

The Project Gutenberg eBook of Poems (1686), by Anne Killigrew

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK POEMS (1686) ***

[Pg ii]



[Mrs Anne Killigrew — *Painted by herself*]

by
Mrs. Anne Killigrew

A Facsimile Reproduction
with an Introduction

by
Richard Morton

Gainesville, Florida
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1967

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INTRODUCTION

Condemnation by a great poet has lasting impact, while the effects of praise seldom endure; Shadwell remains MacFlecknoe in our minds, Shaftesbury Achitophel, but Anne Killigrew, "A Grace for Beauty, and a Muse for Wit," is virtually forgotten. Her book of verses is known essentially because of John Dryden's commendatory Ode. Yet we may justify a study of her own poems. Dryden's piece is not a generalised encomium; obviously he had read her verses, and his analysis of her art is firmly based. Our understanding of this famous poem, then, depends to some degree on our knowledge of Anne Killigrew's output. ^[1] Her verses deserve attention on their own merits—Dryden may well be thought more gallant than scrupulous, but undeniably the poems have an appealing wit, a picturesque imagination and a touching personal candour.

The facts of Anne Killigrew's short life are succinctly and elegantly related by Anthony Wood. ^[2] She was born about 1660, the daughter of Dr. Henry Killigrew, Royalist, theologian and sometime dramatist, and related through his family to the other theatrical Killigrews—Thomas, the author of *The Parson's Wedding*, and Sir William, her uncles; and Thomas, the author of *Chit-Chat*, and Charles, Master of the Revels, her cousins. Dr. Killigrew became Chaplain to the Duke of York and in 1663 Master of the Savoy. Anne Killigrew grew up to join the household of the doleful Mary of Modena, Duchess of York, as Maid of Honour. A companion in this office was Anne Finch, Countess of Winchelsea. Mistress Killigrew's poems reflect some of the sparkle of Restoration court life, but more of the sorrow produced by Mary of Modena's consistent unpopularity. After a short battle with the smallpox, Anne Killigrew died on 16 June, 1685, to the "unspeakable Reluctancy" of her many loving relations and friends. [Pg vi]

After her untimely death, Dr. Killigrew worked to produce a memorial edition of her papers, and invited Dryden to write the prefatory poem. The publication was swift: less than three months after her death the volume was licensed to be printed (30 September, 1685) and listed in the Stationers' Register (2 October). It was listed in the Term Catalogue for November, and advertised in *The Observer* on 2 November, 1685. ^[3] The date of 1686 on the title page must have been anticipated by actual publication.

The poetry in the volume can be described in Dryden's terms:

Art she had none, yet wanted none:
For Nature did that Want supply.

Anne Killigrew lacked the artistry which comes from discipline and practice (which Anne Finch had time to develop), but she felt that the prompting of passion outweighed the niceties of form: [Pg vii]

Here take no Care, take here no Care, my *Muse*,
Nor ought of Art or Labour use....
The rugged my Measures run when read,
They'l livelier paint th' unequal Paths fond Mortals tread, (p. 51)

Her verses belong to the generalising conventions of strong-minded Denham and limpid Waller:

Such Noble Vigour did her Verse adorn,
That it seem'd borrow'd.

Yet to judge from her lively objections (pp. 44-47), the attempt to class her as a plagiarist was unjustified. Court poetry in the age was so uniform that apparent echoes are a matter of course. We may compare her

The bloody Wolf, the Wolf does not pursue;
The Boar, though fierce, his Tusk will not embrue
In his own Kind, Bares, not on Bares do prey:
Then art thou, Man, more savage far than they, (p. 37)

with Rochester's *Satyr against Mankind*:

*Birds, feed on Birds, Beasts, on each other prey,
But Savage Man alone, does Man betray,*

or Waller on the death of Lady Rich, "But savage beasts, or men as wild as they!" Anne Killigrew's use of stock epithets and polite locutions mark a conventionality which inevitably borders on the derivative. But at her best, as for example "On the Birth-Day of Queen *Katherine*," (p. 47), she is able to move effectively beyond the conventional. The conflict between the formal occasion and the dismal weather becomes a surprising symbol of paradox, and the dream and scriptural consolation come to have an intensity more metaphysical than courtly. Similarly, in the unfinished "Ode," (p. 82), or in parts of the "Pastoral Dialogue," (p. 63), she produces some forceful and startling images.

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The individuality of her works lies in their firm, evangelical moral tone, which is clearly distinguishable from the genteel piety of her contemporaries. Dryden's comment:

*So cold herself, whilst she such Warmth exprest,
'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's Stream,*

is an apt description of, say, her "Pastoral Dialogue," (pp. 63-75.) Anne Killigrew's interest in poetic theory is notable; her early "Alexandris" prays for the "frozen style" to be warmed with a "Poetique fire," and her "Love, the Soul of Poetry," contrasts the flatness of commonplace verse with the rapture and heat produced by a subject which "Enlarg'd his Fancy, and set free his Muse." The poem "To My Lord Colrane" meditates on her slothful muse and its awakening of life. Throughout her writings she keeps the poet's didactic end in view and has a high regard for the nature of her art. Something of the severity of the York household is reflected in the writings of the Maid of Honour.

The present text is reproduced, by kind permission, from the beautiful copy in the Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington. This volume, originally in Dr. Philip Bliss's collection, is listed in the *Huth Catalogue* (1913), p. 1207, and described by W. C. Hazlitt, *Second Series of Bibliographical Collections and Notes* (1882), p. 328. It contains on the flyleaf a MS poem by E. E., transcribed below. The Rev. Joseph Hunter, British Museum Add. MSS. 24492, Vol. VI, p. 100, suggests that E. E. was Edmund Elys, [4] the learned and contentious author of occasional poems (*Verses on Several Occasions*, 1699) and theological pamphlets (for example, *Epistola ad Sam. Parkerum S.T.P.*, 1680). The generally vivacious style of the verse and the reference to the debate with Dr. Parker suggest that the identification is just, but the relationship between Mrs. Elys and the Killigrews is not known. Pages 72 and 73 are skipped, and pages 68 and 69 are misnumbered 60 and 61.

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The self-portrait of Anne Killigrew prefixed to the *Poems* and printed herein as the frontispiece shows that she was a competent if conventional artist. Her descriptions of her paintings, pp. 27-29, suggest that here too moral and scriptural topics predominated over courtly affairs. E. E., Dryden and the writer of the Epitaph agree on Anne Killigrew's sanctity and gravity of mind. The modern reader may gain from her book of verse a moving insight into the thoughts and preoccupations of a young lady at court in the declining years of the Stuarts.

RICHARD MORTON

*McMaster University
Hamilton, Ontario
November 28, 1965*

Notes on the Poems

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Several of Anne Killigrew's friends and relatives appear in the volume:

[sig.b2](#) "her Warlike Brother" is Henry Killigrew (d. 1712), commodore in the 1680's and eventually Admiral, who was on duty in the Mediterranean when Dryden wrote.

[p. 24](#) Lady Berkeley and her son are the wife and son, John, of John, first Baron Berkeley of Stratton (d.1687). John the younger was lieutenant in 1685 and attained the rank of Admiral in 1688.

