine that he carried over a copy of it to CRASHAW, and renewed their old friendship. COWLEY, it is told, found our Poet in great poverty: but CAR's verses somewhat lighten the gloom. The 'Secretary' of LORD JERMYN introduced his friend to the Queen of Charles I., who was then a fugitive in Paris. So it usually runs: but CRASHAW had previously 'sung' of and to her Majesty. From the Queen the Poet obtained letters of recommendation to Italy; and from a contemporary notice, hereafter to be used, we learn he became 'Secretary' at Rome to CARDINAL PALOTTA. He appears to have remained in Rome until 1649-50, and by very 'plain speech' on the moralities, that is immoralities, of certain ecclesiastics, to have drawn down on himself Italian jealousy and threats. His 'good' Cardinal provided a place of shelter in the Lady-chapel of LORETTO, of which he was made a Canon. But his abode there was very brief; for, by a document sent me from Loretto, I ascertained that he died of fever after a few weeks' residence only, and was buried within the chapel there, in 1650.^[8] COWLEY shed 'melodious tears' over his dear friend, in which he turns to fine account his '*fever*' end: and with his priceless tribute, of which DR. JOHNSON said, 'In these verses there are beauties which common authors may justly think not only above their attainment, but above their ambition,'^[9]—I close for the present our Memoir:

ON THE DEATH OF MR. CRASHAW.

Poet and Saint! to thee alone are giv'n
The two most sacred names of Earth and Heav'n,
The hardest, rarest union which can be
Next that of godhead with humanity.

Long did the Muses banish'd slaves abide,
And built vain pyramids to mortal pride;
Like Moses thou (tho' spells and charms withstand)
Hast brought them nobly home, back to their Holy Land.

Ah, wretched we, Poets of Earth! but thou
Wert living, the same Poet which thou'rt now;
Whilst angels sing to thee their ayres divine,
And joy in an applause so great as thine.
Equal society with them to hold,
Thou need'st not make new songs, but say the old;
And they (kind spirits!) shall all rejoice to see,
How little less than they, exalted man may be.

Still the old heathen gods in numbers dwell,
The heav'nliest thing on Earth still keeps up Hell:
Nor have we yet quite purg'd the Christian land;
Still idols here, like calves at Bethel stand.
And tho' Pan's death long since all or'cles broke,
Yet still in rhyme the fiend Apollo spoke;
Nay, with the worst of heathen dotage, we
(Vain men!) the monster woman deifie;
Find stars, and tie our fates there in a face,
And Paradise in them, by whom we lost it, place.
What diff'rent faults corrupt our Muses thus?
Wanton as girls, as old wives, fabulous.

Thy spotless Muse, like Mary, did contain
The boundless Godhead; she did well disdain
That her eternal verse employ'd should be
On a less subject than eternity;
And for a sacred mistress scorn'd to take
But her whom God Himself scorn'd not His spouse to make:
It (in a kind) her miracle did do,
A fruitful mother was, and virgin too.

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How well (blest Swan) did Fate contrive thy death,
And made thee render up thy tuneful breath
In thy great mistress's arms! Thou most divine,
And richest off'ring of Loretto's shrine!
Where, like some holy sacrifice t' expire,
A fever burns thee, and Love lights the fire.
Angels (they say) brought the fam'd chappel there,
And bore the sacred load in triumph thro' the air:
'Tis surer much they brought thee there; and they,
And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.

Pardon, my Mother-Church, if I consent
That angels led him, when from thee he went;
For ev'n in error, sure no danger is,
When join'd with so much piety as his.
Ah! mighty God, with shame I speak't, and grief;
Ah! that our greatest faults were in belief!
And our weak reason were ev'n weaker yet,
Rather than thus, our wills too strong for it.
His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right:
And I, myself, a Catholick will be;
So far at least, great Saint! to pray to thee.

Hail, Bard triumphant! and some care bestow
On us, the Poets militant below:
Oppos'd by our old enemy, adverse Chance,
Attack'd by Envy and by Ignorance;
Enchain'd by Beauty, tortur'd by desires,
Expos'd by tyrant-love, to savage beasts and fires.
Thou from low Earth in nobler flames didst rise,
And like Elijah, mount alive the skies.
Elisha-like (but with a wish much less,
More fit thy greatness and my littleness;)
Lo here I beg (I whom thou once didst prove
So humble to esteem, so good to love)
Not that thy sp'rit might on me doubled be,
I ask but half thy mighty sp'rit for me:
And when my Muse soars with so strong a wing,

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**THE
WORKS OF RICHARD CRASHAW.**

VOL. I.

ENGLISH POETRY.

NOTE.

The title-pages, with collation, of the original and early editions of 'Steps to the Temple' and 'The Delights of the Muses' (1646 to 1670) are here given successively:

1st edition, 1646. (1)

**STEPS
TO THE
TEMPLE.**

Sacred Poems,

With other Delights of the
MUSES.

By **RICHARD CRASHAW, sometimes
of PEMBROKE Hall, and
late Fellow of S. Peters Coll.
in Cambridge.**

Printed and Published according to Order.

LONDON,
Printed by T.W. for *Humphrey Moseley*, and
are to be sold at his shop at the Princes
Armes in S^t *Pauls* Church-yard.
1646.

(2)

**THE
DELIGHTS
OF THE
MUSES.
OR,
Other Poems written on
severall occasions.**

By **RICHARD CRASHAW**, *sometimes of Pembroke
Hall, and late Fellow of S^t. Peters
Colledge in Cambridge.*

Mart. Dic mihi quid melius desidiosus agas.

London,
Printed by T.W. for *H. Moseley*, at
the Princes Armes in S. *Pauls*
Churchyard, 1646. [12^o]

Collation: Title-page; the Preface to the Reader, pp. 6; the Author's Motto and short Note to Reader, pp. 2 [all unpagged]; 'Steps to the Temple,' pp. 99; title-page of 'Delights,' as *supra*, and pp. 103-138; the Table, pp. 4.

**STEPS
TO THE
TEMPLE,
Sacred Poems.**

With
The Delights of the Muses.

By RICHARD CRASHAW, *sometimes
of Pembroke Hall, and
late fellow of S. Peters Coll.
in Cambridge.*

*The second Edition wherein are added divers
pieces not before extant.*

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be
sold at his Shop at the Princes Armes
in S^t. *Pauls* Church-yard.
1648. [12^o]

The title-page to the 'Delights of the Muses' is exactly the same with that of 1646, except the date '1648.' Collation: Engraved title-page; title-page (printed); the Preface to the Reader and the Author's Motto, pp. 6; 'Steps,' pp. 110; the Table, pp. 4; the 'Delights;' title-page; the Table, pp. 3; Poems, pp. 71.

3d edition, 1652.

**CARMEN
DEO NOSTRO,**

TE DECET HYMNVS

SACRED POEMS,

Collected,
Corrected,
Avgmented,
Most humbly Presented.

To

My Lady
The Covntesse of

DENBIGH

By

Her most deuoted Seruant.

R.C.

In heaty [*sic*] acknowledgment of his immortall
obligation to her Goodnes & Charity.

AT PARIS

By PETER TARGA, Printer to the Archbishope
ef [*sic*] Paris, in S. Victors streete at
the golden sunne.

M.DC.LII. [8^{v0}]

Collation: Title-page; Verses by CAR, pp. 3; Verse-Letter to Countess of Denbigh, pp. 3 [all unpagged]; the Poems, pp. 131. (See our Preface for more on this and preceding and succeeding volumes, and for notice of a separate edition of the Verse-Letter to the Countess of Denbigh.)

4th edition, erroneously designated 2d edition, 1670.

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE,

THE
DELIGHTS
Of The
Muses,
and
Carmen
Deo Nostro.

By *Ric. Crashaw*, sometimes Fellow of *Pembroke
Hall*, and late Fellow of *S^t. Peters
Colledge* in *Cambridge*.

The 2^d. Edition.

In the Savoy,

Printed by T.N. for *Henry Herringham* at the
Blew Anchor in the *Lower Walk* of the
New Exchange. 1670. [8^{v0}]

Collation: Engraving of a 'Temple;' title-page; the Preface to the Reader and the Author's Motto, pp. 8; the Table, pp. 6 [all unpagged]; 'Steps,' pp. 77; 'Delights,' pp. 81-137; 'Carmen Deo Nostro, Te Decet Hymnvs,' pp. 141-208. For later editions see our Preface, as before, and for details on all, early and recent, and Manuscripts; and also our Memorial-Introduction and Essay. The 'Preface' of 1646 was reprinted in 1648 without change, save a few slight orthographical differences, and these: p. xlvi. line 3, 'their' for 'its dearest:' p. xlvii. line 1, 'subburd' for 'suburb:' and *ibid*, line 19, 'then' for 'than:' 1648 our text. It follows this Note in its own place. G.



STEPS TO THE TEMPLE, &c.

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

LEARNED READER,

The Author's friend will not usurpe much upon thy eye: This is onely for those whom the name of our divine Poet hath not yet seized^[11] into admiration. I dare undertake that what JAMBLICUS^[12] (*in vita Pythagoræ*) affirmeth of his Master, at his contemplations, these Poems can, viz. They shall lift thee, Reader, some yards above the ground: and, as in *Pythagoras Schoole*, every temper was first tuned into a height by severall proportions of Musick, and spiritualiz'd for one of his weighty lectures; so maist thou take a poem hence, and tune thy soule by it, into a heavenly pitch;^[13] and thus refined and borne up upon the wings of meditation, in these Poems thou maist talke freely of God, and of that other state.

Here's *Herbert's*^[14] second, but equall, who hath retri'd Poetry of late, and return'd it up to its primitive use; let it bound back to heaven gates, whence it came. Thinke yee ST. AUGUSTINE would have steyned his graver learning with a booke of Poetry, had he fancied its dearest end to be the vanity of love-sonnets and epithalamiums? No, no, he thought with this our Poet, that every foot in a high-borne verse, might helpe to measure the soule into that better world. Divine Poetry, I dare hold it in position, against SUAREZ on the subject, to be the language of the angels; it is the quintessence of phantasie and discourse center'd in Heaven; 'tis the very out-goings of the soule; 'tis what alone our Author is able to tell you, and that in his owne verse.

xlvi

It were prophane but to mention here in the Preface those under-headed Poets, retainers to seven shares and a halfe;^[15] madrigall fellowes, whose onely businesse in verse, is to rime a poore six-penny soule, a suburb-sinner^[16] into Hell:—May such arrogant pretenders to Poetry vanish, with their prodigious issue of tumorous^[17] heats and flashes of their adulterate braines, and for ever after, may this our Poet fill up the better roome of man. Oh! when the generall arraignment of Poets shall be, to give an accompt of their higher soules, with what a triumphant brow shall our divine Poet sit above, and looke downe upon poore HOMER, VIRGIL, HORACE, CLAUDIAN, &c.? who had amongst them the ill lucke to talke out a great part of their gallant genius, upon bees, dung, froggs, and gnats, &c., and not as himself here, upon Scriptures, divine graces, martyrs and angels.

xlvii

Reader, we stile his Sacred Poems, Steps to the Temple, and aptly, for in the Temple of God, under His wing, he led his life, in St. Marie's Church neere St. Peter's Colledge: there he lodged under TERTULLIAN'S roofe of angels; there he made his nest more gladly than David's swallow neere the house of God, where like a primitive saint, he offered more prayers in the night than others usually offer in the day; there he penned these Poems, STEPS for happy soules to climbe heaven by. And those other of his pieces, intituled The Delights of the Muses, (though of a more humane mixture) are as sweet as they are innocent.

The praises that follow, are but few of many that might be conferr'd on him: he was excellent in five languages (besides his mother tongue), vid. Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, the two last whereof he had little helpe in, they were of his own acquisition.

Amongst his other accomplishments in academick (as well pious as harmlesse arts) he made his skill in Poetry, Musick, Drawing, Limming, Graving (exercises of his curious invention and sudden fancy) to be but his subservient recreations for vacant houres, not the grand businesse of his soule.

xlviii

To the former qualifications I might adde that which would crowne them all, his rare moderation in diet (almost Lessian temperance^[18]); he never created a Muse out of distempers, nor (with our Canary scribblers^[19]) cast any strange mists of surfets before the intellectuall beames of his mind or memory, the latter of which he was so much a master of, that he had there under locke and key in readinesse, the richest treasures of the best Greek and Latine poets, some of which Authors hee had more at his command by heart, than others that onely read their works, to retaine little, and understand lesse.

Enough Reader, I intend not a volume of praises larger than his booke, nor need I longer transport thee to think over his vast perfections: I will conclude all that I have impartially writ of this learned young Gent. (now dead to us) as he himselfe doth, with the last line of his poem upon Bishop Andrews' picture before his Sermons: *Verte paginas,*

THE AUTHOR'S MOTTO.

Live Iesus, live, and let it bee
My life, to dye for love of Thee.

1

Sacred Poetry.

I.

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

(1648),

AND

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO &c.

(1652).

□



SAINTE MARY MAGDALENE, OR THE WEEPER.^[21]

Loe! where a wounded heart with bleeding eyes conspire.
Is she a flaming fountain, or a weeping fire?

THE WEEPER.^[22]

I.

1 Hail, sister springs!
Parents of syluer-footed rills!
Euer-bubling things!
Thawing crystall! snowy hills
5 Still spending, neuer spent! I mean
Thy fair eyes, sweet Magdalene!

II.

Heauens thy fair eyes be;

4

Heauens of euer-falling starres.
'Tis seed-time still with thee;
10 And starres thou sow'st, whose haruest dares
Promise the Earth, to counter-shine
Whateuer makes heaun's forehead fine.

III.

But we' are deceiuèd all:
Starres indeed they are too true;
15 For they but seem to fall,
As heaun's other spangles doe:
It is not for our Earth and vs
To shine in things so pretious.

IV.

Vpwards thou dost weep:
Heaun's bosome drinks the gentle stream.
20 Where th' milky riuers creep,
Thine floates aboue, and is the cream.
Waters aboue th' heauns, what they be
We' are taught best by thy teares and thee.

V.

Euery morn from hence,
A brisk cherub something sippes,
Whose sacred influence
25 Addes sweetnes to his sweetest lippes;
Then to his musick; and his song
30 Tasts of this breakfast all day long.

VI.

When some new bright guest
Takes vp among the starres a room,
And Heaun will make a feast:
35 Angels with crystall violls come
And draw from these full eyes of thine,
Their Master's water, their own wine.

phials

VII.

The deaw no more will weep
The primrose's pale cheek to deck:
40 The deaw no more will sleep
Nuzzel'd in the lilly's neck;
Much rather would it be thy tear,
And leaue them both to tremble here.

VIII.

Not the soft gold which
Steales from the amber-weeping tree,
45 Makes Sorrow halfe so rich
As the drops distil'd from thee.
Sorrowe's best iewels lye in these
Caskets, of which Heaven keeps the keyes.

IX.

When Sorrow would be seen
In her brightest majesty:
50 (For she is a Queen):
Then is she drest by none but thee.
Then, and only then, she weares
Her proudest pearles: I mean, thy teares.

X.

55 Not in the Euening's eyes,

When they red with weeping are
For the Sun that dyes;
Sitts Sorrow with a face so fair.
Nowhere but here did ever meet
Sweetnesse so sad, sadnesse so sweet.

XI.

Sadnesse all the while
Shee sits in such a throne as this,
Can doe nought but smile,
Nor beleeves she Sadnesse is:
Gladnesse it selfe would be more glad,
To bee made soe sweetly sad.

XII.

There's no need at all,
That the balsom-sweating bough
So coyly should let fall
His med'cinable teares; for now
Nature hath learnt to' extract a deaw
More soueraign and sweet, from you.

XIII.

Yet let the poore drops weep
(Weeping is the ease of Woe):
Softly let them creep,
Sad that they are vanquish't so.
They, though to others no releife,
Balsom may be for their own greife.

XIV.

Golden though he be,
Golden Tagus murmures though.
Were his way by thee,
Content and quiet he would goe;
Soe much more rich would he esteem
Thy syluer, then his golden stream.

XV.

Well does the May that lyes
Smiling in thy cheeks, confesse
The April in thine eyes;
Mutuall sweetnesse they expresse.
No April ere lent kinder showres,
Nor May return'd more faithfull flowres.

XVI.

O cheeks! Bedds of chast loues,
By your own showres seasonably dash't.
Eyes! Nests of milky doues,
In your own wells decently washt.
O wit of Loue! that thus could place
Fountain and garden in one face.

XVII.

O sweet contest! of woes
With loues; of teares with smiles disputing!
O fair and freindly foes,
Each other kissing and confuting!
While rain and sunshine, cheekes and eyes
Close in kind contrarieties.

XVIII.

But can these fair flouds be

105 Freinds with the bosom-fires that fill thee!
Can so great flames agree
Æternal teares should thus distill thee!
O flouds! O fires! O suns! O showres!
Mixt and made freinds by Loue's sweet powres.

XIX.

110 'Twas his well-pointed dart
That digg'd these wells, and drest this wine;
And taught the wounded heart
The way into these weeping eyn.
Vain loues auant! bold hands forbear!
The Lamb hath dipp't His white foot here.

XX.

115 And now where'ere He strayes,
Among the Galilean mountaines,
Or more vnwellcome wayes;
He's follow'd by two faithfull fountaines;
120 Two walking baths, two weeping motions,
Portable, and compendious oceans.

XXI.

O thou, thy Lord's fair store!
In thy so rich and rare expenses,
Euen when He show'd most poor
He might prouoke the wealth of princes.
125 What prince's wanton'st pride e'er could
Wash with syluer, wipe with gold?

XXII.

Who is that King, but He
Who calls 't His crown, to be call'd thine,
That thus can boast to be
130 Waited on by a wandring mine,
A voluntary mint, that strowes
Warm, syluer showres wher're He goes?

XXIII.

O pretious prodigall!
Fair spend-thrift of thy-self! thy measure
135 (Mercillesse loue!) is all.
Euen to the last pearle in thy threasure:
All places, times, and obiects be
Thy teares' sweet opportunity.

thesaurus, Latin.

XXIV.

140 Does the day-starre rise?
Still thy teares doe fall and fall.
Does Day close his eyes?
Still the fountain weeps for all.
Let Night or Day doe what they will,
Thou hast thy task: thou weapest still.

XXV.

145 Does thy song lull the air?
Thy falling teares keep faithfull time.
Does thy sweet-breath'd praire
Vp in clouds of incense climb?
150 Still at each sigh, that is, each stop,
A bead, that is, a tear, does drop.

XXVI.

At these thy weeping gates

(Watching their watry motion),
Each wingèd moment waits:
Takes his tear, and gets him gone.
155 By thine ey's tinct enobled thus,
Time layes him vp; he's pretious.

XXVII.

Time, as by thee He passes,
Makes thy ever-watry eyes
His hower-glasses.
160 By them His steps He rectifies. 11
The sands He us'd, no longer please,
For His owne sands Hee'l use thy seas.

XXVIII.

Not, 'so long she liuèd,'
Shall thy tomb report of thee;
165 But, 'so long she grieuèd:'
Thus must we date thy memory.
Others by moments, months, and yeares
Measure their ages; thou, by teares.

XXIX.

So doe perfumes expire,
170 So sigh tormented sweets, opprest
With proud vnpitting fire.
Such teares the suffring rose, that's vext
With vngentle flames, does shed,
Sweating in a too warm bed.

XXX.

Say, ye bright brothers,
175 The fugitiue sons of those fair eyes,
Your fruitfull mothers!
What make you here? what hopes can 'tice
You to be born? what cause can borrow
180 You from those nests of noble sorrow?

XXXI.

Whither away so fast?
For sure the sluttish earth 12
Your sweetnes cannot tast,
Nor does the dust deserve your birth.
185 Sweet, whither hast you then? O say
Why you trip so fast away?

XXXII.

We goe not to seek
The darlings of Aurora's bed,
The rose's modest cheek,
190 Nor the violet's humble head.
Though the feild's eyes too Weepers be,
Because they want such teares as we.

XXXIII.

Much lesse mean we to trace
The fortune of inferior gemmes,
195 Preferr'd to some proud face,
Or pertch't vpon fear'd diadems:
Crown'd heads are toyes. We goe to meet
A worthy object, our Lord's feet.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

With some shortcomings—superficial rather than substantive—'The Weeper' is a lovely poem, and well deserves its place of honour at the commencement of the 'Steps to the Temple,' as in

editions of 1646, 1648, and 1670. Accordingly we have spent the utmost pains on our text of it, taking for basis that of 1652. The various readings of the different editions and of the SANCROFT MS. are given below for the capable student of the ultimate perfected form. I have not hesitated to correct several misprints of the text of 1652 from the earlier editions.

The present poem appears very imperfectly in the first edition (1646), consisting there of only twenty-three stanzas instead of thirty-three (and so too in 1670 edition). The stanzas that are not given therein are xvi. to xxix. (on the last see onward). But on the other hand, exclusive of interesting variations, the text of 1646 supplies two entire stanzas (xi. and xxvii.) dropped out in the editions of 1648 and 1652, though both are in 1670 edition and in the SANCROFT MS. Moreover I accept the succession of the stanzas in 1646, so far as it goes, confirmed as it is by the SANCROFT MS. A third stanza in 1652 edition (st. xi. there) as also in 1648 edition, I omit, as it belongs self-revealingly to 'The Teare,' and interrupts the metaphor in 'The Weeper.' Another stanza (xxix.) might seem to demand excision also, as it is in part repeated in 'The Teare;' but the new lines are dainty and would be a loss to 'The Weeper.' Our text therefore is that of 1652, as before, with restorations from 1646.

The form of the stanza in the editions of 1646, 1648 and 1670 is thus:

In 1652 from stanza xv. (there) to end,

but I have made all uniform, and agreeably to above of 1652.

I would now submit variations, illustrations and corrections, under the successive stanzas and lines.

Couplet on the engraving of 'The Weeper.' In 1652 'Sainte' is misprinted 'Sanite,' one of a number that remind us that the volume was printed in Paris, not London. In all the other editions the heading 'Sainte Mary Magdalene' is omitted.

St. i. line 2. 1646, 1648 and 1670 editions read 'silver-forded.' Were it only for the reading of the text of 1652 'silver-footed,' I should have been thankful for it; and I accept it the more readily in that the SANCROFT MS. from Crashaw's own copy, also reads 'silver-footed.' The Homeric compound epithet occurs in HERRICK contemporarily in his *Hesperides*,

'I send, I send here my supremest kiss
To thee, my *silver-footed* Thamasis'

[that is, the river Thames]. WILLIAM BROWNE earlier, has 'faire *silver-footed* Thetis' (Works by Hazlitt, i. p. 188). Cf. also the first line of the Elegy on Dr. Porter in our 'Airelles'—printed for the first time by us: 'Stay silver-footed Came.'

With reference to the long-accepted reading 'silver-forded,' the epithet is loosely used not for in the state of being forded, but for in a state to be forded, or fordable, and hence shallow. The thought is not quite the same as that intended to be conveyed by such a phrase as 'silver stream of Thames,' but pictures the bright, pellucid, silvery whiteness of a clear mountain rill. As silver-shallow—a meaning which, as has been said, cannot be fairly obtained from it—can it alone be taken as a double epithet. In any other sense the hyphen is only an attempt to connect two qualities which refuse to be connected. All difficulty and obscurity are removed by 'silver-footed.'

St. iii. line 1. The. 'we' may be = wee, as printed in 1646, but in 1648 it is 'we are,' and in 1670 'we're,' and in the last, line 2, 'they're.' The SANCROFT MS. in line 2, reads 'they are indeed' for 'indeed they are.'

St. iv. line 4, 1646 and 1670 have 'crawles' and 'crawls' respectively, for 'floates,' as in 1648 and our text. The SANCROFT MS. also reads 'crawles.' In line 3, 1646 and 1670 'meet' is inadvertently substituted for 'creep.'

Lines 5 and 6, 1646 and 1670 read

'Heaven, of such faire floods as this,
Heaven the christall ocean is.'

So too the SANCROFT MS., save that for 'this' it has 'these.'

St. v. line 2. 'Brisk' is = active, nimble. So—and something more—SHAKESPEARE: 'he made me mad,

to see him shine so *brisk*' (1 Henry IV. 3).

Line 3. 1646, 1670 and SANCROFT MS. read 'soft' for 'sacred' of 1652 and 1648.

Line 6, 'Breakfast.' See our Essay on this and similar homely words, with parallels. 1648 reads 'his' for '*this* breakfast.'

St. vi. line 4, 'violls' = 'phials' or small bottles. The reading in 1646 and 1670 is 'Angels with their *bottles* come.' So also in the SANCROFT MS.

St. vii. line 4. 'Nuzzeld' = nestled or nourished. In quaint old DR. WORSHIP'S Sermons, we have 'dew *cruzzle* on his cheek' (p. 91).

Lines 1 and 3, 'deaw' = 'dew.' This was the contemporary spelling, as it was long before in SIR JOHN DAVIES, the FLETCHERS and others in our Fuller Worthies' Library, s.v.

Lines 5 and 6. 1646, 1670 and SANCROFT MS. read

'Much rather would it tremble heere
And leave them both to bee thy teare.'

1648 is as our text (1652).

St. ix. A hasty reader may judge this stanza to have been displaced by the xith, but a closer examination reveals a new vein (so-to-say) of the thought. It is characteristic of Crashaw to give a first-sketch, and afterwards fill in other details to complete the scene or portraiture.

St. xi. Restored from 1646.

St. xii. line 1. 1646, 1648 and 1670 read 'There is.'

Line 4, '*med'cinable* teares.' So SHAKESPEARE (nearly): 'their *medicinal* gum' (Othello, v. 2).

St. xiii. line 2. 1646 and 1670 unhappily misprint 'case;' and TURNBULL passed the deplorable blunder and perpetuated it.

Line 5. Our text (1652) misprints 'draw' for 'deaw' = dew, as before.

Line 6. 1646 and 1670 read 'May balsame.'

St. xiv. line 3. 1646 and 1670 read

'Might he flow from thee.'

TURNBULL misses the rhythmical play in the first and second 'though,' and punctuates the second so as to read with next line. I make a full-stop as in the SANCROFT MS.

Line 4, ib. read

'Content and quiet would he goe.'

So the SANCROFT MS.

Line 5, ib. read

'Richer far does he esteeme.'

So the SANCROFT MS.

St. xv. lines 5 and 6, ib. read

'No April e're lent softer showres,
Nor May returned fairer flowers.'

'Faithful' looks deeper: but the SANCROFT MS. agrees with '46 and '70.

St. xvii. line 2, in 1648 misreads

'With loves and tears, and smils disputing.'

TURNBULL, without the slightest authority, seeing not even in 1670 are the readings found, has thus printed lines 2 and 4, 'With loves, of tears *with smiles disporting*' ... 'Each other kissing and *comforting*'!!

St. xviii. line 2 in 1648 misreads

'Friends with the balsome fires that fill thee.'

The 'balsome' is an evident misprint, but 'thee' is preferable to 'fill you' of our text (1652), and hence I have adopted it.

Line 3 in 1648 reads

'Cause great flames agree.'

St. xix. line 3, 1648, reads 'that' for 'the.'

Line 4, ib. 'those' for 'these.'

Line 6. cf. Revelations xiv. 5, 'These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.'

St. xxi. line 6. 'wipe with gold,' refers to Mary Magdalene's golden tresses, as also in st. xxii. 'a voluntary mint.'

Line 4. 'prouoke' = challenge.

St. xxii. line 2. Curiously enough, 1648 edition leaves a blank where we read 'calls 't' as in our text (1652). TURNBULL prints 'call'st,' but that makes nonsense. It is calls't as = calls it. So too the SANCROFT MS. Probably the copy for 1648 was illegible.

St. xxiv. line 1. 1646 and 1670 read

'Does the Night arise?'

Line 2. Our text (1652) misprints 'starres' for 'teares' of 1646, 1648 and 1670.

Line 3. 1646 and 1670 read

'Does Night loose her eyes?'

The SANCROFT MS. reads line 139 'Does the Night arise?' and line 141, 'Does Niget loose her eyes?'

St. xxv. line 2. 1646 and 1670 read

'Thy teares' just cadence still keeps time.'

So the SANCROFT MS.

Line 3. Our text (1652) misprints 'paire' for 'praire.' 'Sweet-breath'd' should probably be pronounced as the adjectival of the substantive, not as the participle of the verb.

Line 6. 1646, 1648 and 1670 read 'doth' for 'does.'

St. xxvi. lines 1 and 2. 1646 and 1670 read

'Thus dost thou melt the yeare
Into a weeping motion.
Each minute waiteth heere.'

So the SANCROFT MS.

St. xxvii. Restored from 1646 edition. The SANCROFT MS. in line 168 miswrites 'teares.'

St. xxviii. line 5. reads in 1646 and 1670

'Others by dayes, by monthes, by yeares.'

So also the SANCROFT MS., wherein this st. follows our st. xv.

St. xxix. line 3. Our text (1652) misprints 'fires' for 'fire' of 1648.

St. xxx. line 1. Our text (1652) misprints 'Say the bright brothers.' 1646 and 1670 read 'Say watry Brothers.' So SANCROFT MS. 1648 gives 'ye,' which I have adopted. The misprint of 'the' in 1652 originated doubtless in the printer's reading 'y^e,' the usual mode of writing 'the.'

Line 2. 1646 and 1670 read

'Yee simpering ...'

So the SANCROFT MS.

Line 3, ib. 'fertile' for 'fruitfull.'

Line 4, ib. 'What hath our world that can entice.' So the SANCROFT MS.

Lines 5 and 6, ib.

'what is't can borrow
You from her eyes, swolne wombes of sorrow.'

So the SANCROFT MS.

St. xxxi. line 2. 1646 and 1670 read

'O whither? for the *sluttish* Earth!'

and I accept 'sluttish' for 'sordid,' which is also confirmed by SANCROFT MS.

Line 4, ib. 'your' for 'their;' and as this is also the reading of 1648 and SANCROFT MS., I have accepted it.

Line 5. 1646 and 1670 omit 'Sweet.'

Line 6, ib. read 'yee' for 'you.'

St. xxxii. and xxxiii. In 1646 and 1670 these two stanzas are thrown into one, viz. 23 (there), which consists of the first four lines of xxxii. and the two closing lines of xxxiii. as follows,

'No such thing; we goe to meet
A worthier object, our Lords feet.'

In the SANCROFT MS. also, and reads as last line 'A worthy object, our Lord Jesus feet.' On the closing lines of st. xxxii. cf. Sospetto d'Herode, st. xlviii.

I have not thought it needful, either in these Notes or hereafter, to record the somewhat arbitrary variations of mere orthography in the different editions, as 'haile' for 'hail,' 'syluer' for 'silver,' 'hee' for 'he,' and the like. But I trust it will be found that no different wording has escaped record. G.



19



SANCTA MARIA DOLORVM, OR THE MOTHER OF SORROWS

A patheticall Descant vpon the deuout Plainsong of Stabat Mater Dolorosa.^[23]

I.

In shade of Death's sad tree
 Stood dolefull shee.
Ah she! now by none other
Name to be known, alas, but Sorrow's Mother.
5 Before her eyes,
Her's, and the whole World's ioyes,
Hanging all torn she sees; and in His woes
And paines, her pangs and throes:
10 Each wound of His, from euery part,
All, more at home in her one heart.

II.

What kind of marble, than,
Is that cold man
Who can look on and see,
15 Nor keep such noble sorrowes company?
Sure eu'en from you
 (My flints) some drops are due,
To see so many unkind swords contest
 So fast for one soft brest:
20 While with a faithfull, mutuall floud,
Her eyes bleed teares, His wounds weep blood.

20

III.

O costly intercourse
Of deaths, and worse—
Diuided loues. While Son and mother

25 Discourse alternate wounds to one another,
Quick deaths that grow
And gather, as they come and goe:
His nailes write swords in her, which soon her heart
Payes back, with more then their own smart.
30 Her swords, still growing with His pain,
Turn speares, and straight come home again.

IV.

She sees her Son, her God,
Bow with a load 21
Of borrow'd sins; and swimme
In woes that were not made for Him.
35 Ah! hard command
Of loue! Here must she stand,
Charg'd to look on, and with a stedfast ey
See her life dy:
Leauing her only so much breath
40 As serues to keep aliue her death.

V.

O mother turtle-doue!
Soft source of loue!
That these dry lidds might borrow
45 Somthing from thy full seas of sorrow!
O in that brest
Of thine (the noblest nest
Both of Loue's fires and flouds) might I recline
This hard, cold heart of mine!
The chill lump would relent, and proue
50 Soft subject for the seige of Loue.

VI.

O teach those wounds to bleed
In me; me, so to read
This book of loues, thus writ
55 In lines of death, my life may cobby it
With loyall cares.
O let me, here, claim shares! 22
Yeild somthing in thy sad prærogatiue
(Great queen of greifes), and giue
Me, too, my teares; who, though all stone,
60 Think much that thou shouldst mourn alone.

VII.

Yea, let my life and me
Fix here with thee,
And at the humble foot
65 Of this fair tree, take our eternall root.
That so we may
At least be in Loue's way;
And in these chast warres, while the wing'd wounds flee
So fast 'twixt Him and thee,
70 My brest may catch the kisse of some kind dart,
Though as at second hand, from either heart.

VIII.

O you, your own best darts,
Dear, dolefull hearts!
Hail! and strike home, and make me see
75 That wounded bosomes their own weapons be.
Come wounds! come darts!
Nail'd hands! and peircèd hearts!
Come your whole selues, Sorrow's great Son and mother!
Nor grudge a yonger brother
80 Of greifes his portion, who (had all their due)
One single wound should not haue left for you. 23

IX.

85 Shall I, sett there
So deep a share
(Dear wounds), and onely now
In sorrows draw no diuidend with you?
O be more wise,
If not more soft, mine eyes!
Flow, tardy founts! and into decent showres
Dissolue my dayes and howres.
90 And if thou yet (faint soul!) desert
To bleed with Him, fail not to weep with her.

X.

95 Rich queen, lend some releife;
At least an almes of greif
To' a heart who by sad right of sin
Could proue the whole summe (too sure) due to him.
By all those stings
Of Loue, sweet-bitter things,
Which these torn hands transcrib'd on thy true heart;
O teach mine too the art
100 To study Him so, till we mix
Wounds, and become one crucifix.

XI.

O let me suck the wine
So long of this chast Vine,
Till drunk of the dear wounds, I be
105 A lost thing to the world, as it to me.
O faithfull friend
Of me and of my end!
Fold vp my life in loue; and lay't beneath
My dear Lord's vitall death.
110 Lo, heart, thy hope's whole plea! her pretious breath
Pour'd out in prayrs for thee; thy Lord's in death.

24

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

St. i. line 10. In 1648 the reading is

'Are more at home in her Owne heart.'

In 1670. 'All, more at home in her own heart.' I think 'all' and 'one' of our text (1652) preferable. There is a world of pathos in the latter. Cf. st. ii. line 8.

St. ii. line 1. On the change of orthography for rhyme, see our PHINEAS FLETCHER, vol. ii. 206; and our LORD BROOKE, VAUGHAN, &C. &C., show 'then' and 'than' used as in Crashaw.

St. vi. line 3. In 1648 the reading is 'love;' 1670 as our text (1652). The plural includes the twofold love of Son and mother.

Line 7, ib. 'to' for 'in.'

Line 9, ib. 'Oh give' at commencement. 1670, 'to' for 'too.'

St. vii. and viii. These two stanzas do not appear in 1648 edition, but appear in 1670.

St. vii. line 4. By 'tree' the Cross is meant. Cf. st. i. line 1.

St. ix. line 1. 1648 edition supplies the two words required by the measure of the other stanzas, 'in sins.' They are dropped inadvertently in 1652 and 1670. Turnbull failed as usual to detect the omission.

Line 4. 1648 spells 'Divident.'

Lines 5 and 6. I have accepted correction of our text (1652) from 1648 edition, in line 6, of 'If' for 'Is,' which is also the reading of 1670. 1648 substitutes 'just' for 'soft;' but 1670 does not adopt it, nor can I.

St. x. line 1. 1648 reads 'Lend, O lend some reliefe.'

Line 9 reads 'To studie thee so.'

St. xi. line 3, ib. reads 'thy' for 'the.'

Line 8, ib. reads 'Thy deare lost vitall death.'

25

Line 10. I have adopted from 1648 'in thy Lord's death' for 'thy lord's in death' of our text (1652).

Turnbull has some sad misprints in this poem: *e.g.* st. ii. line 4, 'sorrow's' for 'sorrows;' st. iii. line 2, 'death's' for 'deaths;' st. vi. line 9, 'Me to' for 'Me, too;' st. x. line 2, 'in' for 'an,' and line 3, 'a' mis-inserted before 'sad.' Except in the 'Me to' of st. vi., he had not even the poor excuse of following the text of 1670. G.

THE TEARE. [24]

I.

What bright-soft thing is this,
Sweet Mary, thy faire eyes' expence?
A moist sparke it is,
A watry diamond; from whence
5 The very tearme, I think, was found,
The water of a diamond.

II.

O, 'tis not a teare:
'Tis a star about to dropp
From thine eye, its spheare;
10 The sun will stoope and take it up:
Proud will his sister be, to weare
This thine eyes' iewell in her eare.

26

III.

O, 'tis a teare,
Too true a teare; for no sad eyne,
15 How sad so 'ere,
Raine so true a teare, as thine;
Each drop leaving a place so deare,
Weeps for it self; is its owne teare.

IV.

Such a pearle as this is,
20 Slipt from Aurora's dewy brest—
The rose-bud's sweet lipp kisses;
And such the rose it self that's vext
With ungentle flames, does shed,
Sweating in a too warm bed.

V.

Such the maiden gem,
25 By the purpling vine put on,
Peeps from her parent stem,
And blushes on the bridegroom sun;
30 The watry blossome of thy eyne
Ripe, will make the richer wine.

27

VI.

Faire drop, why quak'st thou so?
'Cause thou streight must lay thy head
In the dust? O, no!
35 The dust shall never be thy bed:
A pillow for thee will I bring,
Stuft with downe of angel's wing.

VII.

Thus carried up on high
(For to Heaven thou must goe),
40 Sweetly shalt thou lye,
And in soft slumbers bath thy woe,

Till the singing orbes awake thee,
And one of their bright chorus make thee.

VIII.

45

There thy selfe shalt bee
An eye, but not a weeping one;
Yet I doubt of thee,
Whether th' had'st rather there have shone
An eye of heaven; or still shine here,
In the heaven of Marie's eye, a TEARE.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

28

It is to be re-noted that st. v. is identical in all save 'watry' for 'bridegroom' with st. xi. of 'The Weeper' as given in text of 1652, and that st. iv. has two lines from st. xxix. of the same poem. Neither of these stanzas appear in 'The Weeper' of 1646. As stated in relative foot-note, I have withdrawn the former from 'The Weeper.' We may be sure it was inadvertently inserted in 1652, seeing that the very next stanza closes with the same word 'wine' as in it: a fault which our Poet never could have passed. It is to be noticed too that 'The Teare' did not appear in the edition of 1652. By transferring the stanza to 'The Teare' as in 1646, 1648 and 1670 editions, a blemish is removed from 'The Weeper,' while in 'The Teare' it is a vivid addition. The 'such' of line 1 links it naturally on to st. iv. with its 'such.'

Our text follows that of 1648 except in st. v. line 4, where I adopt the reading of 1652 in 'The Weeper' (there st. xi.) of 'bridegroom' (misprinted 'bridegrooms') for 'watry,' and that I correct in st. vii. line 6, the misprint 'the' for 'thee,'—the latter being found in 1646 and 1670. With reference to st. v. again, in line 5 in 'The Weeper' of 1648 the reading is 'balsome' for 'blossom.' The 'ripe' of line 6 settles (I think) that 'blossom' is the right word, as the ripe blossom is = the grape, to the rich lucent-white drops of which the Weeper's tears are likened. 'Balsome' doesn't make wine. I have adopted from st. xi. of 'The Weeper' of 1652 the reading 'the purpling vine' for 'the wanton Spring' of 1646, 1648 and 1670. The SANCROFT MS. in st. i. line 2, reads 'expends' for 'expençe;' st. iv. line 4, 'that's' for 'when;'; st. v. line 4, 'manly sunne' for 'bridegroome,' and line 5, 'thine' for 'thy;'; st. viii. line 6, 'I th' for 'In th'.' G.



29



THE OFFICE OF THE HOLY CROSSE. [25]

Tradidit semetipsum pro nobis oblationem et hostiam Deo in odorem suavitatis. *Ad Ephe.* v. 2.

THE HOWRES.

FOR THE HOVR OF MATINES.

The Versicle.

Lord, by Thy sweet and sailing sign!

The Responsory.

Defend us from our foes and Thine.

V. Thou shalt open my lippes, O Lord.

R. And my mouth shall shew forth Thy prayse.

5 V. O God, make speed to saue me.

R. O Lord, make hast to help me.

Glory be to the FATHER,
and to the SON,
and to the H[oly] GHOST.

10 As it was in the beginning, is now, and euer
shall be, world without end. Amen.

THE HYMN.

The wakefull Matines hast to sing
The unknown sorrows of our King:
The Father's Word and Wisdom, made
15 Man for man, by man's betraid;
The World's price sett to sale, and by the bold
Merchants of Death and Sin, is bought and sold:
Of His best freinds (yea of Himself) forsaken;
By His worst foes (because He would) beseig'd and taken.

The Antiphona.

20 All hail, fair tree,
Whose fruit we be!
What song shall raise
Thy seemly praise,
Who broughtst to light
25 Life out of death, Day out of Night!

The Versicle.

Lo, we adore Thee,
Dread LAMB! and bow thus low before Thee:

The Responsor.

'Cause, by the couenant of Thy crosse,
Thou hast sau'd at once the whole World's losse.

The Prayer.

30 O Lord IESV-CHRIST, Son of the liuing God!
interpose, I pray Thee, Thine Own pretious death,
Thy crosse and passion, betwixt my soul and Thy
iudgment, now and in the hour of my death. And
35 vouchsafe to graunt vnto me Thy grace and mercy;
vnto all quick and dead, remission and rest; to Thy
Church, peace and concord; to vs sinners, life and
glory euerlasting. Who liuest and reignest with
the Father, in the vnity of the Holy Ghost, one
God, world without end. Amen.

FOR THE HOUR OF PRIME.

The Versicle.

40 Lord, by Thy sweet and sailing sign!

The Responsor.

Defend vs from our foes and Thine.
V. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord.
R. And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.
V. O God, make speed to save me.
45 R. O Lord, make hast to help me.
V. Glory be to, &c.
R. As it was in the, &c.

50 The early Prime blushes to say
 She could not rise so soon, as they
 Call'd Pilat vp; to try if he
 Could lend them any cruelty.

Their hands with lashes arm'd, their tounge with lyes
 And loathsom spittle, blott those beauteous eyes,
 55 The blissfull springs of ioy; from whose all-cheering ray
 The fair starrs fill their wakefull fires, the sun himself drinks day.

The Antiphona.

Victorious sign
 That now dost shine,
 Transcrib'd aboute
 60 Into the land of light and loue;
 O let vs twine
 Our rootes with thine,
 That we may rise
 Vpon thy wings, and reach the skyes.

The Versicle.

65 Lo, we adore Thee,
 Dread Lamb! and fall
 Thus low before Thee.

The Responsor.

'Cause by the couenant of Thy crosse
 Thou hast sau'd at once the whole World's losse.

The Prayer.

70 O LORD IESV-CHRIST, Son of the liuing God!
 interpose, I pray Thee, Thine Own pretious death,
 Thy crosse and passion, betwixt my soul and Thy
 iudgment, now and in the hour of my death. And
 vouchsafe to graunt vnto me Thy grace and mercy;
 75 vnto all quick and dead, remission and rest; to
 Thy Church, peace and concord; to vs sinners,
 life and glory euerlasting. Who liuest and reignest
 with the Father, in the vnity of the Holy Ghost,
 one God, world without end. Amen.

THE THIRD.

The Versicle.

Lord, by Thy sweet and sauing sign,

The Responsor.

80 Defend vs from our foes and Thine.
 V. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord.
 R. And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.
 V. O God, make speed to save me.
 R. O Lord, make hast to help me.
 85 V. Glory be to, &c.
 R. As it was in the, &c.

THE HYMN.

The third hour's deafen'd with the cry
 Of crucify Him, crucify.
 So goes the vote (nor ask them, why?),
 90 Liue Barabbas! and let God dy.
 But there is witt in wrath, and they will try
 A hail more cruell then their crucify.
 For while in sport He weares a spitefull crown
 The serious showres along His decent Face run sadly down.

The Antiphona.

95 Christ when He dy'd
Deceiu'd the Crosse;
And on Death's side
Threw all the losse.
100 The captiue World awak't and found
The prisoners loose, the iaylor bound.

The Versicle.

Lo, we adore Thee,
Dread LAMB, and fall
Thus low before Thee.

The Responsor.

105 'Cause by the couenant of Thy crosse
Thou hast sau'd at once the whole World's losse.

35

The Prayer.

O Lord IESV-CHRIST, Son of the liuing God!
interpose, I pray Thee, Thine Own pretious death,
Thy crosse and passion, betwixt my soul and Thy
iudgment, now and in the hour of my death. And
110 vouchsafe to graunt vnto me Thy grace and mercy;
vnto all quick and dead, remission and rest; to
Thy Church, peace and concord; to vs sinners,
life and glory everlasting. Who liuest and reignest
with the Father, in the vnity of the Holy Ghost,
115 one God, world without end. Amen.

THE SIXT.

The Versicle.

Lord, by Thy sweet and sauing sign!

The Responsor.

Defend vs from our foes and Thine.

V. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord.

R. And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.

120 V. O God, make speed to save me!

R. O Lord, make hast to help me!

V. Glory be to, &c.

R. As it was in the, &c.

THE HYMN.

125 Now is the noon of Sorrow's night:
High in His patience, as their spite,
Lo, the faint Lamb, with weary limb
Beares that huge tree which must bear Him!
That fatall plant, so great of fame
For fruit of sorrow and of shame,
130 Shall swell with both, for Him, and mix
All woes into one crucifix.
Is tortur'd thirst itselſe too sweet a cup?
Gall, and more bitter mocks, shall make it vp.
Are nailes, blunt pens of superficial smart?
135 Contempt and scorn can send sure wounds to search the inmost heart.

36

The Antiphona.

O deare and sweet dispute
'Twixt Death's and Loue's farr different fruit!

140 Different as farr
As antidotes and poysons are.
By that first fatal tree
Both life and liberty
Were sold and slain;
By this they both look vp, and liue again.

The Versicle.

145 Lo, we adore Thee,
Dread Lamb! and bow thus low before Thee.

The Responsor.

'Cause by the couenant of Thy crosse,
Thou hast sau'd the World from certain losse.

37

The Prayer.

150 O Lord IESV-CHRIST, Son of the liuing God!
interpose, I pray Thee, Thine Own pretious death,
Thy crosse and passion, betwixt my soul and Thy
iudgment, now and in the hour of my death. And
vouchsafe to graunt vnto me Thy grace and mercy;
vnto all quick and dead, remission and rest; to
155 Thy Church, peace and concord; to vs sinners,
life and glory euerlasting. Who liuest and reignest
with the Father, in the vnity of the Holy Ghost,
one God, world without end. Amen.

THE NINTH.

The Versicle.

Lord, by Thy sweet and sauing sign,

The Responsor.

160 Defend vs from our foes and Thine.
V. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord.
R. And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.
V. O God, make speed to save me!
R. O Lord, make hast to help me!
V. Glory be to, &c.
165 R. As it was in the, &c.

THE HYMN.

The ninth with awfull horror hearkened to those groanes
Which taught attention eu'n to rocks and stones.
Hear, Father, hear! Thy Lamb (at last) complaines
Of some more painfull thing then all His paines.
170 Then bowes His all-obedient head, and dyes
His own lou's and our sins' GREAT SACRIFICE.
The sun saw that, and would haue seen no more;
The center shook: her vselesse veil th' inglorious Temple tore.

38

The Antiphona.

175 O strange, mysterious strife
Of open Death and hidden Life!
When on the crosse my King did bleed,
Life seem'd to dy, Death dy'd indeed.^[26]

The Versicle.

180 Lo, we adore Thee,
Dread Lamb! and fall
Thus low before Thee.

The Responsor.

'Cause by the couenant of Thy crosse
Thou hast sau'd at once the whole World's losse.

The Prayer.

O Lord Iesv-Christ, Son of the liuing God!
interpose, I pray Thee, Thine Own pretious death,

185 Thy crosse and passion, betwixt my soul and Thy
iudgment, now and in the hour of my death. And
vouchsafe to graunt vnto me Thy grace and mercy;
vnto all quick and dead, remission and rest; to
190 Thy Church, peace and concord; to vs sinners,
life and glory euerlasting. Who liuest and reignest
with the Father, in the vnity of the Holy Ghost,
one God, world without end. Amen.

39

EVENSONG.

The Versicle.

Lord, by Thy sweet and sauing sign!

The Responsor.

195 Defend vs from our foes and Thine.
V. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord!
R. And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.
V. O God, make speed to save me!
R. O Lord, make hast to help me!
V. Glory be to, &c.
200 R. As it was in the, &c.

THE HYMN.

But there were rocks would not relent at this:
Lo, for their own hearts, they rend His;
Their deadly hate liues still, and hath
A wild reserve of wanton wrath;
205 Superfluous spear! But there's a heart stands by
Will look no wounds be lost, no deaths shall dy.
Gather now thy Greif's ripe fruit, great mother-maid!
Then sitt thee down, and sing thine eu'nsong in the sad tree's shade.

40

The Antiphona.

210 O sad, sweet tree!
Wofull and ioyfull we
Both weep and sing in shade of thee.
When the dear nailes did lock
And graft into thy gracious stock
The hope, the health,
215 The worth, the wealth
Of all the ransom'd World, thou hadst the power
(In that propitious hour)
To poise each pretious limb,
And proue how light the World was, when it weighd with Him.
220 Wide maist thou spread
Thine armes, and with thy bright and blissfull head
O'relook all Libanus. Thy lofty crown
The King Himself is, thou His humble throne,
Where yeilding and yet conquering He
225 Prou'd a new path of patient victory:
When wondring Death by death was slain,
And our Captiuity His captiue ta'ne.

41

The Versicle.

Lo, we adore Thee,
Dread LAMB! and bow thus low before Thee.

The Responsor.

230 'Cause by the couenant of Thy crosse
Thou hast sau'd the World from certain losse.

The Prayer.

O Lord Iesv-Christ, Son of the liuing, &c.

COMPLINE.

The Versicle.

Lord, by Thy sweet and sauing sign!

The Responsor.

235 Defend vs from our foes and Thine.
V. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord!
R. And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.
V. O God, make speed to save me!
R. O Lord, make hast to help me!
V. Glory be to, &c.
240 R. As it was in the, &c.

THE HYMN.

The Complin hour comes last, to call
Vs to our own lives' funerall.
Ah hartlesse task! yet Hope takes head,
And liues in Him that here lyes dead.
245 Run, Mary, run! Bring hither all the blest
Arabia, for thy royall phoenix' nest;
Pour on thy noblest sweets, which, when they touch
This sweeter body, shall indeed be such.
But must Thy bed, Lord, be a borrow'd graue
250 Who lend'st to all things all the life they haue.
O rather vse this heart, thus farr a fitter stone,
'Cause, though a hard and cold one, yet it is Thine own. Amen.

42

The Antiphona.

O saue vs then,
Mercyfull King of men!
255 Since Thou wouldst needs be thus
A Saviour, and at such a rate, for vs;
Saue vs, O saue vs, Lord.
We now will own no shorter wish, nor name a narrower word;
Thy blood bids vs be bold,
260 Thy wounds giue vs fair hold,
Thy sorrows chide our shame:
Thy crosse, Thy nature, and Thy name
Aduance our claim,
And cry with one accord
265 Saue them, O saue them, Lord!

43

THE RECOMMENDATION. [271]

These Houres, and that which houers o're my end,
Into Thy hands and hart, Lord, I commend.

Take both to Thine account, that I and mine
In that hour, and in these, may be all Thine.

270 That as I dedicate my deuoutest breath
To make a kind of life for my Lord's death,

So from His liuing and life-giuing death,
My dying life may draw a new and neuer fleeting breath.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In the original edition of this composition, as *supra* (1648), it is entitled simply 'Vpon our B[lessed] Saviour's Passion.' What in our text (1652) constitute the Hymns, were originally numbered as seven stanzas. A few various readings from 1648 will be found below. Our text is given in full in 1670 edition, but not very accurately.

I. Line 1. 'The wakefull dawning hast's to sing.'

" 2. The allusion is to the petition in the old Litanies, 'By all Thine *unknown* sorrows, good Lord, deliver us.'

" 8. 'betray'd' for 'beseigd:' the former perhaps superior.

II. " 1. 'The early Morne.'

" 2. 'It' for 'she.'

III. " 5. 'ther's' for 'there is.'

IV. " 6. 'The fruit' instead of 'for'—a misprint.

V. " 6. 'our great sins' sacrifice.'

VII. " 1. 'The Nightening houre'—a curious coinage.

In the 'Prayer,' 'unto all quick and dead' is dropped, and reads 'the,' not 'Thy,' Church. In line 55 Turnbull reads 'weakful,' and, line 243, 'heed' for 'head,'—two of a number of provoking blunders in his text. G.

44

VEXILLA REGIS:

THE HYMN OF THE HOLY CROSSE.^[28]

I.

1 Look vp, languishing soul! Lo, where the fair
 Badge of thy faith calls back thy care,
 And biddes thee ne're forget
 Thy life is one long debt
5 Of loue, to Him, Who on this painfull tree
 Paid back the flesh He took for thee.

II.

 Lo, how the streames of life, from that full nest
 Of loues, Thy Lord's too liberall brest,
10 Flow in an amorous floud
 Of water wedding blood.
 With these He wash't thy stain, transferred thy smart,
 And took it home to His own heart.

III.

 But though great Love, greedy of such sad gain,
 Vsurpt the portion of thy pain,
15 And from the nailes and spear
 Turn'd the steel point of fear:
 Their vse is chang'd, not lost; and now they moue
 Not stings of wrath, but wounds of loue.

45

IV.

20 Tall tree of life! thy truth makes good
 What was till now ne're understood,
 Though the prophetick king
 Struck lowd his faithfull string:
 It was thy wood he meant should make the throne
 For a more than Salomon.

V.

25 Large throne of Loue! royally spred
 With purple of too rich a red:
 Thy crime is too much duty;
 Thy burthen, too much beauty;
 Glorious or greiuous more? thus to make good
30 Thy costly excellence with thy King's own blood.

VI.

 Euen ballance of both worlds! our world of sin,
 And that of grace, Heaun-way'd in Him:
 Vs with our price thou weigh'd'st;

Our price for vs thou payed'st,
 Soon as the right-hand scale reioyc't to proue
 How much Death weigh'd more light then Loue.

VII.

Hail, our alone hope! let thy fair head shoot
 Aloft, and fill the nations with thy noble fruit:
 The while our hearts and we
 Thus graft our selues on thee,
 Grow thou and they. And be thy fair increase
 The sinner's pardon and the iust man's peace.

Liue, O for euer liue and reign
 The Lamb Whom His own loue hath slain!
 And let Thy lost sheep liue to inherit
 That kingdom which this Crosse did merit. Amen.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

These variations &c. as between 1648 and 1652, deserve record:

St. i. line 1. 'Languishing,' which is the reading in 1648.

Ib. line 2. Here, and in v. line 1, I have added 'e' to 'badg' and 'larg' respectively from 1648.

St. vi. line 2. Our text (1652) corrects a manifest blunder of 1648, which reads 'wag'd' for 'way'd' = weighed. In 1648, lines 3-4 read

'Both with one price were weighed,
 Both with one price were paid.'

St. vii. appeared for the first time in our text (1652). In the closing four lines, line 4, 1648, reads noticeably

'That Kingdome which Thy blessed death did merit.'

The allusion in st. iv. is to the old reading of Psalm xcvi. 10: 'Tell it among the heathen that the Lord reigneth from *the tree*.' The reference to Solomon points to the mediæval mystical interpretations of Canticles iii. 9-10.

I place 'Vexilla Regis' immediately after the 'Office of the Holy Crosse,' as really belonging to it, and not to be separated as in 1648. G.



[THE LORD SILENCES HIS QUESTIONERS.]^[29]

'Neither durst any man from that day aske Him any more questions.'

St. Matthew xxii.

Mid'st all the darke and knotty snares,
 Black wit or malice can, or dares,
 Thy glorious wisdom breaks the nets,
 And treds with uncontroulèd steps;
 Thy quell'd foes are not onely now
 Thy triumphs, but Thy trophies too:
 They both at once Thy conquests bee,
 And Thy conquests' memorie.

Stony amazement makes them stand
 Wayting on Thy victorious hand,
 Like statues fixèd to the fame
 Of Thy renoune, and their own shame,
 As if they onely meant to breath
 To be the life of their own death.

'Twas time to hold their peace, when they

Had ne're another word to say;
 Yet is their silence unto Thee,
 The full sound of Thy victorie;
 Their silence speaks aloud, and is
 20 Thy well pronounc'd panegyris.
 While they speak nothing, they speak all
 Their share, in Thy memoriall.
 While they speake nothing, they proclame
 Thee, with the shrillest trump of Fame.
 25 To hold their peace is all the wayes
 These wretches have to speak Thy praise.

OUR B[LESSED] LORD IN HIS CIRCUMCISION TO HIS FATHER. [30]

1 1. To Thee these first-fruits of My growing death
 (For what else is My life?), lo! I bequeath:
 2. Tast this, and as Thou lik'st this lesser flood
 Expect a sea; My heart shall make it good.
 5 3. Thy wrath that wades here now, e're long shall swim,
 The floodgate shall be set wide ope for Him. 49
 4. Then let Him drinke, and drinke, and doe His worst
 To drowne the wantonnesse of His wild thirst.
 5. Now's but the nonage of My paines, My feares
 10 Are yett but hopes, weake as my infant yeares.
 6. The day of My darke woe is yet but morne,
 My teares but tender, and My death new-borne.
 7. Yet may these unfledg'd griefes give fate some gesse,
 These cradle-torments have their towardnesse.
 15 8. These purple buds of blooming death may bee,
 Erst the full stature of a fatall tree.
 9. And till My riper woes to age are come,
 This knife may be the speare's præludium.



ON THE WOUNDS OF OUR CRUCIFIED LORD. [31]

1 O, these wakefull wounds of Thine!
 Are they mouthes? or are they eyes?
 Be they mouthes, or be they eyne,
 Each bleeding part some one supplies.
 5 Lo! a mouth! whose full-bloom'd lips
 At too dear a rate are roses:
 Lo! a blood-shot eye! that weeps,
 And many a cruell teare discloses.

10 O, thou that on this foot hast laid
Many a kisse, and many a teare;
Now thou shalt have all repaid,
What soe're thy charges were.

15 This foot hath got a mouth and lips
To pay the sweet summe of thy kisses;
To pay thy teares, an eye that weeps,
Instead of teares, such gems as this is.

20 The difference onely this appeares,
(Nor can the change offend)
The debt is paid in ruby-teares
Which thou in pearles did'st lend.

51

VPON THE BLEEDING CRUCIFIX: A SONG. ^[32]

I.

IESU, no more! It is full tide:
From Thy head and from Thy feet,
From Thy hands and from Thy side
All the purple riuers meet.

II.

What need Thy fair head bear a part
In showres, as if Thine eyes had none?
What need they help to drown Thy heart,
That striues in torrents of it's own?

III.

Water'd by the showres they bring,
The thornes that Thy blest browe encloses
(A cruell and a costly spring)
Conceiue proud hopes of proving roses.

IV.

Thy restlesse feet now cannot goe
For vs and our eternall good,
As they were euer wont. What though?
They swimme, alas! in their own floud.

52

V.

Thy hand to giue Thou canst not lift;
Yet will Thy hand still giuing be.
It giues, but O itself's the gift:
It giues though bound; though bound 'tis free.

VI.

But O Thy side, Thy deep-digg'd side!
That hath a double Nilus going:
Nor euer was the Pharian tide
Half so fruitfull, half so flowing.

VII.

No hair so small, but payes his riuier
To this Red Sea of Thy blood;
Their little channells can deliuer
Somthing to the generall floud.

VIII.

But while I speak, whither are run
All the riuers nam'd before?
I counted wrong: there is but one;
But O that one is one all ore.

IX.

Rain-swoln riuers may rise proud,
Bent all to drown and overflow;
But when indeed all's ouerflow'd,
They themselues are drownèd too.

X.

This Thy blood's deluge (a dire chance,
Dear Lord, to Thee) to vs is found
A deluge of deliuerance;
A deluge least we should be drown'd. *Iest*
N'ere wast Thou in a sense so sadly true,
The well of liuing waters, Lord, till now.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The title in 1646 is 'On the bleeding wounds of our crucified Lord:' in 1648 has 'body' for 'wounds:' in 1670 as 1646. I record these variations, &c.:

St. i. lines 2 and 3, in 1646 and 1670 read

'From Thy hands and from Thy feet,
From Thy head and from Thy side.'

So the SANCROFT MS.

St. ii. In 1646 and 1670 this stanza is the 5th, and in line 2 has 'teares' for 'showres.'

St. iii. This stanza, by some strange oversight, is wholly dropped in 1652. St. iii. not in SANCROFT MS., and our st. ii. is the last. On one of the fly-leaves of the copy of 1646 edition in Trinity College, Cambridge, is the following contemporary MS. epigram, which embodies the sentiment of the stanza:

'In caput Xti spinis coronatum.
Cerno Caput si Christe tuum mihi vertitur omne
In spinis illud, quod fuit ante rosa.'

Turnbull gives the stanza, but misplaces it after our st. vi., overlooking that our st. ii. is in 1646 edition st. v.

St. iv. line 1: in 1646 and 1670 'they' for 'now.'

Line 3, ib. 'as they are wont'—evident inadvertence, as 'ever' is required by the measure.

Line 4, ib. 'blood' for 'floud:' so also in 1648.

St. v. line 1, ib. 'hand' for 'hands:' 'hand' in 1648, and in SANCROFT MS.: adopted. Line 4, 'dropps' in SANCROFT MS. for 'gives.'

St. vi. line 3. Our text (1652) prints 'pharian,' the Paris printer spelling (and mis-spelling) without comprehending the reference to Pharaoh.

St. vii. line 1, in 1646 and 1670 'not a haire but ...'

St. ix. line 3, in 1648 a capital in 'All's.' G.





TO THE NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME, THE NAME OF IESVS:

A HYMN.^[33]

In Vnitate Devs Est Numisma Urbani 6.

1 I sing the name which none can say
But touch't with an interiour ray:
The name of our new peace; our good:
Our blisse: and supernaturall blood:
5 The name of all our liues and loues.
Hearken, and help, ye holy doues!
The high-born brood of Day; you bright
Candidates of blissefull light,
The heirs elect of Loue, whose names belong
10 Vnto the euerlasting life of song;
All ye wise sovles, who in the wealthy brest
Of this vnbounded name, build your warm nest.
Awake, my glory, Sovl (if such thou be,
And that fair word at all referr to thee),
15 Awake and sing,
And be all wing;
Bring hither thy whole self; and let me see
What of thy parent Heavn yet speakes in thee.
O thou art poore
20 Of noble powres, I see,
And full of nothing else but empty me:
Narrow, and low, and infinitely lesse
Then this great morning's mighty busynes.
One little world or two
25 (Alas) will neuer doe;
We must haue store.
Goe, Sovl, out of thy self, and seek for more.
Goe and request
Great Natvre for the key of her huge chest
30 Of Heavns, the self-inuoluing sett of spears
(Which dull mortality more feeles then heares).
Then rouse the nest
Of nimble Art, and traaverse round
The aiery shop of soul-appeasing sound:
35 And beat a summons in the same
All-soueraign name,
To warn each seuerall kind
And shape of sweetnes, be they such
As sigh with supple wind
40 Or answer artfull touch;
That they conuene and come away
To wait at the loue-crowned doores of this illustrious day.
Shall we dare this, my Soul? we'l doe't and bring
No other note for't, but the name we sing.
45 Wake lvte and harp, and euery sweet-lipp't thing
That talkes with tunefull string;
Start into life, and leap with me
Into a hasty fitt-tun'd harmony.
Nor must you think it much
50 T' obey my bolder touch;
I haue authority in Love's name to take you,
And to the worke of Loue this morning wake you.
Wake, in the name
Of Him Who neuer sleeps, all things that are,
55 Or, what's the same,
Are musicall;

56

57

love

Answer my call
And come along;
Help me to meditate mine immortal song.
60 Come, ye soft ministers of sweet sad mirth,
Bring all your household stuffe of Heaun on earth;
O you, my Soul's most certain wings,
Complaining pipes, and prattling strings,
Bring all the store
65 Of sweets you haue; and murmur that you haue no more.
Come, ne're to part,
Nature and Art!
Come; and come strong,
To the conspiracy of our spacious song.
70 Bring all the powres of praise,
Your prouinces of well-vnited worlds can raise;
Bring all your lvttes and harps of Heavn and Earth;
Whatare cooperates to the common mirthe:
Vessells of vocall ioyes,
75 Or you, more noble architects of intellectuall noise,
Cymballs of Heau'n, or humane sphears,
Solliciters of sovles or eares;
And when you are come, with all
That you can bring or we can call:
80 O may you fix
For euer here, and mix
Your selues into the long
And euerlasting series of a deathlesse song;
Mix all your many worlds aboue,
85 And loose them into one of loue.
Chear thee my heart!
For thou too hast thy part
And place in the Great Throng
Of this vnbounded all-imbracing song.
90 Powres of my soul, be proud!
And speake lowd
To all the dear-bought Nations, this redeeming Name,
And in the wealth of one rich word, proclaim
New similes to Nature. May it be no wrong
95 Blest Heauns, to you and your superiour song,
That we, dark sons of dust and sorrow,
A while dare borrow
The name of your dilights, and our desires,
And fitt it to so farr inferior lyres.
100 Our murmurs haue their musick too,
Ye mighty Orbes, as well as you;
Nor yeilds the noblest nest
Of warbling Seraphim to the eares of Loue,
A choicer lesson then the ioyfull brest
105 Of a poor panting turtle-doue.
And we, low wormes, haue leaue to doe
The same bright busynes (ye Third Heavens) with you.
Gentle spirits, doe not complain!
We will haue care
110 To keep it fair,
And send it back to you again.
Come, louely Name! Appeare from forth the bright
Regions of peacefull light;
Look from Thine Own illustrious home,
115 Fair King of names, and come:
Leaue all Thy natiue glories in their gorgeous nest,
And giue Thy Self a while the gracious Guest
Of humble soules, that seek to find
The hidden sweets
120 Which man's heart meets
When Thou art Master of the mind.
Come louely Name; Life of our hope!
Lo, we hold our hearts wide ope!
Vnlock Thy cabinet of Day,
125 Dearest Sweet, and come away.
Lo, how the thirsty Lands
Gasp for Thy golden showres! with long-stretcht hands
Lo, how the laboring Earth
That hopes to be
130 All Heauen by Thee,

Leapes at Thy birth!
 The' attending World, to wait Thy rise,
 First turn'd to eyes;
 And then, not knowing what to doe,
 135 Turn'd them to teares, and spent them too.
 Come royall Name! and pay the expence
 Of all this pretious patience;
 O come away
 And kill the death of this delay!
 140 O, see so many worlds of barren yeares
 Melted and measur'd out in seas of teares:
 O, see the weary liddes of wakefull Hope
 (Love's eastern windowes) all wide ope
 With curtains drawn,
 145 To catch the day-break of Thy dawn.
 O, dawn at last, long-lookt for Day!
 Take Thine own wings, and come away.
 Lo, where aloft it comes! It comes, among
 The conduct of adoring spirits, that throng
 150 Like diligent bees, and swarm about it.
 O, they are wise,
 And know what sweetes are suck't from out it:
 It is the hiue,
 By which they thriue,
 155 Where all their hoard of hony lyes.
 Lo, where it comes, vpon the snowy Dove's
 Soft back; and brings a bosom big with loues:
 Welcome to our dark world, Thou womb of Day!
 Vnfold Thy fair conceptions, and display
 160 The birth of our bright ioyes, O Thou compacted
 Body of blessings: Spirit of soules extracted!
 O, dissipate Thy spicy powres,
 (Cloud of condensèd sweets) and break vpon vs
 In balmy showrs!
 165 O, fill our senses, and take from vs all force of so prophane a fallacy,
 To think ought sweet but that which smells of Thee!
 Fair, flowry Name, in none but Thee
 And Thy nectareall fragrancy,
 Hourly there meetes
 170 An vniuersall synod of all sweetes;
 By whom it is definèd thus,
 That no perfume
 For euer shall presume
 To passe for odoriferous,
 175 But such alone whose sacred pedigree
 Can proue itself some kin (sweet Name!) to Thee.
 Sweet Name, in Thy each syllable
 A thousand blest Arabias dwell;
 A thousand hills of frankincense,
 180 Mountains of myrrh, and beds of spices
 And ten thousand paradises,
 The soul that tasts Thee takes from thence.
 How many vnknown worlds there are
 Of comforts, which Thou hast in keeping!
 185 How many thousand mercyes there
 In Pitty's soft lap ly a-sleeping!
 Happy he who has the art
 To awake them,
 And to take them
 190 Home, and lodge them in his heart.
 O, that it were as it was wont to be!
 When Thy old freinds of fire, all full of Thee,
 Fought against frowns with smiles; gaue glorious chase
 To persecutions; and against the face
 195 Of Death and feircest dangers, durst with braue
 And sober pace, march on to meet A GRAVE.
 On their bold brests, about the world they bore Thee,
 And to the teeth of Hell stood vp to teach Thee;
 In center of their inmost soules, they wore Thee,
 200 Where rackes and torments striu'd, in vain, to reach Thee.
 Little, alas, thought they
 Who tore the fair brests of Thy freinds,
 Their fury but made way
 For Thee, and seru'd them in Thy glorious ends.
 205 What did their weapons but with wider pores

Inlarge Thy flaming-brested louers,
 More freely to transpire
 That impatient fire,
 The heart that hides Thee hardly couers?
 210 What did their weapons but sett wide the doores
 For Thee? fair, purple doores, of Loue's deuising;
 The ruby windowes which inricht the East
 Of Thy so oft-repeated rising!
 215 Each wound of theirs was Thy new morning,
 And reinthron'd Thee in Thy rosy nest,
 With blush of Thine Own blood Thy day adorning:
 It was the witt of Loue oreflowd the bounds
 Of Wrath, and made Thee way through all those wovnds.
 220 Wellcome, dear, all-adorèd Name!
 For sure there is no knee
 That knowes not Thee:
 Or, if there be such sonns of shame,
 Alas! what will they doe
 When stubborn rocks shall bow
 225 And hills hang down their heaun-saluting heads
 To seek for humble beds
 Of dust, where in the bashfull shades of Night
 Next to their own low Nothing, they may ly,
 And couch before the dazeling light of Thy dread majesty.
 230 They that by Loue's mild dictate now
 Will not adore Thee,
 Shall then, with just confusion bow
 And break before Thee.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The title in 1648 'Steps' is simply 'On the name of Jesus.' In 1670 it is 'To the Name above every Name, the Name of Jesus, a Hymn,' and throughout differs from our text (1652) only in usual modernisation of orthography. The text of 1648 yields these readings:

Line 7, 'the bright.'
 " 42, 'of th's.'
 " 49, 'Into a habit fit of self tun'd Harmonie.'
 " 79, 'you're.'
 " 92, 'aloud.'
 " 105, 'Seraphins.'
 " 106, 'loyall' for 'joyfull.'
 " 132, 'heavens.'
 " 182 spells 'sillabell.'
 " 187, 'The soules tastes thee takes from thence.'
 " 202, 'bare.'
 " 204, 'ware.'
 " 209, 'For Thee: And serv'd therein thy glorious ends.'

See our Essay for critical remarks on the measure and rhythm of this poem as printed in our text (1652). G.



PSALME XXIII. [34]

1 Happy me! O happy sheepe!
 Whom my God vouchsafes to keepe;
 Even my God, even He it is,
 That points me to these paths of blisse;
 5 On Whose pastures cheerefull Spring,
 All the yeare doth sit and sing,
 And rejoycing, smiles to see
 Their green backs weare His liverie:

10 Pleasure sings my soul to rest,
 Plentie weares me at her brest,
 Whose sweet temper teaches me
 Nor wanton, nor in want to be.
 At my feet, the blubb'ring mountaine
 15 Weeping, melts into a fountaine;
 Whose soft, silver-sweating streames
 Make high-noon forget his beames:
 When my wayward breath is flying,
 He calls home my soul from dying;
 20 Strokes and tames my rabid grieffe,
 And does wooe me into life:
 When my simple weaknes straves,
 (Tangled in forbidden wayes)
 He (my Shepheard) is my guide,
 Hee's before me, on my side,
 25 And behind me, He beguiles
 Craft in all her knottie wiles:
 He expounds the weary wonder
 Of my giddy steps, and under
 Spreads a path, cleare as the day,
 30 Where no churlish rub says nay
 To my joy-conducted feet,
 Whilst they gladly goe to meet
 Grace and Peace, to learne new laies,
 Tun'd to my great Shepheard's praise.
 35 Come now all ye terrors sally,
 Muster forth into the valley,
 Where triumphant darknesse hovers
 With a sable wing, that covers
 Brooding horror. Come, thou Death,
 40 Let the damps of thy dull breath
 Over-shadow even that shade,
 And make Darknes' selfe afraid;
 There my feet, even there, shall find
 Way for a resolvèd mind.
 45 Still my Shepheard, still my God,
 Thou art with me; still Thy rod,
 And Thy staffe, whose influence
 Gives direction, gives defence.
 At the whisper of Thy word
 50 Crown'd abundance spreads my boord:
 While I feast, my foes doe feed
 Their ranck malice not their need,
 So that with the self-same bread
 They are starv'd and I am fed.
 55 How my head in ointment swims!
 How my cup o'relooks her brims!
 So, even so still may I move,
 By the line of Thy deare love;
 Still may Thy sweet mercy spread
 60 A shady arme above my head,
 About my paths; so shall I find,
 The faire center of my mind,
 Thy temple, and those lovely walls
 Bright ever with a beame, that falls
 65 Fresh from the pure glance of Thine eye,
 Lighting to Eternity.
 There I'le dwell for ever; there
 Will I find a purer aire
 To feed my life with, there I'le sup
 70 Balme and nectar in my cup;
 And thence my ripe soule will I breath
 Warme into the armes of Death.

66

67

68

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In the SANCROFT MS. this is headed 'Ps. 23 (Paraphrasia).' In line 4 it reads 'paths' for 'wayes,' which I accept; line 27 'weary' for 'giddy,' and line 28 'giddy' for 'weary,' both adopted; line 29 reads as we have printed instead of 'Spreads a path as cleare as day;' line 33, 'learne' for 'meet,' adopted; line 41, 'that' for 'the,' adopted. Only orthographic further variations. In line 30 'rub' = obstruction, reminds of SHAKESPEARE'S 'Now every *rub* is smoothèd in our way' (Henry V. ii. 2), and elsewhere. G.

PSALM CXXXVII. [35]

1 On the proud banks of great Euphrates' flood,
There we sate, and there we wept:
Our harpes, that now no musick understood,
Nodding, on the willowes slept:
5 While unhappy captiv'd wee,
Lovely Sion, thought on thee.
They, they that snatcht us from our countrie's breast,
Would have a song carv'd to their eares
In Hebrew numbers, then (O cruell jest!)
10 When harpes and hearts were drown'd in teares:
Come, they cry'd, come sing and play
One of Sion's songs to-day.
Sing? play? to whom (ah!) shall we sing or play,
If not, Jerusalem, to thee?
15 Ah! thee Jerusalem! ah! sooner may
This hand forget the masterie
Of Musick's dainty touch, than I
The musick of thy memory.
Which when I lose, O may at once my tongue
20 Lose this same busie-speaking art,
Vnpearch't, her vocall arteries unstrung,
No more acquainted with my heart,
On my dry pallat's roof to rest
A wither'd leaf, an idle guest.
25 No, no, Thy good Sion, alone, must crowne
The head of all my hope-nurst joyes.
But Edom, cruell thou! thou cryd'st downe, downe
Sinke Sion, downe and never rise,
Her falling thou did'st urge and thrust,
30 And haste to dash her into dust:
Dost laugh? proud Babel's daughter! do, laugh on,
Till thy ruine teach thee teares,
Even such as these; laugh, till a venging throng
Of woes, too late, doe rouze thy feares:
35 Laugh, till thy children's bleeding bones
Weepe pretious teares upon the stones.

69

70



IN THE HOLY NATIVITY OF OVR LORD GOD:

A HYMN SVNG AS BY THE SHEPHEARDS. [36]

THE HYMN.

Chorvs.

1 Come, we shepheards, whose blest sight
Hath mett Loue's noon in Nature's night;
Come, lift we vp our loftyer song
And wake the svn that lyes too long.
5 To all our world of well-stoln joy
He slept; and dreamt of no such thing.
While we found out Heaun's fairer ey
And kis't the cradle of our King.
Tell him He rises now, too late
10 To show vs ought worth looking at.
Tell him we now can show him more

Then he e're show'd to mortall sight;
 Then he himselfe e're saw before,
 Which to be seen needes not his light.
 15 Tell him, Tityrus, where th' hast been,
 Tell him Thyrsis, what th' hast seen.

TITYRUS.

Gloomy night embrac't the place
 Where the noble Infant lay.
 The Babe look't vp and shew'd His face;
 20 In spite of darknes, it was day.
 It was Thy day, Sweet! and did rise
 Not from the East, but from Thine eyes.

Chorus. It was Thy day, Sweet.

THYRSIS.

Winter chidde aloud, and sent
 25 The angry North to wage his warres.
 The North forgott his feirce intent,
 And left perfumes in stead of scarres.
 By those sweet eyes' persuasiue powrs
 Where he mean't frost, he scatter'd flowrs.

Chorus. By those sweet eyes.

BOTH.

We saw Thee in Thy baulmy-nest,
 Young dawn of our æternall Day!
 We saw Thine eyes break from their East
 And chase the trembling shades away.
 35 We saw Thee; and we blest the sight,
 We saw Thee by Thine Own sweet light.

TITYRUS.

Poor world (said I), what wilt thou doe
 To entertain this starry Stranger?
 Is this the best thou canst bestow?
 40 A cold, and not too cleanly, manger?
 Contend, the powres of Heau'n and Earth,
 To fitt a bed for this huge birthe?

Chorus. Contend the powers.

THYRSIS.

Proud world, said I, cease your contest
 45 And let the mighty Babe alone.
 The phænix builds the phænix' nest,
 Lov's architecture is his own.
 The Babe whose birth embraues this morn,
 Made His Own bed e're He was born.

Chorus. The Babe whose....

TITYRUS.

I saw the curl'd drops, soft and slow,
 Come houering o're the place's head;
 Offring their whitest sheets of snow
 To furnish the fair Infant's bed:
 55 Forbear, said I; be not too bold,
 Your fleece is white but 'tis too cold.

Chorus. Forbear, sayd I.

THYRSIS.

I saw the obsequious Seraphims

60 Their rosy fleece of fire bestow.
 For well they now can spare their wing,
 Since Heavn itself lyes here below.
 Well done, said I; but are you sure
 Your down so warm, will passe for pure?

Chorus. Well done, sayd I.

TITYRUS.

65 No, no! your King's not yet to seeke
 Where to repose His royall head;
 See, see! how soon His new-bloom'd cheek
 Twixt's mother's brests is gone to bed.
 Sweet choise, said we! no way but so
 70 Not to ly cold, yet sleep in snow.

Chorus. Sweet choise, said we.

BOTH.

We saw Thee in Thy baulmy nest,
 Bright dawn of our æternall Day!
 We saw Thine eyes break from their East
 75 And chase the trembling shades away.
 We saw Thee: and we blest the sight,
 We saw Thee, by Thine Own sweet light.

Chorus. We saw Thee, &c.

FVLL CHORVS.

80 Wellcome, all wonders in one sight!
 Æternity shutt in a span!
 Sommer in Winter, Day in Night!
 Heauen in Earth, and God in man!
 Great, little One! Whose all-embracing birth
 Lifts Earth to Heauen, stoopes Heau'n to Earth.

85 Wellcome, though not to gold nor silk,
 To more then Cæsar's birth-right is;
 Two sister-seas of virgin-milk,
 With many a rarely-temper'd kisse,
 That breathes at once both maid and mother,
 90 Warmes in the one, cooles in the other.
 Shee sings Thy tears asleep, and dips
 Her kisses in Thy weeping eye;
 She spreads the red leaves of Thy lips,
 That in their buds yet blushing lye;
 95 She 'gainst those mother-diamonds, tries
 The points of her young eagle's eyes.
 Wellcome, though not to those gay flyes,
 Guilded i' th' beames of earthly kings;
 Slippery soules in smiling eyes;
 100 But to poor shepherds' home-spun things;
 Whose wealth's their flock; whose witt, to be
 Well-read in their simplicity.
 Yet when young April's husband-showrs
 Shall blesse the fruitfull Maja's bed,
 105 We'l bring the first-born of her flowrs
 To kisse Thy feet and crown Thy head.
 To Thee, dread Lamb! Whose loue must keep
 The shepherds, more then they the sheep.

110 To Thee, meek Majesty! soft King
 Of simple Graces and sweet Loves:
 Each of vs his lamb will bring,
 Each his pair of sylver doues:
 Till burnt at last in fire of Thy fair eyes,
 Ourselues become our own best sacrifice.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In the SANCROFT MS. the heading is simply 'A Hymne of the Nativitie sung by the Shepherds.' It furnishes these various readings, though it wants a good deal of our text (1652):

Lines 1 to 4,

'who haue seene
Daie's King deposèd by night's Queene.
Come lift we up our lofty song,
To wake the sun that sleeps too long.'

" 5 to 7,

'Hee (in this our generall joy)
Slept
. the faire-ey'd boy.'

" 24, 'Winter chid the world '

" 32, 'Bright dawne '

" 58 to 63,

'I saw the officious angells bring
The downe that their soft breasts did strow:
For well they now can spare their wings,
When heauen itselſe lies here below.
Faire youth (said I) be not too rough,
Thy downe (though soft)'s not soft enough.'

'Officious' = ready to do good offices: 'obsequious' = obedient, eager to serve.

Lines 65 to 68,

'The Babe noe sooner 'gan to seeke
Where to lay His louely head;
But streight His eyes advis'd His cheeke
'Twixt's mother's breasts to goe to bed.'

" 79, 'Welcome to our wond'ring sight.'

" 83, 'glorious birth.'

" 85, 'not to gold' for 'nor to gold:' adopted.

" 96, 'points' = pupils (?).

Lines 101 to 103,

'But to poore shepheards' simple things,
That vse not varnish; noe oyl'd arts,
But lift cleane hands full of cleare hearts.'

" 108, '. . . while they feed the sheepe.'

" 114, 'Wee'l burne '

These variations agree with the text of 1646. See our Essay for critical remarks. G.

76

NEW YEAR'S DAY. [37]

Rise, thou best and brightest morning!
Rosy with a double red;
With thine own blush thy cheeks adorning,
And the dear drops this day were shed.

All the purple pride, that laces
The crimson curtains of thy bed,
Guilds thee not with so sweet graces,
Nor setts thee in so rich a red.

Of all the fair-cheek't flowrs that fill thee,
None so fair thy bosom strowes,
As this modest maiden lilly
Our sins haue sham'd into a rose.

Bid thy golden god, the sun,
Burnisht in his best beames rise,
Put all his red-ey'd rubies on;
These rubies shall putt out their eyes.

Let him make poor the purple East,
Search what the world's close cabinets keep,
Rob the rich births of each bright nest

77

That flaming in their fair beds sleep.

Let him embraue his own bright tresses
With a new morning made of gemmes;
And wear, in those his wealthy dresses,
Another day of diadems.

When he hath done all he may
To make himselfe rich in his rise,
All will be darknes to the day
That breakes from one of these bright eyes.

And soon this sweet truth shall appear,
Dear Babe, ere many dayes be done;
The Morn shall come to meet Thee here,
And leaue her own neglected sun.

Here are beautyes shall bereaue him
Of all his eastern paramours.
His Persian louers all shall leaue him,
And swear faith to Thy sweeter powres;
Nor while they leave him shall they lose the sun,
But in Thy fairest eyes find two for one.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

St. ii. line 1,

'All the purple pride that laces;'

the reference is to the empurpled lighter and lace- (or gauze-) like clouds of the morning. The heavier clouds are the 'crimson curtains,' the 'purple laces' the fleecy, lace-like, and empurpled streakings of the lighter and dissolving clouds, which the Poet likens to the lace that edged the coverlet, and possibly other parts of the bed and bedstead. SHAKESPEARE describes a similar appearance with the same word, but uses it in the sense of inter or cross lacing, when he makes Juliet say (iii. 5),

'look, love, what envious streaks
Do *lace* the severing clouds in yonder East.'

So too in stanza v. 'each sparkling nest,' the flame-coloured clouds are intended. 'Nest,' like 'bud,' is a favourite word with CRASHAW, and he uses it freely. In 1648 edition, st. iii. line 2 reads 'showes;' stanza v. line 2, 'cabinets;' stanza viii. line 5, 'and meet;' stanza ix. 'paramours' = lovers, woers, *not* as now signifying loose love. G.



IN THE GLORIOVS EPIPHANIE OF OVR LORD GOD:

A HYMN SVNG AS BY THE THREE KINGS. [38]

- 1 1 *Kinge*. Bright Babe! Whose awfull beautyes make
 The morn incurr a sweet mistake;
- 2 *Kinge*. For Whom the officious Heauns deuse

To disinherit the sun's rise:

5 *3 Kinge.* Delicately to displace
The day, and plant it fairer in Thy face.

1 Kinge. O Thou born King of loues!

2 Kinge. Of lights!

3 Kinge. Of ioyes!

10 *Chorus.* Look vp, sweet Babe, look vp and see
 For loue of Thee,
 Thus farr from home
 The East is come
 To seek her self in Thy sweet eyes.

80

15 *1 Kinge.* We, who strangely went astray,
 Lost in a bright
 Meridian night.

2 Kinge. A darknes made of too much day.

20 *3 Kinge.* Becken'd from farr
 By Thy fair starr,
 Lo, at last haue found our way.

Chorus. To Thee, Thou Day of Night! Thou East of West!
 Lo, we at last haue found the way
 To Thee, the World's great vniuersal East,
25 The generall and indifferent Day.

1 Kinge. All-circling point! all-centring sphear!
 The World's one, round, æternall year:

2 Kinge. Whose full and all-vnwrinkled face
 Nor sinks nor swells with time or place;

30 *3 Kinge.* But euery where and euery while
 Is one consistent, solid smile:

1 Kinge. Not vext and tost

2 Kinge. 'Twixt Spring and frost;

35 *3 Kinge.* Nor by alternate shreds of light,
 Sordidly shifting hands with shades and Night.