[p. 49](#) Lord Colrane is Henry Hare, second Baron Coleraine (1636-1708), the distinguished antiquary. A copy of the *Poems* bearing his bookplate, dated 1702, is in the University of Michigan Library.

[p. 76](#) Mrs. A. K., the victim of this extraordinary accident shortly before the civil broils, was probably Anne, daughter of Sir Robert Killigrew, the poetess's grandfather.

[p. 79](#) The Duchess of Grafton is the daughter of Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington and wife of Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton and son to Charles II and Barbara Villiers.

**On the Death
of
The Truly Virtuous**

Mrs. Anne Killigrew

who was Related to my (Deceased) Wife.

I cannot Mourn thy Fate, Sweet Mayd, but Joy
That Thou art gone from all this Worlds Annoy,
From th' hurry of this cursed Age, that draws
Heav'ns Vengeance down by th' breach of all the Laws.
Of GOD, & Man: ther's nothing here but Noise
And Interruption of True Peacefull Joyes.
That which they Pleasure call is *Sport for Apes*
Which turns the *Phansie* to a thousand *Shapes*
And Wrests the *Mind* from that *Celestial Sphear*
To which Its *Nature* ever would adhere
That by a *Constant Revolution*
Its Rest & Motion ever might be ONE
That which my Mind hath ever Sought, thy Mind
Tho Compast with these walls of Clay did Find:
Pure *Quintessential Love, Aethereal Flame,*
Which Always shines, & Alwayes is the Same:
Here's no faint trembling Flame: all Bright appears
'Tis ne're blown out with Sighs, nor quencht with tears.
Thy Soul Enflames my Love: the Unitie
I had with Her, who was Allie'd to Thee
Is Now made Perfect: Our Souls Mutual Flame
Tho Higher in *Degree* in *Nature's* still the same.

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Her, Thee, & All the Glorious Souls Above
I Now Enioy, whilst in You All I Love
The Boundless Spring of Joy to Ev'ry Mind
That knowes what's *Truly Fair* & Knowes what's *Truly Kind.*
How have I Labour'd to Depress the Pride
Of one [Dr. Parker] that strives Illustrious Truth to Hide
In the Thick Bushes of Learn'd Sophistrie,
Which he that Enters hardly sees the Skie?
Truth that thy Splendid Soul did clearly see
And of it made a plain Discoverie.
And having Conquer'd Fate, Thou leavst those Arms [Her Poems]
By which Mankind may Conquer All their Harms
And make them Serve their Noble Purposes.
All Good to Gain, All Evil to Repress.
How Bravely did thy *Melibaeus* shew
The Madness of that Love most men pursue
And how Youth may their strongest Lusts subdue!
O Happy Mayd, who didst so soon Espie
In This *Dark Life, that All is Vanitie!*
May thy Bright Love, All Youthfull Minds Inspire,
And like the SUN, put out all *other Fire;*
May all the Virtuous Celebrate thy Name;
All Poets Hearts Partake of thy Great Flame
That all their Ardors & their Flights may be
The Flames that Fly up to the *Deitie;*
That DAVID's Muse they all may Imitate,
Sing Virtues Triumphs ore the Power of Fate:
That all their Works Resembling Hea'vn may prove
The Blest Effects of Glory, Power, & Love.

E. E. 1685.

P O E M S

BY

Mrs Anne Killigrew.

Immodicis brevis est ætas, & rara Senectus.

Mart. l. 6. Ep. 29.

These P O E M S are Licensed to be Published,

Sept. 30. 1685.

Ro. L'Estrange.



LONDON:

Printed for *Samuel Lowndes*, over against *Exeter Exchange*
in the *Strand*. 1686.

**THE
PUBLISHER**

**TO THE
READER.**

Reader, dost ask, What Work we here display?
What fair and Novel Piece salutes the Day?
Know, that a Virgin bright this P O E M writ,
A *Grace* for Beauty, and a *Muse* for Wit!
Who, when none higher in *Loves* Courts might sway,
Despis'd the Mertile, for the nobler Bay!
Nor could *Apollo* or *Minerva* tell,
Whither her Pen or Pencil did excel!

But while these Pow'rs laid both to her their Claime,
Behold, a Matron of a Heavenly Frame,
Antique, but Great and Comely in her Meen,
Upon whose gorgeous Robe inscrib'd was seen
Divine Vertue, took her from both away, }
And thus with Anger and Disdain did say, }
Of Me she Learn'd, with You she did but Play. }

To the Pious Memory

Of the Accomplisht Young LADY

Mrs Anne Killigrew,

Excellent in the two Sister-Arts of Poësie, and Painting.

An ODE.

I.

Thou Youngest Virgin-Daughter of the Skies,
Made in the last Promotion of the Blest;
Whose Palmes, new pluckt from Paradise,
In spreading Branches more sublimely rise,
Rich with Immortal Green above the rest:
Whether, adopted to some Neighbouring Star,
Thou rol'st above us, in thy wand'ring Race,
Or, in Procession fixt and regular,
Mov'd with the Heavens Majestick Pace;
Or, call'd to more Superiour Bliss,
Thou tread'st, with Seraphims, the vast Abyss.
What ever happy Region be thy place,

Cease thy Celestial Song a little space;
 (Thou wilt have Time enough for Hymns Divine,
 Since Heav'ns Eternal Year is thine.)
 Hear then a Mortal Muse thy Praise rehearse,
 In no ignoble Verse;
 But such as thy own voice did practise here,
 When thy first Fruits of Poesie were giv'n;
 To make thy self a welcome Inmate there:
 While yet a young Probationer,
 And Candidate of Heav'n.

II.

If by Traduction came thy Mind,
 Our Wonder is the less to find
 A Soul so charming from a Stock so good;
 Thy Father was transfus'd into thy Blood:
 So wert thou born into the tuneful strain,
 (An early, rich, and inexhausted Vain.)
 But if thy Præexisting Soul
 Was form'd, at first, with Myriads more,
 It did through all the Mighty Poets roul,
 Who *Greek* or *Latine* Laurels wore.
 And was that *Sappho* last, which once it was before.
 If so, then cease thy flight, *O Heav'n-born Mind!*
 Thou hast no Dross to purge from thy Rich Ore.
 Nor can thy Soul a fairer Mansion find, }
 Than was the Beauteous Frame she left behind: }
 Return, to fill or mend the Quire, of thy Celestial kind. }

III.

May we presume to say, that at thy Birth,
 New joy was sprung in Heav'n, as well as here on Earth. }
 For sure the Milder Planets did combine }
 On thy Auspicious Horoscope to shine, }
 And ev'n the most Malicious were in Trine. }
 Thy Brother-Angels at thy Birth
 Strung each his Lyre, and tun'd it high,
 That all the People of the Skie
 Might know a Poetess was born on Earth.
 And then if ever, Mortal Ears
 Had heard the Musick of the Spheres!
 And if no clust'ring Swarm of Bees
 On thy sweet Mouth distill'd their golden Dew,
 'Twas that, such vulgar Miracles,
 Heav'n had not Leasure to renew:
 For all the Blest Fraternity of Love
 Solemniz'd there thy Birth, and kept thy Holyday above.