Chorus. O little all! in Thy embrace
 The World lyes warm, and likes his place;
 Nor does his full globe fail to be
 Kist on both his cheeks by Thee.
40 Time is too narrow for Thy year,
 Nor makes the whole World Thy half-sphear.

81

1 Kinge. To Thee, to Thee
 From him we flee.

45 *2 Kinge.* From him, whom by a more illustrious ly,
 The blindnes of the World did call the eye.

3 Kinge. To Him, Who by these mortall clouds hast made
 Thyself our sun, though Thine Own shade.

50 *1 Kinge.* Farewell, the World's false light!
 Farewell, the white
 Ægypt; a long farewell to thee
 Bright idol, black idolatry:
 The dire face of inferior darknes, kis't
 And courted in the pompus mask of a more specious mist.

55 *2 Kinge.* Farewell, farewell
 The proud and misplac't gates of Hell,
 Pertch't in the Morning's way *perched*.
 And double-guilded as the doores of Day:
 The deep hypocrisy of Death and Night
 More desperately dark, because more bright.

60 3 *Kinge*. Welcome, the World's sure way!
 Heavn's wholsom ray.

Chorus. Wellcome to vs; and we
 (Sweet!) to our selues, in Thee.

1 *Kinge*. The deathles Heir of all Thy Father's day!

65 2 *Kinge*. Decently born!
 Embosom'd in a much more rosy Morn:
 The blushes of Thy all-vnblemisht mother.

70 3 *Kinge*. No more that other
 Aurora shall sett ope
 Her ruby casements, or hereafter hope
 From mortall eyes
 To meet religious welcomes at her rise.

Chorus. We (pretious ones!) in you haue won
 A gentler Morn, a iuster sun.

75 1 *Kinge*. His superficiall beames sun-burn't our skin;

 2 *Kinge*. But left within

 3 *Kinge*. The Night and Winter still of Death and Sin.

Chorus. Thy softer yet more certaine darts
 Spare our eyes, but peirce our harts:

80 1 *Kinge*. Therefore with his proud Persian spoiles

 2 *Kinge*. We court Thy more concerning smiles.

 3 *Kinge*. Therefore with his disgrace
 We guild the humble cheek of this chast place;

Chorus. And at Thy feet powr forth his face.

85 1 *Kinge*. The doating Nations now no more
 Shall any day but Thine adore.

 2 *Kinge*. Nor—much lesse—shall they leaue these eyes
 For cheap Ægyptian deities.

90 3 *Kinge*. In whatsoe're more sacred shape
 Of ram, he-goat, or reuerend ape;
 Those beauteous rauishers opprest so sore
 The too-hard-tempted nations.

 1 *Kinge*. Neuer more
 By wanton heyfer shall be worn

95 2 *Kinge*. A garland, or a guilded horn:
 The altar-stall'd ox, fatt Osyris now
 With his fair sister cow

 3 *Kinge*. Shall kick the clouds no more; but lean and tame,

Chorus. See His horn'd face, and dy for shame:
 And Mithra now shall be no name.

100 1 *Kinge*. No longer shall the immodest lust
 Of adulterous godles dust

 2 *Kinge*. Fly in the face of Heau'n; as if it were
 The poor World's fault that He is fair.

105 3 *Kinge*. Nor with peruerse loues and religious rapes
 Reuenge Thy bountyes in their beauteous shapes;
 And punish best things worst; because they stood
 Guilty of being much for them too good.

110 1 *Kinge*. Proud sons of Death! that durst compell
 Heau'n it self to find them Hell:

 2 *Kinge*. And by strange witt of madnes wrest
 From this World's East the other's West.

115 *3 Kinge.* All-idolizing wormes! that thus could crowd
And vrge their sun into Thy cloud;
Forcing His sometimes eclips'd face to be
A long deliquium to the light of Thee.

Chorus. Alas! with how much heauyer shade
120 The shamefac't lamp hung down his head
For that one eclipse he made,
Then all those he suffered!

1 Kinge. For this he look't so bigg; and euey morn
With a red face confes't his scorn.
125 Or hiding his vex't cheeks in a hir'd mist
Kept them from being so vnkindly kis't.

2 Kinge. It was for this the Day did rise
So oft with blubber'd eyes:
For this the Evening wept; and we ne're knew
But call'd it deaw.

130 *3 Kinge.* This dayly wrong
Silenc't the morning-sons, and damp't their song:

Chorus. Nor was't our deafnes, but our sins, that thus
Long made th' harmonious orbes all mute to vs.

135 *1 Kinge.* Time has a day in store
When this so proudly poor
And self-oppressèd spark, that has so long
By the loue-sick World bin made
Not so much their sun as shade:
140 Weary of this glorious wrong
From them and from himself shall flee
For shelter to the shadow of Thy tree:

Chorus. Proud to haue gain'd this pretious losse
And chang'd his false crown for Thy crosse.

145 *2 Kinge.* That dark Day's clear doom shall define
Whose is the master Fire, which sun should shine:
That sable judgment-seat shall by new lawes
Decide and settle the great cause
Of controuerted light:

Chorus. And Natur's wrongs rejoyce to doe Thee right.

150 *3 Kinge.* That forfeiture of Noon to Night shall pay
All the idolatrous thefts done by this Night of Day;
And the great Penitent presse his own pale lipps
With an elaborate loue-eclipse:
155 To which the low World's lawes
Shall lend no cause,

Chorus. Saue those domestick which He borrowes
From our sins and His Own sorrowes.

1 Kinge. Three sad hours' sackcloth then shall show to vs
His penance, as our fault, conspicuous:

160 *2 Kinge.* And He more needfully and nobly proue
The Nations' terror now then erst their loue.

3 Kinge. Their hated loues changd into wholsom feares:

Chorus. The shutting of His eye shall open their's.

165 *1 Kinge.* As by a fair-ey'd fallacy of Day
Miss-ledde, before, they lost their way;
So shall they, by the seasonable fright
Of an vnseasonable Night,
Loosing it once again, stumble on true Light:

170 *2 Kinge.* And as before His too-bright eye
Was their more blind idolatry;
So his officious blindnes now shall be
Their black, but faithfull perspectiue of Thee:

175 *3 Kinge.* His new prodigious Night,
Their new and admirable light,
The supernaturall dawn of Thy pure Day;
While wondring they
(The happy conuerts now of Him
Whom they compell'd before to be their sin)
Shall henceforth see
180 To kisse him only as their rod,
Whom they so long courted as God.

Chorus. And their best vse of him they worship't, be
To learn of him at last, to worship Thee.

185 *1 Kinge.* It was their weaknes woo'd his beauty;
But it shall be
Their wisdome now, as well as duty,
To injoy his blott; and as a large black letter
Vse it to spell Thy beautyes better;
And make the Night it self their torch to Thee.

190 *2 Kinge.* By the oblique ambush of this close night
Couch't in that conscious shade
The right-ey'd Areopagite
Shall with a vigorous guesse inuade
And catch Thy quick reflex; and sharply see
195 On this dark ground
To descant Thee.

3 Kinge. O prize of the rich Spirit! with what feirce chase
Of his strong soul, shall he
Leap at thy lofty face,
200 And seize the swift flash, in rebound
From this obsequious cloud,
Once call'd a sun,
Till dearly thus vndone;

Chorus. Till thus triumphantly tam'd (O ye two
205 Twinne svnnes!) and taught now to negotiate you.

1 Kinge. Thus shall that reuerend child of Light,

2 Kinge. By being scholler first of that new Night,
Come forth great master of the mystick Day;

210 *3 Kinge.* And teach obscure mankind a more close way
By the frugall negatiue light
Of a most wise and well-abused Night
To read more legible Thine originall ray;

Chorus. And make our darknes serue Thy Day:
215 Maintaining 'twixt Thy World and oures
A commerce of contrary powres,
A mutuall trade
'Twixt sun and shade,
219 By confederat black and white
Borrowing Day and lending Night.

1 Kinge. Thus we, who when with all the noble powres
That (at Thy cost) are call'd, not vainly, ours:
We vow to make braue way

225 *2 Kinge.* At least to play
The amorous spyes
And peep and proffer at Thy sparkling throne;

3 Kinge. In stead of bringing in the blissfull prize
And fastening on Thine eyes:
230 Forfeit our own
And nothing gain
But more ambitious losse at last, of brain;

Chorus. Now by abasèd liddes shall learn to be
Eagles; and shutt our eyes that we may see.

The Close.

235 [*Chorus.*] Therefore to Thee and Thine auspitious ray

(Dread Sweet!) lo thus
 At last by vs,
 The delegated eye of Day
 Does first his scepter, then himself, in solemne tribute pay.
 Thus he vndresses
 His sacred vnshorn tresses;
 At Thy adorèd feet, thus he layes down

240
 1 *Kinge*. His gorgeouſ tire
 Of flame and fire,

245
 2 *Kinge*. His glittering robe. 3 *Kinge*. His ſparkling crown;

1 *Kinge*. His gold: 2 *Kinge*. His mirrh: 3 *Kinge*. His frankincenſe.

Chorus. To which he now has no pretence:
 For being ſhow'd by this Day's light, how farr
 He is from ſun enough to make Thy ſtarr,
 His beſt ambition now is but to be
 Somthing a brighter ſhadow, Sweet, of Thee.
 Or on Heaun's azure forehead high to ſtand
 Thy golden index; with a duteouſ hand
 Pointing vs home to our own ſun
 250
 255
 The World's and his Hyperion.

89

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The title in 1648 edition is ſimply 'A Hymne for the Epiphanie. Sung as by the three Kings.' Except the uſual ſlight changes of orthography, the following are all the variations between the two texts neceſſary to record: and I give with them certain corrective and explanatory notes:

line 25, 'indifferent' is = impartial, not as now 'unconcerned.'

Line 52, 1648 edition miſprints 'his't' for 'kiſ't.' In the 51ſt line the 'bright idol' is the ſun.

Line 83, ib. reads 'thy' for 'this.'

" 95, 'a guilded horn.' Cf. Juvenal, Satire x.

" 99, ib. is given to 3d King. Throughout we have corrected a number of ſlips of the Paris printer in his figures.

Line 108, ib. ſpells 'to' for 'too.'

" 117, '*deliquium*' = ſwoon, faint. In chemistry = melting.

" 122, 1648 edition reads 'his' for 'this;' and I have adopted it.

Line 143, ib. reads 'deere:' a miſprint.

" 155, ib. reads 'dometiſticks.'

" 180, ib. reads 'the' for 'their.'

" 186, ib. drops 'it.'

" 195, ib. reads 'what' for 'that,' and in next line 'his' for 'this,' of 1652: both adopted.

Line 212, 'legible' is = legibly.

" 224 and onward, in 1648 is printed 'leaſt,' in our text (1652) 'leſt.' Except in line 224 it is plainly = laſt, and ſo I read it in 231ſt and 237th.

See our Eſſay for Miltonic parallels with lines in this remarkable compoſition. Line 46, 'theſe mortal clouds,' *i.e.* of infant fleſh. Cf. *Sosp. d'* Herode, ſtanza xxiii.

90

'That He whom the ſun ſerves ſhould faintly peep
 Through *clouds of infant fleſh.*'

Line 114, 'And urge their ſun into Thy cloud,' *i.e.* into becoming Thy cloud, forcing him to become 'a long deliquium to the light of thee.' Line 189, our text (1652) miſprints 'in ſelf.' Line 190, 'By the oblique ambuſh,' &c. The Kings continuing in the ſpirit of prophecy, and with words not to be underſtood till their fulfilment, paſs on from the dimming of the ſun at the Crucifixion to a ſecond dimming, but this time through the ſplendour of a brighter light, at the conversion of him who was taken to preach to the Gentiles in the court of the Areopagites. The ſpeaker, or rather CRASHAW, takes the view which at firſt ſight may ſeem to be implied in the goſpel narrative, that the light brighter than midday ſhone round about SAUL and his companions but not on them, they being couched in the conſcious ſhade of the daylight. Throughout, there is a double alluſion to this ſecond dimming of the ſun as manifeſting Chriſt to St. Paul and the Gentiles, and to the dimming of the eyes, and the walking in darkneſs for a time of him who as a light on Earth was to manifeſt the True Light to the world. Throughout, too, there is a kind of parallelism indicated between the two leſſer lights. Both rebellions were to be dimmed and brought into ſubjection, and then to ſhine forth 'right-eyed' in renewed and purified ſplendour as evidences of the Sun of Righteouſneſs. Hence at the cloſe, the chorus calls them 'ye twin-ſuns,'—and the words, 'Till thus triumphantly tamed' refer equally to both. The punctuation to make this clear ſhould be '... ſun, ... undone; ...' 'To negotiate you' (both word and metaphor being rather unhappily choſen) means, to paſs you current as the true-ſtamped image of the Deity. 'O price of the rich Spirit' (line 197) may be made to refer to 'thee [O Chriſt], price of the rich ſpirit' of Paul, but 'may be' is almoſt too ſtrong to apply to ſuch an interpretation. It is far more conſonant to the ſtructure and tenor of the whole paſſage, to read it as an epithet applied to St. Paul: 'O prize of the rich Spirit of grace.' I have alſo without heſitation changed 'of this ſtrong ſoul' into 'of *his* ſtrong ſoul.'

'Oblique ambush' may refer to the oblique rays of the sun now rays of darkness, but the primary reference is to the indirect manner and 'vigorous guess,' by which St. Paul, mentally glancing from one to the other light, learned through the dimming of the sun to believe in the Deity of Him who spake from out the dimming brightness. The same thought, though with a strained and less successful effort of expression, appears in the song of the third King, 'with that fierce chase,' &c.

Line 251. 'Somthing a brighter shadow (Sweet) of Thee.' Apparently a remembrance of a passage which THOMAS HEYWOOD, in his 'Hierarchie of the Angels,' gives from a Latin translation of PLATO, 'Lumen est umbra Dei et Deus est Lumen Luminis.' On which see our Essay. Perhaps the same gave rise to the thought that the sun eclipsed God, or shut Him out as a cloud or shade, or made night, *e.g.*

'And urge their sun
 eclipse he made:' (lines 115-120).
 'Not so much their sun as shade
 by this night of day:' (lines 138-151). G.

TO THE QVEEN'S MAIESTY. [39]

1 MADAME,
 'Mongst those long rowes of crownes that guild your race,
 These royall sages sue for decent place:
 The day-break of the Nations; their first ray,
 5 When the dark World dawn'd into Christian Day,
 And smil'd i' th' Babe's bright face; the purpling bud
 And rosy dawn of the right royall blood;
 Fair first-fruits of the Lamb! sure kings in this,
 They took a kingdom while they gaue a kisse.
 10 But the World's homage, scarce in these well blown,
 We read in you (rare queen) ripe and full-grown.
 For from this day's rich seed of diadems
 Does rise a radiant croppe of royalle stemms,
 A golden haruest of crown'd heads, that meet
 15 And crowd for kisses from the Lamb's white feet:
 In this illustrious throng, your lofty floud
 Swells high, fair confluence of all high-born blood:
 With your bright head, whole groues of scepters bend
 Their wealthy tops, and for these feet contend.
 20 So swore the Lamb's dread Sire: and so we see't,
 Crownes, and the heads they kisse, must court these feet.
 Fix here, fair majesty! May your heart ne're misse
 To reap new crownes and kingdoms from that kisse;
 Nor may we misse the ioy to meet in you
 25 The aged honors of this day still new.
 May the great time, in you, still greater be,
 While all the year is your epiphany;
 While your each day's deuotion duly brings
 Three kingdomes to supply this day's three kings.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In 1648 the title is 'To the Queene's Majestie upon his dedicating to her the foregoing Hymne, viz. "A Hymne for the Epiphanie,"' which there precedes, but in 1652 follows, the dedicatory lines to the Queen. 1648 furnishes these variations: line 7 misprints 'down' for 'dawn:' line 11 reads 'deare' for 'rare:' line 14 'royall' for 'golden:' line 18 corrects our text's misprint of 'whose' for 'whole,' which I have accepted: line 20 reads 'great' for 'dread.'

In line 3 we read

'Those royall sages sue for decent place.'

We know that the King on Twelfth-day presented gold, frankincense and myrrh, and so perhaps did the Queen. But these gifts were not presented to the magi-kings, and CRASHAW seems to sue on behalf of 'these royall sages.' The explanation doubtless is that this was a verse-letter to the Queen, enclosing as a gift his Epiphany Hymn 'sung as by the three Kings.'

In line 5 'the purpling bud,' &c. requires study. Led by the (erroneous) punctuation (face,) I supposed this clause to refer to the 'Babe.' But would our Poet have said that the 'dawn of the world smiled on the Babe's face,' and in the same breath have called the face a 'rosy dawn'? Looking to this, and his rather profuse employment of 'bud,' I now believe the clause to be another description of the kings, and punctuate (face;). The rhythm of the passage is certainly improved thereby and made more like that of CRASHAW, and the words 'right royall blood,' which may be thought to become difficult, can be thus explained. The races of the heathen kings were

not 'royal,' their authority being usurped and falsely derived from false gods, and the kingly blood first became truly royal when the kings recognised the supreme sovereignty of the King of kings and the derivation of their authority from Him, and when they were in turn recognised by Him. Hence the use of the epithet 'purpling,' the Christian or Christ-accepting kings being the first who were truly 'born in the purple,' or '*right* royall blood.'

In lines 15-18, as punctuated in preceding editions, the Poet is made to arrange his words after a fashion hardly to be called English, and to jumble his metaphors like a poetaster or 4th of July orator in America. But both sense and poetry are restored by taking the (!) after 'blood' as at least equal to (:), and by replacing 'whose' by 'whole,' as in 1648. This seems to us restoration, not change. Even thus read, however, the passage is somewhat cloudy; but the construction is—the groves of sceptres of your high-born ancestors bend with you their wealthy tops, when you bow down your head. Our Poet is fond of inversions, and they are sometimes more obscure than they ought to be. Line 20 = Psalm i., and cf. Philip. ii. 11. G.

94

VPON EASTER DAY. [40]

1 Rise heire of fresh Eternity
From thy virgin tombe!
Rise mighty Man of wonders, and Thy World with Thee!
Thy tombe the uniuersall East,
5 Nature's new wombe,
Thy tombe, fair Immortalitie's perfumèd nest.

Of all the glories make Noone gay,
This is the Morne;
This Rock buds forth the fountaine of the streames of Day;
10 In Joye's white annalls live this howre
When Life was borne;
No cloud scoule on His radiant lids, no tempest lower.

Life, by this Light's nativity
All creatures have;
15 Death onely by this Daye's just doome is forc't to dye,
Nor is Death forc't; for may he ly
Thron'd in Thy grave,
Death will on this condition be content to dye.

95



SOSPETTO D' HERODE.

LIBRO PRIMO. [41]

ARGOMENTO.

*Casting the times with their strong signes,
Death's master his owne death divines:
Strugling for helpe, his best hope is
Herod's suspition may heale his.
Therefore he sends a fiend to wake
The sleeping tyrant's fond mistake;
Who feares (in vaine) that He Whose birth
Meanes Heav'n, should meddle with his Earth.*

foolish

I.

Muse, now the servant of soft loves no more,

Hate is thy theame, and Herod, whose unblest
Hand (O what dares not jealous greatnesse?) tore
A thousand sweet babes from their mothers' brest:
The bloomes of martyrdome. O be a dore
Of language to my infant lips, yee best
Of confessours: whose throates answering his swords,
Gave forth your blood for breath, spoke soules for words.

96

II.

Great Anthony! Spain's well-beseeming pride,
Thou mighty branch of emperours and kings;
The beauties of whose dawne what eye may bide?
Which with the sun himselfe weigh's equall wings;
Mappe of heroick worth! whom farre and wide
To the beleaving world, Fame boldly sings:
Deigne thou to weare this humble wreath, that bowes
To be the sacred honour of thy browes.

III.

Nor needs my Muse a blush, or these bright flowers
Other than what their owne blest beauties bring:
They were the smiling sons of those sweet bowers
That drink the deaw of life, whose deathlesse spring,
Nor Sirian flame nor Borean frost deflowers:
From whence heav'n-labouring bees with busie wing,
Suck hidden sweets, which well-digested proves
Immortall hony for the hive of loves.

97

IV.

Thou, whose strong hand with so transcendent worth,
Holds high the reine of faire Parthenope,
That neither Rome nor Athens can bring forth
A name in noble deeds rivall to thee!
Thy fame's full noise, makes proud the patient Earth,
Farre more then, matter for my Muse and mee.
The Tyrrhene Seas and shores sound all the same
And in their murmurs keepe thy mighty name.

V.

Below the bottome of the great Abyesse,
There where one center reconciles all things:
The World's profound heart pants; there placèd is
Mischiefe's old master. Close about him clings
A curl'd knot of embracing snakes, that kisse
His correspondent cheekes: these loathsome strings
Hold the perverse prince in eternall ties
Fast bound, since first he forfeited the skies.

VI.

The judge of torments and the king of teares,
He fills a burnisht throne of quenchesse fire:
And for his old faire robes of light, he weares
A gloomy mantle of darke flames; the tire
That crownes his hated head on high appeares:
Where seav'n tall hornes (his empire's pride) aspire.
And to make up Hell's majesty, each horne
Seav'n crested Hydras, horribly adorne.

98

VII.

His eyes, the sullen dens of Death and Night,
Startle the dull ayre with a dismall red:
Such his fell glances, as the fatall light
Of staring comets, that looke kingdomes dead.
From his black nostrills, and blew lips, in spight
Of Hell's owne stinke, a worsen stench is spread.
His breath Hell's lightning is: and each deepe groane
Disdaines to think that Heav'n thunders alone.

VIII.

His flaming eyes' dire exhalation,
Vnto a dreadfull pile gives fiery breath;
Whose unconsum'd consumption preys upon
The never-dying life of a long death.
In this sad house of slow destruction,
(His shop of flames) hee fryes himself, beneath
A masse of woes; his teeth for torment gnash,
While his steele sides sound with his tayle's strong lash.

99

IX.

Three rigourous virgins waiting still behind,
Assist the throne of th' iron-sceptred king.
With whips of thornes and knotty vipers twin'd
They rouse him, when his ranke thoughts need a sting.
Their lockes are beds of uncomb'd snakes that wind
About their shady browes in wanton rings.
Thus reignes the wrathfull king, and while he reignes,
His scepter and himselfe both he disdaines.

X.

Disdainefull wretch! how hath one bold sinne cost
Thee all the beauties of thy once bright eyes!
How hath one black eclipse cancell'd, and crost
The glories that did gild thee in thy rise!
Proud morning of a perverse day! how lost
Art thou unto thy selfe, thou too selfe-wise
Narcissus! foolish Phaeton! who for all
Thy high-aym'd hopes, gaind'st but a flaming fall.

XI.

From Death's sad shades to the life-breathing ayre,
This mortall enemy to mankind's good,
Lifts his malignant eyes, wasted with care,
To become beautifull in humane blood.
Where Iordan melts his chrystall, to make faire
The fields of Palestine, with so pure a flood,
There does he fixe his eyes: and there detect
New matter, to make good his great suspect.

100

XII.

He calls to mind th' old quarrell, and what sparke
Set the contending sons of Heav'n on fire:
Oft in his deepe thought he revolves the darke
Sibill's divining leaves: he does enquire
Into th' old prophesies, trembling to marke
How many present prodigies conspire,
To crowne their past predictions, both he layes
Together, in his pondrous mind both weighs.

XIII.

Heaven's golden-wingèd herald, late he saw
To a poore Galilean virgin sent:
How low the bright youth bow'd, and with what awe
Immortall flowers to her faire hand present.
He saw th' old Hebrewe's wombe, neglect the law
Of age and barrennesse, and her babe prevent *anticipate*
His birth by his devotion, who began
Betimes to be a saint, before a man.

XIV.

He saw rich nectar-thawes, release the rigour
Of th' icy North; from frost-bound Atlas hands,
His adamantine fetters fall: green vigour
Gladding the Scythian rocks and Libian sands.
He saw a vernall smile, sweetly disfigure

Winter's sad face, and through the flowry lands
Of faire Engaddi, hony-sweating fountaines
With manna, milk, and balm, new-broach the mountaines.

101

XV.

He saw how in that blest Day-bearing Night,
The Heav'n-rebukèd shades made hast away;
How bright a dawne of angels with new light
Amaz'd the midnight world, and made a Day
Of which the Morning knew not. Mad with spight
He markt how the poore shepheards ran to pay
Their simple tribute to the Babe, Whose birth
Was the great busnesse both of Heav'n and Earth.

XVI.

He saw a threefold Sun, with rich encrease
Make proud the ruby portalls of the East.
He saw the Temple sacred to sweet Peace,
Adore her Prince's birth, flat on her brest.
He saw the falling idolls, all confesse
A comming Deity: He saw the nest
Of pois'nous and unnaturall loves, Earth-nurst,
Toucht with the World's true antidote, to burst.

XVII.

He saw Heav'n blossome with a new-borne light,
On which, as on a glorious stranger gaz'd
The golden eyes of Night: whose beame made bright
The way to Beth'lem and as boldly blaz'd,
(Nor askt leave of the sun) by day as night.
By whom (as Heav'ns illustrious hand-maid) rais'd,
Three kings (or what is more) three wise men went
Westward to find the World's true orient.

102

XVIII.

Strucke with these great concurrences of things,
Symptomes so deadly unto Death and him;
Faine would he have forgot what fatall strings
Eternally bind each rebellious limbe.
He shooke himselfe, and spread his spatious wings:
Which like two bosom'd sailes, embrace the dimme
Aire, with a dismall shade; but all in vaine:
Of sturdy adamant is his strong chaine.

XIX.

While thus Heav'n's highest counsails, by the low
Footsteps of their effects, he trac'd too well,
He tost his troubled eyes: embers that glow
Now with new rage, and wax too hot for Hell:
With his foule clawes he fenc'd his furrowed brow,
And gave a gastly shreeke, whose horrid yell
Ran trembling through the hollow vaults of Night,
The while his twisted tayle he gnaw'd for spight.

XX.

Yet on the other side, faine would he start
Above his feares, and thinke it cannot be.
He studies Scripture, strives to sound the heart
And feele the pulse of every prophecy;
He knows (but knowes not how, or by what art)
The Heav'n-expecting ages hope to see
A mighty Babe, Whose pure, unspotted birth
From a chast virgin wombe, should blesse the Earth.

103

XXI.

But these vast mysteries his senses smother,

And reason (for what's faith to him?) devoure.
How she that is a maid should prove a mother,
Yet keepe inviolate her virgin flower;
How God's eternall Sonne should be Man's brother,
Poseth his proudest intellectuall power.

How a pure Spirit should incarnate bee,
And Life it selfe weare Death's fraile livery.

XXII.

That the great angell-blinding Light should shrinke
His blaze, to shine in a poore shepherd's eye:
That the unmeasur'd God so low should sinke,
As pris'ner in a few poore rags to lye:
That from His mother's brest He milke should drinke,
Who feeds with nectar Heav'n's faire family:
That a vile manger His low bed should prove,
Who in a throne of stars thunders above.

XXIII.

That He Whom the sun serves, should faintly peepe
Through clouds of infant flesh: that He the old
Eternall Word should be a child, and weepe:
That He Who made the fire, should feare the cold:
That Heav'n's high Majesty His court should keepe
In a clay-cottage, by each blast control'd:
That Glorie's Self should serve our griefs and feares,
And free Eternity, submit to yeares.

104

XXIV.

And further, that the Lawe's eternall Giver
Should bleed in His Owne Lawe's obedience:
And to the circumcising knife deliver
Himselfe, the forfeit of His slave's offence:
That the unblemisht Lambe, blessèd for ever,
Should take the marke of sin, and paine of sence.
These are the knotty riddles, whose darke doubt
Intangles his lost thoughts, past getting out.

XXV.

While new thoughts boyl'd in his enraged brest,
His gloomy bosome's darkest character
Was in his shady forehead seen exprest:
The forehead's shade in Griefe's expression there,
Is what in signe of joy among the blest
The face's lightning, or a smile is here.
Those stings of care that his strong heart opprest,
A desperate, Oh mee! drew from his deepe brest.

XXVI.

Oh mee! (thus bellow'd he) Oh mee! what great
Portents before mine eyes their powers advance?
And serves my purer sight, onely to beat
Downe my proud thought, and leave it in a trance?
Frowne I: and can great Nature keep her seat?
And the gay starrs lead on their golden dance?
Can His attempts above still prosp'rous be,
Auspicious still, in spight of Hell and me?

105

XXVII.

Hee has my Heaven (what would He more?) whose bright
And radiant scepter this bold hand should beare:
And for the never-fading fields of light,
My faire inheritance, He confines me here
To this darke house of shades, horrour and night,
To draw a long-liv'd death, where all my cheere
Is the solemnity my sorrow weares,
That mankind's torment waits upon my teares.

XXVIII.

Darke, dusky Man, He needs would single forth,
To make the partner of His Owne pure ray:
And should we powers of Heav'n, spirits of worth,
Bow our bright heads before a king of clay?
It shall not be, said I, and clombe the North,
Where never wing of angell yet made way:
What though I mist my blow? yet I strooke high,
And to dare something, is some victory.

XXIX.

Is He not satisfied? meanes He to wrest
Hell from me too, and sack my territories?
Vile humane nature means He not t' invest
(O my despight!) with His divinest glories?
And rising with rich spoiles upon His brest
With His faire triumphs fill all future stories?
Must the bright armes of Heav'n, rebuke these eyes?
Mocke me, and dazle my darke mysteries?

106

XXX.

Art thou not Lucifer? he to whom the droves
Of stars that gild the Morne, in charge were given?
The nimblest of the lightning-wingèd loves,
The fairest, and the first-borne smile of Heav'n?
Looke in what pompe the mistrisse planet moves
Rev'rently circled by the lesser seaven:
Such, and so rich, the flames that from thine eyes,
Opprest the common-people of the skyes.

XXXI.

Ah wretch! what bootes thee to cast back thy eyes,
Where dawning hope no beame of comfort showes?
While the reflection of thy forepast joyes,
Renders thee double to thy present woes:
Rather make up to thy new miseries,
And meet the mischief that upon thee growes.
If Hell must mourne, Heav'n sure shall sympathize,
What force cannot effect, fraud shall devise.

XXXII.

And yet whose force feare I? have I so lost
My selfe? my strength too with my innocence?
Come try who dares, Heav'n, Earth, what ere doth boast
A borrowed being, make thy bold defence.
Come thy Creator too: What though it cost
Me yet a second fall? wee'd try our strengths:
Heav'n saw us struggle once; as brave a fight
Earth now should see, and tremble at the sight.

107

XXXIII.

Thus spoke th' impatient prince, and made a pause:
His foule hags rais'd their heads, and clapt their hands,
And all the powers of Hell in full applause
Flourisht their snakes, and tost their flaming brands.
We (said the horrid sisters) wait thy lawes,
Th' obsequious handmaids of thy high commands:
Be it thy part, Hell's mighty lord, to lay
On us thy dread command, our's to obey.

XXXIV.

What thy Alecto, what these hands can doe,
Thou mad'st bold prooffe upon the brow of Heav'n,
Nor should'st thou bate in pride, because that now
To these thy sooty kingdomes thou art driven.
Let Heav'n's Lord chide above lowder than thou

In language of His thunder, thou art even
With Him below: here thou art lord alone,
Boundlesse and absolute: Hell is thine owne.

XXXV.

If usuall wit, and strength will doe no good,
Vertues of stones, nor herbes: use stronger charmes,
Anger and love, best hookes of humane blood.
If all faile, wee'l put on our proudest armes,
And pouring on Heav'n's face the Sea's huge flood
Quench His curl'd fires: wee'l wake with our alarmes
Ruine, where e're she sleepes at Nature's feet:
And crush the World till His wide corners meet.

108

XXXVI.

Reply'd the proud king, O my crowne's defence,
Stay of my strong hopes, you of whose brave worth,
The frighted stars tooke faint experience,
When 'gainst the Thunder's mouth we marchèd forth:
Still you are prodigall of your Love's expence
In our great projects, both 'gainst Heav'n and Earth:
I thanke you all, but one must single out:
Cruelty, she alone shall cure my doubt.

XXXVII.

Fourth of the cursèd knot of hags is shee,
Or rather all the other three in one;
Hell's shop of slaughter shee do's oversee,
And still assist the execution.
But chiefly there do's she delight to be,
Where Hell's capacious cauldron is set on:
And while the black soules boile in their own gore,
To hold them down, and looke that none seeth o're.

XXXVIII.

Thrice howl'd the caves of Night, and thrice the sound,
Thundring upon the bankes of those black lakes,
Rung through the hollow vaults of Hell profound:
At last her listning eares the noise o're takes,
She lifts her sooty lampes, and looking round,
A gen'rall hisse from the whole tire of snakes
Rebounding, through Hell's inmost cavernes came,
In answer to her formidable name.

109

XXXIX.

'Mongst all the palaces in Hell's command,
No one so mercillesse as this of her's.
The adamantine doors, for ever stand
Impenetrable, both to prai'rs and teares;
The walls inexorable steele, no hand
Of Time, or teeth of hungry Ruine feares.
Their ugly ornaments are the bloody staines
Of ragged limbs, torne skulls, and dasht-out braines.

XL.

There has the purple Vengeance a proud seat
Whose ever-brandisht sword is sheath'd in blood:
About her Hate, Wrath, Warre and Slaughter sweat;
Bathing their hot limbs in life's pretious flood:
There rude impetuous Rage do's storme and fret,
And there as master of this murd'ring brood,
Swinging a huge sith stands impartiall Death:
With endlesse businesse almost out of breath.

scythe

XLI.

For hangings and for curtaines, all along

The walls (abominable ornaments!)
Are tooles of wrath, anvills of torments hung;
Fell executioners of foule intents,
Nailes, hammers, hatchets sharpe, and halters strong,
Swords, speares, with all the fatall instruments
Of Sin and Death, twice dipt in the dire staines
Of brothers' mutuall blood, and fathers' braines.

110

XLII.

The tables furnisht with a cursèd feast
Which Harpyes, with leane Famine feed upon,
Vnfill'd for ever. Here among the rest,
Inhumane Erisichthon too makes one;
Tantalus, Atreus, Progne, here are guests:
Wolvish Lycaon here a place hath won.
The cup they drinke in is Medusa's scull,
Which mixt with gall and blood they quaffe brim-full.

XLIII.

The foule queen's most abhorrèd maids of honour,
Medæa, Jezabell, many a meager witch,
With Circe, Scylla, stand to wait upon her:
But her best huswife's are the Parcæ, which
Still worke for her, and have their wages from her:
They prick a bleeding heart at every stitch.
Her cruell cloathes of costly threds they weave,
Which short-cut lives of murdred infants leave.

XLIV.

The house is hers'd about with a black wood,
Which nods with many a heavy-headed tree:
Each flowers a pregnant poyson, try'd and good,
Each herbe a plague. The wind's sighes timèd bee
By a black fount, which weeps into a flood.
Through the thick shades obscurely might you see
Minotaures, Cyclopes, with a darke drove
Of Dragons, Hydraes, Sphinxes, fill the grove.

hearsed

XLV.

Here Diomed's horses, Phereus' dogs appeare,
With the fierce lyons of Therodamas.
Busiris has his bloody altar here:
Here Sylla his severest prison has:
The Lestrigonians here their table reare:
Here strong Procrustes plants his bed of brasse:
Here cruell Scyron boasts his bloody rockes
And hatefull Schinis his so fearèd oakes.

111

XLVI.

What ever schemes of blood, fantastick Frames
Of death, Mezentius or Geryon drew;
Phalaris, Ochus, Ezelinus: names
Mighty in mischief; with dread Nero too;
Here are they all, here all the swords or flames
Assyrian tyrants or Egyptian knew.
Such was the house, so furnisht was the hall,
Whence the fourth Fury answer'd Pluto's call.

XLVII.

Scarce to this monster could the shady king
The horrid summe of his intentions tell;
But shee (swift as the momentary wing
Of lightning, or the words he spoke) left Hell.
She rose, and with her to our World did bring
Pale prooffe of her fell presence; th' aire too well
With a chang'd countenance witnest the sight,
And poore fowles intercepted in their flight.

Heav'n saw her rise, and saw Hell in the sight:
 The fields' faire eyes saw her, and saw no more,
 But shut their flowry lids for ever: Night
 And Winter strow her way: yea, such a sore
 Is she to Nature, that a generall fright,
 An universal palsie spreading o're
 The face of things, from her dire eyes had run,
 Had not her thick snakes hid them from the sun.

XLIX.

Now had the Night's companion from her dew,
 Where all the busie day she close doth ly,
 With her soft wing wipt from the browes of men
 Day's sweat; and by a gentle tyranny
 And sweet oppression, kindly cheating them
 Of all their cares, tam'd the rebellious eye
 Of Sorrow, with a soft and downy hand,
 Sealing all brests in a Lethæan band.

L.

When the Erinnys her black pineons spread,
 And came to Bethlem, where the cruell king
 Had now retyr'd himselfe, and borrowed
 His brest a while from Care's unquiet sting;
 Such as at Thebes' dire feast she shew'd her head,
 Her sulphur-breathèd torches brandishing:
 Such to the frighted palace now she comes,
 And with soft feet searches the silent roomes.

LI.

By Herod _____ now was borne
 The scepter, which of old great David swaid;
 Whose right by David's linage so long worne,
 Himselfe a stranger to, his owne had made;
 And from the head of Judah's house quite torne
 The crowne, for which upon their necks he laid
 A sad yoake, under which they sigh'd in vaine,
 And looking on their lost state sigh'd againe.

linage

LII.

Vp, through the spatious pallace passèd she,
 To where the king's proudly-reposèd head
 (If any can be soft to Tyranny
 And selfe-tormenting sin) had a soft bed.
 She thinkes not fit, such, he her face should see,
 As it is seene in Hell, and seen with dread.
 To change her face's stile she doth devise,
 And in a pale ghost's shape to spare his eyes.

LIII.

Her selfe a while she layes aside, and makes
 Ready to personate a mortall part.
 Ioseph, the king's dead brother's shape, she takes:
 What he by nature was, is she by art.
 She comes to th' king, and with her cold hand slakes
 His spirits (the sparkes of life) and chills his heart,
 Life's forge; fain'd is her voice, and false too, be
 Her words: 'sleep'st thou, fond man? sleep'st thou?' said she.

LIV.

So sleeps a pilot, whose poore barke is prest
 With many a mercylese o're-mastring wave;
 For whom (as dead) the wrathfull winds contest
 Which of them deep'st shall digge her watry grave.
 Why dost thou let thy brave soule lye suppress

In death-like slumbers, while thy dangers crave
A waking eye and hand? looke vp and see
The Fates ripe, in their great conspiracy.

LV.

Know'st thou not how of th' Hebrewes' royall stemme
(That old dry stocke) a despair'd branch is sprung:
A most strange Babe! Who here conceal'd by them
In a neglected stable lies, among
Beasts and base straw: Already is the streame
Quite turn'd: th' ingratefull rebels, this their young
Master (with voyce free as the trumpe of Fame)
Their new King, and thy Successour proclame.

LVI.

What busy motions, what wild engines stand
On tiptoe in their giddy braynes! th' have fire
Already in their bosomes, and their hand
Already reaches at a sword; they hire
Poysons to speed thee; yet through all the Land
What one comes to reveale what they conspire?
Goe now, make much of these; wage still their wars
And bring home on thy brest, more thanklesse scarrs.

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LVII.

Why did I spend my life, and spill my blood,
That thy firme hand for ever might sustaine
A well-pois'd scepter? does it now seeme good
Thy brother's blood be spilt, life spent in vaine?
'Gainst thy owne sons and brothers thou hast stood
In armes, when lesser cause was to complaine:
And now crosse Fates a watch about thee keepe,
Can'st thou be carelesse now? now can'st thou sleep?

LVIII.

Where art thou man? what cowardly mistake
Of thy great selfe, hath stolne king Herod from thee?
O call thy selfe home to thy self, wake, wake,
And fence the hanging sword Heav'n throws upon thee.
Redeeme a worthy wrath, rouse thee, and shake
Thy selfe into a shape that may become thee.
Be Herod, and thou shalt not misse from mee
Immortall stings to thy great thoughts, and thee.

LIX.

So said, her richest snake, which to her wrist
For a beseeming bracelet she had ty'd
(A speciall worme it was as ever kist
The foamy lips of Cerberus) she apply'd
To the king's heart: the snake no sooner hist,
But Vertue heard it, and away she hy'd:
Dire flames diffuse themselves through every veine:
This done, home to her Hell she hy'd amaine.

116

LX.

He wakes, and with him (ne're to sleepe) new feares:
His sweat-bedewed bed hath now betraid him
To a vast field of thornes; ten thousand speares
All pointed in his heart seem'd to invade him:
So mighty were th' amazing characters
With which his feeling dreame had thus dismay'd him,
He his owne fancy-framed foes defies:
In rage, My armes, give me my armes, he cryes.

LXI.

As when a pile of food-preparing fire,

The breath of artificiall lungs embraves,
The caldron-prison'd waters streight conspire
And beat the hot brasse with rebellious waves;
He murmurs, and rebukes their bold desire;
Th' impatient liquor frets, and foames, and raves,
Till his o're-flowing pride suppresses the flame
Whence all his high spirits and hot courage came.

LXII.

So boyles the fire Herod's blood-swolne brest,
Not to be slak't but by a sea of blood:
His faithlesse crowne he feeses loose on his crest,
Which a false tyrant's head ne're firmly stood.
The worme of jealous envy and unrest
To which his gnaw'd heart is the growing food,
Makes him, impatient of the lingring light,
Hate the sweet peace of all-composing Night.

117

LXIII.

A thousand prophecies that talke strange things
Had sowne of old these doubts in his deepe brest.
And now of late came tributary kings,
Bringing him nothing but new feares from th' East,
More deepe suspicions, and more deadly stings,
With which his feav'rous cares their cold increast.
And now his dream (Hel's fireband) still more bright,
Shew'd him his feares, and kill'd him with the sight.

LXIV.

No sooner therefore shall the Morning see
(Night hangs yet heavy on the lids of Day)
But all the counsellours must summon'd bee,
To meet their troubled lord: without delay
Heralds and messengers immediately
Are sent about, who poasting every way
To th' heads and officers of every band,
Declare who sends, and what is his command.

LXV.

Why art thou troubled, Herod? what vaine feare
Thy blood-revolving brest to rage doth move?
Heaven's King, Who doffs Himselfe weak flesh to weare,
Comes not to rule in wrath, but serve in love.
Nor would He this thy fear'd crown from thee teare,
But give thee a better with Himselfe above.
Poor jealousie! why should He wish to prey
Vpon thy crowne, Who gives His owne away?

118

LXVI.

Make to thy reason, man, and mock thy doubts,
Looke how below thy feares their causes are;
Thou art a souldier, Herod; send thy scouts,
See how Hee's furnish't for so fear'd a warre?
What armour does He weare? A few thin clouts.
His trumpets? tender cries; His men to dare
So much? rude shepheards: what His steeds? alas
Poore beasts! a slow oxe and a simple asse.

Il fine del primo Libro.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

See our Essay for critical remarks on the original and CRASHAW'S interpretation. These things may be recorded:

St. viii. line 6. '(His shop of flames) he *fries* himself.' This verb 'fries,' like 'stick' and some others, had not in Elizabethan times and later, that colloquial, and therefore in such a context ludicrous, sound that it has to us. In MARLOWE'S or JONSON'S translation of Ovid's fifteenth elegy (book i.) the two lines which originally ran thus,

'Lofty Lucretius shall live that hour
That Nature shall dissolve this earthly bower,'

were afterwards altered by JONSON himself to,

'Then shall Lucretius' lofty numbers die,
When earth and seas in fire and flame shall *frie*.'

In another way one of our most ludicrous-serious experiences of printers' errors was in a paper contributed by us to an American religious periodical. The subject was Affliction, and we remarked that God still, as of old with the 'three children' (so-called) permits His people to be put into the furnace of 'fiery trials,' wherein He *tries* them whether they be ore or dross. To our horror we found the *t* changed into *f*, and so read sensationally '*fries*'—all the worse that some might think it the author's own word.

St. xxviii. and xxx. The star Lucifer or Phosporos, to whom 'the droves of stars that guild the morn, in charge were given,' can never climb the North or reach the zenith, being conquered by the effulgence of the sun of day. When did the fable of the angel Lucifer, founded on an astronomical appearance, mingle itself as it has done here, and grandly in MILTON, and in the popular mind generally, with the biblical history of Satan?

119

St. xxxvi. line 2. TURNBULL perpetuates the misprint of 'whose' for 'my' from 1670.

St. li. line 3, 'linage' = 'lineage.' For once 1670 is correct in reading 'linage' for the misprint 'image' of 1646 and 1648. The original is literally as follows:

'Herod the liege of Augustus, a man now agèd,
Then ruled over the royal courts of David:
Not of the royal *line* ...'

St. lix. line 3, 'a special worm:' so SHAKESPEARE (Ant. and Cleopatra, v. 2), 'the pretty worm' and 'the worm.'

St. lx. Every one will be reminded of the tent-scene in Richard III.

At end of this translation PEREGRINE PHILLIPS adds 'cetera desunt—heu! heu!'

MARINO and CRASHAW have left proper names in the poem unannotated. They are mostly trite; but these may be noticed: st. xlii. l. 4, Erisichton (see Ovid, *Met.* viii. 814 &c.); he offended Ceres, and was by her punished with continual hunger, so that he devoured his own limbs: line 5, Tantalus the fabled son of Zeus and Pluto, whose doom in the 'lower world,' has been celebrated from Homer (*Od.* xi. 582) onward: ib. Atreus, grandson of Tantalus, immortalised in infamy with his brother Thyestes: ib. Progne = Procne, wife of Tereus, who was metamorphosed into a swallow (Apollod. iii. 14, 8): l. 6, Lycaon, like Tantalus, with his sons changed by Zeus into wolves (Ovid; Paus. viii. 3, § 1): st. xliii. line 2, Medea, most famous of the mythical sorcerers: ib. Jezebel, 2 Kings ix. 10, 36: line 3, Circe, another mythical sorceress: Scylla, daughter of Typho and rival of Circe, who transformed her (Ovid, *Met.* xiv. 1-74); cf. Paradise Lost: line 4, the Paræ = the Fates, ever spinning: st. xliv. lines 7-8, all classic monsters: st. xlv. line 1, 'Diomed's horses' = the fabled 'mares' fed on human flesh (Apollod. ii. 5, § 8): 'Phereus' dogs,' or Fereus of mythical celebrity: line 2, Therodamas or Theromedon, king of Scythia, who fed lions with human blood (Ovid, *Ibis* 385, *Pont.* i. 2, 121): line 3, Busiris, associated with Osiris of Egypt; but Herodotus denies that the Egyptians ever offered human sacrifices: line 4, Sylla = Sulla: line 5, Lestriginians, ancient inhabitants of Sicily who fed on human flesh (Ovid, *Met.* xiv. 233, &c.): line 6, Procrustes, *i.e.* the Stretcher, being a surname of the famous robber Damastes (Ovid, *Met.* vii. 438): line 7, Scyron, or Sciron (Ovid, *Met.* vii. 444-447), who threw his captives from the rocks: line 8, Schinis, more accurately Sinis or Sinnis, a celebrated robber, his name being connected with [Greek: σίνωμα], expressing the manner in which he tore his victims to pieces by tying them to branches of two trees, which he bent together and then let go (Ovid, *Met.* vii. 440); according to some he was surnamed Procrustes, but MARINO and CRASHAW distinguish the two: st. xlvi. line 2, Mezentius, a mythical king of the Etruscans (Virgil, *Aeneid*, viii. 480, &c.); he put men to death by tying them to a corpse: ib. Geryon, a fabulous king of Hesperia (Apollod. ii. 5, § 10); under this name the very reverend Dr. J.H. Newman has composed one of his most remarkable poems: line 3, Phalaris, *the* tyrant of Sicily, whose 'brazen bull' of torture gave point to Cicero's words concerning him, as 'crudelissimus omnium tyrannorum' (in Verr. iv. 33): ib. Ochus = Artaxerxes III. a merciless king of Persia: ib. Ezelinus or Ezzelinus, another wicked tyrant.

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THE HYMN OF SAINTE THOMAS,

121

IN ADORATION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT. ^[42]

**Ecce panis Angelorum,
Adoro te.**

1 With all the powres my poor heart hath
Of humble loue and loyall faith,
Thus lowe (my hidden life!) I bow to Thee
Whom too much loue hath bow'd more low for me.
5 Down, down, proud Sense! discourses dy!
Keep close, my soul's inquiring ey!
Not touch, nor tast, must look for more
But each sitt still in his own dore.

Your ports are all superfluous here,
10 Saue that which lets in Faith, the eare.
Faith is my skill: Faith can beleue
As fast as Loue new lawes can giue.
Faith is my force: Faith strength affords
To keep pace with those powfull words.
15 And words more sure, more sweet then they,
Loue could not think, Truth could not say.

O let Thy wretch find that releife
Thou didst afford the faithful theife. 122
Plead for me, Loue! alleage and show
20 That Faith has farther here to goe
And lesse to lean on: because than
Though hidd as God, wounds with Thee man:
Thomas might touch, none but might see
At least the suffring side of Thee;
25 And that too was Thy self which Thee did couer,
But here eu'n that's hid too which hides the other.

then

Sweet, consider then, that I
Though allow'd nor hand nor eye
To reach at Thy lou'd face; nor can
30 Tast Thee God, or touch Thee man,
Both yet beleue; and wisse Thee
My Lord too and my God, as lowd as he.

Help, Lord, my faith, my hope increase,
And fill my portion in Thy peace:
35 Giue loue for life; nor let my dayes
Grow, but in new powres to Thy name and praise.

O dear memoriall of that Death
Which liues still, and allowes vs breath!
40 Rich, royall food! Bountyfull bread!
Whose vse denyes vs to the dead;
Whose vitall gust alone can giue
The same leaue both to eat and liue;
Liue euer bread of loues, and be
My life, my soul, my surer-selfe to mee.

O soft self-wounding Pelican!
Whose brest weepes balm for wounded man: 123
Ah! this way bend Thy benign floud
To a bleeding heart that gaspes for blood.
That blood, whose least drops soueraign be
50 To wash my worlds of sins from me.

Come Loue! come Lord! and that long day
For which I languish, come away.
When this dry soul those eyes shall see,
And drink the vnseal'd sourse of Thee:
55 When Glory's sun, Faith's shades shall chase,
And for Thy veil giue me Thy face. Amen.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The original title is 'A Hymne to our Saviour by the Faithfull Receiver of the Sacrament.' As before in the title of 'The Weeper' 'Sainte' is misspelled 'Sanite.'

Line 1 in 1648 reads 'power.'

" 8, 'sitt still in his own dore.'

" 9, 'ports' = openings or gates. So in Edinburgh the 'West-port' = a gate of the city in the old west wall.

Line 21, 'than' = 'then.' See our PHINEAS FLETCHER, as before.

Line 29, TURNBULL leaves undetected the 1670 misprint of 'teach' for 'reach.'

Line 33, 1648 supplies 'my faith,' which in our text is inadvertently dropped; 1670 continues the error, which of course TURNBULL repeated.

Line 36, 1670 edition reads 'Grow, but in new pow'rs to name thy Praise.'

Lines 37-38 are inadvertently omitted in 1648 edition.

Our text, as will be seen, is arranged in stanzas of irregular form. In 1648 edition it is one continuous poem thus printed:

----- G.

LAVDA SION SALVATOREM:

THE HYMN FOR THE BL. SACRAMENT.^[43]

I.

Rise, royall Sion! rise and sing
Thy soul's kind shepheard, thy hart's King.
Stretch all thy powres; call if you can
Harpes of heaun to hands of man.
This soueraign subject sitts aboue
The best ambition of thy loue.

II.

Lo, the Bread of Life, this day's
Triumphant text, prouokes thy prayse:
The liuing and life-giuing bread
To the great twelue distributed;
When Life, Himself, at point to dy
Of loue, was His Own legacy.

incites

III.

Come, Loue! and let vs work a song
Lowd and pleasant, sweet and long;
Let lippes and hearts lift high the noise
Of so iust and solemn ioyes,
Which on His white browes this bright day
Shall hence for euer bear away.

IV.

Lo, the new law of a new Lord,
With a new Lamb blesses the board:
The agèd Pascha pleads not yeares
But spyes Loue's dawn, and disappeares.
Types yield to truthes; shades shrink away;
And their Night dyes into our Day.

V.

But lest that dy too, we are bid
Euer to doe what He once did:
And by a mindfull, mystick breath
That we may liue, reuiue His death;
With a well-bles't bread and wine,
Transsum'd and taught to turn diuine.

VI.

The Heaun-instructed house of Faith

Here a holy dictate hath,
That they but lend their form and face;—
Themselues with reuerence leaue their place,
Nature, and name, to be made good,
By a nobler bread, more needfull blood.

VII.

Where Nature's lawes no leaue will giue,
Bold Faith takes heart, and dares beleiuē
In different species: name not things,
Himself to me my Saviour brings;
As meat in that, as drink in this,
But still in both one Christ He is.

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VIII.

The receiuing mouth here makes
Nor wound nor breach in what he takes.
Let one, or one thovsand be
Here diuiders, single he
Beares home no lesse, all they no more,
Nor leaue they both lesse then before.

IX.

Though in it self this soverain Feast
Be all the same to euery guest,
Yet on the same (life-meaning) Bread
The child of death eates himself dead:
Nor is't Loue's fault, but Sin's dire skill
That thus from Life can death distill.

X.

When the blest signes thou broke shalt see
Hold but thy faith intire as He
Who, howsoe're clad, cannot come
Lesse then whole Christ in euery crumme.
In broken formes a stable Faith
Vntouch't her precious totall hath.

XI.

So the life-food of angells then
Bow'd to the lowly mouths of men!
The children's Bread, the Bridegroom's Wine;
Not to be cast to dogges, or swine.

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XII.

Lo, the full, finall Sacrifice
On which all figures fix't their eyes:
The ransom'd Isack, and his ramme;
The manna, and the paschal lamb.

XIII.

Iesv Master, iust and true!
Our food, and faithfull Shephard too!
O by Thy self vouchsafe to keep,
As with Thy selfe Thou feed'st Thy sheep.

XIV.

O let that loue which thus makes Thee
Mix with our low mortality,
Lift our lean soules, and sett vs vp
Con-victors of Thine Own full cup,
Coheirs of saints. That so all may
Drink the same wine; and the same way:
Nor change the pastvre, but the place,

To feed of Thee, in Thine Own face. Amen.

NOTES.

In 1648, line 3 has 'thou' for 'you:' line 4 'and' for 'to:' line 6, 'ambitious:' line 19, 'Lord' is misprinted 'Law:' line 39, 'names:' line 42 spells 'one' as 'on:' line 55, our text (1652) misprints 'shall:' line 75, 1648 reads 'mean' for 'lean.' G.

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PRAYER:

AN ODE WHICH WAS PRÆFIXED TO A LITTLE PRAYER-BOOK GIVEN TO A YOUNG GENTLE-
WOMAN.^[44]

1 Lo here a little volume, but great book!
 (Feare it not, sweet,
 It is no hipocrit)
5 Much larger in itselſe then in its looke.
 A neſt of new-born ſweets;
 Whoſe natiue fires diſdaining
 To ly thus folded, and complaining
 Of theſe ignoble ſheets,
10 Affect more comly bands
 (Fair one) from thy kind hands;
 And confidently look
 To find the reſt
 Of a rich binding in your breſt.
15 It is, in one choiſe handfull, Heauvn; and all
 Heaun's royall hoſt; incampt thus ſmall
 To proue that true, Schooles vſe to tell,
 Ten thouſand angels in one point can dwell.
 It is Loue's great artillery
19 Which here contracts it ſelf, and comes to ly
 Close-couch't in your white boſom; and from thence
 As from a ſnowy fortreſſe of defence,
 Againſt the ghosly foes to take your part,
 And fortify the hold of your chaſt heart.
 It is an armory of light;
25 Let conſtant vſe but keep it bright,
 You'l find it yields
 To holy hands and humble hearts
 More ſwords and ſheilds
 Then ſin hath ſnares, or Hell hath darts.
30 Only be ſure
 The hands be pure
 That hold theſe weapons; and the eyes,
 Thoſe of turtles, chaſt and true;
 Wakefull and wiſe:
35 Here is a freind ſhall fight for you;
 Hold but this book before your heart,
 Let prayer alone to play his part;
 But O the heart
 That ſtudies this high art
40 Muſt be a ſure houſe-keeper:
 And yet no ſleeper.
 Dear ſoul, be ſtrong!
 Mercy will come e're long
 And bring his boſome fraught with bleſſings,
45 Flowers of neuer-fading graces
 To make immortall dreſſings
 For worthy ſoules, whoſe wiſe embraces
 Store vp themſelues for Him, Who is alone

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The Spovse of virgins and the virgin's Son.
 50 But if the noble Bridegroom, when He come,
 Shall find the loytering heart from home;
 Leauing her chast aboard
 To gadde abroad
 Among the gay mates of the god of flies;
 55 To take her pleasure, and to play
 And keep the deuill's holyday;
 To dance in th' sunshine of some smiling
 But beguiling
 Spheare of sweet and sugred lyes;
 60 Some slippery pair
 Of false, perhaps, as fair,
 Flattering but forswearing, eyes;
 Doubtlesse some other heart
 Will gett the start
 65 Meanwhile, and stepping in before
 Will take possession of that sacred store
 Of hidden sweets and holy ioyes;
 Words which are not heard with eares
 (Those tumultuous shops of noise)
 70 Effectuall whispers, whose still voice
 The soul it selfe more feeles then heares;
 Amorous languishments; luminous trances;
 Sights which are not seen with eyes;
 Spirituall and soul-peircing glances
 75 Whose pure and subtil lightning flies
 Home to the heart, and setts the house on fire,
 And melts it down in sweet desire
 Yet doth not stay
 To ask the windows' leaue, to passe that way;
 80 Delicious deaths; soft exalations
 Of soul; dear and diuine annihilations;
 A thousand vnknown rites
 Of ioyes and rarefy'd delights;
 A hundred thousand goods, glories, and graces:
 85 And many a mystick thing
 Which the diuine embraces
 Of the deare Spouse of spirits, with them will bring,
 For which it is no shame
 That dull mortality must not know a name.
 90 Of all this hidden store
 Of blessings, and ten thousand more
 (If when He come
 He find the heart from home)
 Doubtlesse He will vnload
 95 Himself some other where,
 And poure abroad
 His pretious sweets
 On the fair soul whom first He meets.
 O fair, O fortunate! O riche! O dear!
 100 O happy and thrice-happy she
 Deare silver-breasted dove
 Who ere she be,
 Whose early loue
 With wingèd voves
 105 Makes hast to meet her morning Spouse,
 And close with His immortall kisses.
 Happy indeed, who neuer misses
 To improue that pretious hour,
 And euery day
 110 Seize her sweet prey,
 All fresh and fragrant as He rises,
 Dropping with a baulmy showr,
 A delicious dew of spices;
 O let the blissfull heart hold it fast
 115 Her heaunly arm-full; she shall tast
 At once ten thousand paradises;
 She shall haue power
 To rifle and deflour
 The rich and roseall spring of those rare sweets
 120 Which with a swelling bosome there she meets:
 Boundles and infinite _____
 _____ Bottomles treasures
 Of pure inebriating pleasures.

Happy proof! she shal discouer
 What ioy, what blisse,
 How many heau'ns at once it is
 To haue her God become her Lover.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The text of 1648 corresponds pretty closely, except in the usual changes of orthography, with our text (1652): and 1670, in like manner, follows that of 1646. 1646 edition furnishes some noticeable variations:

Line 1, 'large' for 'great.'

" 2-4 restored to their place here. TURNBULL gives them in a foot-note with this remark: 'So in the Paris edition of 1652. In all the others,

Fear it not, sweet,
 It is no hypocrite,
 Much larger in itself, than in its book.'

This is a mistake. The only edition that omits the lines (5-13) besides the first (1646) and substitutes these three is that of 1670.

Lines 5-13 not in 1646 edition: first appeared in 1648 edition.

" 14, 'choise' for 'rich.'

" 15, 'hoasts' for 'host.'

" 17, 'Ten thousand.'

" 20. Our text (1652) here and elsewhere misreads 'their:' silently corrected.

Line 22. Our text (1652) misprints 'their' for 'the:' as 'the' is the reading of 1648 and 1670, I have adopted it.

Line 24, 'the' for 'an.'

" 27, 'hand' for 'hands.'

" 37, 1648 edition has 'its' for 'his.'

" 44. Our text (1652) oddly misprints 'besom' for 'bosome:' the latter reading in 1646, 1648 and 1670 vindicates itself. 1646 reads 'her' and 1648 'its' for 'his.'

Line 50, 'comes' for 'come.'

" 51, 'wandring' for 'loytering.'

" 54. The allusion is to one of the names of Satan, viz. Baal-zebub = fly-god, dunghill-god.

Line 55, 'pleasures.'

" 57. Our text (1652) inadvertently drops 'in.' 1648 has 'i th'.'

Line 59. Our text misprints 'spheares:' 1648 adopts 'spheare' from 1646 edition. 1670 misprints 'spear.'

Line 62, 'forswearing:' a classic word.

" 64, 'git' is the spelling.

" 65. All the editions save our text (1652) omit 'meanwhile.'

Line 66, 'the' for 'that.'

" 69, 'These' for 'Those,' by mistake.

" 78, 'doth' for 'does' I have adopted here.

" 83, 1648, by misprint, has 'O' for 'Of.'

" 84, 'An hundred thousand loves and graces.'

" 90. I have accepted 'hidden' before 'store' from 1646 edition.

Line 101. I have also adopted this characteristic line from 1646 edition. In all the others (except 1670) it is 'Selected dove.'

Line 107, 'soule' for 'indeed.'

" 114, 'that' for 'the.'

" 121-122. In 1648 printed as *supra*, the lines probably indicating a blank where the ms. was illegible. In our text (1652) we have two lines, but no blank indicated.

Line 124, 'soul' for 'proof.'

" 127, 'a' for 'her.' G.

TO THE SAME PARTY:

COVNCEL CONCERNING HER CHOISE.^[45]

1 Dear, Heaun-designedè sovl!
 Amongst the rest
 Of suters that beseige your maiden brest,
 Why may not I
 5 My fortune try
 And venture to speak one good word,
 Not for my self, alas! but for my dearer Lord?
 You have seen allready, in this lower sphear
 Of froth and bubbles, what to look for here:

10 Say, gentle soul, what can you find
 But painted shapes,
 Peacocks and apes;
 Illustrious flyes,
 15 Guilded dunghills, glorious lyes;
 Goodly surmises
 And deep disguises,
 Oathes of water, words of wind?
 Trvth biddes me say 'tis time you cease to trust
 Your soul to any son of dust.
 20 'Tis time you listen to a brauer loue,
 Which from aboue
 Calls you vp higher
 And biddes you come
 And choose your roome
 25 Among His own fair sonnes of fire;
 Where you among
 The golden throng
 That watches at His palace doores
 May passe along,
 30 And follow those fair starres of your's;
 Starrs much too fair and pure to wait vpon
 The false smiles of a sublunary sun.
 Sweet, let me prophesy that at last t'will proue
 Your wary loue
 35 Layes vp his purer and more pretious vowes,
 And meanes them for a farre more worthy Spovse
 Then this World of lyes can giue ye:
 Eu'n for Him with Whom nor cost,
 40 Nor loue, nor labour can be lost;
 Him Who neuer will deceiue ye.
 Let not my Lord, the mighty Louer
 Of soules, disdain that I discover
 The hidden art
 Of His high stratagem to win your heart:
 45 It was His heaunly art
 Kindly to cross you
 In your mistaken loue;
 That, at the next remoue
 Thence, He might tosse you
 50 And strike your troubled heart
 Home to Himself; to hide it in His brest:
 The bright ambrosiall nest
 Of Loue, of life, and euerlasting rest.
 Happy mystake!
 55 That thus shall wake
 Your wise soul, neuer to be wonne
 Now with a loue below the sun.
 Your first choyce failes; O when you choose agen
 May it not be amongst the sonnes of men.

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NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The first line, 'To Mistress M.R.
 Dear, Heav'n-designed soul,'

as in 1670, is not to be considered as an unrhymed line, but as the address or superscription, though so contrived as not to interfere with the metre, but to make a five-foot line with the two feet of the true first line of the poem. So Parolles prefaces his verse with

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'Dian, the count's a fool and full of gold.'

(*All's Well that ends Well*, iv. 3.)

and Longaville (*Love's Labour Lost*) prefixes to his sonnet,

'O sweet Maria, empress of my love.'

In fact, it is the 'Madam' of a poetical epistle brought into metrical harmony with the verse. G.

DESCRIPTION OF A RELIGIOUS HOUSE AND CONDITION OF LIFE.

1 No roofes of gold o're riotous tables shining
 Whole dayes and suns, deuour'd with endlesse dining.
 No sailes of Tyrian sylk, proud pauements sweeping,
 Nor iuory couches costlyer slumber keeping;
 5 False lights of flairing gemmes; tumultuous ioyes;
 Halls full of flattering men and frisking boyes;
 What'ere false showes of short and slippery good
 Mix the mad sons of men in mutuall blood.
 But walkes, and vnshorn woods; and soules, iust so
 10 Vnforc't and genuine; but not shady tho.
 Our lodgings hard and homely as our fare,
 That chast and cheap, as the few clothes we weare.
 Those, course and negligent, as the naturall lockes
 Of these loose groues; rough as th' vnpolish't rockes.
 15 A hasty portion of præscribèd sleep;
 Obedient slumbers, that can wake and weep,
 And sing, and sigh, and work, and sleep again;
 Still rowling a round spear of still-returning pain.
 Hands full of harty labours; paines that pay
 20 And prize themselves: doe much, that more they may,
 And work for work, not wages; let to-morrow's
 New drops, wash off the sweat of this daye's sorrows.
 A long and dayly-dying life, which breaths
 A respiration of reuiuing deaths.
 25 But neither are there those ignoble stings
 That nip the blossome of the World's best things,
 And lash Earth-labouring souls....
 No cruell guard of diligent cares, that keep
 Crown'd woes awake, as things too wise for sleep:
 30 But reuerent discipline, and religious fear,
 And soft obedience, find sweet biding here;
 Silence, and sacred rest; peace, and pure ioyes;
 Kind loues keep house, ly close, make no noise;
 And room enough for monarchs, while none swells
 35 Beyond the kingdomes of contentfull cells.
 The self-remembring sovl sweetly recouers
 Her kindred with the starrs; not basely houers
 Below: but meditates her immortall way
 Home to the originall source of Light and intellectuall day

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NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In 1648 the heading is simply 'Description of a religious house.' The original occurs in BARCLAY'S *Argenis*, book v. These variations include one important correction of a long-standing blunder: Line 3, 1648 misprints 'weeping' for 'sweeping.'

" 4, 'costly' for 'costlyer.'

" 6, 'flatt'ring' for 'flattering.'

" 19-20. Our text (1652), followed by 1670, strangely confuses this couplet by printing,

'Hands full of harty labours; doe much, that more they may.'

TURNBULL, as usual, unintelligently repeats the blunder. Even in using the text of 1652 exceptionally, if only he found it confirmed by 1670, there was no vigilance. The reading of 1648 puts all right.

Line 23. Our text misspells 'ding.'

" 26. Misprinted 'bosome' in all the editions, and perpetuated by TURNBULL. Line 27 that follows is a break (unrhymed).

Line 33. 1648 misreads 'keep no noise.' G.

ON MR. GEORGE HERBERT'S BOOKE INTITULED THE TEMPLE OF SACRED POEMS.

SENT TO A GENTLE-WOMAN.^[47]

1 Know you, faire, on what you looke?
 Divinest love lyes in this booke:
 Expecting fier from your faire eyes,
 To kindle this his sacrifice.
 5 When your hands untie these strings,

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Think, yo' have an angell by the wings;
 One that gladly would be nigh,
 To waite upon each morning sigh;
 To flutter in the balmy aire
 10 Of your well-perfumèd praier;
 These white plumes of his hee'l lend you,
 Which every day to Heaven will send you:
 To take acquaintance of each spheare,
 And all your smooth-fac'd kindred there.
 15 And though HERBERT'S name doe owe
 These devotions; fairest, know
 While I thus lay them on the shrine
 Of your white hand, they are mine.



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A HYMN TO THE NAME AND HONOR OF THE ADMIRABLE SAINTE TERESA:

Fovndresse of the Reformation of the discalced Carmelites, both men and women; a Woman for angelicall heighth of speculation, for masculine courage of performance more then a woman: who yet a child, out-ran maturity, and durst plott a Martyrdome;

Misericordias Domini in Æternvm cantabo.

Le Vray portraict de S^{te} Terese, Fondatrice des Religieuses et Religieux reformez de l'ordre de N. Dame du mont Carmel: Decedee le 4^e Octo. 1582. Canonisee le 12^e Mars. 1622.^[48]

THE HYMNE.

1 Loue, thou art absolute, sole lord
 Of life and death. To proue the word
 Wee'l now appeal to none of all
 Those thy old souldiers, great and tall,
 5 Ripe men of martyrdom, that could reach down
 With strong armes, their triumphant crown;
 Such as could with lusty breath
 Speak lowd into the face of death,
 Their great Lord's glorious name, to none
 10 Of those whose spatious bosomes spread a throne
 For Love at large to fill; spare blood and sweat:
 And see him take a priuate seat,
 Making his mansion in the mild
 And milky soul of a soft child.
 15 Scarse has she learn't to lisp the name
 Of martyr; yet she thinks it shame
 Life should so long play with that breath
 Which spent can buy so braue a death.
 She neuer vndertook to know
 20 What Death with Loue should haue to doe;
 Nor has she e're yet vnderstood

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Why to show loue, she should shed blood,
Yet though she cannot tell you why
She can love, and she can dy.

25 Scarse has she blood enough to make
A guilty sword blush for her sake;
Yet has she a heart dares hope to proue
How much lesse strong is Death then Love.

30 Be Loue but there; let poor six yeares
Be pos'd with the maturest feares
Man trembles at, you straight shall find
Love knowes no nonage, nor the mind;
'Tis love, not yeares or limbs that can
Make the martyr, or the man.

35 Love touch't her heart, and lo it beates
High, and burnes with such braue heates;
Such thirsts to dy, as dares drink vp
A thousand cold deaths in one cup.

40 Good reason: for she breathes all fire;
Her white brest heaves with strong desire
Of what she may with fruitles wishes
Seek for amongst her mother's kisses.

Since 'tis not to be had at home
She'l trauail to a martyrdom.

45 No home for hers confesses she
But where she may a martyr be.

She'l to the Moores; and trade with them
For this vnualued diadem:

Moores

50 She'l offer them her dearest breath,
With Christ's name in't, in change for death:
She'l bargain with them; and will giue
Them God; teach them how to liue
In Him: or, if they this deny,

55 For Him she'l teach them how to dy:
So shall she leaue amongst them sown
Her Lord's blood; or at lest her own.

Farewel then, all the World! adieu!
Teresa is no more for you.

least

60 Farewell, all pleasures, sports, and ioyes
(Never till now esteemèd toyes)
Farewell, what ever deare may bee,
Mother's armes or father's knee:
Farewell house, and farewell home!
She's for the Moores, and martyrdom.

65 Sweet, not so fast! lo thy fair Spouse
Whom thou seekst with so swift vowes;
Calls thee back, and bids thee come
T'embrace a milder martyrdom.

70 Blest powres forbid, thy tender life
Should bleed vpon a barbarous knife:
Or some base hand haue power to raze
Thy brest's chaste cabinet, and vncase
A soul kept there so sweet: O no,
Wise Heaun will neuer have it so.

75 Thou art Love's victime; and must dy
A death more mysticall and high:
Into Loue's armes thou shalt let fall
A still-suruiuing funerall.

80 His is the dart must make the death
Whose stroke shall tast thy hallow'd breath;
A dart thrice dip't in that rich flame
Which writes thy Spouse's radiant name
Vpon the roof of Heau'n, where ay

85 It shines; and with a soueraign ray
Beates bright vpon the burning faces
Of soules which in that Name's sweet graces
Find euerlasting smiles: so rare,
So spirituall, pure, and fair
Must be th' immortall instrument

90 Vpon whose choice point shall be sent
A life so lou'd: and that there be
Fitt executioners for thee,
The fair'st and first-born sons of fire

95 Blest seraphim, shall leaue their quire,
And turn Loue's souldiers, vpon thee
To exercise their archerie.

O how oft shalt thou complain
Of a sweet and subtle pain:
Of intolerable ioyes:
100 Of a death, in which who dyes
Loues his death, and dyes again
And would for euer so be slain.
And liues, and dyes; and knowes not why
To liue, but that he thus may neuer leaue to dy.

105 How kindly will thy gentle heart
Kisse the sweetly-killing dart!
And close in his embraces keep
Those delicious wounds, that weep
Balsom to heal themselves with: thus
110 When these thy deaths, so numerous
Shall all at last dy into one,
And melt thy soul's sweet mansion;
Like a soft lump of incense, hasted
By too hott a fire, and wasted
115 Into perfuming clouds, so fast
Shalt thou exhale to Heaun at last
In a resolving sigh, and then
O what? Ask not the tongues of men;
Angells cannot tell; suffice
120 Thy selfe shall feel thine own full ioyes,
And hold them fast for euer there.
So soon as thou shalt first appear,
The moon of maiden starrs, thy white
Mistresse, attended by such bright
125 Soules as thy shining self, shall come
And in her first rankes make thee room;
Where 'mongst her snowy family
Immortall wellcomes wait for thee.

O what delight, when reueal'd Life shall stand,
130 And teach thy lipps Heaun with His hand;
On which thou now maist to thy wishes
Heap vp thy consecrated kisses.
What ioyes shall seize thy soul, when she,
Bending her blessed eyes on Thee,
135 (Those second smiles of Heau'n,) shall dart
Her mild rayes through Thy melting heart.

Angels, thy old friends, there shall greet thee
Glad at their own home now to meet thee.

140 All thy good workes which went before
And waited for thee, at the door,
Shall own thee there; and all in one
Weaue a constellation
Of crowns, with which the King thy Spouse
Shall build vp thy triumphant browes.

145 All thy old woes shall now smile on thee,
And thy paines sitt bright vpon thee,
All thy sorrows here shall shine,
All thy svfferings be diuine:
Teares shall take comfort, and turn gemms
150 And wrongs repent to diademms.
Eu'n thy death shall liue; and new-
Dresse the soul that erst he slew.
Thy wounds shall blush to such bright scarres
As keep account of the Lamb's warres.

155 Those rare workes where thou shalt leaue writt
Loue's noble history, with witt
Taught thee by none but Him, while here
They feed our soules, shall clothe thine there.
Each heaunly word, by whose hid flame
160 Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same
Shall flourish on thy browes, and be
Both fire to vs and flame to thee;
Whose light shall liue bright in thy face
By glory, in our hearts by grace.

165 Thou shalt look round about, and see
Thousands of crown'd soules throng to be
Themselues thy crown: sons of thy vowes
The virgin-births with which thy soueraign Spouse
Made fruitfull thy fair soul. Goe now
170 And with them all about thee, bow
To Him; put on (Hee'l say) put on

175 (My rosy loue) that thy rich zone
 Sparkling with the sacred flames
 Of thousand soules, whose happy names
 Heau'n keep vpon thy score: (Thy bright
 Life brought them first to kisse the light,
 That kindled them to starrs,) and so
 Thou with the Lamb, thy Lord, shalt goe,
 And whereso'ere He sett's His white
 180 Stepps, walk with Him those wayes of light,
 Which who in death would liue to see,
 Must learn in life to dy like thee.

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NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The original edition (1646) has this title, 'In memory of the Vertuous and Learned Lady Madre de Teresa, that sought an early Martyrdome;' and so also in 1648. 1670 agrees with 1652; only the Latin line above the portrait and the French verses are omitted.

The text of 1646 furnishes a number of variations corrective in part of all the subsequent editions. These are recorded below. 1648 agrees substantially with 1652: but a few unimportant readings peculiar to it are also given in these Notes.

Various readings from 1646 edition.

- Line 3, 'Wee need to goe to none of all.'
 " 4, 'stout' for 'great.'
 " 5, 'ripe and full growne.'
 " 8, 'unto' for 'into;' the latter preferable.
 " 10, 'Of those whose large breasts built a throne.'
 " 11-13,

'For Love their Lord, glorious and great
 Weel see Him take a private seat,
 And make ...'

I have hesitated whether this ought not to have been adopted as our text; but it is a characteristic of CRASHAW to introduce abruptly long and short lines as in our text, and to carry a thought or metaphor through a number of lines.

- Line 15, 'had' for 'has,' and 'a' for 'the.'
 " 21, 'hath,' and so in 1648 edition.
 " 23, our text (1652) misprints 'enough:' I correct from 1648.
 " 25, 'had,' 1648 'hath.'
 " 27, 1648, 'hath.'
 " 31, 'wee' for 'you.'
 Line 37, 'thirst' for 'thirsts,' and 'dare' for 'dares.'
 " 38 spells 'coled.'
 " 40, 'weake' for 'white;' the latter a favourite epithet with CRASHAW: 1648 'weake.'
 Line 43, 1648 drops 'at' inadvertently.
 " 44 spells 'travell:' 1648 has 'for' instead of 'to.'
 " 45, 'her,' by misprint for 'her's.'
 " 47, 1648 has 'try' for 'trade.'
 " 49, 'Shee offers.' 57 spells 'adeiu.'
 " 61, this line is by oversight dropped from our text (1652).

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Line 70, spelled 'barborous' in our text, but I have adopted 'a' from 1646 and 1648.

- Line 71, 'race' for 'raze;' a common contemporary spelling.
 " 77, 'hand' for 'armes.'
 " 93, 'The fairest, and the first borne Loves of fire.'
 " 94, 'Seraphims,' the usual misspelling of the plural of seraph in our English Bible.

Line 104, 'To live, but that he still may dy.'
 " 106, our text (1652) misreads 'sweetly-kissing.' I have adopted 'sweetly-killing' from 1646, 1648 and 1670.

- Line 108, 1648 has 'thine' for 'his.'
 " 118, 'disolving.'
 " 123, our text (1652) inadvertently drops 'shalt,' and misreads 'you' for 'thou.' I accept the text of 1646, 1648 and 1670.

Line 129, 'on.'
 " 130, 'shee' for 'reueal'd Life;' and in next line 'her' for 'His.' Our text (1652) is preferable, as pointing to Christ the Life, our Life. See under lines 11-13.

- Line 133, 'joy.'
 " 146, 'set;' a common contemporary spelling.
 " 147, this line, dropped inadvertently from our text (1652), is restored from 1646, 1648 and 1670.

- Line 148, 'And' for 'All.'
 " 151, 'Even thy deaths.'
 " 152, 'Dresse the soul that late they slew.'
 " 167 misprints 'nowes;' corrected in 1648, but not in 1670.

" 168 drops 'soueraign.' See under lines 11-13.

" 175, 'keeps.'

" 178, 'shall.' Cf. Rev. xiv. 5, as before. G.



AN APOLOGIE FOR THE FOREGOING HYMN,

AS HAUNG BEEN WRITT WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS YET AMONG THE PROTESTANTS.^[49]

1 Thus haue I back again to thy bright name
 (Fair floud of holy fires!) transfus'd the flame
 I took from reading thee: 'tis to thy wrong
 I know, that in my weak and worthlesse song
5 Thou here art sett to shine where thy full day
 Scarse dawnes. O pardon, if I dare to say
 Thine own dear bookes are guilty. For from thence
 I learn't to know that Loue is eloquence.
 That hopefull maxime gaue me hart to try
10 If, what to other tongues is tun'd so high,
 Thy praise might not speak English too: forbid
 (By all thy mysteryes that here ly hidde)
 Forbid it, mighty Loue! let no fond hate
 Of names and wordes, so farr præiudicate.
15 Souls are not Spaniards too: one freindly floud
 Of baptism blends them all into a blood.
 Christ's faith makes but one body of all soules,
 And Loue's that body's soul; no law controwlls
 Our free traffique for Heau'n; we may maintaine
20 Peace, sure, with piety, though it come from Spain.
 What soul so e're, in any language, can
 Speak Heau'n like her's, is my soul's country-man.
 O 'tis not Spanish, but 'tis Heau'n she speaks!
 'Tis Heau'n that lyes in ambush there, and breaks
25 From thence into the wondring reader's brest;
 Who feels his warm heart hatcht into a nest
 Of little eagles and young loues, whose high
 Flights scorn the lazy dust, and things that dy.
 There are enow whose draughts (as deep as Hell)
30 Drink vp all Spain in sack. Let my soul swell
 With the strong wine of Loue: let others swimme
 In puddles; we will pledge this seraphim
 Bowles full of richer blood then blush of grape
 Was euer guilty of. Change we our shape
35 (My soul) some drink from men to beasts, O then
 Drink we till we proue more, not lesse, then men,
 And turn not beasts but angels. Let the King
 Me euer into these His cellars bring,
 Where flowes such wine as we can haue of none
40 But Him Who trod the wine-presse all alone:
 Wine of youth, life, and the sweet deaths of Loue;
 Wine of immortall mixture; which can proue
 Its tincture from the rosy nectar; wine
 That can exalt weak earth; and so refine
45 Our dust, that at one draught, Mortality
 May drink it self vp, and forget to dy.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The title in 1646 'Steps' is 'An Apologie for the precedent Hymne:' in 1648 the 'Flaming Heart' also precedes the 'Apologie,' and its title, 'Hymnes on Teresa,' is added. 1670 has 'was yet a Protestant.'

Various readings from 1646.

Line 2, 'sea.'

" 9, 'heavenly.'

" 12, 'there' for 'here.'

" 14, 'prejudicate.'

" 16, 'one' for 'a:' 1670 has 'one.'

" 18, 1648 spells 'comptrolls.'

" 20, 'dwell in' for 'come from.'

" 21, 'soever.'

" 26, 'finds' for 'feels:' our text (1652) drops 'hatcht,' which we have restored after 1646 and 1648; 1670 reads 'hatch,' and TURNBULL follows blindly.

Line 29, our text (1652) misreads 'now:' we restore 'enow,' after the editions as in No. 9.

Line 34, our text misreads 'too' after 'we:' I omit it, as in 1646 and 1670. 1648 has 'to.'

Line 41, 'Wine of youth's Life.'

" 45, 'in' for 'at.' As the 'Apologie' refers only to the Hymn preceding, and not to what follows, I have placed it after the former, not (as in 1648) the latter, which would make it refer to both. G.

THE FLAMING HEART:

VPON THE BOOK AND PICTURE OF THE SERAPHICAL SAINT TERESA, AS SHE IS VSVALLY
EXPRESSED WITH A SERAPHIM BISODE HER.^[50]

1 Wel-meaning readers! you that come as freinds
And catch the pretious name this peice pretends;
Make not too much hast to admire
That fair-cheek't fallacy of fire.
5 That is a seraphim, they say
And this the great Teresia.
Readers, be rul'd by me; and make
Here a well-plact and wise mistake:
You must transpose the picture quite,
10 And spell it wrong to read it right;
Read him for her, and her for him,
And call the saint the seraphim.
Painter, what didst thou vnderstand
To put her dart into his hand?
15 See, euen the yeares and size of him
Showes this the mother seraphim.
This is the mistresse flame; and duteous he
Her happy fire-works here, comes down to see.
O most poor-spirited of men!
20 Had thy cold pencil kist her pen,
Thou couldst not so vnkindly err
To show vs this faint shade for her.
Why, man, this speakes pure mortall frame;
And mockes with female frost Loue's manly flame.
25 One would suspect thou meant'st to paint
Some weak, inferiour, woman-saint.
But had thy pale-fac't purple took
Fire from the burning cheeks of that bright booke,
Thou wouldst on her haue heap't vp all
30 That could be found seraphicall;
What e're this youth of fire, weares fair,
Rosy fingers, radiant hair,
Glowing cheek, and glistering wings,
All those fair and fragrant things
35 But before all, that fiery dart
Had fill'd the hand of this great heart.
Doe then, as equall right requires,
Since his the blushes be, and her's the fires,
Resume and rectify thy rude design,
40 Vndresse thy seraphim into mine;
Redeem this iniury of thy art,
Giue him the vail, giue her the dart.
Giue him the vail; that he may couer
The red cheeks of a riuall'd louer.
45 Asham'd that our world now can show
Nests of new seraphims here below.
Giue her the dart, for it is she
(Fair youth) shootes both thy shaft, and thee;
Say, all ye wise and well-peirc't hearts
50 That liue and dy amidst her darts,

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What is't your tastfull spirits doe proue
 In that rare life of her, and Loue?
 Say, and bear witnes. Sends she not
 A seraphim at euery shott?
 55 What magazins of immortall armes there shine!
 Heaun's great artillery in each loue-spun line.
 Giue then the dart to her who giues the flame;
 Giue him the veil, who giues the shame.
 But if it be the frequent fate
 60 Of worst faults to be fortunate;
 If all's præscription; and proud wrong
 Harkens not to an humble song;
 For all the gallantry of him,
 Giue me the suffring seraphim.
 65 His be the brauery of all those bright things,
 The glowing cheekes, the glistering wings;
 The rosy hand, the radiant dart;
 Leaue her alone the flaming heart.
 Leaue her that; and thou shalt leaue her
 70 Not one loose shaft but Loue's whole quiver.
 For in Loue's feild was neuer found
 A nobler weapon then a wovnd.
 Loue's passiues are his actiu'st part,
 The wounded is the wounding heart.
 75 O heart! the æquall poise of Loue's both parts
 Bigge alike with wound and darts.
 Liue in these conquering leaues; liue all the same,
 And walk through all tongues one triumphant flame.
 Liue here, great heart; and loue and dy and kill;
 80 And bleed and wound; and yeild and conquer still.
 Let this immortall life wherere it comes
 Walk in a crowd of loues and martyrdomes.
 Let mystick deaths wait on't; and wise soules be
 The loue-slain wittnesses of this life of thee.
 85 O sweet incendiary! shew here thy art,
 Vpon this carcasse of a hard, cold hart;
 Let all thy scatter'd shafts of light, that play
 Among the leaues of thy larg books of day.
 Combin'd against this brest at once break in
 90 And take away from me my self and sin;
 This gracious robbery shall thy bounty be,
 And my best fortunes such fair spoiles of me.
 O thou vndanted daughter of desires!
 By all thy dour of lights and fires;
 95 By all the eagle in thee, all the doue;
 By all thy liues and deaths of loue;
 By thy larg draughts of intellectuall day,
 And by thy thirsts of loue more large then they;
 By all thy brim-fill'd bowles of feirce desire,
 100 By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire;
 By the full kingdome of that finall kisse
 That seiz'd thy parting soul, and seal'd thee His;
 By all the Heau'n thou hast in Him
 (Fair sister of the seraphim!)
 105 By all of Him we have in thee;
 Leaue nothing of my self in me.
 Let me so read thy life, that I
 Vnto all life of mine may dy.