IV.

O Gracious God! How far have we
 Prophan'd thy Heav'nly Gift of Poesy?
 Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
 Debas'd to each obscene and impious use,
 Whose Harmony was first ordain'd Above
 For Tongues of Angels, and for Hymns of Love?
 O wretched We! why were we hurry'd down
 This lubrique and adult'rate age,
 (Nay added fat Pollutions of our own)
 T'increase the steaming Ordures of the Stage?
 What can we say t'excuse our *Second Fall*?
 Let this thy *Vestal*, Heav'n, attone for all!
 Her *Arethusian* Stream remains unsoil'd,
 Unmixt with Forreign Filth, and undefil'd,
 Her Wit was more than Man, her Innocence a Child!

V.

Art she had none, yet wanted: anon
 For Nature did that Want supply,
 So rich in Treasures of her Own,
 She might our boasted Stores defy:

Such Noble Vigour did her Verse adorn,
 That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born.
 Her Morals too were in her Bosome bred
 By great Examples daily fed,
 What in the best of Books, her Fathers Life, she read.
 And to be read her self she need not fear,
 Each Test, and ev'ry Light, her Muse will bear,
 Though *Epictetus* with his Lamp were there.
 Ev'n Love (for Love sometimes her Muse exprest)
 Was but a *Lambent-flame* which play'd about her Brest:
 Light as the Vapours of a Morning Dream,
 So cold herself, whilst she such Warmth exprest,
 'Twas *Cupid* bathing in *Diana's* Stream.

VI.

Born to the Spacious Empire of the *Nine*,
 One would have thought, she should have been content
 To manage well that Mighty Government:
 But what can young ambitious Souls confine?
 To the next Realm she stretcht her Sway, }
 For *Painture* neer adjoining lay, }
 A plenteous Province, and alluring Prey. }
 A *Chamber of Dependences* was fram'd,
 (As Conquerors will never want Pretence,
 When arm'd, to justifie the Offence)
 And the whole Fief, in right of Poetry she claim'd.
 The Country open lay without Defence:
 For Poets frequent In-rodés there had made,
 And perfectly could represent
 The Shape, the Face, with ev'ry Lineament;
 And all the large Demains which the *Dumb-sister* sway'd
 All bow'd beneath her Government,
 Receiv'd in Triumph wheresoe're she went.
 Her Pencil drew, what e're her Soul design'd,
 And oft the happy Draught surpass'd the Image in her Mind.
 The *Sylvan* Scenes of Herds and Flocks,
 And fruitful Plains and barren Rocks,
 Of shallow Brooks that flow'd so clear,
 The Bottom did the Top appear;
 Of deeper too and ampler Flouds,
 Which as in Mirrors, shew'd the Woods;
 Of lofty Trees with Sacred Shades,
 And Perspectives of pleasant Glades,
 Where Nymphs of brightest Form appear, }
 And shaggy Satyrs standing neer, }
 Which them at once admire and fear. }
 The Ruines too of some Majestick Piece,
 Boasting the Pow'r of ancient *Rome* or *Greece*,
 Whose Statues, Freezes, Columns broken lie,
 And though deface't, the Wonder of the Eie,
 What Nature, Art, bold Fiction e're durst frame,
 Her forming Hand gave Shape unto the Name.
 So strange a Concourse ne're was seen before,
 But when the peopl'd Ark the whole Creation bore.

VII.

The Scene then chang'd, with bold Erected Look
 Our Martial King the Eye with Reverence strook:
 For not content t'express his Outward Part,
 Her hand call'd out the Image of his Heart, }
 His Warlike Mind, his Soul devoid of Fear, }
 His High-designing Thoughts, were figur'd there, }
 As when, by Magick, Ghosts are made appear. }
 Our Phenix Queen was portrai'd too so bright,
 Beauty alone could Beauty take so right:
 Her Dress, her Shape, her matchless Grace,
 Were all observ'd, as well as heav'nly Face.
 With such a Peerless Majesty she stands,
 As in that Day she took from Sacred hands
 The Crown; 'mong num'rous Heroins was seen,
 More yet in Beauty, than in Rank, the Queen!
 Thus nothing to her *Genius* was deny'd,

But like a Ball of Fire the further thrown,
Still with a greater Blaze she shone,
And her bright Soul broke out on ev'ry side.
What next she had design'd, Heaven only knows,
To such Immod'rate Growth her Conquest rose,
That Fate alone their Progress could oppose.

VIII.

Now all those Charmes, that blooming Grace,
The well-proportion'd Shape, and beauteous Face,
Shall never more be seen by Mortal Eyes;
In Earth the much lamented Virgin lies!
Not Wit, nor Piety could Fate prevent;
Nor was the cruel *Destiny* content
To finish all the Murder at a Blow,
To sweep at once her Life, and Beauty too;
But, like a hardn'd Fellow, took a pride
To work more Mischievously slow.
And plunder'd first, and then destroy'
O double Sacrilege on things Divine,
To rob the Relique, and deface the Shrine!
But thus *Orinda* dy'd:
Heav'n, by the same Disease, did both translate,
As equal were their Souls, so equal was their Fate.

IX.

Mean time her Warlike Brother on the Seas
His waving Streamers to the Winds displays,
And vows for his Return, with vain Devotion, pays.
Ah, Generous Youth, that Wish forbear,
The Winds too soon will waft thee here!
Slack all thy Sailes, and fear to come,
Alas, thou know'st not, Thou art wreck'd at home!
No more shalt thou behold thy Sisters Face,
Thou hast already had her last Embrace.
But look aloft, and if thou ken'st from far,
Among the *Pleiad's* a New-kindl'd Star,
If any sparkles, than the rest, more bright,
'Tis she that shines in that propitious Light.

X.

When in mid-Aire, the Golden Trump shall sound,
To raise the Nations under ground;
When in the Valley of *Jehosaphat*,
The Judging God shall close the Book of Fate;
And there the last Assizes keep,
For those who Wake, and those who sleep;
When ratling Bones together fly
From the four Corners of the Skie,
When Sinews o're the Skeletons are spread,
Those cloath'd with Flesh, and Life inspires the Dead;
The Sacred Poets first shall hear the Sound,
And foremost from the Tomb shall bound:
For they are cover'd with the lightest Ground
And streight, with in-born Vigour, on the Wing,
Like mounting Larkes, to the New Morning sing.
There *Thou*, Sweet Saint, before the Quire shalt go,
As Harbinger of Heav'n, the Way to show,
The Way which thou so well hast learn'd below.

}
}
}

J. Dryden.

The Epitaph

Engraved on her T O M B.

P. M. S.

Annæ Killigrew,

Doctoris KILLIGREW Filiaë,

Quæ in ipso Ætatis flore Obiit.

JUNII 16. 1685.

*Heu jacet, fato victa,
Quæ stabat ubique victrix
Forma, ingenio, religione;
Plura collegerat in se Unâ,
Quàm vel sparsa mireris in omnibus!
Talem quis pingat, nisi penicillo quod tractavit?
Aut quis canat, nisi Poëta sui similis?
Cum tanta sciret, hoc Unum ignoravit,
Quanta, nempe, esset;
Aut si norit.
Mirare Modestiam,
Tantis incorruptam dotibus.
Laudes meruisse satis illi fuit,
Has ne vel audiret, laudatores omnes fugerat,
Contenta paterno Lare,
Dum & sibi Aula patebat adulatrix.
Mundum sapere an potuit,
Quæ ab infantia Christum sapuerat?
Non modo semper Virgo,
Sed & virginum Exemplar.
Gentis suæ Decus,
Ævi Splendor,
Sexus Miraculum.
Nullâ Vertute inferior cuiquam,
Cuilibet superior multâ.
Optimi Deliciæ patris,
Etiam numerosâ optimâque prole fortunatissimi:
Priorem tamen invidit nemo,
(Seu frater, seu soror)
Quin potius coluere omnes, omnibus suavem & officiosam,
Amorisque commune Vinculum & Centrum.
Vix ista credes. Hanc si nescieris;
Credet majora qui scierit.*

*Abi Viator, & Plange:
Si eam plangi oporteat,
Cui, tam piè morienti,
Vel Cœlites plauserint.*

The Same

Turned into English.

By Death, alas, here Conquer'd lies,
She who from All late bore the Prize
In Beauty, Wit, Vertue Divine:
In whom those Graces did combine,
Which we admir'd in others see,
When they but singly scatter'd be!

Who her, *so Great*, can paint beside,
The Pencil her own Hand did guide?
What Verse can celebrate her Fame,
But such as She herself did frame?

Though much Excellence she did show,
And many Qualities did know,
Yet this, alone, she could not tell,
To wit, *How much she did excel.*

Or if her Worth she rightly knew,
 More to her Modesty was due,
 That Parts in her no Pride could raise
 Desirous still to merit Praise,
 But fled, as she deserv'd, the Bays.
 Contented always to retire,
 Court Glory she did not admire;
 Although it lay so neer and faire,
 It's Grace to none more open were:
 But with the World how should she close,
 Who *Christ* in her first Childhood chose?

So with her Parents she did live,
 That they to Her did Honour give,
 As she to them. In a Num'rous Race
 And Vertuous, the highest Place
 None envy'd her: Sisters, Brothers
 Her Admirers were and Lovers:
 She was to all s'obliging sweet,
 All in One Love to her did meet.
 A Virgin-Life not only led,
 But it's Example might be said.
 The Ages Ornament, the Name
 That gave her Sex and Country Fame.

Those who her Person never knew,
 Will hardly think these things are true:
 But those that did, will More believe,
 And higher things of her conceive.

Thy Eyes in tears now, Reader, steep:
 For Her if't lawful be to weep,
 Whose blessed and Seraphique End
 Angels in Triumph did attend.

Alexandreis.

[Pg 1]

I Sing the Man that never Equal knew,
 Whose Mighty Arms all *Asia* did subdue,
 Whose Conquests through the spacious World do ring,
 That City-Raser, King-destroying King,
 Who o're the Warlike *Macedons* did Reign,
 And worthily the Name of *Great* did gain.
 This is the Prince (if Fame you will believe,
 To ancient Story any credit give.)
 Who when the Globe of Earth he had subdu'd,
 With Tears the easie Victory pursu'd;
 Because that no more Worlds there were to win,
 No further Scene to act his Glorys in.

Ah that some pitying *Muse* would now inspire
 My frozen style with a Poetique fire,
 And Raptures worthy of his Matchless Fame,
 Whose Deeds I sing, whose never fading Name
 Long as the world shall fresh and deathless last,
 No less to future Ages, then the past.
 Great my presumption is, I must confess,
 But if I thrive, my Glory's ne're the less;
 Nor will it from his Conquests derogate
 A Female Pen his Acts did celebrate.
 If thou O *Muse* wilt thy assistance give,
 Such as made *Naso* and great *Maro* live,
 With him whom *Melas* fertile Banks did bear,
 Live, though their Bodies dust and ashes are;
 Whose Laurels were not fresher, than their Fame
 Is now, and will for ever be the same.
 If the like favour thou wilt grant to me,
 O Queen of Verse, I'll not ungrateful be,
 My choicest hours to thee I'll Dedicate,
 'Tis thou shalt rule, 'tis thou shalt be my Fate.
 But if Coy Goddess thou shalt this deny,
 And from my humble suit disdain to fly,
 I'll stoop and beg no more, since I know this,
 Writing of him, I cannot write amiss:

[Pg 2]

His lofty Deeds will raise each feeble line,
And God-like Acts will make my Verse Divine.

[Pg 3]

'Twas at the time the golden Sun doth rise,
And with his Beams enlightens the azure skies,
When lo a Troop in Silver Arms drew near,
The glorious Sun did nere so bright appear;
Dire Scarlet Plumes adorn'd their haughty Crests,
And crescent Shields did shade their shining Brests;
Down from their shoulders hung a Panthers Hide,
A Bow and Quiver rattled by their side;
Their hands a knotty well try'd Speare did bear,
Jocund they seem'd, and quite devoyd of fear.
These warlike Virgins were, that do reside
Near *Thermodons* smooth Banks and verdant side,
The Plains of *Themiscyre* their Birth do boast,
Thalestris now did head the beauteous Host;
She emulating that Illustrious Dame,
Who to the aid of *Troy* and *Priam* came,
And her who the *Retulian* Prince did aid,
Though dearly both for their Assistance paid.
But fear she scorn'd, nor the like fate did dread,
Her Host she often to the field had lead,
As oft in Triumph had return'd again,
Glory she only sought for all her pain.

[Pg 4]

This Martial Queen had heard how lowdly fame,
Eccho'd our Conquerors redoubted Name,
Her Soul his Conduct and his Courage fir'd,
To see the Heroe she so much admir'd;
And to *Hyrkania* for this cause she went,
Where *Alexander* (wholly then intent
On Triumphs and such Military sport)
At Truce with War held both his Camp and Court.
And while before the Town she did attend
Her Messengers return, she saw ascend
A cloud of Dust, that cover'd all the skie,
And still at every pause there stroke her eye.
The interrupted Beams of Burnisht Gold,
As dust the Splendour hid, or did unfold;
Loud Neighings of the Steeds, and Trumpets sound
Fill'd all the Air, and eccho'd from the ground:
The gallant *Greeks* with a brisk March drew near,
And their great Chief did at their Head appear.
And now come up to th'*Amazonian* Band,
They made a Hault and a respectful Stand:
And both the Troops (with like amazement strook)
Did each on other with deep silence look.
Th'Heroick Queen (whose high pretence to War
Cancell'd the bashful Laws and nicer Bar
Of Modesty, which did her Sex restrain)
First boldly did advance before her Train,
And thus she spake. All but a God in Name,
And that a debt Time owes unto thy Fame.

[Pg 5]

This was the first Essay of this young Lady in Poetry, but finding the Task she had undertaken hard, she laid it by till Practice and more time should make her equal to so great a Work.

To the Queen.

[Pg 6]

As those who pass the *Alps* do say,
The Rocks which first oppose their way,
And so amazing-High do show,
By fresh Ascents appear but low,
And when they come unto the last,
They scorn the dwarfish Hills th'ave past.