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NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The title in 1648 omits the words 'the seraphical saint,' and the text there lacks the last twenty-four lines.

Various readings from 1648.

Line 3, 'so' for 'too.'

" 11, 'And' for 'read.'

" 18, 'happier.'

Line 31 misreads 'But e're,' and 'were' for 'weares.'

" 33, 'cheekes.'

" 34 flagrantly misreads 'flagrant' for 'fragrant,' which TURNBULL as usual blindly repeats.

Line 48, 'shafts.'

" 58 reads '... kindly tells the shame.' It is a characteristic of CRASHAW to vary his measures, else I should have adopted this reading from 1648. The line is somewhat obscure through the conceitful repetition of 'gives.' The sense is, who, being pictured red, shows the blushing

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A SONG OF DIVINE LOVE. [51]

1 Lord, when the sense of Thy sweet grace
Sends vp my soul to seek Thy face,
Thy blessed eyes breed such desire,
I dy in Loue's delicious fire.
5 O Loue, I am thy sacrifice!
Be still triumphant, blessed eyes!
Still shine on me, fair suns! that I
Still may behold, though still I dy.

SECOND PART.

10 Though still I dy, I liue again;
Still longing so to be still slain;
So gainfull is such losse of breath,
I dy euen in desire of death.
Still liue in me this longing strife
15 Of liuing death and dying life;
For while Thou sweetly slayest me
Dead to my selfe, I liue in Thee.

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IN THE GLORIOUS ASSUMPTION OF OUR BLESSED LADY. [52]

THE HYMN.

1 Hark! she is call'd, the parting houre is come;
Take thy farewell, poor World! Heaun must go home.
A peice of heau'nly earth; purer and brighter
Then the chaste starres, whose choise lamps come to light her,
5 Whil'st through the crystall orbes, clearer then they
She climbs; and makes a farre more Milkey Way.
She's call'd! Hark, how the dear immortall Doue
Sighes to His syluer mate, 'Rise vp, my loue!'
Rise vp, my fair, my spotlesse one!
10 The Winter's past, the rain is gone;
The Spring is come, the flowrs appear,
No sweets, (save thou,) are wanting here.
Come away, my loue!
Come away, my doue!
15 Cast off delay;
The court of Heau'n is come
To wait vpon thee home;
Come, come away!
The flowrs appear,
20 Or quickly would, wert thou once here.
The Spring is come, or if it stay
'Tis to keep time with thy delay.
The rain is gone, except so much as we
Detain in needfull teares to weep the want of thee.
25 The Winter's past,
Or if he make lesse hast,
His answer is, why she does so,
If Sommer come not, how can Winter goe?
Come away, come away!
30 The shrill winds chide, the waters weep thy stay;
The fountains murmur, and each loftyest tree
Bowes low'st his leauy top, to look for thee.
Come away, my loue!
Come away, my doue &c.
35 She's call'd again. And will she goe?
When Heau'n bids come, who can say no?

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Heau'n calls her, and she must away,
 Heau'n will not, and she cannot stay.
 Goe then; goe, gloriovs on the golden wings
 40 Of the bright youth of Heau'n, that sings
 Vnder so sweet a burthen. Goe,
 Since thy dread Son will haue it so.
 And while thou goest, our song and we
 Will, as we may, reach after thee.
 45 Hail, holy queen of humble hearts!
 We in thy prayse will haue our parts.
 And though thy dearest lookes must now give light
 To none but the blest heavens, whose bright
 Beholders, lost in sweet delight,
 50 Feed for ever their faire sight
 With those divinest eyes, which we
 And our darke world noe more shall see;
 Though our poore eyes are parted soe,
 Yet shall our lipps never lett goe
 55 Thy gracious name, but to the last
 Our loving song shall hold it fast.
 Thy pretious name shall be
 Thy self to vs; and we
 With holy care will keep it by vs.
 60 We to the last
 Will hold it fast,
 And no Assvmption shall deny vs.
 All the sweetest showres
 Of our fairest flowres
 65 Will we strow vpon it.
 Though our sweets cannot make
 It sweeter, they can take
 Themselues new sweetness from it.
 Maria, men and angels sing,
 70 Maria, mother of our King.
 Live, rosy princesse, live! and may the bright
 Crown of a most incomparable light
 Embrace thy radiant browes. O may the best
 Of euerlasting ioyes bath thy white brest.
 75 Live, our chast loue, the holy mirth
 Of Heau'n; the humble pride of Earth.
 Liue, crown of woemen; queen of men;
 Liue, mistresse of our song. And when
 Our weak desires haue done their best,
 80 Sweet angels come, and sing the rest.

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161

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The heading in the SANCROFT MS. is 'On the Assumption of the Virgin Marie.' In line 5 it reads 'whilst,' and so in line 43: line 7, 'again th' immortal Dove:' line 12, our text (1652) reads 'but;' we prefer 'saue' of 1648 and the MS.: line 30, our text (1652) misprints 'heauy' for 'leavy' of 1648: line 42, the MS. reads 'great:' line 47, 'give' for 'be;' adopted: line 53, 'eyes' for 'ioyes;' adopted: line 57, 'sacred:' line 76, 'bragg:' line 77, 'praise of women, pride of men.'

By an unaccountable inadvertence, our text (1652) omits lines 47-56. They are restored from 1648: they also appear in 1670. Line 18 in 1648 reads 'Come, come away:' in 1670 it is 'Come away, come away;' but this edition strangely, but characteristically, omits lines 19-34; and TURNBULL, following it, though pronounced by himself 'the most inaccurate of all' (Preliminary Observations, p. xi. of his edition), has overlooked them. Confer, for a quaint parallel with these lines (19-34), our JOSEPH FLETCHER. It may also be noted here that TURNBULL betrays his habitual use of his self-condemned text of 1670 by misreading in line 12, 'No sweets since thou art wanting here;' so converting the fine compliment into ungrammatical nonsense. Earlier also (line 3) he similarly reads, after the same text, 'light' for 'earth.' So too in line 7 he reads 'She's call'd again; hark! how th' immortal dove:' and line 42, for the favourite 'dread' of our Poet the weaker 'great,' as *supra*: and the following line 63 omits 'the:' line 64, 'our:' line 65 reads 'We'll:' line 76, 'and' for 'the.' On lines 9-10, cf. Song of Solomon, ii. 10-13. G.

162

UPON FIVE PIOVS AND LEARNED DISCOURSES:

BY ROBERT SHELFORD.^[53]

1 Rise, then, immortall maid! Religion, rise!
 Put on thy self in thine own looks: t' our eyes

5 Be what thy beauties, not our blots, have made thee;
Such as (ere our dark sinnes to dust betray'd thee)
Heav'n set thee down new drest; when thy bright birth
Shot thee like lightning to th' astonisht Earth. 163
From th' dawn of thy fair eyelids wipe away
Dull mists and melancholy clouds: take Day
And thine own beams about thee: bring the best
10 Of whatsoe're perfum'd thy Eastern nest.
Girt all thy glories to thee: then sit down,
Open this book, fair Queen, and take thy crown.
These learnèd leaves shall vindicate to thee
Thy holiest, humblest, handmaid, Charitie;
15 She'l dresse thee like thy self, set thee on high
Where thou shalt reach all hearts, command each eye.
Lo! where I see thy altars wake, and rise
From the pale dust of that strange sacrifice
Which they themselves were; each one putting on
20 A majestie that may beseem thy throne.
The holy youth of Heav'n, whose golden rings
Girt round thy awfull altars; with bright wings
Fanning thy fair locks, (which the World beleeves
As much as sees) shall with these sacred leaves
25 Trick their tall plumes, and in that garb shall go
If not more glorious, more conspicuous tho.

—————Be it enacted then,
By the fair laws of thy firm-pointed pen,
God's services no longer shall put on
30 Pure sluttishnesse for pure religion:
No longer shall our Churches' frighted stones
Lie scatter'd like the burnt and martyr'd bones
Of dead Devotion; nor faint marbles weep
In their sad ruines; nor Religion keep 164
35 A melancholy mansion in those cold
Urns: Like God's sanctuaries they lookt of old;
Now seem they Temples consecrate to none,
Or to a new god, Desolation.
No more the hypocrite shall th' upright be
40 Because he's stiffe, and will confesse no knee:
While others bend their knee, no more shalt thou,
(Disdainfull dust and ashes!) bend thy brow;
Nor on God's altar cast two scorching eyes,
Bak't in hot scorn, for a burnt sacrifice:
45 But (for a lambe) thy tame and tender heart,
New struck by Love, still trembling on his dart;
Or (for two turtle-doves) it shall suffice
To bring a pair of meek and humble eyes.
This shall from henceforth be the masculine theme
50 Pulpits and penes shall sweat in; to redeem
Vertue to action, that life-feeding flame
That keeps Religion warm: not swell a name
Of Faith; a mountain-word, made up of aire,
With those deare spoils that wont to dresse the fair
55 And fruitfull Charitie's full breasts (of old),
Turning her out to tremble in the cold.
What can the poore hope from us, when we be
Uncharitable ev'n to Charitie?
Nor shall our zealous ones still have a fling
60 At that most horrible and hornèd thing,
Forsooth the Pope: by which black name they call
The Turk, the devil, Furies, Hell and all,
And something more. O he is Antichrist:
Doubt this, and doubt (say they) that Christ is Christ:
65 Why, 'tis a point of Faith. What e're it be,
I'm sure it is no point of Charitie.
In summe, no longer shall our people hope,
To be a true Protestant's but to hate the Pope.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

I have taken the text of this poem as it originally appeared, because in all the editions of the Poems wherein it is given the last ten lines are omitted. TURNBULL discovered this after his text of the Poems was printed off, and so had to insert them in a Postscript, wherein his genius for blundering describes Shelford's volume as 'Five ... *Poems*.' These slight variations may be recorded:

The title in all is 'On a Treatise of Charity.'

Line 12, 1648 has 'thy' for 'this.'

" 16, ib. 'shall' for 'shalt.'

" 17, all the editions 'off'rings' for 'altars.'

" 30, ib. 'A' for the first 'pure.'

" 36, our text misprints 'look' for 'look't.'

The poem is signed in Shelford's volume 'RICH. CRASHAW, Aul. Pemb. A.B.' It appeared in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 86-8), 1648 (pp. 101-2), 1670 (pp. 68-70). G.



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DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA:

THE HYMN OF THE CHVRCH, IN MEDITATION OF THE DAY OF IVDGMENT.^[54]

I.

Hear'st thou, my soul, what serious things
Both the Psalm and sybyll sings
Of a sure Iudge, from Whose sharp ray
The World in flames shall fly away.

II.

O that fire! before whose face
Heaun and Earth shall find no place.
O those eyes! Whose angry light
Must be the day of that dread night.

III.

O that trump! whose blast shall run
An euen round with the circling sun,
And vrge the murmuring graues to bring
Pale mankind forth to meet his King.

IV.

Horror of Nature, Hell, and Death!
When a deep groan from beneath
Shall cry, We come, we come, and all
The caues of Night answer one call.

V.

O that Book! whose leaues so bright
Will sett the World in seure light.
O that Iudge! Whose hand, Whose eye
None can indure; yet none can fly.

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VI.

Ah then, poor soul, what wilt thou say?
And to what patron chuse to pray?
When starres themselues shall stagger; and
The most firm foot no more then stand.

VII.

But Thou giu'st leaue (dread Lord!) that we
Take shelter from Thy self, in Thee;
And with the wings of Thine Own doue
Fly to Thy scepter of soft loue.

VIII.

Dear, remember in that Day
Who was the cause Thou cam'st this way.
Thy sheep was stray'd; and Thou wouldst be
Euen lost Thyself in seeking me.

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IX.

Shall all that labour, all that cost
Of loue, and eu'n that losse, be lost?
And this lou'd soul, iudg'd worth no lesse
Then all that way, and wearyness.

X.

Iust mercy then, Thy reckning be
With my Price, and not with me;
'Twas pay'd at first with too much pain,
To be pay'd twice; or once, in vain.

XI.

Mercy (my Iudge), mercy I cry
With blushing cheek and bleeding ey:
The conscous colors of my sin
Are red without and pale within.

XII.

O let Thine Own soft bowells pay
Thy self; and so discharge that day.
If Sin can sigh, Loue can forgiue:
O say the word, my soul shall liue.

XIII.

Those mercyes which Thy Mary found,
Or who Thy crosse confes't and crown'd;
Hope tells my heart, the same loues be
Still aliue, and still for me.

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XIV.

Though both my prayres and teares combine,
Both worthlesse are; for they are mine.
But Thou Thy bounteous Self still be;
And show Thou art, by sauing me.

XV.

O when Thy last frown shall proclaim
The flocks of goates to folds of flame,
And all Thy lost sheep found shall be;
Let 'Come ye blessed,' then call me.

XVI.

When the dread '*Ite*' shall diuide
Those limbs of death, from Thy left side;
Let those life-speaking lipps command
That I inherit Thy right hand.

XVII.

O hear a suppliant heart, all crush't
And crumbled into contrite dust.
My hope, my fear! my Iudge, my Freind!
Take charge of me, and of my end.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In st. vi. line 4, 'then' is = than, on which cf. our PHINEAS FLETCHER, as before: in st. xvi. line 1, '*Ite*' = 'go ye' of the Vulgate. 1670, st. ii. line 3, misprints 'these' for 'those:' st. viii. line 3, 'And Thou would'st be,' *i.e.* didst will to be,—not merely wished to be, but carried out Thy intent. G.

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CHARITAS NIMIA, OR THE DEAR BARGAIN. [55]

1 Lord, what is man? why should he coste Thee
So dear? what had his ruin lost Thee?
Lord, what is man? that thou hast ouerbought
So much a thing of nought?

5 Loue is too kind, I see; and can
Make but a simple merchant-man.
'Twas for such sorry merchandise,
Bold painters haue putt out his eyes.

10 Alas, sweet Lord, what wer't to Thee
If there were no such wormes as we?
Heau'n ne're the lesse still Heau'n would be,
Should mankind dwell
In the deep Hell:
What haue his woes to doe with Thee?

15 Let him goe weep
O're his own wounds;
Seraphims will not sleep
Nor spheares let fall their faithfull rounds.
Still would the youthfull spirits sing;
20 And still Thy spacious palace ring;
Still would those beauteous ministers of light
Burn all as bright.

25 And bow their flaming heads before Thee:
Still thrones and dominations would adore Thee;
Still would those euer-wakefull sons of fire
Keep warm Thy prayse
Both nights and dayes,
And teach Thy lou'd name to their noble lyre.

30 Let froward dust then doe it's kind;
And giue it self for sport to the proud wind.
Why should a peice of peeuish clay plead shares
In the æternity of Thy old cares?
Why shouldst Thou bow Thy awfull brest to see
What mine own madneses haue done with me?

35 Should not the king still keepe his throne
Because some desperate fool's vndone?

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Or will the World's illustrious eyes
Weep for euery worm that dyes.

40 Will the gallant sun
E're the lesse glorious run?
Will he hang down his golden head
Or e're the sooner seek his Western bed,
Because some foolish fly
Growes wanton, and will dy?

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45 If I were lost in misery,
What was it to Thy Heaun and Thee?
What was it to Thy pretious blood
If my foul heart call'd for a floud?

50 What if my faithlesse soul and I
Would needs fall in
With guilt and sin;
What did the Lamb, that He should dy?
What did the Lamb, that He should need,
When the wolf sins, Himself to bleed?

55 If my base lust,
Bargain'd with Death and well-beseeming dust:
Why should the white
Lamb's bosom write
The purple name
Of my sin's shame?
60 Why should His vnstaind brest make good
My blushes with His Own heart-blood?

O my Saviovr, make me see
How dearly Thou hast payd for me,
65 That lost again my life may proue,
As then in death, so now in loue.



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S. MARIA MAIOR.

Dilectus meus mihi, et ego illi, qui pascitur inter lilia. *Cant. ii.*

THE HIMN, O GLORIOSA DOMINA. [56]

1 Hail, most high, most humble one!
About the world, below thy Son;
Whose blush the moon beauteously marres
And staines the timerous light of stares.
5 He that made all things, had not done
Till He had made Himself thy Son:
The whole World's host would be thy guest
And board Himself at thy rich brest.
O boundles hospitality!
10 The Feast of all things feeds on thee.
The first Eue, mother of our Fall,
E're she bore any one, slew all.
Of her vnkind gift might we haue
Th' inheritance of a hasty grave:

15 Quick-burye'd in the wanton tomb
 Of one forbidden bitt;
 Had not a better frvit forbidden it.
 Had not thy healthfull womb
 The World's new eastern window bin,
 20 And giuen vs heau'n again, in giuing Him.
 Thine was the rosy dawn, that sprung the Day
 Which renders all the starres she stole away.
 Let then the agèd World be wise, and all
 Proue nobly here vnnaturall;
 25 'Tis gratitude to forgett that other
 And call the maiden Eue their mother.
 Yee redeem'd nations farr and near,
 Applaud your happy selues in her;
 (All you to whom this loue belongs)
 30 And keep't aliue with lasting songs.
 Let hearts and lippes speak lowd; and say
 Hail, door of life: and sourse of Day!
 The door was shut, the fountain seal'd;
 Yet Light was seen and Life reueal'd.
 35 The door was shut, yet let in day,
 The fountain seal'd, yet life found way.
 Glory to Thee, great virgin's Son
 In bosom of Thy Father's blisse.
 The same to Thee, sweet Spirit be done;
 40 As euer shall be, was, and is. Amen.

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NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The heading in 1648 is simply 'The Virgin-Mother:' in 1670 it is 'The Hymn, O Gloriosa Domina.'

Line 2, 1648 reads 'the Son.'

" 10, our text (1652) misprints 'the' for 'thee.'

Line 21, I follow here the text of 1648. 1652 reads

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'Thine was the rosy dawn that sprung the day.'

and this is repeated in 1670 and, of course, by TURNBULL.

Line 26, 1648 has 'your' for 'their.'

" 35 is inadvertently dropped in our text (1652), though the succeeding line (with which it rhymes) appears. I restore it. 1670 also drops it; and so again TURNBULL!

Lines 43-44, 'Because some foolish fly.' This metaphorical allusion to the Fall and its results (as described by MILTON and others) is founded on the dying of various insects after begetting their kind. G.

HOPE. [57]

1 Hope, whose weak beeing ruin'd is
 Alike if it succeed or if it misse!
 Whom ill and good doth equally confound,
 And both the hornes of Fate's dilemma wound.
 5 Vain shadow; that dost vanish quite
 Both at full noon and perfect night!
 The starres haue not a possibility
 Of blessing thee.
 If things then from their end we happy call,
 10 'Tis Hope is the most hopelesse thing of all.

 Hope, thou bold taster of delight!
 Who in stead of doing so, deuourst it quite.
 Thou bringst vs an estate, yet leau'st vs poor
 By clogging it with legacies before.
 15 The ioyes which we intire should wed
 Come deflour'd-virgins to our bed.
 Good fortunes without gain imported be
 Such mighty custom's paid to thee
 For ioy, like wine kep't close, doth better tast;
 20 If it take air before, his spirits wast.

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Hope, Fortun's cheating lottery,
 Where for one prize, an hundred blankes there be.
 Fond anchor, Hope! who tak'st thine aime so farr

25 That still or short or wide thine arrows are;
Thinne empty cloud which th' ey deceiues
With shapes that our own fancy giues.
A cloud which gilt and painted now appeares
But must drop presently in teares:
30 When thy false beames o're reason's light preuail,
By *ignes fatvi* for North starres we sail.

Brother of Fear, more gaily clad,
The merryer fool o' th' two, yet quite as mad.
Sire of Repentance, child of fond desire
That blow'st the chymick's and the loue's fire.
35 Still leading them insensibly on
With the strong witchcraft of 'anon.'
By thee the one does changing nature, through
Her endlesse labyrinths pursue;
And th' other chases woman; while she goes
40 More wayes and turnes then hunted Nature knowes.

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M. COWLEY.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In all the editions save that of 1652 the respective portions of COWLEY and CRASHAW are alternated as Question and Answer, after a fashion of the day exemplified by *Pembroke* and RUDYARD and others. The heading in 1646, 1648 and 1670 accordingly is 'On Hope, by way of Question and Answer, between A. COWLEY and R. CRASHAW.'

Various readings from 1646 edition.

Line 3, 'and' for 'or,' and 'doth' for 'does.'

" 7, 'Fates' for 'starres:' but as Fate occurs in line 4, 'starres' seems preferable.

Line 9, 'ends' for 'end.'

" 18, 'so' for 'such.'

" 19, 'doth' for 'does;' adopted.

" 20, 'its' for 'his;' the personification warrants 'his.'

" 25. All the other editions misread

'Thine empty cloud, the eye it selfe deceives.'

There can be no question that 'thinne' not 'thine' was the poet's word. Cf. CRASHAW's reference in his Answer. TURNBULL perpetuates the error.

Line 30, 'not' for 'for.'

" 33, 'shield' in all the editions save 1652 by mistake.

" 34, 'blows' and 'chymicks' for 'chymick;' the latter adopted.

Line 37, as in line 19.

" 38, spelled 'laborinths.'

In our Essay see critical remarks showing that COWLEY and CRASHAW revised their respective portions. It seems to have escaped notice that COWLEY himself wrote another poem '*For Hope*,' as his former was '*Against Hope*.' See it in our Study of Crashaw's Life and Poetry. G.

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M. CRASHAW'S ANSWER FOR HOPE. [58]

1 Dear Hope! Earth's dowry, and Heaun's debt!
The entity of things that are not yet.
Subtlest, but surest beeing! thou by whom
Our nothing has a definition!
5 Substantiall shade! whose sweet allay
Blends both the noones of Night and Day:
Fates cannot find out a capacity
Of hurting thee.
From thee their lean dilemma, with blunt horn,

10 Shrinks, as the sick moon from the wholesome morn.
Rich hope! Loue's legacy, vnder lock
Of Faith! still spending, and still growing stock!
Our crown-land lyes aboue, yet each meal brings
A seemly portion for the sonnes of kings.
15 Nor will the virgin ioyes we wed
Come lesse vnbroken to our bed,
Because that from the bridall cheek of Blisse
Thou steal'st vs down a distant kisse.
Hope's chast stealth harmes no more Ioye's maidenhead
20 Then spousal rites preiudge the marriage bed.

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Fair hope! Our earlyer Heau'n! by thee
Young Time is taster to Eternity:
Thy generous wine with age growes strong, not sowre,
Nor does it kill thy fruit, to smell thy flowre.
25 Thy golden, growing head neuer hangs down
Till in the lappe of Loue's full noone
It falls; and dyes! O no, it melts away
As doth the dawn into the Day:
As lumpes of sugar loose themselues, and twine
30 Their subtile essence with the soul of wine.

Fortune? alas, aboue the World's low warres
Hope walks; and kickes the curld heads of conspiring starres.
Her keel cutts not the waues where these winds stirr,
Fortune's whole lottery is one blank to her.
35 Her shafts and shee, fly farre above,
And forage in the fields of light and love.
Sweet Hope! kind cheat! fair fallacy! by thee
We are not where nor what we be,
But what and where we would be. Thus art thou
40 Our absent presence, and our future now.

Faith's sister! nurse of fair desire!
Fear's antidote! a wise and well-stay'd fire!
Temper 'twixt chill Despair, and torrid Ioy!
Queen regent in yonge Loue's minority!
45 Though the vext chymick vainly chases
His fugitiue gold through all her faces;
Though Loue's more feirce, more fruitlesse, fires assay:
One face more fugitiue then all they;
True Hope's a glorious huntresse, and her chase,
50 The God of Nature in the feilds of grace.

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NOTES.

Various readings from 1646 edition.

Line 2, 'things' for 'those;' adopted. But in HARLEIAN MS. 6917-18, it is 'those.' As this MS. supplies in poems onward various excellent readings (*e.g.* 'Wishes'), it may be noted that the Collection came from Lord Somers' Library of MSS., and is accordingly authoritative.

Lines 5-6 read

'Faire cloud of fire, both shade and light
Our life in death, our day in night.'

Our text (1652) seems finer and deeper, and to put the thought with more concinnity.

Line 9, 'thinne' for 'lean.'

" 10, 'like' for 'as.'

" 11, 'Rich hope' dropped in all the other editions; but as it is parallel with the 'dear Hope' and 'fair Hope' of the preceding and succeeding stanzas, I have restored the words. The line reads elsewhere,

'Thou art Love's Legacie under lock'

and the next,

'Of Faith: the steward of our growing stock.'

Line 13, 'crown-lands lye.'

" 18, 'a distant kisse.'

" 19, 'Hope's chaste kisse wrongs.'...

" 24, 'Nor need wee.'...

" 25, 'growing' is dropped.

" 28, 'doth' for 'does;' adopted.

" 30, 'subtile' for 'supple;' adopted: but in HARLEIAN MS. as before, it is 'supple.'
Lines 31-32. This couplet is oddly misprinted in all the other editions,

'Fortune, alas, above the world's law warres,
Hope kicks the curld'....

In 1670 there is a capital L to Law: but 'low' yields the evident meaning intended. Alas is = exclamation simply, not in our present limitation of it to sorrow. See Epitaph of HERRYS onward, lines 49-52. 181

Line 33, 'our' for 'these;' the latter necessary in its relation to 'low' not 'law,' the 'winds' being those of the 'warres' of our world.

Line 34, 'And Fate's' for 'Fortune's.'

" 35-36 dropped by our text (1652) inadvertently.

" 36, 'or' for 'nor.'

" 45, 'And' for 'Though.'

" 47, 'huntresse' for 'hunter;' adopted.

" 48, 'field' for 'fields.'

" 49. I prefer 'huntresse' of 1646, 1648 and 1670, to 'hunter' of our text (1652). G.



Sacred Poetry.

II.

AIRELLES.

FROM UNPUBLISHED MSS.

NOTE.

See our Preface for explanation of the title. 'Airelles' to these and other hitherto unprinted and unpublished Poems from the TANNER MSS. of Archbishop Sancroft: and our Essay for the biographic interest of the poems on the Gunpowder-Plot. I adhere strictly throughout to the orthography of the MS. G. □



MARY SEEKING JESUS WHEN LOST.

St. Luke ii. 41-52: *Quærit Jesum suum Maria, &c. (v. 44.)*

And is He gone, Whom these armes held but now?
 Their hope, their vow!
Did euer greife and joy in one poore heart
 Soe soone change part?
Hee's gone! The fair'st flower that e're bosome drest;
 My soule's sweet rest.
My wombe's chaste pride is gone, my heauen-borne boy;
 And where is joy?
Hee's gone! and His lou'd steppes to wait vpon,
 My joy, is gone.
My joyes, and Hee are gone; my greife, and I
 Alone must ly.
Hee's gone! not leaving with me, till He come,
 One smile at home.
Oh come then, bring Thy mother her lost joy:
 Oh come, sweet boy!
Make hast, and come, or e're my greife and I
 Make hast, and dy.
Peace, heart! The heauens are angry, all their spheres
 Rivall thy teares.
I was mistaken, some faire sphere or other
 Was Thy blest mother.
What but the fairest heauen, could owne the birth
 Of soe faire earth?
Yet sure Thou did'st lodge heere: this wombe of mine
 Was once call'd Thine!
Oft haue these armes Thy cradle envied,
 Beguil'd Thy bed.
Oft to Thy easy eares hath this shrill tongue
 Trembled, and sung.
Oft haue I wrapt Thy slumbers in soft aires,
 And stroak't Thy cares.
Oft hath this hand those silken casements kept,
 While their sunnes slept.
Oft haue my hungry kisses made Thine eyes
 Too early rise.
Oft haue I spoild my kisses' daintiest diet,
 To spare Thy quiet.
Oft from this breast to Thine, my loue-tost heart
 Hath leapt, to part.
Oft my lost soule haue I bin glad to seeke
 On Thy soft cheeke.
Oft haue these armes—alas!—show'd to these eyes
 Their now lost joyes.
Dawne then to me, Thou morne of mine owne day,
 And lett heauen stay.
Oh, would'st Thou heere still fixe Thy faire abode,
 My bosome God:
What hinders, but my bosome still might be
 Thy heauen to Thee?



THE WOUNDS OF THE LORD JESUS.

IN CICATRICES DOMINI JESU.

Come braue soldjers, come and see
Mighty Loue's artillery.
This was the conquering dart; and loe
There shines His quiuer, there His bow.
These the passiuue weapons are,
That made great Loue, a man of warre.
The quiver that He bore, did bide
Soe neare, it prov'd His very side:
In it there sate but one sole dart,
A peircing one—His peirced heart.
His weapons were nor steele, nor brasse,
The weapon that He wore, He was.
For bow His vnbenent hand did serue,
Well strung with many a broken nerue.
Strange the quiver, bow and dart!
A bloody side, and hand, and heart!
But now the feild is wonne; and they
(The dust of Warre cleane wip'd away)
The weapons now of triumph be,
That were before of Victorie.

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ON YE^E GUNPOWDER-TREASON. [59]

I sing Impiety beyond a name:
Who stiles it any thinge, knowes not the same.
Dull, sluggish Ile! what more than lethargy
Gripes thy cold limbes soe fast, thou canst not fly,
And start from off[f] thy center? hath Heauen's loue
Stuft thee soe full with blisse, thou can'st not moue?
If soe, oh Neptune, may she farre be throwne
By thy kind armes to a kind world vnknowne:
Lett her surviue this day, once mock her fate,
And shee's an island truely fortunate.
Lett not my suppliant breath raise a rude storme
To wrack my suite: O keepe Pitty warme
In thy cold breast, and yearely on this day
Mine eyes a tributary streame shall pay.
Dos't thou not see an exhalation
Belch'd from the sulph'ry lungs of Phlegeton?
A living comet, whose pestiferous breath
Adulterates the virgin aire? with death
It laboures: stifled Nature's in a swoond,
Ready to dropp into a chaos, round
About horror's displai'd; It doth portend,
That earth a shoure of stones to heauen shall send,
And crack the christall globe; the milkly streame
Shall in a siluer raine runne out, whose creame
Shall choake the gaping earth, w^{ch} then shall fry
In flames, & of a burning feuer dy.
That wonders may in fashion be, not rare,
A Winter's thunder with a groane shall scare,
And rouze the sleepy ashes of the dead,
Making them skip out of their dusty bed.
Those twinckling eyes of heauen, w^{ch} eu'n now shin'd,
Shall with one flash of lightning be struck blind.
The sea shall change his youthfull greene, & slide
Along the shore in a graue purple tide.

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It does præsaige, that a great Prince shall climbe,
 And gett a starry throne before his time.
 To vsher in this shoale of prodigies,
 Thy infants, Æolus, will not suffice.
 Noe, noe, a giant wind, that will not spare
 To tosse poore men like dust into the aire;
 Justle downe mountaines: Kings courts shall be sent,
 Like bandied balles, into the firmament.
 Atlas shall be tript vpp, Ioue's gate shall feele
 The weighty rudenes of his boysterous heele.
 All this it threats, & more: Horro^r, that flies
 To th' empyræum of all miseries.
 Most tall hyperbole's cannot descry it;
 Mischeife, that scornes expression should come nigh it.
 All this it only threats: the meteor ly'd;
 It was exhal'd, a while it hung, & dy'd.
 Heauen kickt the monster downe: downe it was throwne,
 The fall of all things it præsaig'd, its oune
 It quite forgott: the fearfull earth gauë way,
 And durst not touch it, heere it made noe stay.
 At last it stopt at Pluto's gloomy porch;
 He streightway lighted vpp his pitchy torch.
 Now to those toiling soules it giues its light,
 W^{ch} had the happines to worke ith' night.
 They banne the blaze, & curse its curtesy,
 For lighting them vnto their misery.
 Till now Hell was imperfect; it did need
 Some rare choice torture; now 'tis Hell indeed.
 Then glutt thy dire lampe with the warmest blood,
 That runnes in violett pipes: none other food
 It can digest, then watch the wildfire well,
 Least it breake forth, & burne thy sooty cell.

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UPON THE GUNPOWDER-TREASON.

Reach me a quill, pluckt from the flaming wing
 Of Pluto's Mercury, that I may sing
 Death to the life. My inke shall be the blood
 Of Cerberus, or Alecto's viperous brood.
 Vnmated malice! Oh vnpeer'd despight!
 Such as the sable pinions of the night
 Neuer durst hatch before: extracted see
 The very quintessence of villanie:
 I feare to name it; least that he, w^{ch} heares,
 Should haue his soule frighted beyond the spheres.
 Heauen was asham'd, to see our mother Earth
 Engender with the Night, & teeme a birth
 Soe foule, one minute's light had it but seene,
 The fresh face of the morne had blasted beene.
 Her rosy cheekes you should haue seene noe more
 Dy'd in vermilion blushes, as before:
 But in a vaile of clouds mufling her head
 A solitary life she would haue led.
 Affrighted Phœbus would haue lost his way,
 Giving his wanton palfreys leaue to play
 Olympick games in the' Olympian plaines,
 His trembling hands loosing the golden raines.
 The Queene of night gott the greene sicknes then,
 Sitting soe long at ease in her darke denne,
 Not daring to peepe forth, least that a stone
 Should beate her headlong from her jetty throne.
 Ioue's twinckling tapers, that doe light the world,
 Had beene puft out, and from their stations hurl'd:
 Æol kept in his wrangling sonnes, least they
 With this grand blast should haue bin blowne away.
 Amazèd Triton, with his shrill alarmes
 Bad sporting Neptune to pluck in his armes,
 And leaue embracing of the Isles, least hee
 Might be an actor in this Tragedy.
 Nor should wee need thy crispèd waues, for wee
 An Ocean could haue made t' haue drownèd thee.
 Torrents of salt teares from our eyes should runne,
 And raise a deluge, where the flaming sunne
 Should coole his fiery wheelles, & neuer sinke

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Soe low to giue his thirsty stallions drinke;
 Each soule in sighes had spent its dearest breath,
 As glad to waite vpon their King in death.
 Each wingèd chorister would swan-like sing
 A mournfull dirge to their deceased king.
 The painted meddowes would haue laught no more
 For ioye of their neate coates; but would haue tore
 Their shaggy locks, their flowry mantles turn'd
 Into dire sable weeds, & sate, & mourn'd.
 Each stone had streight a Niobe become,
 And wept amaine; then rear'd a costly tombe,
 T' entombe the lab'ring earth. For surely shee
 Had died just in her deliuery.
 But when Ioue's wingèd heralds this espied,
 Vpp to th' Almighty thunderer they hied,
 Relating this sad story. Streight way hee
 The monster crusht, maugre their midwiferie.
 And may such Pythons neuer liue to see
 The Light's faire face, but still abortiue bee.

UPON THE GUNPOWDER-TREASON.

Grow plumpe, leane Death; his Holinesse a feast
 Hath now præpar'd, & you maist be his guest.
 Come grimme Destruction, & in purple gore
 Dye seu'n times deeper than they were before
 Thy scarlet robes: for heere you must not share
 A coñon banquet: noe, heere's princely fare.
 And least thy blood-shott eyes should lead aside
 This masse of cruelty, to be thy guide
 Three coleblack sisters, (whose long sutty haire,
 And greisly visages doe fright the aire;
 When Night beheld them, shame did almost turne
 Her sable cheekes into a blushing morne,
 To see some fowler than herselfe) these stand,
 Each holding forth to light the aery brand,
 Whose purer flames tremble to be soe nigh,
 And in fell hatred burning, angry dy.
 Sly, lurking treason is his bosome freind,
 Whom faint, & palefac't Feare doth still attend.
 These need noe invitation, onely thou
 Black dismall Horro^r, come; make perfect now
 Th' epitome of Hell: oh lett thy pinions
 Be a gloomy canopy to Pluto's minions.
 In this infernall Majesty close shrowd
 Your selues, you Stygian states; a pitchy clowd
 Shall hang the roome, & for your tapers bright,
 Sulphureous flames, snatch'd from æternall night.
 But rest, affrighted Muse; thy siluer wings
 May not row neerer to these dusky rings.^[60]
 Cast back some amorous glances on the cates,
 That heere are dressing by the hasty Fates,
 Nay stopp thy cloudy eyes, it is not good,
 To drowne thy selfe in this pure pearly flood.
 But since they are for fire-workes, rather proue
 A phenix, & in chastest flames of loue
 Offer thy selfe a virgin sacrifice
 To quench the rage of hellish deities.

But dares Destruction eate these candid breasts,
 The Muses, & the Graces sugred neasts?
 Dares hungry Death snatch of one cherry lipp?
 Or thirsty Treason offer once to sippe
 One dropp of this pure nectar, w^{ch} doth flow
 In azure channells warme through mounts of snow?
 The roses fresh, conseruèd from the rage,
 And cruell ravishing of frosty age,
 Feare is afraid to tast of: only this,
 He humbly crau'd to banquet on a kisse.
 Poore meagre horro^r streightwaies was amaz'd,
 And in the stead of feeding stood, & gaz'd.
 Their appetites were gone at th' uery sight;
 But yet their eyes surfett with sweet delight.
 Only the Pope a stomach still could find;
 But yett they were not powder'd to his mind.

Forth-with each god stept from his starry throne,
And snatch'd away the banquet; euey one
Convey'd his sweet delicious treasury
To the close closet of æternity:
Where they will safely keepe it, from the rude,
And rugged touch of Pluto's multitude.

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Secular Poetry.

I.

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

(1646).

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NOTE.

For the title-page of 'The Delights of the Muses' see Note immediately before the original Preface, and our Preface on the classification of the several poems. G.

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MUSICK'S DUELL. [61]

1 Now Westward Sol had spent the richest beams
Of Noon's high glory, when hard by the streams
Of Tiber, on the sceane of a greene plat,
Vnder protection of an oake, there sate
5 A sweet Lute's-master; in whose gentle aires
He lost the daye's heat, and his owne hot cares.
Close in the covert of the leaves there stood
A Nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood:
(The sweet inhabitant of each glad tree,
10 Their Muse, their Syren—harmlesse Syren she!)
There stood she listning, and did entertaine
The musick's soft report, and mold the same
In her owne murmures, that what ever mood
His curious fingers lent, her voyce made good:
15 The man perceiv'd his rivall, and her art;
Dispos'd to give the light-foot lady sport,
Awakes his lute, and 'gainst the fight to come
Informes it in a sweet præludium
Of closer straines, and ere the warre begin,
20 He lightly skirmishes on every string,

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Charg'd with a flying touch: and streightway she
 Carves out her dainty voyce as readily,
 Into a thousand sweet distinguish'd tones,
 And reckons up in soft divisions,
 25 Quicke volumes of wild notes; to let him know
 By that shrill taste, she could do something too.
 His nimble hands' instinct then taught each string
 A capring cheerefullnesse; and made them sing
 To their owne dance; now negligently rash
 30 He throws his arme, and with a long drawne dash
 Blends all together; then distinctly tripps
 From this to that; then quicke returning skipps
 And snatches this again, and pauses there.
 Shee measures every measure, every where
 35 Meets art with art; sometimes as if in doubt
 Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,
 Trayles her plaine ditty in one long-spun note,
 Through the sleeke passage of her open throat,
 A cleare unwrinkled song; then doth shee point it
 40 With tender accents, and severely joynt it
 By short diminutives, that being rear'd
 In controverting warbles evenly shar'd,
 With her sweet selfe shee wrangles. Hee amazed
 That from so small a channell should be rais'd
 45 The torrent of a voyce, whose melody
 Could melt into such sweet variety,
 Straines higher yet; that tickled with rare art
 The tatling strings (each breathing in his part)
 Most kindly doe fall out; the grumbling base
 50 In surly groans disdaines the treble's grace;
 The high-perch't treble chirps at this, and chides,
 Vntill his finger (Moderatour) hides
 And closes the sweet quarrell, rowsing all,
 Hoarce, shrill at once; as when the trumpets call
 55 Hot Mars to th' harvest of Death's field, and woo
 Men's hearts into their hands: this lesson too
 Shee gives him back, her supple brest thrills out
 Sharpe aires, and staggers in a warbling doubt
 Of dallying sweetnesse, hovers o're her skill,
 60 And folds in wav'd notes with a trembling bill
 The plyant series of her slippery song;
 Then starts shee suddenly into a throng
 Of short, thicke sobs, whose thundring volleys float
 And roule themselves over her lubrick throat
 65 In panting murmurs, 'still'd out of her breast,
 That ever-bubbling spring; the sugred nest
 Of her delicious soule, that there does lye
 Bathing in streames of liquid melodie;
 Musick's best seed-plot, whence in ripen'd aires
 70 A golden-headed harvest fairely reares
 His honey-dropping tops, plow'd by her breath,
 Which there reciprocally laboureth
 In that sweet soyle; it seemes a holy quire
 Founded to th' name of great Apollo's lyre,
 75 Whose silver-roofe rings with the sprightly notes
 Of sweet-lipp'd angel-imps, that swill their throats
 In creame of morning Helicon, and then
 Preferre soft-anthems to the eares of men,
 To woo them from their beds, still murmuring
 80 That men can sleepe while they their mattens sing:
 (Most divine service) whose so early lay,
 Prevents the eye-lids of the blushing Day!
 There you might heare her kindle her soft voyce,
 In the close murmur of a sparkling noyse,
 85 And lay the ground-worke of her hopefull song,
 Still keeping in the forward streame, so long,
 Till a sweet whirle-wind (striving to get out)
 Heaves her soft bosome, wanders round about,
 And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast,
 90 Till the fledg'd notes at length forsake their nest,
 Fluttering in wanton shoales, and to the sky
 Wing'd with their owne wild ecchos, pratling fly.
 Shee opes the floodgate, and lets loose a tide
 Of streaming sweetnesse, which in state doth ride
 95 On the wav'd backe of every swelling straine,

Rising and falling in a pompous traine.
 And while she thus discharges a shrill peale
 Of flashing aires; she qualifies their zeale
 With the coole epode of a graver noat,
 100 Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
 Would reach the brazen voyce of War's hoarce bird;
 Her little soule is ravisht: and so pour'd
 Into loose extasies, that she is plac't
 Above her selfe, Musick's Enthusiast.
 105 Shame now and anger mixt a double staine
 In the Musitian's face; yet once againe
 (Mistresse) I come; now reach a straine my lute
 Above her mocke, or be for ever mute;
 Or tune a song of victory to me,
 110 Or to thy selfe, sing thine own obsequie:
 So said, his hands sprightly as fire, he flings
 And with a quavering coynesse tastes the strings.
 The sweet-lip't sisters, musically frighted,
 Singing their feares, are fearefully delighted,
 115 Trembling as when Appolo's golden haire
 Are fan'd and frizled, in the wanton ayres
 Of his own breath: which marryed to his lyre
 Doth tune the spheares, and make Heaven's selfe looke higher.
 From this to that, from that to this he flies.
 120 Feeles Musick's pulse in all her arteryes;
 Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,
 His fingers struggle with the vocall threads.
 Following those little rills, he sinkes into
 A sea of Helicon; his hand does goe
 125 Those pathes of sweetnesse which with nectar drop,
 Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup.
 The humourous strings expound his learned touch,
 By various glosses; now they seeme to grutch,
 And murmur in a buzzing dinne, then gingle
 130 In shrill-tongu'd accents: striving to be single.
 Every smooth turne, every delicious stroake
 Gives life to some new grace; thus doth h' invoke
 Sweetnesse by all her names; thus, bravely thus
 (Fraught with a fury so harmonious)
 135 The lute's light genius now does proudly rise,
 Heav'd on the surges of swolne rapsodyes,
 Whose flourish (meteor-like) doth curle the aire
 With flash of high-borne fancyes: here and there
 Dancing in lofty measures, and anon
 140 Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone;
 Whose trembling murmurs melting in wild aires
 Runs to and fro, complaining his sweet cares,
 Because those pretious mysteryes that dwell
 In Musick's ravish't soule, he dares not tell,
 145 But whisper to the world: thus doe they vary
 Each string his note, as if they meant to carry
 Their Master's blest soule (snatcht out at his eares
 By a strong extasy) through all the spheares
 Of Musick's heaven; and seat it there on high
 150 In th' empyræum of pure harmony.
 At length (after so long, so loud a strife
 Of all the strings, still breathing the best life
 Of blest variety, attending on
 His fingers fairest revolution
 155 In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall)
 A full-mouth'd diapason swallowes all.
 This done, he lists what she would say to this,
 And she, (although her breath's late exercise
 Had dealt too roughly with her tender throate,)
 160 Yet summons all her sweet powers for a noate.
 Alas! in vaine! for while (sweet soule!) she tryes
 To measure all those wild diversities
 Of chatt'ring strings, by the small size of one
 Poore simple voyce, rais'd in a naturall tone;
 165 She failes, and failing grieves, and grieving dyes.
 She dyes: and leaves her life the Victor's prise,
 Falling upon his lute: O, fit to have
 (That liv'd so sweetly) dead, so sweet a grave!