So though my *Muse* at her first flight,
Thought she had chose the greatest height,
And (imp'd with *Alexander's* Name)
Believ'd there was no further Fame:
Behold an Eye wholly Divine
Vouchsaf'd upon my Verse to Shine!
And from that time I'gan to treat

With Pitty him the World call'd *Great*;
To smile at his exalted Fate,
Unequal (though Gigantick) State.
I saw that Pitch was not sublime,
Compar'd with this which now I climb;
His Glories sunk, and were unseen,
When once appear'd the Heav'n-born Queen:
Victories, Laurels, Conquer'd Kings,
Took place among inferiour things.

[Pg 7]

Now surely I shall reach the Clouds,
For none besides such Vertue shrouds:
Having scal'd this with holy Strains,
Nought higher but the Heaven remains!
No more I'll Praise on them bestow,
Who to ill Deeds their Glories owe;
Who build their *Babels* of Renown,
Upon the poor oppressed Crown,
Whole Kingdoms do depopulate,
To raise a Proud and short-Liv'd State:
I prize no more such Frantick Might,
Than his that did with Wind-Mills Fight:
No, give me Prowess, that with Charms
Of Grace and Goodness, not with Harms,
Erects a Throne i'th' inward Parts,
And Rules mens Wills, but with their Hearts;
Who with Piety and Vertue thus
Propitiates God, and Conquers us.
O that now like *Araunah* here,
Altars of Praises I could rear,
Suiting her worth, which might be seen
Like a Queens Present, to a Queen!

[Pg 8]

'Alone she stands for Vertues Cause,
When all decry, upholds her Laws:
When to Banish her is the Strife,
Keeps her unexil'd in her Life;
Guarding her matchless Innocence
From Storms of boldest Impudence;
In spite of all the Scoffs and Rage,
And Persecutions of the Age,
Owns Vertues Altar, feeds the Flame,
Adores her much-derided Name;
While impiously her hands they tie,
Loves her in her Captivity;
Like *Perseus* saves her, when she stands
Expos'd to the *Leviathans*.
So did bright Lamps once live in Urns,
So Camphire in the water burns,
So *Ætna's* Flames do ne'er go out,
Though Snows do freeze her head without.'

[Pg 9]

How dares bold Vice unmasked walk,
And like a Giant proudly stalk?
When Vertue's so exalted seen,
Arm'd and Triumphant in the Queen?
How dares its Ulcerous Face appear,
When Heavenly Beauty is so near?
But so when God was close at hand,
And the bright Cloud did threatning stand
(In sight of *Israel*) on the Tent,
They on in their Rebellion went.

O that I once so happy were,
To find a nearer Shelter there!
Till then poor Dove, I wandering fly
Between the Deluge and the Skie:
Till then I Mourn, but do not sing,
And oft shall plunge my wearied wing:
If her bless'd hand vouchsafe the Grace,
I'th'Ark with her to give a place,
I safe from danger shall be found,
When Vice and Folly others drown'd.

[Pg 10]

[Pg 11]

A Pastoral Dialogue.

Dorinda. Sabæan Perfumes fragrant Roses bring,
With all the Flowers that Paint the gaudy Spring:
Scatter them all in young *Alexis's* way,
With all that's sweet and (like himself) that's Gay.

Alexis. Immortal Laurels and as Lasting Praise,
Crown the Divine *Dorinda's* matchless Laies:
May all Hearts stoop, where mine would gladly yield,
Had not *Lycoris* prepossess the Field.

Dor. Would my *Alexis* meet my noble Flame,
In all *Ausonia* neither Youth nor Dame,
Should so renown'd in Deathless Numbers shine,
As thy exalted Name should do in mine.

[Pg 12]

Alex. He'll need no Trophie nor ambitious Hearse,
Who shall be honour'd by *Dorinda's* Verse;
But where it is inscrib'd, *That here doth lie*
Lycoris's Love. That Fame can never die.

Dor. On *Tyber's* Bank I *Thyrsis* did espie,
And by his side did bright *Lycoris* lie;
She Crown'd his Head, and Kist his amorous Brow,
Ah Poor *Alexis!* Ah then where wer't thou?

Alex. When thou saw'st that, I ne'r had seen my Fair,
And what pass'd then ought not to be my Care;
I liv'd not then, but first began to be,
When I *Lycoris* Lov'd, and she Lov'd me.

Dor. Ah choose a Faith, a Faith that's like thine own,
A Virgin Love, a Love that's newly blown:
'Tis not enough a Maidens Heart is chaste,
It must be Single, and not once mis-plac't.

Alex. Thus do our Priests of Heavenly Pastures tell,
Eternal Groves, all Earthly, that excel:
And think to wean us from our Loves below,
By dazling Objects which we cannot know.

[Pg 13]

On Death.

Tell me thou safest End of all our Woe,
Why wretched Mortals do avoid thee so:
Thou gentle drier o'th' afflicteds Tears,
Thou noble ender of the Cowards Fears;
Thou sweet Repose to Lovers sad dispaire,
Thou Calm t'Ambitions rough Tempestuous Care.
If in regard of Bliss thou wert a Curse,
And then the Joys of Paradise art worse;
Yet after Man from his first Station fell,
And God from *Eden Adam* did expel,
Thou wert no more an Evil, but Relief;
The Balm and Cure to ev'ry Humane Grief:
Through thee (what Man had forfeited before)
He now enjoys, and ne'r can loose it more.
No subtile Serpents in the Grave betray,
Worms on the Body there, not Soul do prey;
No Vice there Tempts, no Terrors there afright,
No Coz'ning Sin affords a false delight:
No vain Contentions do that Peace annoy,
No feirce Alarms break the lasting Joy.

[Pg 14]

Ah since from thee so many Blessings flow,
Such real Good as Life can never know;
Come when thou wilt, in thy afrighting'st Dress,
Thy Shape shall never make thy Welcome less.
Thou mayst to Joy, but ne'er to fear give Birth,
Thou Best, as well as Certain'st thing on Earth.
Fly thee? May Travellers then fly their Rest,

And hungry Infants fly the profer'd Brest.
No, those that faint and tremble at thy Name,
Fly from their Good on a mistaken Fame.
Thus Childish fear did *Israel* of old
From Plenty and the Promis'd Land with-hold;
They fancy'd Giants, and refus'd to go,
When *Canaan* did with Milk and Honey flow.

[Pg 15]

First EPIGRAM.

Upon being Contented with a Little.

We deem them moderate, but *Enough* implore,
What barely will suffice, and ask no more:
Who say, (O *Jove*) a competency give,
Neither in Luxury, or Want we'd live.
But what is that, which these *Enough* do call?
If both the *Indies* unto some should fall,
Such Wealth would yet *Enough* but onely be,
And what they'd term not Want, or Luxury.
Among the Suits, O *Jove*, my humbler take;
A little give, I that Enough will make.

[Pg 16]

The Second EPIGRAM.

On BILLINDA.

Wanton *Billinda* loudly does complain,
I've chang'd my Love of late into disdain:
Calls me unconstant, cause I now adore
The chaste *Marcella*, that lov'd her before.
Sin or Dishonour, me as well may blame,
That I repent, or do avoid a shame.

The Third EPIGRAM.