In our Essay we give the original Latin of this very remarkable poem, that the student may see how CRASHAW has ennobled and transfigured STRADA. Still further to show how much we owe to our Poet, I print here (a) An anonymous translation, which I discovered at the British Museum in Additional MSS. 19.268; never before printed. (b) Sir FRANCIS WORTLEY'S translation from his 'Characters and Elegies' (1646). In the former I have been obliged to leave one or two words unfilled-in as illegible in the MS.

(a) *The Musicke Warre between y^e Fidler and the Nightingale.*

Nowe had greate Sol y^e middle orbe forsooke
When as a fidler by a slidinge brooke
With shadie bowers was guarded from y^e aire
And on his fidle plaid away his care.
A nightingale hid in the leaues there stood
The muse and harmeles Syren of the wood;
Shee snatcht y^e soundes and with an echo prates:
What his hand playde her voice reiterates.
Perceavinge how y^e listninge bird did sit
Y^e fidler faine would make some sport with it,
And neatly stroke y^e lute; then she began
And through those notes ran glib division;
Then with quicke hand he strikes y^e tremblinge strings,
Now with a skilfull negligence he flings
His carelesse armes, then softly playes his part:
Then shee begins and answers art with art,
And now as if vncertaine how to singe
Lengthens her notes and choisest art doth bringe,
And interminglinge softer notes with shrill
Daintily quavers through her trembling bill.
Y^e fidler wonders such melodious notes
Shold haue proceedinges from soe slender throats;
Tryes her againe, then loudly spoke y^e....
Sometimes graue were y^e tones, sometimes....
Then high, then lowe againe, yⁿ sweetly iarrs
Just like a trumpet callinge men to warrs.
Thus did y^e dainty Philomela doe
And with hoarse voice sange an alarme too.
The fidler blusht, and al in ragg [*i.e.* rage] he went
About to breake his conquerèd instrument,
But yet suspectinge lest ambitious shee
Shold to the woods warble her victory;
Strikes with inimitable blowes
And flies through all the strings, now these, now those,
Then tryes the notes, labours in each strayne
And then expects if shee replied agayne.
The poore harmonious bird now almost dombe,
But impatient, to be overcome
Calls her sweet strength together all in vayne,
For while shee thinkes to imitate each strayne
In pure and natiue language, in this strife
And dayntie musicke warre shee left her life,
And yeldinge to the gladsome conquerour
Falls in his fidle: a fit sepulchere.

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(b) *From 'Characters and Elegies.' By Francis Wortley, knight and baronet: 1646 (p. 66). A Paraphrase upon the Verses which Famianus Strada made of the Lutanist and Philomell in Contestation.*

'When past the middle orbe the parching sun
Had downward nearer our horizon run
A Lutenist neare Tiber's streames had found
Where the eccho did resound.
Under a holme a shady bower he made
To ease his cares, his severall phancies play'd;
The philomell no sooner did the musicke hear
But straight-wayes she drew neare.
The harmlesse Syren, musicke of the wood,
Hid in a leavy-bush, she hearking stood,
She ruminates upon the ayers he plaid,
And to him answers made.
With her shirl voyce doth all his paines requite
Lost not one note, but to his play sung right;
Well pleased to heare her skil, and envy, he

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Tryes his variety.
 And dares her with his severall notes, runs throw
 Even all the strains his skill could reach unto:
 A thousand wayes he tryes: she answers all,
 And for new straynes dares call.
 He could not touch a string in such a straine,
 To which she warble and not sung it plaine;
 His fingers could not reach to greater choice,
 Then she did with her voyce.
 The Lutenist admired her narrow throat
 Could reach so high or fall to any note:
 But that which he did thinke in her most strange,
 She instantly could change.
 Or sharpe or flat, or meane, or quicke, or slow,
 What ere he plaid, she the like skill would show:
 And if he inward did his notes recall,
 She answer made to all.
 Th' intraged Lutenist, he blusht for shame
 That he could not this weake corrivall tame:
 If thou canst answer this I'le breake my lute,
 And yeild in the dispute.
 He said no more, but aimes at such a height
 Of skill, he thought she could not imitate:
 He shows the utmost cunning of his hand
 And all he could command.
 He tryes his strength, his active fingers flye
 To every string and stop, now low, now high,
 And higher yet he multiplies his skill,
 Then doth his chorus fill.
 Then he expecting stands to try if she
 His envy late would yeeld the victory:
 She would not yeeld, but summons all her force
 Though tyrèd out and hoarse.
 She strives with various strings the lute's bast chest
 The spirit of man, one narrow throat and chest:
 Unequal matches, yet she's pleased that she
 Concludes victoriously.
 Her spirit was such she would not live to heare
 The Lutenist bestow on her a jeere,
 But broken-hearted fall upon the tombe
 She choose the sweet lute's wombe.
 The warbling lutes doe yet their triumphs tell
 (With mournfull accents) of the philomell,
 And have usurpt the title ever since,
 Of harmony the prince.
 The morall this, by emulation wee
 May much improve both art and industry,
 Though she deserve the name of Philomell
 Yet men must her excell.'

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A third (anonymous) translation, with the Latin on the opposite pages, I came on in LANSDOWNE MSS. 3910, Pl. lxvi. from which extracts will be found in our Essay.

In the SANCROFT MS. the heading is 'Fidicinis et Philomelæ Bellum Musicum. R. CR.' It reads in line 79 'whence' for 'where;' adopted: line 125, 'pathes' for 'parts;' adopted: other variations only orthographic, as is the case with the different editions. I note these: in 1670, line 83 reads 'might you:' line 99, 1646 misprints 'grave:' line 156, our text misprints 'full-mouth,' and so 1646; I adopt 'full-mouth'd' from 1670 and SANCROFT MS. G.

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THE PRAISE OF THE SPRING:

1 All trees, all leavy groves confesse the Spring
 Their gentlest friend; then, then the lands begin
 To swell with forward pride, and feed desire
 To generation; Heaven's Almighty Sire
 5 Melts on the bosome of His love, and powres
 Himselfe into her lap in fruitfull showers.
 And by a soft insinuation, mixt
 With Earth's large masse, doth cherish and assist
 Her weake conceptions. No lone shade but rings
 10 With chatring birds' delicious murmurings;
 Then Venus' mild instinct (at set times) yields
 The herds to kindly meetings, then the fields
 (Quick with warme Zephyre's lively breath) lay forth
 Their pregnant bosomes in a fragrant birth.
 15 Each body's plump and jucy, all things full
 Of supple moisture: no coy twig but will
 Trust his beloved blossome to the sun
 (Growne lusty now): no vine so weake and young
 That feares the foule-mouth'd Auster or those stormes
 20 That the Southwest-wind hurries in his armes,
 But hasts her forward blossomes, and layes out
 Freely layes out her leaves: nor doe I doubt
 But when the world first out of chaos sprang
 So smil'd the dayes, and so the tenor ran
 25 Of their felicity. A Spring was there,
 An everlasting Spring, the jolly yeare
 Led round in his great circle; no wind's breath
 As then did smell of Winter or of Death.
 When Life's sweet light first shone on beasts, and when
 30 From their hard mother Earth, sprang hardy men,
 When beasts tooke up their lodging in the Wood,
 Starres in their higher chambers: never cou'd
 The tender growth of things endure the sence
 Of such a change, but that the Heav'ns indulgence
 35 Kindly supplies sick Nature, and doth mold
 A sweetly-temper'd meane, nor hot nor cold.

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WITH A PICTURE SENT TO A FRIEND. [63]

1 I paint so ill, my peece had need to be
 Painted againe by some good poesie.
 I write so ill, my slender line is scarce
 So much as th' picture of a well-lim'd verse:
 5 Yet may the love I send be true, though I
 Send not true picture, nor true poesie.
 Both which away, I should not need to feare,
 My love, or feign'd or painted should appeare.

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IN PRAISE OF LESSIUS'S RULE OF HEALTH. [64]

1 Goe now, with some dareing drugg,
 Baite thy disease, and while they tugg,
 Thou, to maintaine their cruell strife
 Spend the deare treasure of thy life:
 5 Goe take physicke, doat upon
 Some big-nam'd composition,—
 The oraculous doctors' mistick bills,
 Certain hard words made into pills;
 And what at length shalt get by these?
 10 Onely a costlyer disease.
 Goe poore man, thinke what shall bee
 Remedie 'gainst thy remedie.
 That which makes us have no need
 Of phisick, that's phisick indeed.

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15 Heark hither, Reader: would'st thou see
 Nature her own physician be?
 Would'st see a man all his own wealth,
 His own musick, his own health?
 20 A man, whose sober soul can tell
 How to wear her garments well?
 Her garments, that upon her sit,
 (As garments should do) close and fit?
 A well-clothed soul, that's not opprest
 Nor choked with what she should be drest?
 25 Whose soul's sheath'd in a crystall shrine,
 Through which all her bright features shine?
 As when a piece of wanton lawn,
 A thin aërial veil is drawn,
 O're Beauty's face; seeming to hide,
 30 More sweetly shows the blushing bride:
 A soul, whose intellectuall beams
 No mists do mask, no lazie steams?
 A happie soul, that all the way
 To Heav'n, hath a Summer's day?
 35 Would'st see a man whose well-warm'd bloud
 Bathes him in a genuine floud?
 A man, whose tunèd humours be
 A set of rarest harmonie?
 Would'st see blithe looks, fresh cheeks beguile
 40 Age? Would'st see December smile?
 Would'st see a nest of roses grow
 In a bed of reverend snow?
 Warm thoughts, free spirits, flattering
 Winter's self into a Spring?
 45 In summe, would'st see a man that can
 Live to be old, and still a man?
 Whose latest, and most leaden houres,
 Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowres;
 And when Life's sweet fable ends,
 50 His soul and bodie part like friends:
 No quarrels, murmures, no delay:
 A kisse, a sigh, and so away?
 This rare one, Reader, would'st thou see,
 Heark hither: and thyself be he.

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NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Besides the reprint of 1646 as *supra*, this poem appeared in 1648 (pp. 8, 9), 1652 (pp. 126-8), where it is entitled 'Temperance. Of the Cheap Physitian, vpon the Translation of Lessivs (pp. 126-8):' and 1670 (pp. 108-9 and pp. 207-8, being inadvertently printed twice). These variations are noticeable:

Line 1, in 1648 and 1652, 'Goe now and with....'

" 2, in 1670, 'the' for 'thy;' and TURNBULL, as usual, repeats the error.

Line 3, in 1648 'pretious' for 'cruel:' so 1670 in 2d copy.

" 9, ib. 'last' for 'length,' and 1670 'gaine' for 'get' in 2d copy.

Lines 11, 12, this couplet is inadvertently dropped in 1648. I adopt "gainst' for 'against' from SANCROFT MS. in line 12.

Line 15, ib. 'wilt' for 'wouldst.'

" 18, 'physick' in 1646, 1648 and 1670 (1st copy); but 'musick' is assuredly the finer reading, as in Hygiasticon and 1670 (in 2d copy). Cf. lines 19, 20, onward, which show that 'music' was intended.

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Line 25, in all the three editions 'a' for 'whose:' in 1670 (2d copy) 'A soul sheath'd....'

Line 34, in 1646 'hath' for 'rides in,' and so in 1670 (1st copy): 'hath' seems the simpler and better.

Line 35, 1646 and 1670 misinsert 'thou' before 'see.'

" 38, 'set' for 'seat' in the three editions (1670, 1st copy); adopted.

Line 41, in 1648 'Would'st see nests of new roses grow:' so 1670 (2d copy).

Line 46, 1646 and 1670 end here.

Leonard Lessius was a learned Jesuit, born 1st October 1554, and died 15th January 1623-4. He was professor of theology in the University of Louvaine. His 'Hygiasticon, seu vera ratio valetudinis bonæ et vitæ' is still readable and quick. G.

1 The smiling Morne had newly wak't the Day,
 And tipt the mountaines with a tender ray:
 When on a hill (whose high imperious brow
 Lookes downe, and sees the humble Nile below
 5 Licke his proud feet, and haste into the seas
 Through the great mouth that's nam'd from Hercules)
 A band of men, rough as the armes they wore
 Look't round, first to the sea, then to the shore.
 The shore that shewed them, what the sea deny'd,
 10 Hope of a prey. There to the maine-land ty'd
 A ship they saw; no men she had, yet prest
 Appear'd with other lading, for her brest
 Deep in the groaning waters wallowed
 Vp to the third ring: o're the shore was spread
 15 Death's purple triumph; on the blushing ground
 Life's late forsaken houses all lay drown'd
 In their owne blood's deare deluge: some new dead;
 Some panting in their yet warme ruines bled,
 While their affrighted soules, now wing'd for flight
 20 Lent them the last flash of her glimmering light.
 Those yet fresh streames which crawlèd every where
 Shew'd that sterne Warre had newly bath'd him there.
 Nor did the face of this disaster show
 Markes of a fight alone, but feasting too:
 25 A miserable and a monstrous feast,
 Where hungry Warre had made himself a guest:
 And coming late had eat up guests and all,
 Who prov'd the feast to their owne funerall &c.

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CUPID'S CRYER:

OUT OF THE GREEKE.^[66]

1 Love is lost, nor can his mother
 Her little fugitive discover:
 She seekes, she sighes, but no where spyes him;
 Love is lost: and thus shee cryes him.
 5 O yes! if any happy eye,
 This roaving wanton shall descry;
 Let the finder surely know
 Mine is the wagge; 'tis I that owe
 The wingèd wand'rer; and that none
 10 May thinke his labour vainely gone,
 The glad descryer shall not misse,
 To tast the nectar of a kisse
 From Venus lipps. But as for him
 That brings him to me, he shall swim
 15 In riper joyes: more shall be his
 (Venus assures him) than a kisse.
 But lest your eye discerning slide,
 These markes may be your judgement's guide;
 His skin as with a fiery blushing
 20 High-colour'd is; his eyes still flushing
 With nimble flames; and though his mind
 Be ne're so curst, his tongue is kind:
 For never were his words in ought
 Found the pure issue of his thought.
 25 The working bees' soft melting gold,
 That which their waxen mines enfold,
 Flow not so sweet as doe the tones
 Of his tun'd accents; but if once
 His anger kindle, presently

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30 It boyles out into cruelty,
 And fraud: he makes poor mortalls' hurts
 The objects of his cruell sports.
 With dainty curles his froward face
 Is crown'd about: But O what place,
 35 What farthest nooke of lowest Hell
 Feeles not the strength, the reaching spell
 Of his small hand? Yet not so small
 As 'tis powerfull therewithall.
 Though bare his skin, his mind he covers,
 40 And like a saucy bird he hovers
 With wanton wing, now here, now there,
 'Bout men and women, nor will spare
 Till at length he perching rest,
 In the closet of their brest.
 45 His weapon is a little bow,
 Yet such a one as—Jove knows how—
 Ne're suffred, yet his little arrow,
 Of Heaven's high'st arches to fall narrow.
 The gold that on his quiver smiles,
 50 Deceives men's feares with flattering wiles.
 But O—too well my wounds can tell—
 With bitter shafts 'tis sauc't too well.
 He is all cruell, cruell all,
 His torch imperious though but small
 55 Makes the sunne—of flames the sire—
 Worse than sun-burnt in his fire.
 Wheresoe're you chance to find him
 Ceaze him, bring him—but first bind him—
 Pitty not him, but feare thy selfe
 60 Though thou see the crafty elfe,
 Tell down his silver-drops unto thee:
 They'r counterfeit, and will undoe thee.
 With baited smiles if he display
 His fawning cheeks, looke not that way.
 65 If he offer sugred kisses,
 Start, and say, the serpent hisses.
 Draw him, drag him, though he pray
 Wooe, intreat, and crying say
 Prethee, sweet, now let me go,
 70 Here's my quiver, shafts and bow,
 I'le give thee all, take all; take heed
 Lest his kindnesse make thee bleed.
 What e're it be Loue offers, still presume
 That though it shines, 'tis fire and will consume.

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VPON BISHOP ANDREWS' PICTURE BEFORE HIS SERMONS. [67]

1 This reverend shadow cast that setting sun,
 Whose glorious course through our horrizon run,
 Left the dimme face of this dull hemispheare,
 All one great eye, all drown'd in one great teare.
 5 Whose faire, illustrious soule, led his free thought
 Through Learning's vniverse, and (vainly) sought
 Room for her spacious selfe, untill at length
 Shee found the way home, with an holy strength;
 Snatch't her self hence to Heaven: fill'd a bright place,
 10 'Mongst those immortall fires, and on the face
 Of her great Maker fixt her flaming eye,

There still to read true, pure divinity.
 And now that grave aspect hath deign'd to shrinke
 Into this lesse appearance: If you thinke
 'Tis but a dead face, Art doth here bequeath:
 Looke on the following leaves, and see him breath.

VPON THE DEATH OF A GENTLEMAN. [68]

1 Faithlesse and fond Mortality!
 Who will ever credit thee?
 Fond, and faithlesse thing! that thus,
 In our best hopes beguilest us.
 5 What a reckoning hast thou made,
 Of the hopes in him we laid!
 For life by volumes lengthenèd,
 A line or two to speake him dead.
 For the laurell in his verse,
 10 The sullen cypresse o're his herse
 For soe many hopèd yeares
 Of fruit, soe many fruitles teares:
 For a silver-crownèd head
 A durty pillow in Death's bed.
 15 For so deare, so deep a trust,
 Sad requitall, thus much dust!
 Now though the blow that snatch him hence,
 Stopt the mouth of Eloquence:
 Though shee be dumbe e're since his death,
 20 Not us'd to speake but in his breath;
 Leaving his death vngarnishèd
 Therefore, because hee is dead
 Yet if at least shee not denyes,
 The sad language of our eyes,
 25 Wee are contented: for then this
 Language none more fluent is.
 Nothing speakes our grieve so well
 As to speak nothing. Come then tell
 Thy mind in teares who e're thou be,
 30 That ow'st a name to misery.
 Eyes are vocall, teares have tongues,
 And there be words not made with lungs;
 Sententious showres: O let them fall,
 Their cadence is rhetoricall.
 35 Here's a theame will drinke th' expence,
 Of all thy watry eloquence.
 Weepe then! onely be exprest
 Thus much, 'he's dead:' and weep the rest.

crape



VPON THE DEATH OF MR. HERRYS. [69]

1 A plant of noble stemme, forward and faire,
 As ever whisper'd to the morning aire,
 Thriv'd in these happie grounds; the Earth's just pride;
 Whose rising glories made such haste to hide
 5 His head in cloudes, as if in him alone
 Impatient Nature had taught motion
 To start from Time, and cheerfully to fly
 Before, and seize upon Maturity.

10 Thus grew this gracious tree, in whose sweet shade
The sunne himselfe oft wisht to sit, and made
The morning Muses perch like birds, and sing
Among his branches: yea, and vow'd to bring
His owne delicious phœnix from the blest
15 Arabia, there to build her virgin nest,
To hatch her selfe in; 'mongst his leaves, the Day
Fresh from the rosie East, rejoyc't to play;
To them shee gave the first and fairest beame
That waited on her birth: she gave to them
20 The purest pearles, that wept her evening death;
The balmy Zephirus got so sweet a breath
By often kissing them. And now begun
Glad Time to ripen Expectation:
The timorous maiden-blossomes on each bough
25 Peept forth from their first blushes; so that now
A thousand ruddy hopes smil'd in each bud,
And flatter'd every greedy eye that stood
Fixt in delight, as if already there
Those rare fruits dangled, whence the golden Yeare
30 His crowne expected: when, (O Fate! O Time!
That seldome lett'st a blushing youthfull prime
Hide his hot beames in shade of silver age,
So rare is hoary Vertue) the dire rage
Of a mad storme these bloomy joyes all tore,
35 Ravisht the maiden blossoms, and downe bore
The trunke. Yet in this ground his pretious root
Still lives, which when weake Time shall be pour'd out
Into Eternity, and circular joyes
Dance in an endlesse round, again shall rise
40 The faire son of an ever-youthfull Spring,
To be a shade for angels while they sing;
Meane while who e're thou art that passest here,
O doe thou water it with one kind teare.

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VPON THE DEATH OF THE MOST DESIRED MR. HERRYS.

[70]

1 Death, what dost? O, hold thy blow,
What thou dost thou dost not know.
Death, thou must not here be cruell,
This is Nature's choycest iewell:
5 This is hee, in whose rare frame
Nature labour'd for a name:
And meant to leave his pretious feature
The patterne of a perfect creature.
Ioy of Goodnesse, love of Art,
10 Vertue weares him next her heart.
Him the Muses love to follow,
Him they call their vice-Apollo.
Apollo, golden though thou bee,
Th' art not fairer than is hee,
15 Nor more lovely lift'st thy head
(Blushing) from thine Easterne bed.
The glories of thy youth ne're knew
Brighter hopes than his can shew.
Why then should it e're be seen
20 That his should fade, while thine is green?
And wilt thou (O, cruell boast!)
Put poore Nature to such cost?
O, twill undoe our common mother,

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25 To be at charge of such another.
 What? thinke me to no other end
 Gracious heavens do use to send
 Earth her best perfection,
 But to vanish, and be gone?
 30 Therefore onely given to day
 To-morrow to be snatch't away?
 I've seen indeed the hopefull bud
 Of a ruddy rose that stood
 Blushing, to behold the ray
 Of the new-saluted Day:
 35 (His tender toppe not fully spread)
 The sweet dash of a shower new shead,
 Invited him, no more to hide
 Within himselfe the purple pride
 Of his forward flower; when lo,
 40 While he sweetly 'gan to show
 His swelling gloryes, Auster spide him,
 Cruell Auster thither hy'd him,
 And with the rush of one rude blast,
 Sham'd not, spitefully to wast
 45 All his leaves, so fresh, so sweet,
 And lay them trembling at his feet.
 I've seen the Morning's lovely ray
 Hover o're the new-borne Day,
 With rosie wings so richly bright,
 As if she scorn'd to thinke of Night;
 50 When a rugged storme, whose scowle
 Made heaven's radiant face looke foule
 Call'd for an untimely night,
 To blot the newly-blossom'd light.
 But were the rose's blush so rare,
 55 Were the Morning's smile so faire,
 As is he, nor cloud, nor wind,
 But would be courteous, would be kind.
 Spare him Death, ah! spare him then,
 Spare the sweetest among men:
 60 And let not Pitty, with her teares
 Keepe such distance from thine eares.
 But O, thou wilt not, can'st not spare,
 Haste hath never time to heare.
 Therefore if he needs must go,
 65 And the Fates will have it so;
 Softly may he be possest
 Of his monumentall rest.
 Safe, thou darke home of the dead,
 Safe, O hide his lovèd head:
 70 Keepe him close, close in thine armes,
 Seal'd vpp with a thousand charmes.
 For Pittie's sake, O, hide him quite
 From his mother Nature's sight;
 Lest for grieve his losse may move
 75 All her births abortive proue.

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NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

See our Essay for notice of 'Mr. Herrys.' In the SANCROFT MS. the heading is 'An Elegie on Mr. Herris. R. CR.' It offers these variations: lines 1 and 2, 'doest:' line 18, 'his' for 'he;' adopted: line 29, 'given' for 'give;' adopted: line 36, 'new' for 'now;' adopted from 1648: line 50, the MS. reads 'rugged' for 'ruddy;' adopted: line 58, 'ah' for 'O;' adopted: line 60, 'And let:' lines 70-71 added from the MS., where in the margin is written 'not printed.' G.

ANOTHER. [71]

1 If ever Pitty were acquainted
 With sterne Death; if e're he fainted,
 Or forgot the cruell vigour
 Of an adamantine rigour;
 5 Here, O, here we should have knowne it,
 Here, or no where, hee'd have showne it.
 For hee, whose pretious memory

Bathes in teares of every eye;
 Hee, to whom our Sorrow brings
 10 All the streames of all her springs;
 Was so rich in grace, and nature,
 In all the gifts that blesse a creature;
 The fresh hopes of his lovely youth
 Flourish't in so faire a growth;
 15 So sweet the temple was, that shrin'd
 The sacred sweetnesse of his mind;
 That could the Fates know to relent,
 Could they know what mercy meant,
 Or had ever learnt to beare
 20 The soft tincture of a teare;
 Teares would now have flow'd so deepe,
 As might have taught Griefe how to weepe.
 Now all their steely operation
 Would quite have lost the cruell fashion.
 25 Sicknesse would have gladly been
 Sick himselve to have sav'd him;
 And his feaver wish'd to prove,
 Burning onely in his love.
 Him when Wrath it selfe had seen,
 30 Wrath it selfe had lost his spleen.
 Grim Destruction here amaz'd,
 In stead of striking, would have gaz'd.
 Even the iron-pointed pen,
 That notes the tragick doomes of men,
 35 Wet with teares, 'still'd from the eyes
 Of the flinty Destinies,
 Would have learn't a softer style,
 And have been asham'd to spoyle
 His live's sweet story, by the hast
 40 Of a cruell stop, ill plac't.
 In the darke volume of our fate,
 Whence each lease of life hath date,
 Where in sad particulars
 The totall summe of man appeares,
 45 And the short clause of mortall breath,
 Bound in the period of Death:
 In all the booke if any where
 Such a tearme as this, 'Spare here,'
 Could been found, 'twould have been read,
 50 Writ in white letters o're his head:
 Or close unto his name annex,
 The faire glosse of a fairer text.
 In briefe, if any one were free
 Hee was that one, and onely hee.
 55 But he, alas! even hee is dead,
 And our hope's faire harvest spread
 In the dust. Pitty, now spend
 All the teares that Griefe can lend.
 Sad Mortality may hide
 60 In his ashes all her pride;
 With this inscription o're his head,
 'All hope of never dying here is dead.'

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

The SANCROFT MS. furnishes these variations: line 1, 'was:' line 26, 't' have:' line 34, 'quotes' for 'notes:' l. 42, 'lease' for 'leafe;,' adopted: line 49 omits rightly the first 'have' and spells 'bin;,' the former adopted: line 50, 'wrote:' line 62, 'is' for 'lyes;,' adopted: line 23, 'steely' = hard as steel, or, as we say, iron-hearted. The SANCROFT MS. writes the two poems as one. G.



HIS EPITAPH.^[72]

1 Passenger, who e're thou art
Stay a while, and let thy heart
Take acquaintance of this stone,
Before thou passest further on.
5 This stone will tell thee, that beneath,
Is entomb'd the crime of Death;
The ripe endowments of whose mind
Left his yeares so much behind,
That numbring of his vertues' praise,
10 Death lost the reckoning of his dayes;
And believing what they told,
Imagin'd him exceeding old.
In him Perfection did set forth
The strength of her united worth.
15 Him his wisdom's pregnant growth
Made so reverend, even in youth,
That in the center of his brest
(Sweet as is the phoenix' nest)
Every reconcilèd Grace
20 Had their generall meeting-place.
In him Goodnesse joy'd to see
Learning learne Humility.
The splendor of his birth and blood
Was but the glosse of his owne good.
25 The flourish of his sober youth
Was the pride of naked truth.
In composure of his face,
Liv'd a faire, but manly grace.
His mouth was Rhetorick's best mold,
30 His tongue the touchstone of her gold.
What word so e're his breath kept warme,
Was no word now but a charme:
For all persuasive Graces thence
Suck't their sweetest influence.
35 His vertue that within had root,
Could not chuse but shine without.
And th' heart-bred lustre of his worth,
At each corner peeping forth,
Pointed him out in all his wayes,
40 Circled round in his owne rayes:
That to his sweetnesse, all men's eyes
Were vow'd Love's flaming sacrifice.
Him while fresh and fragrant Time
Cherisht in his golden prime;
45 E're Hebe's hand had overlaid
His smooth cheekes with a downy shade;
The rush of Death's unruly wave,
Swept him off into his grave.
Enough, now (if thou canst) passe on,
50 For now (alas!) not in this stone
(Passenger who e're thou art)
Is he entomb'd, but in thy heart.

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AN EPITAPH VPON A YOVNG MARRIED COVPLE

DEAD AND BVRYED TOGETHER.^[73]

1 To these, whom Death again did wed,
This grave's their second marriage-bed;
For though the hand of Fate could force
'Twixt sovl and body, a diuorce,
5 It could not sunder man and wife,
'Cause they both liuèd but one life.
Peace, good Reader, Doe not weep.
Peace, the louers are asleep.
They, sweet turtles, folded ly
10 In the last knott that Loue could ty.
And though they ly as they were dead,

Their pillow stone, their sheetes of lead;
 (Pillow hard, and sheetes not warm)
 Loue made the bed; they'l take no harm;
 15 Let them sleep: let them sleep on,
 Till this stormy night be gone,
 And the æternall morrow dawn;
 Then the curtaines will be drawn
 And they wake into a light,
 20 Whose Day shall neuer sleepe in Night.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In the SANCROFT MS. the heading is 'Epitaphium Conjugum vnà mortuor. et sepultor. R. CR.' It was reprinted in 1648 'Delights' (p. 26), where it is entitled as *supra*, and 1670 (p. 95). Our text is that of 1648, which yields the five lines (11-14), and which ELLIS in his 'Specimens' (iii. 208, 1845) introduced from a MS. copy, but as doubtful from not having appeared in any of the editions; a mistake on his part, as the lines appear in 1648 and 1652. His note is, nevertheless, 'The lines included in brackets are in *no printed edition*: they were found in a MS. copy, and are perhaps not Crashaw's.' As usual, TURNBULL overlooked them. I add a few slight various readings from 1646.

Line 2, 'the.'

" 5, 'sever.'

" 6, 'Because they both liv'd but one life.'

" 10, I accept 'that' in 1646 and SANCROFT MS. as it is confirmed by HARLEIAN MS. 6917-18, as before.

Line 17, I adopt 'And' for 'Till' from 1648.

" 19, 'waken with that Light,' and so SANCROFT MS.: 1648 reads 'And they wake into that Light:' HARLEIAN MS. as before, 'And they waken with.'

Line 20, 'sleep' for 'dy,' which I adopt as agreeing with the 'wake,' and as being confirmed by HARLEIAN MS. as before. G.



DEATH'S LECTVRE AND THE FVNERAL OF A YOVNG GENTLEMAN. [74]

1 Dear reliques of a dislodg'd sovl, whose lack
 Makes many a mourning paper put on black!
 O stay a while, ere thou draw in thy head
 And wind thy self vp close in thy cold bed.
 5 Stay but a little while, vntill I call
 A summon's worthy of thy funerall.
 Come then, Youth, Beavty, Blood! all ye soft powres,
 Whose sylken flatteryes swell a few fond howres
 Into a false æternity. Come man;
 10 Hyperbolizèd nothing! know thy span;
 Take thine own measure here, down, down, and bow
 Before thy self in thine idæa; thou
 Huge emptynes! contract thy bulke; and shrinke
 All thy wild circle to a point. O sink
 15 Lower and lower yet; till thy leane size
 Call Heaun to look on thee with narrow eyes.
 Lesser and lesser yet; till thou begin
 To show a face, fitt to confesse thy kin,
 Thy neighbourhood to Nothing!
 20 Proud lookes, and lofty eyliddes, here putt on
 Your selues in your vnfaign'd reflexion;
 Here, gallant ladyes! this vnpartiall glasse
 (Through all your painting) showes you your true face.
 These death-seal'd lippes are they dare giue the ly
 25 To the lowd boasts of poor Mortality;
 These curtain'd windows, this retirèd eye
 Outstares the liddes of larg-look't Tyranny.
 This posture is the braue one, this that lyes

Thus low, stands vp (me thinkes) thus and defies
The World. All-daring dust and ashes! only you
Of all interpreters read Nature true.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

These various readings are worthy of record:

Line 7 in our text (1652) is misprinted as two lines, the first ending with 'blood,' a repeated blunder of the Paris printer. It reads also 'the' for 'ye' of 1646. I adopt the latter. I have also cancelled 'and' before 'blood' as a misprint.

Line 8 in 1652 is misprinted 'svlken' for 'sylken.'

" 12, ib. 'thy self,' and so in 1648 and 1670: 'bulke' from 1646 is preferable, and so adopted.

Line 15, 1646 has 'small' for 'lean,' which is inferior.

" 16, our text (1652) misspells 'narrow.'

" 19, in 1646 the readings here are,

'Thy neighbourhood to nothing I here put on
Thy selfe in this unfeign'd reflection.'

1648 and our text as given. 'Nothing' is intended to rhyme with 'kin' and 'begin,' and so to form a triplet.

Line 23, our text (1652), 1648 and 1670 read 'Though ye be painted:' 1646 reads 'Through all your painting,' which is much more powerful, and therefore adopted by us. It reminds us (from line 22, 'gallant ladyes') of Hamlet's apostrophe to the skull of poor Yorick.

Line 25, 1646 reads poorly,

'To the proud hopes of poor Mortality.'

" 26, in 1646 reads curiously, 'this selfe-prison'd eye.' G.

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AN EPITAPH VPON DOCTOR BROOKE. [75]

1 A Brooke, whose streame so great, so good,
Was lov'd, was honour'd, as a flood:
Whose bankes the Muses dwelt upon,
More than their owne Helicon;
5 Here at length, hath gladly found
A quiet passage under ground;
Meane while his lovèd bankes, now dry
The Muses with their teares supply.



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ON A FOULE MORNING, BEING THEN TO TAKE A JOURNEY. [76]

1 Where art thou Sol, while thus the blind-fold Day
Staggers out of the East, loses her way
Stumbling on Night? Rouze thee illustrious youth,
And let no dull mists choake thy Light's faire growth.
5 Point here thy beames: O glance on yonder flocks,
And make their fleeces golden as thy locks.
Vnfold thy faire front, and there shall appeare

Full glory, flaming in her owne free speare.
 Gladnesse shall cloath the Earth, we will instile
 10 The face of things, an universall smile.
 Say to the sullen Morne, thou com'st to court her;
 And wilt command proud Zephirus to sport her
 With wanton gales: his balmy breath shall licke
 The tender drops which tremble on her cheeke;
 15 Which rarified, and in a gentle raine
 On those delicious bankes distill'd againe,
 Shall rise in a sweet Harvest, which discloses
 Two ever-blushing bed[s] of new-borne roses. 236
 Hee'l fan her bright locks, teaching them to flow,
 20 And friske in curl'd mæanders: hee will throw
 A fragrant breath suckt from the spicy nest
 O' th' pretious phœnix, warme upon her breast.
 Hee with a dainty and soft hand will trim
 And brush her azure mantle, which shall swim
 25 In silken volumes; wheresoe're shee'l tread,
 Bright clouds like golden fleeces shall be spread.
 Rise then (faire blew-ey'd maid!) rise and discover
 Thy silver brow, and meet thy golden lover.
 See how hee runs, with what a hasty flight,
 30 Into thy bosome, bath'd with liquid light.
 Fly, fly prophane fogs, farre hence fly away,
 Taint not the pure streames of the springing Day,
 With your dull influence; it is for you
 To sit and scoule upon Night's heavy brow,
 35 Not on the fresh cheekes of the virgin Morne,
 Where nought but smiles, and ruddy joyes are worne.
 Fly then, and doe not thinke with her to stay;
 Let it suffice, shee'l weare no maske to day.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In the SANCROFT MS. this is headed 'An Invitation to faire weather. In itinere adurgeretur matutinum cœlum tali carmine invitabatur serenitas. R. CR.' In line 12 the MS. reads 'smooth' for 'proud' (TURNBULL here, after 1670, as usual misreads 'demand' for 'command'); line 18 corrects the misreading of all the editions, which is 'To every blushing...:' line 23 reads 'soft and dainty:' line 36, 'is' for 'are:' other orthographic differences only.

The opening lines of this poem seem to be adapted from remembrance of the Friar's in *Romeo and Juliet*: 237

'The grey-eyed Morn smiles on the frowning Night

 And flecked Darkness like a drunkard reels
 From forth Day's path and Titan's burning wheels.' (ii. 3.)

Line 4, in HARLEIAN MS. 6917-18 reads, as I have adopted, 'thy' for 'the.'

Line 5, ib. 'on yond faire.'

" 7, ib. 'Unfold thy front and then...'

" 9, instile is = instill, used in Latinate sense of drop into or upon: HARLEIAN MS., as before, is 'enstille.'

Line 14, HARLEIAN MS., as before, 'thy' for 'her.'

" 16, ib. 'these.'

" 17-18, ib.

. 'and disclose
 the new-born rose.'

See our Essay for critical remarks. G.

TO THE MORNING:

SATISFACTION FOR SLEEPE.^[77]

1 What succour can I hope my Muse shall send
 Whose drowsinesse hath wrong'd the Muses' friend?
 What hope, Aurora, to propitiate thee,
 Vnlesse the Muse sing my apologie?
 5 O in that morning of my shame! when I

Lay folded up in Sleepe's captivity,
 How at the sight did'st thou draw back thine eyes,
 Into thy modest veyle? how didst thou rise
 10 Twice dy'd in thine owne blushes! and did'st run
 To draw the curtaines, and awake the sun!
 Who, rowzing his illustrious tresses, came,
 And seeing the loath'd object, hid for shame
 His head in thy faire bosome, and still hides
 15 Mee from his patronage; I pray, he chides:
 And pointing to dull Morpheus, bids me take
 My owne Apollo, try if I can make
 His Lethe be my Helicon: and see
 If Morpheus have a Muse to wait on mee.
 Hence 'tis, my humble fancie finds no wings,
 20 No nimble rapture starts to Heaven, and brings
 Enthusiasticke flames, such as can give
 Marrow to my plumpe genius, make it live
 Drest in the glorious madnesse of a Muse,
 Whose feet can walke the milky way, and chuse
 25 Her starry throne; whose holy heats can warme
 The grave, and hold up an exalted arme
 To lift me from my lazy vrne, to climbe
 Vpon the stooped shoulders of old Time,
 And trace Eternity—But all is dead,
 30 All these delicious hopes are buried
 In the deepe wrinckles of his angry brow,
 Where Mercy cannot find them: but O thou
 Bright lady of the Morne! pittie doth lye
 So warme in thy soft brest, it cannot dye.
 35 Have mercy then, and when he next shall rise
 O meet the angry God, invade his eyes,
 And stroake his radiant cheekes; one timely kisse
 Will kill his anger, and revive my blisse.
 So to the treasure of thy pearly deaw,
 40 Thrice will I pay three teares, to show how true
 My grieffe is; so my wakefull lay shall knocke
 At th' orientall gates, and duly mocke
 The early larkes' shrill orizons, to be
 An anthem at the Daye's nativitie.
 45 And the same rosie-finger'd hand of thine,
 That shuts Night's dying eyes, shall open mine.
 But thou, faint God of Sleepe, forget that I
 Was ever known to be thy votary.
 No more my pillow shall thine altar be,
 50 Nor will I offer any more to thee
 My selfe a melting sacrifice; I'me borne
 Againe a fresh child of the buxome Morne,
 Heire of the sun's first beames. Why threat'st thou so?
 Why dost thou shake thy leaden scepter? goe,
 55 Bestow thy poppy upon wakefull Woe,
 Sicknesse, and Sorrow, whose pale lidds ne're know
 Thy downie finger; dwell upon their eyes,
 Shut in their teares: shut out their miseries.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In 1646, line 1, for 'shall' reads 'will:' ib. in HARLEIAN MS. as before, 'my' for 'the Muse;' which I adopt here, but not in next line: line 9, ib. 'thy:' line 11, illustrious is = lustrous, radiant: HARLEIAN MS. as before, line 19, 'this my humble:' line 20, 1646 misprints 'raptures:' line 27, 1670 has 'and climb:' line 28, 1646 has 'stooped' for 'stooping' of 1648; infinitely superior, and therefore adopted: 1670 misprints 'stopped:' the SANCROFT MS. has 'stooping:' line 45, HARLEIAN MS. as before, 'thy altar.' Further: in the SANCROFT MS. this poem is headed 'Ad Auroram Somnolentiæ expiatio. R. Cr.,' and it supplies these various readings: line 1, 'will:' line 7, 'call back:' line 16, 'my' for 'mine;' line 20-21, 'winge' and 'bringe:' line 40, 'treasures:' other orthographic differences only. See Essay, as in last poem. G.

LOVE'S HOROSCOPE. [78]

1 Love, brave Vertue's younger brother,
 Erst hath made my heart a mother;
 Shee consults the conscious spheares

5 To calculate her young son's yeares.
Shee askes, if sad, or saving powers,
Gave omen to his infant howers;
Shee askes each starre that then stood by,
If poore Love shall live or dy.

Ah, my heart, is that the way?
10 Are these the beames that rule thy day?
Thou know'st a face in whose each looke,
Beauty layes ope Love's fortune-booke;
On whose faire revolutions wait
The obsequious motions of man's fate:
15 Ah, my heart, her eyes, and shee,
Have taught thee new astrologie.
How e're Love's native houres were set,
What ever starry synod met,
20 'Tis in the mercy of her eye,
If poore Love shall live or dye.

If those sharpe rayes putting on
Points of death, bid Love be gon:
(Though the Heavens in counsell sate
To crowne an uncontroled fate,
25 Though their best aspects twin'd upon
The kindest constellation,
Cast amorous glances on his birth,
And whisper'd the confederate Earth
To pave his pathes with all the good,
30 That warmes the bed of youth and blood)
Love hath no plea against her eye:
Beauty frownes, and Love must dye.

But if her milder influence move,
And gild the hopes of humble Love:
35 (Though Heaven's inauspicious eye
Lay blacke on Love's nativitie;
Though every diamond in Love's crowne
Fixt his forehead to a frowne:)
Her eye, a strong appeale can giue,
40 Beauty smiles, and Love shall live.

O, if Love shall live, O, where
But in her eye, or in her eare,
In her brest, or in her breath,
Shall I hide poore Love from Death?
45 For in the life ought else can give,
Love shall dye, although he live.

Or, if Love shall dye, O, where
But in her eye, or in her eare,
In her breath, or in her breast,
Shall I build his funerall nest?
50 While Love shall thus entombèd lye,
Love shall live, although he dye.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In line 16 the heavens are the planets. To 'crown' his fate is to invest it with regal power, and so place it beyond control. It is doubtful whether 'uncontroled' expresses that state or result of crowning, or whether the clause is hyperbolic, and means to put further beyond control an already uncontrolled fate. 'Twin'd' seems a strange word to use, but refers, I presume, to the apparently irregular and winding-like motions of the planets through the constellations until they result in the favourable aspects mentioned. According to astrology, the beneficence or maleficence of the planetary aspects varies with the nature of the constellation in which they occur. HENRY VAUGHAN, Silurist, uses 'wind' very much as CRASHAW uses 'twin'd': see *s.v.* in our edition.

In line 14 we have accepted the reading 'man's' for 'Loves' from the SANCROFT MS.



A SONG:

OUT OF THE ITALIAN.^[79]

To thy lover
Deere, discover
That sweet blush of thine that shameth
—When those roses
It discloses—
All the flowers that Nature nameth.

In free ayre,
Flow thy haire;
That no more Summer's best dresses,
Bee beholden
For their golden
Locks, to Phœbus' flaming tresses.

O deliver
Love his quiver;
From thy eyes he shoots his arrowes:
Where Apollo
Cannot follow:
Featherd with his mother's sparrows.

O envy not
—That we dye not—
Those deere lips whose doore encloses
All the Graces
In their places,
Brother pearles, and sister roses.

From these treasures
Of ripe pleasures
One bright smile to cleere the weather.
Earth and Heaven
Thus made even,
Both will be good friends together.

The aire does woe thee,
Winds cling to thee;
Might a word once fly from out thee,
Storme and thunder
Would sit under,
And keepe silence round about thee.

But if Nature's
Common creatures,
So deare glories dare not borrow:
Yet thy beauty
Owes a duty,
To my loving, lingring sorrow,

When to end mee
Death shall send mee
All his terrors to affright mee:
Thine eyes' Graces
Gild their faces,
And those terrors shall delight mee.

When my dying
Life is flying,
Those sweet aires that often slew mee
Shall revive mee,
Or reprove mee,
And to many deaths renew mee.

OUT OF THE ITALIAN.

1 Love now no fire hath left him,
We two betwixt us have divided it.
Your eyes the light hath reft him,
5 The heat commanding in my heart doth sit.^[80]
O that poore Love be not for ever spoyled,
Let my heat to your light be reconciled.

So shall these flames, whose worth
Now all obscurèd lyes:
—Drest in those beames—start forth
10 And dance before your eyes.

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Or else partake my flames
(I care not whither)
And so in mutuall names
Of Love, burne both together.

OUT OF THE ITALIAN.

1 Would any one the true cause find
How Love came nak't, a boy, and blind?
'Tis this: listning one day too long,
So th' Syrens in my mistris' song,
5 The extasie of a delight
So much o're-mastring all his might,
To that one sense, made all else thrall,
And so he lost his clothes, eyes, heart and all.

VPON THE FRONTISPEECE OF MR. ISAACKSON'S CHRONOLOGIE. ^[81]

1 Let hoary Time's vast bowels be the grave
To what his bowels' birth and being gave;
Let Nature die, (Phoenix-like) from death
Revivèd Nature takes a second breath;
5 If on Time's right hand, sit faire Historie,
If from the seed of emptie Ruine, she
Can raise so faire an harvest; let her be
Ne're so farre distant, yet Chronologie
(Sharp-sighted as the eagle's eye, that can
10 Out-stare the broad-beam'd daye's meridian)
Will have a perspicill to find her out,
And, through the night of error and dark doubt,
Discerne the dawne of Truth's eternall ray,
As when the rosie Morne buds into Day.
15 Now that Time's empire might be amply fill'd,
Babel's bold artists strive (below) to build
Ruine a temple; on whose fruitfull fall
History reares her pyramids, more tall
Than were th' Aegyptian (by the life these give,
20 Th' Egyptian pyramids themselves must live):
On these she lifts the world; and on their base
Shows the two termes, and limits of Time's race:
That, the creation is; the judgement, this;
That, the World's morning; this, her midnight is.

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NOTE.

As explained in preceding Note, I add here the poem so long misassigned to CRASHAW.

ON THE FRONTISPIECE OF ISAACSON'S CHRONOLOGIE EXPLAINED.

BY DR. EDWARD RAINBOW, BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

1 If with distinctive eye, and mind, you looke
Vpon the Front, you see more than one Booke.
Creation is God's Booke, wherein He writ
Each creature, as a letter filling it.
5 History is Creation's Booke; which showes
To what effects the Series of it goes.
Chronologie's the Booke of Historie, and beares
The just account of Dayes, Moneths, and Yeares.
But Resurrection, in a later Presse,
10 And New Edition, is the summe of these.
The Language of these Bookes had all been one,
Had not th' aspiring Tower of Babylon
Confus'd the tongues, and in a distance hurl'd
As farre the speech, as men, o' th' new fill'd world.
15 Set then your eyes in method, and behold
Time's embleme, Saturne; who, when store of gold
Coyn'd the first age, devour'd that birth, he fear'd;
Till History, Time's eldest child appear'd;
And Phoenix-like, in spite of Saturne's rage,
20 Forc'd from her ashes, heyres in every age.
From th' Rising Sunne, obtaining by just suit,
A Spring's ingender, and an Autumne's fruit.
Who in those Volumes at her motion pend,
Vnto Creation's Alpha doth extend.
25 Againe ascend, and view Chronology,
By optick skill, pulling farre History
Neerer; whose Hand the piercing Eagle's eye
Strengthens, to bring remotest objects nigh.
Vnder whose feet, you see the Setting Sunne,
30 From the darke Gnomon, o're her volumes runne,
Drown'd in eternall night, never to rise,
Till Resurrection show it to the eyes
Of Earth-worne men; and her shrill trumpet's sound
Affright the Bones of mortals from the ground.
35 The Columnes both are crown'd with either Sphere,
To show Chronology and History beare,
No other Culmen than the double Art,
Astronomy, Geography, impart.

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AN EPITAPH VPON MR. ASHTON,

A CONFORMABLE CITIZEN.^[82]

1 The modest front of this small floore,
Beleeve me, Reader, can say more
Than many a braver marble can;
Here lyes a truly honest man.
5 One whose conscience was a thing,
That troubled neither Church nor King.
One of those few that in this towne,
Honour all Preachers, heare their owne.
Sermons he heard, yet not so many
10 As left no time to practise any.
He heard them reverently, and then
His practice preach'd them o're agen.
His Parlour-Sermons rather were
Those to the eye, then to the eare.
15 His prayers took their price and strength,
Not from the lowdnesse, nor the length.
He was a Protestant at home,
Not onely in despite of Rome.
He lov'd his Father; yet his zeale
20 Tore not off his Mother's veile.
To th' Church he did allow her dresse,
True Beauty, to true Holinesse.
Peace, which he lov'd in life, did lend

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25 Her hand to bring him to his end.
When Age and Death call'd for the score,
No surfets were to reckon for.
Death tore not—therefore—but sans strife
Gently untwin'd his thread of life.
30 What remains then, but that thou
Write these lines, Reader, in thy brow,
And by his faire example's light,
Burne in thy imitation bright.
So while these lines can but bequeath
35 A life perhaps unto his death;
His better Epitaph shall bee,
His life still kept alive in thee.

OUT OF CATULLUS. [83]

1 Come and let us live my deare,
Let us love and never feare,
What the sowrest fathers say:
Brightest Sol that dyes to day
5 Lives againe as blith to morrow;
But if we darke sons of sorrow
Set: O then how long a Night
Shuts the eyes of our short light!
Then let amorous kisses dwell
10 On our lips, begin and tell
A thousand, and a hundred score,
An hundred and a thousand more,
Till another thousand smother
That, and that wipe of[f] another.
15 Thus at last when we have numbred
Many a thousand, many a hundred,
Wee'l confound the reckoning quite,
And lose our selves in wild delight:
While our joyes so multiply,
20 As shall mocke the envious eye.

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WISHES.

TO HIS (SUPPOSED) MISTRESSE. [84]

1 1. Who ere she be,
That not impossible she
That shall command my heart and me;
5 2. Where ere she lye,
Lock't up from mortall eye,
In shady leaves of Destiny;
3. Till that ripe birth
Of studied Fate stand forth,
And teach her faire steps tread our Earth;
10 4. Till that divine
Idæa, take a shrine
Of chrySTALL flesh, through which to shine;
5. Meet you her, my wishes,
Bespeake her to my blisses,
15 And be ye call'd, my absent kisses.
6. I wish her, beauty
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire or glistening shoo-ty.
7. Something more than
20 Taffata or tissew can,

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Or rampant feather, or rich fan.

8. More than the spoyle
Of shop, or silkeworme's toyle,
Or a bought blush, or a set smile.

25 9. A face that's best
By its owne beauty drest,
And can alone commend the rest.

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30 10. A face made up,
Out of no other shop
Than what Nature's white hand sets ope.

11. A cheeke where Youth,
And blood, with pen of Truth
Write, what their reader sweetly ru'th.

35 12. A cheeke where growes
More than a morning rose:
Which to no boxe his being owes.

13. Lipps, where all day
A lover's kisse may play,
Yet carry nothing thence away.

40 14. Lookes that oppresse
Their richest tires, but dresse
Themselves in simple nakednesse.

45 15. Eyes, that displace
The neighbour diamond, and out-face
That sunshine, by their own sweet grace.

16. Tresses, that weare
Iewells, but to declare
How much themselves more pretious are.

50 17. Whose native ray,
Can tame the wanton day
Of gems, that in their bright shades play.

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18. Each ruby there,
Or pearle that dares appeare,
Be its own blush, be its own teare.

55 19. A well tam'd heart,
For whose more noble smart,
Love may be long chusing a dart.

60 20. Eyes, that bestow
Full quivers on Love's bow;
Yet pay lesse arrowes than they owe.

21. Smiles, that can warme
The blood, yet teach a charme,
That Chastity shall take no harme.

65 22. Blushes, that bin
The burnish of no sin,
Nor flames of ought too hot within.

23. Ioyes, that confesse,
Vertue their mistresse,
And have no other head to dresse.

70 24. Feares, fond, and flight,
As the coy bride's, when Night
First does the longing lover right.

75 25. Teares, quickly fled,
And vaine, as those are shed
For a dying maydenhead.

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26. Dayes, that need borrow,
No part of their good morrow,
From a fore-spent night of sorrow.

- 80 27. Dayes, that in spight
Of darknesse, by the light
Of a cleere mind are day all night.
28. Nights, sweet as they,
Made short by lovers play,
Yet long by th' absence of the day.
- 85 29. Life, that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes say, Welcome friend!
- 90 30. Sydnæan showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers.
31. Soft silken hours;
Open sunnes; shady bowers;
'Bove all, nothing within that lowers.
- 95 32. What ere delight
Can make Daye's forehead bright,
Or give downe to the wings of Night.
33. In her whole frame,
Haue Nature all the name,
Art and ornament the shame.
- 100 34. Her flattery,
Picture and Poesy,
Her counsell her owne vertue be.
- 105 35. I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poore
Of wishes; and I wish——no more.
36. Now if Time knowes
That her, whose radiant browes
Weave them a garland of my vowes;
- 110 37. Her whose just bayes,
My future hopes can raise,
A trophie to her present praise.
38. Her that dares be,
What these lines wish to see:
I seeke no further: it is she.
- 115 39. 'Tis she, and here
Lo I uncloath and cleare,
My wishes cloudy character.
- 120 40. May she enjoy it,
Whose merit dare apply it,
But Modesty dares still deny it.
41. Such worth as this is
Shall fixe my flying wishes,
And determine them to kisses.
- 125 42. Let her full glory,
My fancyes, fly before ye,
Be ye my fictions; but her story.

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NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The HARLEIAN MS. 6917-18, as before, gives an admirable reading, corrective of all the editions in st. 3, line 3. Hitherto it has run, 'And teach her faire steps to our Earth:' the MS. as given by us 'tread' for 'to:' ib. st. 5, line 1, reads 'Meete her my wishes;' perhaps preferable: st. 6, I accept 'its' for 'his' from 1670 edition: st. 7, 'than'=then, and is spelled 'then' here and elsewhere in 1646 and 1670: st. 8, line 3, HARLEIAN MS. reads 'Or a bowe, blush, or a set smile;' inferior: st. 9, ib. reads 'commend' for 'command;' adopted: st. 11, ib. 'their' for 'the;' adopted: st. 14, ib. spells 'tyers,' and line 3 reads as we print for 'And cloath their simplest nakednesse,' which is clumsy and poor: st. 15: Here, as in the poem, 'On the bleeding wounds of our crucified Lord' (st. 6), where we read 'The thorns that Thy blest brows encloses,' and elsewhere, we have an example of the Elizabethan use of 'that' as a singular (referring to and thus made a collective plural) taken as the governing nominative to the verb. So in this poem of 'Wishes' we have 'Eyes that bestow,'

'Joys that confess,' 'Tresses that wear.' But it must be stated that the HARLEIAN MS., as before, reads not as in 1646 and 1648 'displaces,' 'out-faces' and 'graces,' but as printed by us on its authority; certainly the rhythm is improved thereby: st. 18, line 2, ib. 'dares' for 'dare;' adopted: st. 24, looking to 'tears quickly fled' of next stanza, I think 'flight' is correct, and not a misprint for 'slight.' Accordingly I have punctuated with a comma after fond, flight being = the shrinking-away of the bride, like the Horatian fair lady, a fugitive yet wishful of her lover's kiss: st. 31, HARLEIAN MS. as before, 'Open sunn:' st. 42, line 3, 'be you my fictions, she my story.' G.



TO THE QUEEN:

AN APOLOGIE FOR THE LENGTH OF THE FOLLOWING PANEGYRICK. [85]

1 When you are mistresse of the song,
Mighty queen, to thinke it long,
Were treason 'gainst that majesty
Your Vertue wears. Your modesty
5 Yet thinks it so. But ev'n that too
—Infinite, since part of you—
New matter for our Muse supplies,
And so allowes what it denies.
Say then dread queen, how may we doe
10 To mediate 'twixt your self and you?
That so our sweetly temper'd song
Nor be too sort, nor seeme to[o] long.
 Needs must your noble praises' strength
 That made it long excuse the length.



TO THE QUEEN,

VPON HER NUMEROUS PROGENIE: A PANEGYRICK. [86]

1 Britain! the mighty Ocean's lovely bride!
Now stretch thy self, fair isle, and grow: spread wide
Thy bosome, and make roome. Thou art opprest
With thine own glories, and art strangely blest
5 Beyond thy self: for (lo!) the gods, the gods
Come fast upon thee; and those glorious ods
Swell thy full honours to a pitch so high
As sits above thy best capacitie.
 Are they not ods? and glorious? that to thee
10 Those mighty genii throng, which well might be
Each one an Age's labour? that thy dayes
Are gilded with the union of those rayes
Whose each divided beam would be a sunne
To glad the sphere of any Nation?
15 Sure, if for these thou mean'st to find a seat,
Th' hast need, O Britain, to be truly Great.
 And so thou art; their presence makes thee so:

They are thy greatnesse. Gods, where-e're they go,
 Bring their Heav'n with them: their great footsteps place
 20 An everlasting smile upon the face
 Of the glad Earth they tread on: while with thee
 Those beames that ampliate mortalitie,
 And teach it to expatiate and swell
 25 To majestie and fulnesse, deign to dwell,
 Thou by thy self maist sit, (blest Isle) and see
 How thy great mother Nature dotes on thee.
 Thee therefore from the rest apart she hurl'd,
 And seem'd to make an Isle, but made a World.

30 Time yet hath dropt few plumes since Hope turn'd Joy,
 And took into his armes the princely boy,
 Whose birth last blest the bed of his sweet mother,
 And bad us first salute our prince, a brother.

The Prince and Duke of York.

35 Bright Charles! thou sweet dawn of a glorious Day!
 Centre of those thy grandsires (shall I say,
 Henry and James? or, Mars and Phœbus rather?
 If this were Wisdome's god, that War's stern father;
 'Tis but the same is said: Henry and James
 Are Mars and Phœbus under diverse names):
 40 O thou full mixture of those mighty souls
 Whose vast intelligences tun'd the poles
 Of Peace and War; thou, for whose manly brow
 Both lawrels twine into one wreath, and woo
 To be thy garland: see (sweet prince), O see,
 Thou, and the lovely hopes that smile in thee,
 45 Art ta'n out and transcrib'd by thy great mother:
 See, see thy reall shadow; see thy brother,
 Thy little self in lesse: trace in these eyne
 The beams that dance in those full stars of thine.
 From the same snowy alabaster rock
 50 Those hands and thine were hewn; those cherries mock
 The corall of thy lips: thou wert of all
 This well-wrought copie the fair principall.

Lady Mary.

55 Iustly, great Nature, didst thou brag, and tell
 How ev'n th' hadst drawn that faithfull parallel,
 And matcht thy master-piece. O then go on,
 Make such another sweet comparison.
 Seest thou that Marie there? O teach her mother
 To shew her to her self in such another.
 60 Fellow this wonder too; nor let her shine
 Alone; light such another star, and twine
 Their rosie beams, that so the Morn for one
 Venus, may have a constellation.

Lady Elizabeth.

65 These words scarce waken'd Heaven, when—lo!—our vows
 Sat crown'd upon the noble infant's brows.
 Th' art pair'd, sweet princesse: in this well-writ book
 Read o're thy self; peruse each line, each look.
 And when th' hast summ'd up all those blooming blisses,
 Close up the book, and clasp it with thy kisses.
 70 So have I seen (to dresse their mistresse May)
 Two silken sister-flowers consult, and lay
 Their bashfull cheeks together: newly they
 Peep't from their buds, show'd like the garden's eyes
 Scarce wak't: like was the crimson of their joyes;
 Like were the tears they wept, so like, that one
 75 Seem'd but the other's kind reflexion.

The new-borne Prince.

And now 'twere time to say, sweet queen, no more.
 Fair source of princes, is thy pretious store
 Not yet exhaust? O no! Heavens have no bound,

80 But in their infinite and endless round
Embrace themselves. Our measure is not their's;
Nor may the pov'rtie of man's narrow prayers
Span their immensitie. More princes come:
Rebellion, stand thou by; Mischief, make room:
War, blood, and death—names all averse from Ioy—
85 Heare this, we have another bright-ey'd boy:
That word's a warrant, by whose vertue I
Have full authority to bid you dy.

Dy, dy, foul misbegotten monsters! dy:
Make haste away, or e'r the World's bright eye
90 Blush to a cloud of bloud. O farre from men
Fly hence, and in your Hyperborean den
Hide you for evermore, and murmure there
Where none but Hell may heare, nor our soft aire
Shrink at the hatefull sound. Mean while we bear
95 High as the brow of Heaven, the noble noise
And name of these our just and righteous joyes,
Where Envie shall not reach them, nor those eares
Whose tune keeps time to ought below the spheres.

But thou, sweet supernumerary starre,
100 Shine forth; nor fear the threats of boyst'rous Warre.
The face of things has therefore frown'd a while
On purpose, that to thee and thy pure smile
The World might ow an universall calm;
While thou, fair halcyon, on a sea of balm
105 Shalt flote; where while thou layst thy lovely head,
The angry billows shall but make thy bed:
Storms, when they look on thee, shall strait relent;
And tempests, when they tast thy breath, repent
To whispers, soft as thine own slumbers be,
110 Or souls of virgins which shall sigh for thee.

Shine then, sweet supernumerary starre,
Nor feare the boysterous names of bloud and warre:
Thy birth-day is their death's nativitie;
They've here no other businesse but to die.

To the Queen.

115 But stay; what glimpse was that? why blusht the Day?
Why ran the started aire trembling away?
Who's this that comes circled in rayes that scorn
Acquaintance with the sun? what second morn
At midday opes a presence which Heaven's eye
120 Stands off and points at? Is't some deity
Stept from her throne of starres, deignes to be seen?
Is it some deity? or is't our queen?

'Tis she, 'tis she: her awfull beauties chase
125 The Day's abashèd glories, and in face
Of noon wear their own sunshine. O thou bright
Mistresse of wonders! Cynthia's is the Night;
But thou at noon dost shine, and art all day
(Nor does thy sun deny't) our Cynthia.

Illustrious sweetnesse! in thy faithfull wombe,
130 That nest of heroes, all our hopes find room.
Thou art the mother-phenix, and thy brest
Chast as that virgin honour of the East,
But much more fruitfull is; nor does, as she,
Deny to mighty Love, a deitie.

135 Then let the Eastern world brag and be proud
Of one coy phenix, while we have a brood,
A brood of phenixes: while we have brother
And sister-phenixes, and still the mother.

And may we long! Long may'st thou live t'increase
140 The house and family of phenixes.
Nor may the life that gives their eye-lids light
E're prove the dismall morning of thy night:
Ne're may a birth of thine be bought so dear
To make his costly cradle of thy beer.

145 O may'st thou thus make all the year thine own,
And see such names of joy sit white upon
The brow of every month! and when th' hast done,
Mayst in a son of his find every son
Repeated, and that son still in another,

150 And so in each child, often prove a mother.
Long may'st thou, laden with such clusters, lean
Vpon thy royall elm (fair vine!) and when
The Heav'ns will stay no longer, may thy glory
And name dwell sweet in some eternal story!

155 Pardon (bright Excellence,) an untun'd string,
That in thy eares thus keeps a murmuring.
O speake a lowly Muse's pardon, speake
Her pardon, or her sentence; onely breake
160 Thy silence. Speake, and she shall take from thence
Numbers, and sweetnesse, and an influence
Confessing thee. Or (if too long I stay,)
O speake thou, and my pipe hath nought to say:
For see Apollo all this while stands mute,
Expecting by thy voice to tune his lute.

165 But gods are gracious; and their altars make
Pretious the offrings that their altars take.
Give then this rurall wreath fire from thine eyes,
This rurall wreath dares be thy sacrifice.

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NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

This poem was originally entitled (as *supra*) 'Upon the Duke of York's Birth.' As new children were born additions were made to it and the title altered. Cf. the Latin poem in our vol. ii. *ad Reginam*.

The children celebrated were the following: Charles James, born May 13, 1628, died the same day; the Queen's first child: Charles II., born May 29, 1630: James, who is placed before his sister Mary, who was older than he; born Oct. 14, 1633; afterwards James II.: Princess Mary, born Nov. 4, 1631, afterwards mother of William III.: Princess Elizabeth, born Dec. 28, 1635; died of grief at her father's tragical end, Sept. 8, 1650; was buried in the church at Newport, Isle of Wight, where her remains were found in 1793. Vaughan the Silurist has a fine poem to her memory (our edition, vol. ii. pp. 115-17): Anne, born March 17, 1636-7; she died Dec. 8, 1640 (Crashaw from first to last keeps Death out of his poem): Henry, born July 8, 1640, afterwards Duke of Gloucester and Earl of Cambridge. Henrietta Anne, born June 16, 1644, is not named.

The title in 1646 is 'Vpon the Duke of Yorke his Birth: a Panegyricke;' and so in 1670, which throughout agrees with that very imperfect text, except in one deplorable blunder of its own left uncorrected by TURNBULL, as noted below. The heading in the SANCROFT MS. is 'A Panegyrick vpon the birth of the Duke of Yorke. R. CR.'

Line 7, in 1646 'glories' for 'honours.' In the SANCROFT MS. line 8 reads 'As sits alone'

Line 15, ib. 'O' for 'Sure.'

" 16, ib. 'Th' art.'

" 29-32 restored from 1648. Not in SANCROFT MS.

" 33. These headings here and onward omitted hitherto.

" 34, in 1646 'great' for 'bright.'

" 43, our text (1648) misprints 'owne' for 'one' of Voces Votivæ.

Line 50, 1646 oddly misprints 'these Cherrimock.'

Line 52, 1646, 'art' for 'wert.'

" 54, ib. 'may'st' for 'did'st.'

" 55, ib. 'th' art' for 'th' hadst.'

" 64-70 restored from 1648. Not in SANCROFT MS.

" 74, 1646, 'pearls' for 'tears.' So the SANCROFT MS.

" 78-118, all these lines—most characteristic—restored from 1648. TURNBULL overlooked them.

Not in the SANCROFT MS.

Line 140, 1670 drops a line here, and thus confuses,

'A brood of phenixes, and still the mother:
And may we long: long may'st thou live t' encrease
The house,' &c.

PEREGRINE PHILLIPS in his selections from CRASHAW (1785), following the text of 1670, says in a footnote, 'A line seems wanting, but is so in the original copy.' TURNBULL follows suit and says, 'Here a line seems deficient.' If either had consulted the 'original' editions, which both professed to know, it would have saved them from this and numerous kindred blunders.

Line 145, 1646, 'light' for 'life.'

" 151, ib. 'that's.'

" 170, ib. 'their' for 'the offerings.'

In line 27 'Thee therefore &c.' is a thought not unfrequent with the panegyrists of James. BEN JONSON makes use of it at least twice. In the Masque of Blackness we have,

'With that great name Britannia, this blest isle

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Hath won her ancient dignity and style;
A world divided from a world, and tried
The abstract of it, in his general pride.'

SHAKESPEARE used the same thought more nobly when he made it the theme of that glorious outburst of patriotism from the lips of the dying Gaunt. G.



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VPON TWO GREENE APRICOCKES SENT TO COWLEY BY SIR CRASHAW. [87]

1 Take these, Time's tardy truants, sent by me
To be chastis'd (sweet friend) and chide by thee.
Pale sons of our Pomona! whose wan cheekes
Have spent the patience of expecting weekes,
5 Yet are scarce ripe enough at best to show
The redd, but of the blush to thee they ow.
By thy comparrison they shall put on
More Summer in their shame's reflection,
Than ere the fruitfull Phœbus' flaming kisses
10 Kindled on their cold lips. O had my wishes
And the deare merits of your Muse, their due,
The yeare had found some fruit early as you;
Ripe as those rich composures Time computes
Blossoms, but our blest tast confesses fruits.
15 How does thy April-Autumne mocke these cold
Progressions 'twixt whose termes poor Time grows old!
With thee alone he weares no beard, thy braine
Gives him the morning World's fresh gold againe.
'Twas only Paradice, 'tis onely thou,
20 Whose fruit and blossoms both blesse the same bough.
Proud in the patterne of thy pretious youth,
Nature (methinks) might easily mend her growth.
Could she in all her births but coppie thee,
Into the publick yeares proficiencie,
25 No fruit should have the face to smile on thee
(Young master of the World's maturitie)
But such whose sun-borne beauties what they borrow
Of beames to day, pay back again to morrow,
Nor need be double-gilt. How then must these
30 Poor fruites looke pale at thy Hesperides!
Faine would I chide their slownesse, but in their
Defects I draw mine own dull character.
Take them, and me in them acknowledging,
How much my Summer waites upon thy Spring.

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ALEXIAS:

THE COMPLAINT OF THE FORSAKEN WIFE OF SAINTE ALEXIS.^[88]

THE FIRST ELEGIE.

1 I late the Roman youth's loud prayse and pride,
 Whom long none could obtain, though thousands try'd;
 Lo, here am left (alas!) For my lost mate
 T' embrace my teares, and kisse an vnkind fate.
 5 Sure in my early woes starres were at strife,
 And try'd to make a widow ere a wife.
 Nor can I tell (and this new teares doth breed)
 In what strange path, my lord's fair footsteppes bleed.
 O knew I where he wander'd, I should see
 10 Some solace in my sorrow's certainty:
 I'd send my woes in words should weep for me,
 (Who knowes how powerfull well-writt praires would be.)
 Sending's too slow a word; myselfe would fly.
 Who knowes my own heart's woes so well as I?
 15 But how shall I steal hence? Alexis thou,
 Ah thou thy self, alas! hast taught me how.
 Loue too that leads the way would lend the wings
 To bear me harmlesse through the hardest things.
 And where Loue lends the wing, and leads the way,
 20 What dangers can there be dare say me nay?
 If I be shipwrack't, Loue shall teach to swimme:
 If drown'd, sweet is the death indur'd for him:
 The noted sea shall change his name with me,
 I'mongst the blest starres, a new name shall be.
 25 And sure where louers make their watry graues,
 The weeping mariner will augment the waues.
 For who so hard, but passing by that way
 Will take acquaintance of my woes, and say
 Here 'twas the Roman maid found a hard fate,
 30 While through the World she sought her wandring mate
 Here perish't she, poor heart; Heauns, be my vowes
 As true to me, as she was to her spouse.
 O liue, so rare a loue! liue! and in thee
 The too frail life of femal constancy.
 35 Farewell; and shine, fair soul, shine there about
 Firm in thy crown, as here fast in thy loue.
 There thy lost fugitiue th' hast found at last:
 Be happy; and for euer hold him fast.

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THE SECOND ELEGIE.

1 Though all the ioyes I had, fled hence with thee,
 Vnkind! yet are my teares still true to me:
 I'm wedded o're again since thou art gone;
 Nor couldst thou, cruell, leaue me quite alone.
 5 Alexis' widdow now is Sorrow's wife,
 With him shall I weep out my weary life.
 Wellcome, my sad-sweet mate! Now haue I gott
 At last a constant Loue, that leaues me not:
 Firm he, as thou art false; nor need my cryes
 10 Thus vex the Earth and teare the beauteous skyes.
 For him, alas! n'ere shall I need to be
 Troublesom to the world thus as for thee:
 For thee I talk to trees; with silent groues
 Expostulate my woes and much-wrong'd loues;
 15 Hills and relentlesse rockes, or if there be
 Things that in hardnesse more allude to thee,
 To these I talk in teares, and tell my pain,

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And answer too for them in teares again.
 How oft haue I wept out the weary sun!
 20 My watry hour-glasse hath old Time's outrunne.
 O I am learnèd grown: poor Loue and I
 Haue study'd ouer all Astrology;
 I'm perfect in Heaun's state; with euery starr
 My skillfull greife is grown familiar.
 25 Rise, fairest of those fires; what'ere thou be
 Whose rosy beam shall point my sun to me.
 Such as the sacred light that e'rst did bring
 The Eastern princes to their infant King,
 O rise, pure lamp! and lend thy golden ray
 30 That weary Loue at last may find his way.

THE THIRD ELEGIE.

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1 Rich, churlish Land! that hid'st so long in thee
 My treasures; rich, alas! by robbing mee.
 Needs must my miseryes owe that man a spite
 Who e're he be was the first wandring knight.
 5 O had he nere been at that cruell cost
 Natvre's virginity had nere been lost;
 Seas had not bin rebuk't by sawcy oares
 But ly'n lockt vp safe in their sacred shores;
 Men had not spurn'd at mountaines; nor made warrs
 10 With rocks, nor bold hands struck the World's strong barres,
 Nor lost in too larg bounds, our little Rome
 Full sweetly with it selfe had dwell't at home.
 My poor Alexis, then, in peacefull life
 Had vnder some low rooffe lou'd his plain wife;
 15 But now, ah me! from where he has no foes
 He flyes; and into willfull exile goes.
 Cruell, return, O tell the reason why
 Thy dearest parents have deseru'd to dy.
 And I, what is my crime, I cannot tell,
 20 Vnlesse it be a crime t' haue lou'd too well.
 If heates of holyer loue and high desire,
 Make bigge thy fair brest with immortall fire,
 What needes my virgin lord fly thus from me,
 Who only wish his virgin wife to be?
 25 Witnesse, chast Heauns! no happyer vowes I know
 Then to a virgin grave vntouch't to goe.
 Loue's truest knott by Venus is not ty'd,
 Nor doe embraces onely make a bride.
 The queen of angels (and men chast as you)
 30 Was maiden-wife and maiden-mother too.
 Cecilia, glory of her name and blood,
 With happy gain her maiden-vowes made good:
 The lusty bridegroom made approach; young man
 Take heed (said she) take heed, Valerian!
 35 My bosome's guard, a spirit great and strong,
 Stands arm'd, to sheild me from all wanton wrong;
 My chastity is sacred; and my Sleep
 Wakefull, her dear vowes vndefil'd to keep.
 Pallas beares armes, forsooth; and should there be
 40 No fortresse built for true Virginity?
 No gaping Gorgon, this: none, like the rest
 Of your learn'd lyes. Here you'll find no such iest.
 I'm your's: O were my God, my Christ so too,
 I'd know no name of Loue on Earth but you.
 45 He yeilds, and straight baptis'd, obtains the grace
 To gaze on the fair souldier's glorious face.
 Both mixt at last their blood in one rich bed
 Of rosy martyrdome, twice married.
 O burn our Hymen bright in such high flame,
 50 Thy torch, terrestriall Loue, haue here no name.
 How sweet the mutuall yoke of man and wife,
 When holy fires maintain Loue's heaunly life!
 But I (so help me Heaun my hopes to see)
 When thousands sought my loue, lou'd none but thee.
 55 Still, as their vain teares my firm vowes did try,
 Alexis, he alone is mine (said I).
 Half true, alas! half false, proues that poor line,
 Alexis is alone; but is not mine.

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The heading in 1648 omits 'Sainte.' These variations from 1648 are interesting:

1st Elegy: Line 9, 'would' for 'should.'

Line 17, our text (1652) drops 'way' inadvertently. TURNBULL tinkers it by reading 'thee' for 'the,' instead of collating the texts.

Line 23, 'its' for 'his.'

" 25, 'when' for 'where.'

" 37, I have adopted 'th' for 'thou' of our text (1652).

2d Elegy: Line 1, our text (1652) misspells 'flead.'

Line 3, *ib.* misprints 'I' am.'

" 10, *ib.* drops 'beauteous' inadvertently. TURNBULL, for a wonder, wakes up here to notice a deficient word; but again, instead of collating his texts, inserts without authority 'lofty.' Had he turned to 1648 edition, he would have found 'beauteous.'

Line 20, I have adopted 'Time's' for 'Time.'

" 23, as in line 17 in 1st Elegy.

" 30, a reference to the 'Love will find out the way,' in the old song 'Over the mountain.' 'Weary' is misprinted 'Wary' in 1670.

3d Elegy: Line 7, 'with' for 'by.'

Line 17, our text (1652) misprints 'Or' for 'O.'

" 20, I accept 't' for 'to.'

" 29, 'The Blessed Virgin' for 'The queen of angels.'

" 41, 'facing' for 'gaping.'

" 43, as in line 17 in 1st Elegy.

" 50, 'hath' for 'haue.'

" 51, 'sweet's' for 'sweet.'

" 54, our text (1652) misprints 'thousand.' G.

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Secular Poetry.

II.

AIRELLES.

278

NOTE.

See Note on page 184 for reference on the title here and elsewhere of 'Airelles.' G.

279



UPON THE KING'S CORONATION. [89]

Sound forth, cœlestiall organs, let heauen's quire
Ravish the dancing orbès, make them mount higher
With nimble capers, & force Atlas tread

Vpon his tiptoos, e're his siluer head
 Shall kisse his golden curthen. Thou glad Isle,
 That swim'st as deepe in joy, as seas, now smile;
 Lett not thy weighty glories, this full tide
 Of blisse, debase thee; but with a just pride
 Swell: swell to such an height, that thou maist vye
 With heauen itselfe for stately majesty.
 Doe not deceiue mee, eyes: doe I not see
 In this blest earth heauen's bright epitome,
 Circled with pure refinèd glory? heere
 I view a rising sunne in this our sphere,
 Whose blazing beames, maugre the blackest night,
 And mists of greife, dare force a joyfull light.
 The gold, in w^{ch} he flames, does well præsaige
 A precious season, & a golden age.
 Doe I not see joy keepe his revels now,
 And sitt triumphing in each cheerfull brow?
 Vnmixt felicity with siluer wings
 Broodeth this sacred place: hither Peace brings
 The choicest of her oliue-crownes, & praies
 To haue them gilded with his courteous raies.
 Doe I not see a Cynthia, who may
 Abash the purest beauties of the day?
 To whom heauen's lampes often in silent night
 Steale from their stations to repaire their light.
 Doe I not see a constellation,
 Each little beame of w^{ch} would make a sunne?
 I meane those three great starres, who well may scorn
 Acquaintance with the vs her of the morne.
 To gaze vpon such starres each humble eye
 Would be ambitious of astronomie
 Who would not be a phœnix, & aspire
 To sacrifice himselfe in such sweet fire?
 Shine forth, ye flaming sparkes of Deity,
 Yee perfect emblemes of divinity.
 Fixt in your spheres of glory, shed from thence,
 The treasures of our liues, your influence,
 For if you sett, who may not justly feare,
 The world will be one ocean, one great teare.

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UPON THE KING'S CORONATION.

Strange metamorphosis! It was but now
 The sullen heauen had vail'd its mournfull brow
 With a black maske: the clouds with child by Greife
 Traueld th' Olympian plaines to find reliefe.
 But at the last (having not soe much power
 As to refraine) brought forth a costly shower
 Of pearly drops, & sent her numerous birth
 (As tokens of her greife) vnto the Earth.
 Alas, the Earth, quick drunke with teares, had reel'd
 From of her center, had not Ioue vpheld
 The staggering lumpe: each eye spent all its store,
 As if heereafter they would weepe noe more:
 Streight from this sea of teares there does appeare
 Full glory naming in her owne free sphere.
 Amazèd Sol throwes of his mournfull weeds,
 Speedily harnessing his fiery steeds,
 Vp to Olympus' stately topp he hies,
 From whence his glorious rivall hee espies.
 Then wondring starts, & had the curteous night
 Withheld her vaile, h' had forfeited his sight.
 The joy full sphæres with a delicious sound
 Afright th' amazèd aire, and dance a round
 To their owne musick, nor (untill they see
 This glorious Phœbus sett) will quiet bee.
 Each aery Siren now hath gott her song,
 To whom the merry lambes doe tripp along
 The laughing meades, as joy full to behold
 Their winter coates couer'd with naming gold.

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Such was the brightnesse of this Northerne starre,
It made the virgin phoenix come from farre
To be repair'd: hither she did resort,
Thinking her father had remou'd his Court.
The lustre of his face did shine soe bright,
That Rome's bold egles now were blinded quite;
The radiant darts shott from his sparkling eyes,
Made euery mortall gladly sacrifice
A heart burning in loue; all did adore
This rising sunne; their faces nothing wore,
But smiles, and ruddy joyes, and at this day
All melancholy clouds vanisht away.

VPON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCESSE ELIZABETH. [90]

Bright starre of Majesty, oh shedd on mee,
A precious influence, as sweet as thee.
That with each word, my loaden pen letts fall,
The fragrant Spring may be perfum'd withall.
That Sol from them may suck an honied shower,
To glutt the stomack of his darling flower.
With such a sugred livery made fine,
They shall proclaime to all, that they are thine.
Lett none dare speake of thee, but such as thence
Extracted haue a balmy eloquence.
But then, alas, my heart! oh how shall I
Cure thee of thy delightfull tympanie?
I cannot hold; such a spring-tide of joy
Must haue a passage, or 'twill force a way.
Yet shall my loyall tongue keepe this comãd:
But giue me leaue to ease it with my hand.
And though these humble lines soare not soe high,
As is thy birth; yet from thy flaming eye
Drop downe one sparke of glory, & they'l proue
A præsent worthy of Apollo's loue.
My quill to thee may not præsume to sing:
Lett th' hallowed plume of a seraphick wing
Bee consecrated to this worke, while I
Chant to my selfe with rustick melodie.

Rich, liberall heauen, what hath yo^r treasure store
Of such bright angells, that you giue vs more?
Had you, like our great sunne, stampèd but one
For earth, t' had beene an ample portion.
Had you but drawne one liuely cobby forth,
That might interpret our faire Cynthia's worth,
Y' had done enough to make the lazy ground
Dance, like the nimble spheres, a joyfull round.
But such is the cœlestiall excellence,
That in the princely patterne shines, from whence
The rest pourtraicted are, that 'tis noe paine
To ravish heauen to limbe them o're againe.
Wittnesse this mapp of beauty; euery part
Of w^{ch} doth show the quintessence of art.
See! nothing's vulgar, every atome heere
Speakes the great wisdom of th' artificer.
Poore Earth hath not enough perfection,
To shaddow forth th' admirèd paragon.
Those sparkling twinnes of light should I now stile
Rich diamonds, sett in a pure siluer foyle;
Or call her cheeke a bed of new-blowne roses;
And say that ivory her front composes;
Or should I say, that with a scarlet waue
Those plumpe soft rubies had bin drest soe braue;
Or that the dying lilly did bestow
Vpon her neck the whitest of his snow;
Or that the purple violets did lace
That hand of milky downe; all these are base;
Her glories I should dimme with things soe grosse,
And foule the cleare text with a muddy glosse.
Goe on then, Heauen, & limbe forth such another,

Draw to this sister miracle a brother;
Compile a first glorious epitome
Of heauen, & Earth, & of all raritie;
And sett it forth in the same happy place,
And I'le not blurre it with my paraphrase.

VPON A GNATT BURNT IN A CANDLE.

Little, buzzing, wanton elfe
Perish there, and thanke thy selfe.
Thou deseru'st thy life to loose,
For distracting such a Muse.
Was it thy ambitious aime
By thy death to purchase fame?
Didst thou hope he would in pittie
Haue bestow'd a funerall ditty
On thy ghoast? and thou in that
To haue outliuèd Virgill's gnatt?
No! The treason thou hast wrought
Might forbid thee such a thought.
If that Night's worke doe miscarry,
Or a syllable but vary;
A greater foe thou shalt me find,
The destruction of thy kind.
Phœbus, to revenge thy fault,
In a fiery trapp thee caught;
That thy wingèd mates might know it,
And not dare disturbe a poet.
Deare and wretched was thy sport,
Since thyselfe was crushèd for't;
Scarcely had that life a breath,
Yet it found a double death;
Playing in the golden flames,
Thou fell'st into an inky Thames;
Scorch'd and drown'd. That petty sunne
A pretty Icarus hath vndone.

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FROM PETRONIUS. [91]

Ales Phasiacis petita Colchis, &c.

The bird that's fetch't from Phasis floud,
Or choicest hennes of Africk-brood;
These please our palates; and why these?
'Cause they can but seldome please.
Whil'st the goose soe goodly white,
And the drake, yeeld noe delight,
Though his wings' conceited hewe
Paint each feather, as if new.
These for vulgar stomacks be,
And rellish not of rarity.
But the dainty Scarus, sought
In farthest clime; what e're is bought
With shipwrack's toile, oh, that is sweet,
'Cause the quicksands hansell'd it.
The pretious barbill, now growne rife,
Is cloying meat. How stale is wife?

Deare wife hath ne're a handsome letter,
Sweet mistris sounds a great deale better.
Rose quakes at name of cinnamon.
Unlesse't be rare, what's thought vpon?

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FROM HORACE.

Ille et ne fasto te posuit die, &c.