On an ATHEIST.

Posthumus boasts he does not Thunder fear,
And for this cause would Innocent appear;
That in his Soul no Terrour he does feel,
At threatn'd Vultures, or *Ixion's* Wheel,
Which fright the Guilty: But when *Fabius* told
What Acts 'gainst Murder lately were enrol'd,
'Gainst Incest, Rapine,——straight upon the Tale
His Colour chang'd, and *Posthumus* grew pale.
His Impious Courage had no other Root,
But that the Villaine, Atheist was to boot.

[Pg 17]

The Fourth EPIGRAM.

On GALLA.

Now liquid Streams by the fierce Cold do grow
As solid as the Rocks from whence they flow;
Now *Tibers* Banks with Ice united meet,
And it's firm Stream may well be term'd its Street;
Now Vot'ries 'fore the Shrines like Statues show,
And scarce the Men from Images we know;
Now Winters Palsey seizes ev'ry Age,
And none's so warm, but feels the Seasons Rage;
Even the bright Lillies and triumphant Red
Which o're *Corinna's* youthful cheeks are spred,
Look pale and bleak, and shew a purple hew,
And Violets staine, where Roses lately grew.
Galla alone, with wonder we behold,

Maintain her Spring, and still out-brave the Cold;
Her constant white does not to Frost give place,
Nor fresh Vermillion fade upon her face:
Sure Divine beauty in this Dame does shine?
Not Humane, one reply'd, yet not Divine.

[Pg 18]

A Farewel

To Worldly Joys.

Farewel ye Unsubstantial Joyes,
Ye Gilded Nothings, Gaudy Toyes,
Too long ye have my Soul misled,
Too long with Aiery Diet fed:
But now my Heart ye shall no more
Deceive, as you have heretofore:
For when I hear such *Sirens* sing,
Like *Ithacas's* fore-warned King,
With prudent Resolution I
Will so my Will and Fancy tye,
That stronger to the Mast not he,
Than I to Reason bound will be:
And though your Witchcrafts strike my Ear,
Unhurt, like him, your Charms I'll hear.

[Pg 19]

THE

Complaint of a Lover.

Seest thou younder craggy Rock,
Whose Head o'er-looks the swelling Main,
Where never Shepherd fed his Flock,
Or careful Peasant sow'd his Grain.

No wholesome Herb grows on the same,
Or Bird of Day will on it rest;
'Tis Barren as the Hopeless Flame,
That scortches my tormented Breast.

Deep underneath a Cave does lie,
Th'entrance hid with dismal Yew,
Where *Phebus* never shew'd his Eye,
Or cheerful Day yet pierced through.

[Pg 20]

In that dark Melancholy Cell,
(Retreate and Sollace to my Woe)
Love, sad Dispair, and I, do dwell,
The Springs from whence my Grievs do flow.

Treacherous Love that did appear,
(When he at first approach't my Heart)
Drest in a Garb far from severe,
Or threatning ought of future smart.

So Innocent those Charms then seem'd,
When *Rosalinda* first I spy'd,
Ah! Who would them have deadly deem'd?
But Flowrs do often Serpents hide.

Beneath those sweets conceal'd lay,
To Love the cruel Foe, Disdain,
With which (alas) she does repay
My Constant and Deserving Pain.

[Pg 21]

When I in Tears have spent the Night,
With Sighs I usher in the Sun,
Who never saw a sadder sight,
In all the Courses he has run.

Sleep, which to others Ease does prove,
Comes unto me, alas, in vain:
For in my Dreams I am in Love,
And in them too she does Disdain.

Some times t'Amuse my Sorrow, I
Unto the hollow Rocks repair,
And loudly to the *Eccho* cry,
Ah! gentle Nymph come ease my Care.

Thou who, times past, a Lover wer't,
Ah! pity me, who now am so,
And by a sense of thine own smart,
Alleviate my Mighty Woe.

[Pg 22]

Come Flatter then, or Chide my Grief;
Catch my last Words, and call me Fool;
Or say, she Loves, for my Relief;
My Passion either sooth, or School.

Love, the Soul of Poetry.

When first *Alexis* did in Verse delight,
His Muse in Low, but Graceful Numbers walk't,
And now and then a little Proudly stalk't;
But never aim'd at any noble Flight:
The Herds, the Groves, the gentle purling Streams,
Adorn'd his Song, and were his highest Theams.

But Love these Thoughts, like Mists, did soon disperse,
Enlarg'd his Fancy, and set free his Muse,
Biding him more Illustrious Subjects choose;
The Acts of Gods, and God-like Men rehearse.
From thence new Raptures did his Breast inspire,
His scarce Warm-Heart converted was to Fire.

Th' exalted Poet rais'd by this new Flame,
With Vigor flies, where late he crept along,
And Acts Divine, in a Diviner Song,
Commits to the eternal Trompe of Fame.
And thus *Alexis* does prove Love to be,
As the Worlds Soul, the Soul of Poetry.

[Pg 23]

To my Lady Berkeley,

[Pg 24]

Afflicted upon her Son, My Lord BERKELEY'S Early Engaging in the Sea-Service.

So the renown'd *Ithacensian* Queen
In Tears for her *Telemachus* was seen,
When leaving Home, he did attempt the Ire
Of rageing Seas, to seek his absent Sire:
Such bitter Sighs her tender Breast did rend;
But had she known a God did him attend,
And would with Glory bring him safe again,
Bright Thoughts would then have dispossess't her Pain.

Ah Noblest Lady! You that her excel
In every Vertue, may in Prudence well
Suspend your Care; knowing what power befriends
Your Hopes, and what on Vertue still attends.
In bloody Conflicts he will Armour find,
In strongest Tempests he will rule the Wind,
He will through Thousand Dangers force a way,
And still Triumphant will his Charge convey.
And the All-ruling power that can act thus,
Will safe return your Dear *Telemachus*.

[Pg 25]

Alas, he was not born to live in Peace,

Souls of his Temper were not made for Ease,
Th' Ignoble only live secure from Harms,
The Generous tempt, and seek out fierce Alarms.
Huge Labours were for *Hercules* design'd,
Jason, to fetch the Golden Fleece, enjoyn'd,
The *Minotaure* by Noble *Theseus* dy'd,
In vain were Valour, if it were not try'd,
Should the admir'd and far-sought Diamond lye,
As in its Bed, unpolisht to the Eye,
It would be slighted like a common stone,
It's Value would be small, its Glory none.
But when't has pass'd the Wheel and Cutters hand,
Then it is meet in Monarchs Crowns to stand.

Upon the Noble Object of your Care
Heaven has bestow'd, of Worth, so large a share,
That unastonisht none can him behold,
Or credit all the Wonders of him told!
When others, at his Years were turning o're,
The Acts of Heroes that had liv'd before,
Their Valour to excite, when time should fit,
He then did Things, were Worthy to be writ!
Stayd not for Time, his Courage that out-ran
In Actions, far before in Years, a Man.
Two *French* Campagnes he boldly courted Fame,
While his Face more the Maid, than Youth became
Adde then to these a Soul so truly Mild,
Though more than Man, Obedient as a Child.
And (ah) should one Small Isle all these confine,
Vertues created through the World to shine?
Heaven that forbids, and Madam so should you;
Remember he but bravely does pursue
His Noble Fathers steps; with your own Hand
Then Gird his Armour on, like him he'll stand,
His Countries Champion, and Worthy be
Of your High Vertue, and his Memory.

[Pg 26]

***St. John Baptist Painted by her self in the Wilderness,
with Angels appearing to him, and with a Lamb by him.***

[Pg 27]

The Sun's my Fire, when it does shine,
The hollow Spring's my Cave of Wine,
The Rocks and Woods afford me Meat;
This Lamb and I on one Dish eat:
The neighbouring Herds my Garments send,
My Pallet the kind Earth doth lend:
Excess and Grandure I decline,
M'Associates onely are Divine.

***HERODIAS Daughter presenting to her Mother
St. JOHN'S Head in a Charger, also Painted by her self.***

Behold, dear Mother, who was late our Fear,
Disarm'd and Harmless, I present you here;
The Tongue ty'd up, that made all *Jury* quake,
And which so often did our Greatness shake;
No Terror sits upon his Awful Brow,
Where Fierceness reign'd, there Calmness triumphs now;
As Lovers use, he gazes on my Face,
With Eyes that languish, as they sued for Grace;
Wholly subdu'd by my Victorious Charms,
See how his Head reposes in my Arms.
Come, joyn then with me in my just Transport,
Who thus have brought the Hermite to the Court.

[Pg 28]

***On a Picture Painted by her self,
representing two Nymphs of DIANA's,
one in a posture to Hunt, the other Bathing.***

We are *Diana's* Virgin-Train,
Descended of no Mortal Strain;
Our Bows and Arrows are our Goods,
Our Pallaces, the lofty Woods,
The Hills and Dales, at early Morn,
Resound and Eccho with our Horn;
We chase the Hinde and Fallow-Deer,
The Wolf and Boar both dread our Spear;
In Swiftness we out-strip the Wind,
An Eye and Thought we leave behind;
We *Fawns* and Shaggy *Satyrs* awe;
To *Sylvan Pow'rs* we give the Law:
Whatever does provoke our Hate,
Our Javelins strike, as sure as *Fate*;
We Bathe in Springs, to cleanse the Soil,
Contracted by our eager Toil;
In which we shine like glittering Beams,
Or Christal in the Christal Streams;
Though *Venus* we transcend in Form,
No wanton Flames our Bosomes warm!
If you ask where such Wights do dwell, }
In what Bless't Clime, that so excel? }
The Poets onely that can tell. }

[Pg 29]

An Invective against Gold.

[Pg 30]

Of all the Poisons that the fruitful Earth
E'er yet brought forth, or Monsters she gave Birth,
Nought to Mankind has e'er so fatal been,
As thou, accursed Gold, their Care and Sin.

Methinks I the Advent'rous Merchant see,
Ploughing the faithless Seas, in search of thee,
His dearest Wife and Children left behind,
(His real Wealth) while he, a Slave to th' Wind,
Sometimes becalm'd, the Shore with longing Eyes
Wishes to see, and what he wishes, Spies:
For a rude Tempest wakes him from his Dream,
And Strands his Bark by a more sad Extream.
Thus, hopeless Wretch, is his whole Life-time spent,
And though thrice Wreck't, 's no Wiser than he went.

Again, I see, the Heavenly Fair despis'd,
A Hagg like Hell, with Gold, more highly priz'd;
Mens Faith betray'd, their Prince and Country Sold,
Their God deny'd, all for the Idol Gold.

[Pg 31]

Unhappy Wretch, who first found out the Oar,
What kind of Vengeance rests for thee in store?
If *Nebats* Son, that *Israel* led astray,
Meet a severe Reward at the last Day?
Some strange unheard-of Judgement thou wilt find,
Who thus hast caus'd to Sin all Humane Kind.

The Miseries of Man.

[Pg 32]

In that so temperate Soil *Arcadia* nam'd,
For fertile Pasturage by Poets fam'd;
Stands a steep Hill, whose lofty jetting Crown,
Casts o'er the neighbouring Plains, a seeming Frown;
Close at its mossie Foot an aged Wood,
Compos'd of various Trees, there long has stood,
Whose thick united Tops scorn the Sun's Ray,

And hardly will admit the Eye of Day.
By oblique windings through this gloomy Shade,
Has a clear purling Stream its Passage made,
The *Nymph*, as discontented seem'd t'ave chose
This sad Recess to murmur forth her Woes.

To this Retreat, urg'd by tormenting Care,
The melancholly *Cloris* did repair,
As a fit Place to take the sad Relief
Of Sighs and Tears, to ease oppressing Grief.
Near to the Mourning *Nymph* she chose a Seat,
And these Complaints did to the Shades repeat.

[Pg 33]

Ah wretched, truly wretched Humane Race!
Your Woes from what Beginning shall I trace,
Where End, from your first feeble New-born Cryes,
To the last Tears that wet your dying Eyes?
Man, Common Foe, assail'd on ev'ry hand,
Finds that no Ill does Neuter by him stand,
Inexorable Death, Lean Poverty,
Pale Sickness, ever sad Captivity.
Can I, alas, the sev'ral Parties name,
Which, muster'd up, the Dreadful Army frame?
And sometimes in One Body all Unite,
Sometimes again do separately fight:
While sure Success on either Way does waite,
Either a Swift, or else a Ling'ring Fate.

But why 'gainst thee, O *Death!* should I inveigh,
That to our Quiet art the only way?
And yet I would (could I thy Dart command)
Crie, Here O strike! and there O hold thy Hand!
The Lov'd, the Happy, and the Youthful spare,
And end the Sad, the Sick, the Poor Mans Care.
But whether thou or Blind, or Cruel art,
Whether 'tis Chance, or Malice, guides thy Dart,
Thou from the Parents Arms dost pull away
The hopeful Child, their Ages only stay:
The Two, whom Friendship in dear Bands has ty'd,
Thou dost with a remorseless hand divide;
Friendship, the Cement, that does faster twine
Two Souls, than that which Soul and Body joyn:
Thousands have been, who their own Blood did spill,
But never any yet his Friend did kill.
Then 'gainst thy Dart what Armour can be found,
Who, where thou do'st not strike, do'st deepest wound?
Thy Pitty, than thy Wrath's more bitter far,
Most cruel, where 'twould seem the most to spare:
Yet thou of many Evils art but One,
Though thou by much too many art alone.

[Pg 34]

What shall I say of *Poverty*, whence flows?
To miserable Man so many Woes?
Ridiculous Evil which too oft we prove,
Does Laughter cause, where it should Pitty move;
Solitary Ill, into which no Eye,
Though ne're so Curious, ever cares to pry,
And were there, 'mong such plenty, onely One
Poor Man, he certainly would live alone.