Shame of thy mother soyle! ill-nurtur'd tree!
Sett, to the mischeife of posteritie!
That hand (what e're it wer) that was thy nurse,
Was sacrilegious (sure) or somewhat worse.
Black, as the day was dismall, in whose sight
Thy rising topp first stain'd the bashfull light.
That man--I thinke—wrested the feeble life
From his old father, that man's barbarous knife
Conspir'd with darknes 'gainst the strangers throate;
(Whereof the blushing walles tooke bloody note)
Huge high-floune poysons, eu'n of Colchos breed,
And whatsoe're wild sinnes black thoughts doe feed,
His hands haue padled in; his hands, that found
Thy traiterous root a dwelling in my ground.
Perfidious totterer! longing for the staines
Of thy kind Master's well-deseruing braines.
Man's daintiest care, & caution cannot spy
The subtile point of his coy destiny,
W^{ch} way it threats. With feare the merchant's mind
Is plough'd as deepe, as is the sea with wind,
(Rowz'd in an angry tempest), Oh the sea!
Oh! that's his feare; there flotes his destiny:
While from another (vnseene) corner blowes
The storme of fate, to w^{ch} his life he owes;
By Parthians bow the soldier lookes to die,
(Whose hands are fighting, while their feet doe flie.)
The Parthian starts at Rome's imperiall name,
Fledg'd with her eagle's wing; the very chaine
Of his captivity rings in his eares.
Thus, ô thus fondly doe wee pitch our feares
Farre distant from our fates, our fates, that mocke
Our giddy feares with an vnlook't for shocke.
A little more, & I had surely seene
Thy greisly Majesty, Hell's blackest Queene;
And Cæacus on his tribunall too,
Sifting the soules of guilt; & you, (oh you!)
You euer-blushing meads, where doe the blest
Farre from darke horrors home appeale to rest.
There amorous Sappho plaines vpon her lute
Her loue's crosse fortune, that the sad dispute
Runnes murmuring on the strings. Alcæus there
In high-built numbers wakes his golden lyre
To tell the world, how hard the matter went,
How hard by sea, by warre, by banishment.
There these braue soules deale to each wondring eare
Such words, soe precious, as they may not weare
Without religious silence; aboue all
Warre's ratling tumults, or some tyrant's fall.
The thronging clotted multitude doth feast:
What wonder? when the hundred-headed beast
Hangs his black lugges, stroakt with those heavenly lines;
The Furies' curl'd snakes meet in gentle twines,
And stretch their cold limbes in a pleasing fire.

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ears

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Prometheus selfe, and Pelops stervèd sire
Are cheated of their paines; Orion thinkes
Of lions now noe more, or spotted linx.

EX EUPHORMIONE.

O Dea, siderei seu tu stirpe alma tonantis, &c.

Bright goddesse (whether Jove thy father be,
Or Jove a father will be made by thee)
Oh crowne these praies (mov'd in a happy bower)
But with one cordiall smile for Cloe. That power
Of Loue's all-daring hand, that makes me burne,
Makes me confess't. Oh, doe not thou with scorne,
Great nymph, o'relooke my lownesse. Heau'n you know
And all their fellow-deities will bow
Eu'n to the naked'st vowes. Thou art my fate;
To thee the Parcæ haue given vp of late
My threds of life: if then I shall not live
By thee, by thee yet lett me die; this giue,
High Beautie's soveraigne, that my funerall flames
May draw their first breath from thy starry beames.
The phœnix' selfe shall not more proudly burne,
That fetcheth fresh life from her fruitfull vrne.

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AN ELEGY VPON THE DEATH OF MR. STANNINOW,

FELLOW OF QUEENE'S COLLEDGE.^[92]

Hath aged winter, fledg'd with feathered raine,
To frozen Caucasus his flight now tane?
Doth hee in downy snow there closely shrowd
His bedrid limmes, wrapt in a fleecy clowd?
Is th' Earth disrobèd of her apron white,
Kind Winter's gift, & in a greene one dight?
Doth she beginne to dandle in her lappe
Her painted infants, fedd with pleasant pappe,
W^{ch} their bright father in a pretious showre
From heaven's sweet milky streame doth gently poure
Doth blith Apollo cloath the heavens with joye,
And with a golden waue wash cleane away
Those durty smutches, w^{ch} their faire fronts wore,
And make them laugh, w^{ch} frown'd, & wept before?
If heaven hath now forgot to weepe; ô then
What meane these shoures of teares amongst vs men?
These cataracts of grieffe, that dare eu'n vie
With th' richest cloudes their pearly treasure?
If Winters gone, whence this vntimely cold,
That on these snowy limmes hath laid such hold?
What more than winter hath that dire art found,
These purple currents hedg'd with violets round.
To corrallize, w^{ch} softly wont to slide
In crimson wauellets, & in scarlet tide?
If Flora's darlings now awake from sleepe,
And out of their greene mantletts dare to peepe
O tell me then, what rude outragious blast
Forc't this prime flowre of youth to make such hast?

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To hide his blooming glories, & bequeath
 His balmy treasure to the bedd of death?
 'Twas not the frozen zone; one sparke of fire,
 Shott from his flaming eye, had thaw'd its ire,
 And made it burne in loue: 'twas not the rage,
 And too vngentle nippe of frosty age:
 'Twas not the chast, & purer snow, whose nest
 Was in the mōdest nunnery of his brest:
 Noe, none of these ravish't those virgin roses,
 The Muses, & the Graces fragrant posies.
 W^{ch}, while they smiling sate vpon his face,
 They often kist, & in the sugred place
 Left many a starry teare, to thinke how soone
 The golden harvest of our joyes, the noone
 Of all our glorious hopes should fade,
 And be eclipsèd with an envious shade.
 Noe 'twas old doting Death, who stealing by,
 Dragging his crooked burthen, look't awry,
 And streight his amorous syth (greedy of blisse)
 Murdred the Earth's just pride with a rude kisse.
 A wingèd herald, gladd of soe sweet a prey,
 Snatch't vpp the falling starre, soe richly gay,
 And plants it in a precious perfum'd bedd,
 Amongst those lillies, w^{ch} his bosome bredd.
 Where round about hovers with siluer wing
 A golden Summer, an æternall Spring.
 Now that his root such fruit againe may beare,
 Let each eye water't with a courteous teare.

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UPON THE DEATH OF A FREIND.

Hee's dead! Oh what harsh musick's there
 Vnto a choyce, and curious eare!
 Wee must that Discord surely call,
 Since sighs doe rise and teares doe fall.
 Teares fall too low, sighes rise too high,
 How then can there be harmony?
 But who is he? him may wee know
 That jarres and spoiles sweet consort soe?
 O Death, 'tis thou: you false time keepe,
 And stretch'st thy dismall voice too deepe.
 Long time to quavering Age you giue,
 But to large Youth, short time to liue.
 You take vpon you too too much,
 In striking where you should not touch.
 How out of tune the world now lies,
 Since youth must fall, when it should rise!
 Gone be all consort, since alone
 He that once bore the best part's gone.
 Whose whole life, musick was; wherein
 Each vertue for a part came in.
 And though that musick of his life be still,
 The musick of his name yett soundeth shrill.

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AN ELEGIE ON THE DEATH OF DR. PORTER. ^[93]

Stay, silver-footed Came, striue not to wed
 Thy maiden streames soe soone to Neptune's bed;
 Fixe heere thy wat'ry eyes upon these towers,
 Vnto whose feet in reuerence of the powers,
 That there inhabite, thou on euery day
 With trembling lippes an humble kisse do'st pay.
 See all in mourning now; the walles are jett,
 With pearly papers carelesly besett.
 Whose snowy cheekes, least joy should be exprest,
 The weeping pen with sable teares hath drest.

Their wrongèd beauties speake a tragœdy,
 Somewhat more horrid than an elegy.
 Pure, & vnmixèd cruelty they tell,
 W^{ch} poseth Mischeife's selfe to parallel.
 Justice hath lost her hand, the law her head;
 Peace is an orphan now; her father's dead.
 Honestie's nurse, Vertue's blest guardian,
 That heauenly mortall, that seraphick man.
 Enough is said, now, if thou canst crowd on
 Thy lazy crawling streames, pri'thee be gone,
 And murmur forth thy woes to euery flower,
 That on thy bankes sits in a uerdant bower,
 And is instructed by thy glassy waue
 To paint its perfum'd face wth colours braue.
 In vailles of dust their silken heads they'le hide,
 As if the oft-departing sunne had dy'd.
 Goe learne that fatall quire, soe sprucely dight
 In downy surplisses, & vestments white,
 To sing their saddest dirges, such as may
 Make their scar'd soules take wing, & fly away.
 Lett thy swolne breast discharge thy strugling groanes
 To th' churlish rocks; & teach the stubborne stones
 To melt in gentle drops, lett them be heard
 Of all proud Neptune's siluer-sheilded guard;
 That greife may crack that string, & now vntie
 Their shackled tongues to chant an elegie.
 Whisper thy plaints to th' Ocean's curteous eares,
 Then weepe thyselfe into a sea of teares.
 A thousand Helicons the Muses send
 In a bright christall tide, to thee they send,
 Leaving those mines of nectar, their sweet fountaines,
 They force a lilly path through rosy mountaines.
 Feare not to dy with greife; all hubling eyes
 Are teeming now with store of fresh supplies.

VERSE-LETTER

TO

THE COUNTESS OF DENBIGH

(1652).

NOTE.

To the volume of 1652 ('Carmen Deo Nostro' &c.) was prefixed a Verse-letter to the COUNTESS OF DENBIGH, illustrated with an engraving of a 'locked heart,' as reproduced in our quarto edition. In 1653 ('Sept. 23, 1653'), as appears from a contemporary marking in the unique copy in the British Museum, the following was printed: 'A Letter from MR. CRASHAW to the Countess of Denbigh. Against Irresolution and Delay in matters of Religion. London, n.d.'(4to). Collation: title-page and 3 pages, page 1st on reverse of title-page (British Museum E. 220. 2.). The Paris copy is very imperfect from some unexplained reason (68 as against 90 lines), and it would seem that some friend of the deceased poet, dissatisfied with it, and having in his (or her) possession a fuller ms., printed, if not published it. We give the enlarged text—never before noticed, having been only named, without taking the trouble to consult and compare it, by TURNBULL; and for the student add the abbreviated form from 1652 'Carmen,' as it, in turn, has lines and words not in the other. See our Essay for more on this most characteristic poem, and relative to the Countess of Denbigh. G.



AGAINST IRRESOLUTION AND DELAY IN MATTERS OF RELIGION.

1 What Heav'n-besiegèd heart is this
 Stands trembling at the Gate of Blisse:
 Holds fast the door, yet dares not venture
 Fairly to open and to enter?
5 Whose definition is, A Doubt
 'Twixt life and death, 'twixt In and Out.
 Ah! linger not, lov'd soul: a slow
 And late consent was a long No.
 Who grants at last, a great while try'de
10 And did his best, to have deny'de
 What magick-bolts, what mystick barrs
 Maintain the Will in these strange warrs?
 What fatall, yet fantastick, bands
 Keep the free heart from his own hands?
15 Say, lingring Fair, why comes the birth
 Of your brave soul so slowly forth?
 Plead your pretences (O you strong
 In weaknesse!) why you chuse so long
 In labour of your self to ly,
20 Not daring quite to live nor die.
 So when the Year takes cold we see
 Poor waters their own prisoners be:
 Fetter'd and lock'd up fast they lie
 In a cold self-captivity.
25 Th' astonish'd Nymphs their Floud's strange fate deplore,
 find themselves their own severer shoar.
 Love, that lends haste to heaviest things,
 In you alone hath lost his wings.
 Look round and reade the World's wide face,
30 The field of Nature or of Grace;
 Where can you fix, to find excuse
 Or pattern for the pace you use?
 Mark with what faith fruits answer flowers,
 And know the call of Heav'n's kind showers:
35 Each mindfull plant hasts to make good
 The hope and promise of his bud.
 Seed-time's not all; there should be harvest too.
 Alas! and has the Year no Spring for you?
 Both winds and waters urge their way,
40 And murmure if they meet a stay.
 Mark how the curl'd waves work and wind,
 All hating to be left behind.
 Each bigge with businesse thrusts the other,
 And seems to say, Make haste, my brother.
45 The aiery nation of neat doves,
 That draw the chariot of chast Loves,
 Chide your delay: yea those dull things,
 Whose wayes have least to doe with wings,
 Make wings at least of their own weight,
50 And by their love controll their Fate.
 So lumpish steel, untaught to move,
 Learn'd first his lightnesse by his love.
 What e're Love's matter be, he moves
 By th' even wings of his own doves,
55 Lives by his own laws, and does hold
 In grossest metalls his own gold.
 All things swear friends to Fair and Good
 Yea suitours; man alone is wo'ed,
 Tediously wo'ed, and hardly wone:
60 Only not slow to be undone.
 As if the bargain had been driven
 So hardly betwixt Earth and Heaven;

65 Our God would thrive too fast, and be
 Too much a gainer by't, should we
 Our purchas'd selves too soon bestow
 On Him, who has not lov'd us so.
 When love of us call'd Him to see
 If wee'd vouchsafe His company,
 He left His Father's Court, and came
 70 Lightly as a lambent flame,
 Leaping upon the hills, to be
 The humble king of you and me.
 Nor can the cares of His whole crown
 (When one poor sigh sends for Him down)
 75 Detain Him, but He leaves behind
 The late wings of the lazy wind,
 Spurns the tame laws of Time and Place,
 And breaks through all ten heav'ns to our embrace.
 Yield to His siege, wise soul, and see
 80 Your triumph in His victory.
 Disband dull feares, give Faith the day:
 To save your life, kill your Delay.
 'Tis cowardise that keeps this field;
 And want of courage not to yield.
 85 Yield then, O yield, that Love may win
 The Fort at last, and let Life in.
 Yield quickly, lest perhaps you prove
 Death's prey, before the prize of Love.
 This fort of your fair self if't be not wone,
 90 He is repuls'd indeed, but you'r undone.

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FINIS.

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FROM 'CARMEN DEO NOSTRO' (1652).

Non vi.

'Tis not the work of force but skill
 To find the way into man's will.
 'Tis loue alone can hearts unlock;
 Who knowes the Word, he needs not knock.'

To the noblest and best of Ladyes, the Countesse of Denbigh, perswading her to Resolution in Religion, and to render her selfe without further delay into the Communion of the Catholick Church.

1 What heau'n-intreated heart is this
 Stands trembling at the gate of blisse?
 Holds fast the door, yet dares not venture
 Fairly to open it, and enter.
 5 Whose definition is a doubt
 'Twixt life and death, 'twixt in and out.
 Say, lingring Fair! why comes the birth
 Of your brave soul so slowly forth?
 Plead your pretences (O you strong
 10 In weaknes!) why you choose so long
 In labor of your selfe to ly,
 Nor daring quite to liue nor dy?

Ah! linger not, lou'd soul! a slow
 And late consent was a long no;
 15 Who grants at last, long time try'd
 And did his best to haue deny'd:
 What magick bolts, what mystick barres
 Maintain the will in these strange warres?
 What fatall yet fantastick, bands
 20 Keep the free heart from its own hands?
 So when the year takes cold, we see
 Poor waters their own prisoners be:
 Fetter'd and lockt vp they ly
 In a sad selfe-captivity.
 25 The astonisht nymphs their flood's strange fate deplore,
 To see themselues their own seuerer shore.
 Thou that alone canst thaw this cold,
 And fetch the heart from its strong-hold;
 Almighty Love! end this long warr,
 30 And of a meteor make a starr.
 O fix this fair Indefinite!
 And 'mongst Thy shafts of soueraign light
 Choose out that sure decisiue dart
 Which has the key of this close heart,
 35 Knowes all the corners of't, and can controul
 The self-shutt cabinet of an vnsearcht soul.
 O let it be at last, Loue's hour!
 Raise this tall trophee of Thy powre;
 Come once the conquering way; not to confute
 40 But kill this rebell-word 'irresolute,'
 That so, in spite of all this peeuish strength
 Of weaknes, she may write 'resolv'd' at length.
 Vnfold at length, vnfold fair flowre
 And vse the season of Loue's showre!
 45 Meet His well-meaning wounds, wise heart,
 And hast to drink the wholesome dart.
 That healing shaft, which Heaun till now
 Hath in Loue's quiuer hid for you.
 O dart of Loue! arrow of light!
 50 O happy you, if it hitt right!
 It must not fall in vain, it must
 Not mark the dry, regardless dust.
 Fair one, it is your fate; and brings
 Æternal worlds upon its wings.
 55 Meet it with wide-spread armes, and see
 Its seat your soul's iust center be.
 Disband dull feares; giue faith the day;
 To saue your life, kill your delay.
 It is Loue's seege, and sure to be
 60 Your triumph, though His victory.
 'Tis cowardise that keeps this feild
 And want of courage not to yeild.
 Yeild then, O yeild, that Loue may win
 The fort at last, and let life in.
 65 Yeild quickly, lest perhaps you proue
 Death's prey, before the prize of Loue.
 This fort of your faire selfe, if't be not won,
 He is repulst indeed; but you are vndone.

END OF VOL. I.

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FOOTNOTES:

- [1] TURNBULL in line 19 misprints 'Diseased his ...' making nonsense. Disease is = disease, discompose, as used by PHINEAS FLETCHER: cf. vol. iii. p. 194 et alibi.
- [2] TURNBULL again misprints in line 3 'But' for 'Best,' once more making nonsense.
- [3] Edition of 1834, p. 295; of 1839, vol. i. p. 301. TURNBULL adds not one iota to our knowledge, and repeats all WILLMOTT's erroneous dates, &c.
- [4] The present eminent Head of 'Charterhouse,' Dr. HAIG-BROWN, strove to find earlier

documents in vain for me.

[5] As before, vol. ii. p. 302.

[6] I feel disposed to think that it must have been some other RICHARD CRASHAW, albeit attendance at both Universities was not uncommon. WOOD's words are, that he was 'incorporated' in 1641 at Oxford; and his authority 'the private observation of a certain Master of Arts, that was this year living in the University;' and he adds, 'afterwards he was Master of Arts, in which degree it is probable he was incorporated' (Fasti, s. n.).

[7] I owe very hearty thanks to my good friend Mr. W. Aldis Wright, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, and to the Masters and other authorities of Pembroke and Peterhouse, for unfailing attention to my inquiries and the most zealous aid throughout.

[8] My 'document' was an extract from an old Register of the Church. I lent it to the late Mr. ROBERT BELL (who intended to include CRASHAW in his 'Poets'), and somehow it got astray. My priest-correspondent at Loretto was dead when I applied for another copy, and the Register has disappeared. Of the fact, however, that CRASHAW died in 1650 there can be no doubt.

[9] Life of COWLEY, in Lives of the Poets.

[10] Works, vol. i. (1707) pp. 44-7. Line 3 by a strange oversight is misprinted in all the editions I have seen 'The hard, and rarest....' I accept WILLMOTT's correction.

[11] Query, the legal term 'seized' = taken possession of? So VAUGHAN, Silurist,

'O give it ful obedience, that so *seiz'd*
Of all I have, I may not move thy wrath' (i. 154),

and

'Thou so long *seiz'd* of my heart' (ib. p. 289). G.

[12] = Iamblichus, the celebrated Neo-Platonic philosopher, author of [Greek: περὶ Πυθαγόρου αἰρέσεως], concerning the Philosophy of Pythagoras. G.

[13] Cf. poem on Lessius, lines 18 and 38. G.

[14] See our Memorial-Introduction and Essay, for remarks on HERBERT's relation to CRASHAW. G.

[15] '*Seven shares and a halfe.*' The same phrase occurs in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*. The player whom Captain Tucca bullied and fleeced, was one of Henslowe's company, as shown by Tucca's stinging taunt that they had 'fortune and the good year on their side;' the facts being that the Fortune theatre had just been built, and that the year had been an exceptionally bad one with the hitherto prosperous players. To call attention tacitly to the allusion 'fortune' is, in the original editions, printed in italics. Various other players having been mimicked, ridiculed, and reviled, Tucca then bids farewell to his new acquaintance with—'commend me to seven shares and a half;' a remark which by its position seems to point to the chief men of the company. But a great part of the office of a manager like Henslowe was, as exhibited in Henslowe's own Diary, just such as is depreciatingly described in our text. He had various dramatic authors, poetasters, and others in his pay and debt. Hence as the Poetaster was written in 1601, and this preface in 1646, it may be concluded, that 'seven shares and a half' was the established proportion taken by, and therefore a theatrical cant name for, the Manager. It follows also that as the Player was one of Henslowe's company, the seven shares and a half alluded to by Jonson was Henslowe himself, from whom he had seceded, and with whom he had probably quarrelled. The question, however, yet remains open, whether seven shares and a half was the proportion received by a manager, or that taken by a proprietor-manager, such as Henslowe was. Malone has conjectured that Henslowe drew fifteen shares; if so, the other seven and a half may have been as rent, and out of one of the two halves may have come the general expenses of the house. G.

[16] '*Sixpenny soule, a suburb sinner.*' This was the ordinary town courtesan, who, eschewing the penny and twopenny rabble of the pit and gallery, frequented the cheapest of the better-class seats, or main body of the house. G.

[17] = swollen. G.

[18] = as taught by Lessius, whose praise CRASHAW sang. See the Poem in its place in the 'Delights.' G.

[19] = drinkers of Canary (wine)? G.

[20] On the authorship of this Preface see our Preface. G.

[21] This couplet appeared first in 1648 edition of the 'Steps to the Temple;' but it properly belongs to the engraving in 'Carmen Deo Nostro' of 1652, which is reproduced in our illustrated 4to edition. G.

[22] 'The Weeper' appeared originally in the 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 1-5): was reprinted in editions of 1648 (pp. 1-6), 1652 (pp. 85-92), 1670 (pp. 1-5). For reasons stated in our Preface, our text follows that of 1652; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem for details of various readings, &c. &c., and our Essay for critical remarks on it from POPE to DR. GEORGE MACDONALD. G.

[23] Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 7-9): reprinted in 1652 and 1670. As

before, our text is that of 1652 (pp. 55-61); but see Notes and Illustrations at close. The illustration, engraved by MESAGER, is reproduced in our illustrated quarto edition. G.

- [24] Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 6-7); reprinted in 1648 (pp. 9-11) and 1670 editions. As it does not appear in 'Carmen Deo Nostro,' &c. (1652), our text follows that of 1648; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.
- [25] Most of 'The Office of the Holy Crosse' appeared in the 'Steps' of 1648, but in a fragmentary form. First came a piece 'Upon our B. Saviour's Passion,' which included all the Hymns. Then 'the Antiphona,' which was the last so called here; then 'the Recommendation of the precedent Hymn;' then 'a Prayer;' and lastly, 'Christ's Victory,' including three other of the verses, called 'the Antiphona.' Our text is from 'Carmen Deo Nostro' &c. of 1652, as before (pp. 31-48)—the engraving in which is reproduced in our illustrated quarto edition. See Notes and Illustrations at close of this composition. G.
- [26] Mors et vita duello
Confluxero mirando:
Dux vitæ mortuus, regnat vivus.
- Latin Sequence* 12th-13th century: Vict. Pasch. G.
- [27] The engraving of our text (1652) here, is reproduced in our illustrated quarto edition. For the Latin 'Expostulatio' belonging thereto, see our vol. ii. G.
- [28] Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 30-1); reprinted in 1652 (pp. 49-51) and 1670 (pp. 174-6). Our text is that of 1652, as before. See Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.
- [29] Originally appeared in 'Steps' of 1646 (p. 15); was reprinted in editions 1648 (pp. 21-2) and 1670 (p. 15). Our text is that of 1648: but there are only slight orthographic differences in the others. G.
- [30] Appeared originally in the 'Steps' of 1646 (p. 21): was reprinted in 1648 (p. 29) and 1670 (p. 22). Our text is that of 1648, but the others are the same except in the usual changes of orthography. The SANCROFT MS. in line 7 reads 'Then shall He drink;' line 9, 'My paines are in their nonage: my young feares;' line 10 I have adopted, instead of 'Are yet both in their hopes, not come to yeares,' which isn't English; line 12, 'are tender;' line 14, 'a towardnesse.' I have arranged these poems in numbered couplets as in the SANCROFT MS. I insert 'd,' dropped by misprint in 1648, but found in 1646 (line 13). G.
- [31] Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 21, 22): was reprinted in editions of 1648 (pp. 29, 30) and 1670 (pp. 22, 23). Our text is that of 1648; but all agree save in usual orthographic slight changes. In 1646 stanza ii. line 2 spells 'too' as 'two.' The SANCROFT MS. varies only, as usual, in the orthography. G.
- [32] Appeared originally in the 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 23, 24): was reprinted in editions of 1648 (pp. 32, 33), 1652 (pp. 61-63) and 1670 (pp. 24, 25). Our text is that of 1652, as before, but with an entire stanza from 1646 overlooked. See Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.
- [33] Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 33-40); was reprinted in 1652 (pp. 1-9) and 1670 (pp. 146-153). Our text is that of 1652, as before, and its engraving here is reproduced in our illustrated 4to edition. See Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.
- [34] Appeared originally in the 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 25-27): was reprinted in editions of 1648 (pp. 40-42) and 1670 (pp. 26-28). Our text is that of 1648: but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.
- [35] Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 27, 28): reprinted in editions of 1648 (pp. 42, 43) and 1670 (pp. 28, 29). Our text is that of 1648, with which the others agree, except in usual slight changes of orthography, and the following adopted from the SANCROFT MS.: line 7, a second 'they' inserted; line 17, 'than' for 'then;' line 21 'vnpearch't' = without perch or support. G.
- [36] Appeared originally in the 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 28-31): reprinted in editions of 1648 (pp. 43-47), 1652 (pp. 10-16) and 1670 (pp. 29-32). Our text is that of 1652, as before, and its engraving here, is reproduced in our illustrated quarto edition. See Notes and Illustrations at close of this composition. G.
- [37] Appeared originally in the 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 94, 95), where it is headed 'An Himne for the Circumcision day of our Lord:' reprinted in edition of 1648 (pp. 47, 48) with 'A' for 'An' in heading, and in the 'Carmen &c.' of 1652 (pp. 17, 18), being there entitled simply 'New Year's Day,' and in the edition of 1670 (pp. 72-74). Our text is that of 1652, as before, but there are only slight differences besides the usual orthographical ones, in any. See Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.
- [38] Appeared originally in the 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 48-55), reprinted in 'Carmen' &c. of 1652 (pp. 19-28) and in 1670 (pp. 153-161). Our text is that of 1652, as before: but see close for Notes and Illustrations. In our illustrated quarto edition we reproduce the engraving here of 1652. G.
- [39] Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 55, 56): reprinted in editions of 1652 (pp. 29, 30) and 1670 (pp. 161, 162). Our text is that of 1652, as before: but see Notes at close of the poem. G.
- [40] Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 22, 23): reprinted in 1648 (pp. 56, 57) and

in 1670 (pp. 23, 24). Our text is that of 1648, with the exception of reading in line 10, 'live' for 'lives,' from 1646 (and so in 1670). Other slight differences are simply in orthography, and not noted. In the SANCROFT MS. the heading is 'Vpon Christ's Resurrection.' G.

- [41] For critical remarks on the present very striking expansion and interpretation rather than translation of MARINO, the Reader is referred to our Essay. The SANCROFT MS. must have contained this poem, for it is inserted in the index; but unfortunately the pages of the MS. containing it have disappeared. It was first published in the 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 51-73), and was reprinted in the editions of 1648 and 1670: and separately, with a brief introduction, a few years since. Our text is that of 1648 (pp. 57-74); but it differs from the edition of 1646 only in slight changes of spelling, *e.g.* 'hee' for 'he,' 'guild' for 'gild,' and the like—not calling for record. The edition of 1670, in st. i. line 3, misprints 'so what' for 'O what,' and TURNBULL repeats the error, and of himself misreads in st. xxii. 'Who thunders on a throne of stars above' for 'Who in a throne of stars thunders above,' and in like manner in st. xxiv. line 8 substitutes 'getting' for 'finding,' and in st. xxvi. line 3 'serve' for 'serves.' Again in st. li. first line of which is left partially blank, from (probably) the illegibility of CRASHAW'S MS., TURNBULL tacitly fills in, 'By proud usurping Herod now was borne,' and in line 3 misprints 'lineage' for 'image'—fetching it from the 'linage' of 1670—a plausible reading, yet scarcely in keeping with the verb 'worn.' So too, besides lesser orthographic alterations, in st. xxxvi. line 2 he does not detect the stupid misprint 'whose' for 'my,' nor that of 'fight' for 'sight' in st. xlvii. line 8, while in st. lxi. he drops 'all,' which even the 1670 edition does not do, any more than is it responsible for a tithe of TURNBULL'S mistakes here and throughout. G.
- [42] Appeared first in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 74-75): was reprinted in 1652 (pp. 66-69) and 1670 (pp. 185-187). Our text is that of 1652: but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem, and our Essay for critical remarks. The engraving of 1652 is reproduced in our illustrated quarto edition. G.
- [43] Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 76-78), where the title is 'A Hymne on the B. Sacrament:' reprinted in 1652 (pp. 70-73) and 1670 (pp. 187-190). Our text is that of 1652; but see Notes at close of the poem. G.
- [44] Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 74-78), where it is headed 'On a prayer booke sent to Mrs. M.R.:' was reprinted in 1648 (pp. 78-82), where the title differs from that of 1652 (pp. 108-112) in leaving out 'Prayer' and 'little,' and in 1670 as in 1646. Our text is that of 1652; but see Notes and Illustrations at close and on M.R. in our Essay. G.
- [45] Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 82-84), and was reprinted in 1670 (pp. 198-200). Our text is that of 1648; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.
- [46] Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 84-5): reprinted in 1652 (pp. 121-2) and 1670 (pp. 204-5). Our text is that of 1652, as before; but see Notes at close of the poem. G.
- [47] Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (p. 78): reprinted in editions of 1648 (pp. 88-9) and 1670 (p. 60). Our text is that of 1648, with a few adopted readings as noted onward. See our Essay on Crashaw's relation to Herbert. In the SANCROFT MS. the heading is 'Vpon Herbert's Temple, sent to a Gentlewoman. R. CR.' Line 3 in the MS. spells 'fire,' and has 'faire' before 'eyes;' adopted: line 5th, books were used to be tied with strings: line 6th, 1646, 'you have ... th': line 7th, MS. reads 'would' for 'will;' adopted: line 8th, 'to waite on your chast.' G.
- [48] Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 79-84): reprinted in editions of 1648 (pp. 89-94), 1652 (pp. 93-100), and 1670 (pp. 61-67). Our text is that of 1652, as before, and its engraving of the Saint's portrait, and French lines here, are reproduced in our illustrated quarto edition. See Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem, and our Essay on Teresa and Crashaw. G.
- [49] Appeared originally in the 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 85-6): reprinted in editions of 1648 (pp. 97-8) and 1670 (pp. 67-8). Our text is that of 1648. See our Essay for the biographic interest of this poem, and also Notes at its close. G.
- [50] Appeared originally in 1648 'Steps' (pp. 94-6): reprinted in editions of 1652 (pp. 103-107) and 1670 (pp. 194-7). Our text is that of 1652, as before. G.
- [51] Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (p. 98): reprinted in 1652 (p. 107) and 1670 (pp. 197-8). Our text is that of 1652, as before; but the only difference in the others is (except the usual slight changes in orthography), that in 1648, 2d part, line 5 reads 'longing' for 'louing,' which I have adopted, as pointing back to the 'longing' of the 1st part, line 2. The title I take from 1648, as in 1652 it is simply 'A Song.' G.
- [52] Appeared originally in the 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 90-1): reprinted in 1648 (pp. 99-101), 1652 (pp. 81-3), 1670 (pp. 70-2). Our text is that of 1652, as before; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.
- [53] From 'Five Pious and Learned Discourses':
1. A Sermon shewing how we ought to behave our selves in God's house.
 2. A Sermon preferring holy Charity before Faith, Hope and Knowledge.
 3. A Treatise shewing that God's Law now qualified by the Gospel of Christ, is possible, and ought to be fulfilled of us in this life.
 4. A Treatise of the Divine attributes.

5. A Treatise shewing the Antichrist not to be yet come.

By Robert Shelford, of Ringsfield in Suffolk, Priest. Printed by the printers to the Universitie of Cambridge. 1635 [quarto]. See Note at close of the poem, and our Essay, for more on Shelford. G.

- [54] Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 106-7), where it is headed 'A Hymne in Meditation of the Day of Judgement:' reprinted 1652 (pp. 74-78), 1670 (pp. 191-4). Our text is that of 1652, and its engraving here is reproduced in our illustrated quarto edition. See our Essay for critical remarks on this great version of a supreme hymn. G.
- [55] Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 107-9): reprinted 1652 (pp. 52-54) and 1670 (pp. 176-8). Our text is that of 1652, as before. In 1648 lines 1 and 2 read 'you' for 'thee;' and line 33 'Thou' for 'you,' the latter adopted. G.
- [56] Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 109-110): reprinted 1652 (pp. 79-80) and 1670 (pp. 194-5). Our text is that of 1652, as before, and its engraving here is reproduced in our illustrated quarto edition in two forms (one hitherto unknown) from the Bodleian copy. G.
- [57] Appeared first in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 96-9): reprinted in 1648 (pp. 111-113), 1652 (pp. 128-131), and 1670 (pp. 74-77). Our text is that of 1652, as before; with the exception of better readings from 1646, as noted below. See our Memorial Introduction and Essay for notices of the friendship of Cowley and Crashaw. G.
- [58] As with Cowley's lines: see foot-note *ante*. G.
- [59] See our Essay for critical remarks on this and related poems. G.
- [60] May be 'kings;' but the ms. doubtful. G.
- [61] Appeared originally in 'Delights' of 1646 (pp. 103-7): was reprinted in 1648 (pp. 1-5), and 1670 (pp. 81-6). Our text is that of 1648, as before; but all agree. See Notes and Illustrations at close of this poem for other two earlier translations, and our Essay for the original Latin, with critical remarks. In our illustrated quarto edition will be found a pathetic and daintily-rendered illustration, done expressly for us by Mrs. Blackburn of Glasgow, and engraved by W.J. Linton, Esq. G.
- [62] Appeared originally in the 'Delights' of 1646 (pp. 110-1), and was reprinted in editions 1648 (pp. 7-8) and 1670 (pp. 106-7). Our text is that of 1648, as before, with the exception of 'gentlest' for 'gentle' from 1646 edition (line 2d), which is confirmed by the SANCROFT MS. The MS. in line 10 reads 'chatting:' line 16, I have corrected the usual reading of 'bosome' by 'blosome,' from the SANCROFT MS. The heading of the MS. is 'E Virg. Georg. particula. In laudem Veris. R. Cr.' *i.e.* Georg. ii. 323-345. G.
- [63] Appeared originally in the 'Delights' of 1646 (pp. 111): was reprinted in 1648 (p. 8) and 1670 (p. 107). Our text is that of 1648, as before; but all agree. G.
- [64] Our text is from the 'Hygiasticon' of LESSIUS in the English translation of 1636, the title-page of which is as follows: 'Hygiasticon: or the right course of preserving Life and Health unto extream old Age: Together with soundnesse and integritie of the Senses, Iudgement, and Memorie. Written in Latine by LEONARD LESSIUS, and now done into English. The third Edition. Cambridge, 1636.' [42mo.] It is there entitled 'To the Reader, upon the Book's intent,' and begins at line 15; these opening lines being taken from the 'Delights' of 1646 (pp. 112-3). See our Essay for remarks on this poem, and at close Notes and various readings. G.
- [65] Appeared originally in 'Delights' of 1646 (p. 114): was reprinted in 1648 (p. 10) and 1670 (pp. 109-110). Our text is that of 1648; but all agree. Our Poet has turned the prose of the original into verse (*Æthiopica*, lib. i. cap. 1). There was an early English translation of the whole, as follows: 'Heliodorus, his *Æthiopian* History: Done out of Greeke, and compared with other Translations. 1622' [quarto]. In line 2, 1646 and 1670 read 'in' for 'with:' line 7, 1646 misprints 'thy' for 'they.' The heading in the SANCROFT MS. is 'The faire *Æthiopian*, R. Cr.' TURNBULL perpetuates 1670's misprint of 'in' for 'with' in line 2, and adds one of his own in line 26, by misprinting 'guest' for 'guests.' G.
- [66] Appeared originally in the 'Delights' of 1646 (pp. 115-117): was reprinted 1648 (pp. 11-13) and 1670 (pp. 110-112). Our text is that of 1648; but all agree, save as follows: 1646 misprints 'cease' for 'ceaze' = seize, in line 17 from end; and 1670, line 8 from beginning, misprints 'own' for 'owe;' the latter perpetuated by TURNBULL. The poem is an interpretation of the first Idyll of Moschus. Line 5, 'O yes' = the legal *oyiez*: line 8, 'owe' = own. G.
- [67] The first edition of Bishop Andrewes' Sermons was published in 1629. Its title was 'XCVI Sermons by the Right Honourable and Reverend Father in God, Launcelot Andrewes, late Lord Bishop of Winchester.' It is dedicated to the King by Laud and Buckeridge, Bishop of Ely, the latter adding a funeral sermon. It has no frontispiece. LOWNDES, as other bibliographers, does not seem to have known the edition of 1629. He calls that of 1631 the first, while it was the second; and he says it had a frontispiece, which is incorrect, if I may judge from a number of copies personally examined. The third edition (1635) I have not seen: but in the quarto (1641) appears a frontispiece-portrait, having the lines above, but no name or initials. Line 8 TURNBULL misprints 'and, with holy.' G.
- [68] Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 31-2): was reprinted in 1648 'Delights' (pp. 18-19) and 1670 (pp. 86-7). Our text is that of 1648; but all agree. The SANCROFT MS. gives us the name of the 'gentleman' celebrated, being thus headed, 'In obitum

- desideratissimi M^{ri} Chambers, Coll. Reginal. Socij. R. CR.;" and in the margin in the archbishop's hand, 'The title and Name not in y^e print.' The same MS. supplies us with lines 11-12 and 21-22, never before printed. This MS. in line 23 reads 'If yet at least he' ... and in line 32, 'are' for 'be.' Only other slight orthographic differences. G.
- [69] Appeared originally in the 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 32-3): was reprinted in 1648 'Delights' (pp. 19-20) and 1670 (pp. 87-9). Our text is that of 1648; but all agree. See our Essay, as before, for notice of HERRYS or HARRIS. In the SANCROFT MS. the heading is 'In ejusdem præmatur. obitu. Allegoricum. R. CR.;" and line 9 reads 'tree' for 'plant;' adopted. For a short Latin poem added here, see our vol. ii. G.
- [70] Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 33-5): was reprinted in 1648 'Delights' (pp. 20-2) and 1670 (pp. 89-91). Our text is that of 1648, as before; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.
- [71] Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 36-7): was reprinted in 1648 'Delights' (pp. 23-4) and 1670 (pp. 91-3). Our text is that of 1648; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.
- [72] Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 38-9): was reprinted in 1648 'Delights' (pp. 24-6) and 1670 (93-4). Our text is that of 1648; but all agree. The SANCROFT MS. is headed 'Epitaphium in eundem R. CR.' Line 31, TURNBULL misprints 'breast' for 'breath.' G.
- [73] Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 39-40), where it is headed 'An Epitaph vpon Husband and Wife, which died and were buried together.' G.
- [74] Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 40-1), where it is headed 'Vpon Mr. Staninough's Death:' was reprinted in the 'Delights' of 1648 (p. 27), with the simple inscription, 'At the Funerall of a young Gentleman,' and in 1652 (pp. 24-5), as 'Death's Lectvre and the Fvneral of a yovng Gentleman,' and in 1670 (*bis*), viz. p. 96 and pp. 206-7. Our text is that of 1652, as before; but see Notes at close of the poem. G.
- [75] Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (p. 40): was reprinted in 1648 'Delights' (p. 28) and 1670 (p. 95). Our text is that of 1648; but all agree. In the SANCROFT MS. the heading is 'In obitum D^{ris} Brooke. R. CR.' It reads 'banck' for 'bankes' in line 7. See our Essay for notice of Dr. Brooke. G.
- [76] Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 45-6): was reprinted in 'Delights' of 1648 (pp. 28-9) and 1670 (pp. 101-2). Our text is that of 1648, as before; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.
- [77] Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 47-8): was reprinted in 1648 'Delights' (pp. 30-1) and 1670 (pp. 102-4). Our text is that of 1648, as before; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.
- [78] Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 49-50): was reprinted in 'Delights' of 1648 (pp. 32-3) and 1670 (pp. 104-6). Our text is that of 1648, as before; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.
- [79] Appeared originally in the 'Delights' of 1646 (pp. 123-4), along with the other two (pp. 125-6): reprinted in 1648 (pp. 35-7) and 1670 (pp. 117-19). Our text is that of 1648; but all agree. G.
- [80] TURNBULL glaringly misprints 'The heart commanding in my heart,' and in line 15, 'O love;' the latter after 1670 as usual, the former his own. G.
- [81] Appeared originally, without signature, in the work celebrated, which is a great folio. It was preceded by another, which, having been inserted in the 'Steps' of 1646 and the other editions (1652 excepted), has been continued to be reprinted as CRASHAW'S. It really belonged to Dr. EDWARD RAINBOW, Bishop of Carlisle, for whom, so late as 1688, it was first claimed by his biographer, Banks. This was pointed out in Notes and Queries by Rev. J.E.B. Mayor, M.A. of St. John's College, Cambridge (2d s. vol. iv. p. 286). One is thankful to have the claim confirmed by the non-presence of the poem in the SANCROFT MS., where only the above shorter one appears as by CRASHAW. Lines 5-8 of RAINBOW'S poem it was simply impossible for our singer to have written. I add the other at close of CRASHAW'S, as some may be curious to read it: but as the details of the grotesque 'Frontispiece' are celebrated by RAINBOW, not CRASHAW, I have departed from my intention of reproducing it in our illustrated quarto edition, the more readily in that I have much increased otherwise therein the reproductions announced. RAINBOW contributed to the University Collections along with CRASHAW, MORE, BEAUMONT, E. KING, &c. &c. See our Essay on Life and Poetry. G.
- [82] Appeared originally in 'Delights' of 1646 (pp. 130-1): was reprinted in 1648 (pp. 40-1) and 1670 (pp. 122-3). Our text is that of 1648, as before; but all agree. G.
- [83] Appeared originally in 'Delights' of 1646 (pp. 132-3), and was reprinted in 1648 (p. 42); but not in 1670. Our text is that of 1648; but all agree. The original is found in Carm. v. = 2. The SANCROFT M.S. reads line 4 'Blithest:' line 9 'numerous:' line 12 'A:' line 17 'our.' G.
- [84] Appeared originally in 'Delights' of 1646 (pp. 134-8): was reprinted in 1648 (pp. 43-7) and 1670 (pp. 124-8). Our text is that of 1648, as before; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.
- [85] Appeared originally in 'Voces Votivæ ab Academicis Cantabrigiensibus pro novissimo Carolo et Mariæ principe filio emissæ. Cantabrigiæ: apud Rogerum Daniel. MDCXL.' This poem did not appear in the edition of 1646; but it did in that of 1648 (p. 48). Not

having been reprinted in 1670, it was overlooked by TURNBULL. Our text is from 1648; but the only variation from the original in 'Voces Votivæ' is in line 7, 'to' instead of 'for.' G.

[86] Appeared as in last piece: 1648 (pp. 49-53), 1670 (pp. 97-100). Our text is that of 1648, as before, which corrects TURNBULL in many places as well in errors of commission as of omission; the latter extending to no fewer than forty-nine entire lines, in addition to the 'Apologie' of fourteen lines. See Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.

[87] Appeared originally in 1648 'Delights;' but is not given in 1670 edition. Line 14 is an exquisitely-turned allusion to COWLEY'S title-page of his juvenile Poems, 'Poetical Blossoms,' 1633. 'Apricocks' = apricots. So HERRICK in the 'Maiden Blush,'

'So cherries blush, and katherne peares,
And *apricocks*, in youthfull yeares.'

(Works, by HAZLITT, vol. ii. p. 287.) G.

[88] Appeared originally in the 'Delights' of 1648 (pp. 67-8): was reprinted in 1652 (pp. 115-120) and 1670 (pp. 200-4). Our text is that of 1652, as before; but see various readings at close of the poems. See also our Essay for critical remarks. Our poet translates from the Latin of FRANCIS REMOND. G.

[89] Charles I. See our Essay on this and kindred poems, and their relation to the Latin royal poems. G.

[90] See our Notes to Panegyric on the Queen's 'numerous progenie.' G.

[91] Petronius, Satyricon, cap. 93. G.

[92] See notice of Staninough in our Essay, as before. G.

[93] See our Essay, as before, for notice of PORTER. G.

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