[Pg 35]

Yet *Poverty* does leave the Man entire,
But *Sickness* nearer Mischiefs does conspire;
Invades the Body with a loath'd Embrace,
Prides both its Strength, and Beauty to deface;
Nor does its Malice in these bounds restrain,
But shakes the Throne of Sacred Wit, the Brain,
And with a ne're enough detested Force
Reason disturbs, and turns out of its Course.
Again, when Nature some Rare Piece has made,
On which her Utmost Skill she seems t'ave laid,
Polish't, adorn'd the Work with moving Grace,
And in the Beauteous Frame a Soul doth place,
So perfectly compos'd, it makes Divine
Each Motion, Word, and Look from thence does shine;
This Goodly Composition, the Delight

[Pg 36]

Of ev'ry Heart, and Joy of ev'ry sight,
 Its peevish Malice has the Power to spoyle,
 And with a Sully'd Hand its Lusture soyle.
 The Grief were Endless, that should all bewaile,
 Against whose sweet Repose thou dost prevail:
 Some freeze with Agues, some with Feavers burn,
 Whose Lives thou half out of their Holds dost turn;
 And of whose Sufferings it may be said,
 They living feel the very State o'th' Dead.
 Thou in a thousand sev'ral Forms are drest,
 And in them all dost Wretched Man infest.

And yet as if these Evils were too few,
Men their own Kind with hostile Aims pursue;
 Not Heavens fierce Wrath, nor yet the Hate of Hell,
 Not any Plague that e're the World befel,
 Not Inundations, Famines, Fires blind rage,
 Did ever Mortals equally engage,
 As Man does Man, more skilful to annoy,
 Both Mischievous and Witty to destroy.
 The bloody Wolf, the Wolf does not pursue;
 The Boar, though fierce, his Tusk will not embrue
 In his own Kind, Bares, not on Bares do prey:
 Then art thou, Man, more savage far than they.

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And now, methinks, I present do behold
 The Bloody Fields that are in Fame enroll'd,
 I see, I see thousands in Battle slain,
 The Dead and Dying cover all the Plain,
 Confused Noises hear, each way sent out,
 The Vanquishts Cries joyn'd with the Victors shout;
 Their Sighs and Groans who draw a painful Breath,
 And feel the Pangs of slow approaching Death:
 Yet happier these, far happier are the Dead,
 Than who into Captivity are led:
 What by their Chains, and by the Victors Pride,
 We pity these, and envy those that dy'd.
 And who can say, when Thousands are betray'd,
 To Widdowhood, Orphants or Childless made.
 Whither the Day does draw more Tears or Blood,
 A greater Chrystal, or a Crimson Floud,
 The faithful Wife, who late her Lord did Arm,
 And hop'd to shield, by holy Vows, from Harm,
 Follow'd his parting-steps with Love and Care,
 Sent after weeping Eyes, while he afar
 Rod heated on, born by a brave Disdain,
 May now go seek him, lying 'mong the Slain:
 Low on the Earth she'l find his lofty Crest,
 And those refulgent Arms which late his Breast
 Did guard, by rough Encounters broke and tore, }
 His Face and Hair, with Brains all clotted ore. }
 And Warlike Weeds besmeer'd with Dust and Gore. }

[Pg 38]

And will the Suffering World never bestow
 Upon th'Accursed Causers of such Woe,
 A vengeance that may parallel their Loss,
 Fix Publick Thieves and Robbers on the Cross?
 Such as call Ruine, Conquest, in their Pride,
 And having plagu'd Mankind, in Triumph ride.
 Like that renounced Murderer who staines
 In these our days *Alsacias* fertile Plains,
 Only to fill the future Tromp of Fame,
 Though greater Crimes, than Glory it proclame.
Alcides, Scourge of Thieves, return to Earth,
 Which uncontrolled gives such Monsters birth;
 On *Scepter'd-Cacus* let thy Power be shown,
 Pull him not from his Den, but from his Throne.

[Pg 39]

Clouds of black Thoughts her further Speech here broke,
 Her swelling Grief too great was to be spoke,
 Which struggl'd long in her tormented Mind,
 Till it some Vent by Sighs and Tears did find.
 And when her Sorrow something was subdu'd,
 She thus again her sad Complaint renewed.

Most Wretched Man, were th'ills I nam'd before
All which I could in thy sad State deplore,
Did Things without alone 'gainst thee prevail,
My Tongue I'de chide, that them I did bewaile:
But, Shame to Reason, thou art seen to be
Unto thy self the fatall'st Enemy,
Within thy Breast the Greatest Plagues to bear,
First them to breed, and then to cherish there;
Unmanag'd Passions which the Reins have broke
Of Reason, and refuse to bear its Yoke.
But hurry thee, uncurb'd, from place to place,
A wild, unruly, and an Uncouth Chace.
Now cursed Gold does lead the Man astray,
False flatt'ring Honours do anon betray,
Then Beauty does as dang'rously delude,
Beauty, that vanishes, while 'tis pursu'd,
That, while we do behold it, fades away,
And even a Long Encomium will not stay.

[Pg 40]

Each one of these can the Whole Man employ,
Nor knows he anger, sorrow, fear, or joy,
But what to these relate; no Thought does start
Aside, but tends to its appointed Part,
No Respite to himself from Cares he gives,
But on the Rack of Expectation lives.
If crost, the Torment cannot be exprest,
Which boyles within his agitated Breast.
Musick is harsh, all Mirth is an offence,
The Choicest Meats cannot delight his Sense,
Hard as the Earth he feels his Downy Bed,
His Pillow stufft with Thornes, that bears his Head,
He rolls from side to side, in vain seeks Rest;
For if sleep comes at last to the Distrest;
His Troubles then cease not to vex him too,
But Dreams present, what he does waking do.
On th'other side, if he obtains the Prey,
And Fate to his impetuous Sute gives way,
Be he or Rich, or Amorous, or Great,
He'll find this Riddle still of a Defeat,
That only Care, for Bliss, he home has brought,
Or else Contempt of what he so much sought.
So that on each Event if we reflect,
The Joys and Sufferings of both sides collect,
We cannot say where lies the greatest Pain,
In the fond Pursuit, Loss, or Empty Gain.

[Pg 41]

And can it be, Lord of the Sea and Earth,
Off-spring of Heaven, that to thy State and Birth
Things so incompatible should be joyn'd,
Passions should thee confound, to Heaven assign'd?
Passions that do the Soul unguarded lay,
And to the strokes of Fortune ope' a way.
Were't not that these thy Force did from thee take,
How bold, how brave Resistance would'st thou make?
Defie the Strength and Malice of thy Foes,
Unmoved stand the Worlds United Blows?
For what is't, Man, unto thy Better Part,
That thou or Sick, or Poor, or Captive art?
Since no Material Stroke the Soul can feel,
The smart of Fire, or yet the Edge of Steel.
As little can it Worldly Joys partake,
Though it the Body does its Agent make,
And joyntly with it Servile Labour bear,
For Things, alas, in which it cannot share.
Surveigh the Land and Sea by Heavens embrac't,
Thou'lt find no sweet th'Immortal Soul can tast:
Why dost thou then, O Man! thy self torment
Good here to gain, or Evils to prevent?
Who only Miserable or Happy art,
As thou neglects, or wisely act'st thy Part.

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For shame then rouse thy self as from a Sleep,
The long neglected Reins let Reason keep,
The Charret mount, and use both Lash and Bit,
Nobly resolve, and thou wilt firmly sit:

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Fierce Anger, boggling Fear, Pride prouncing still,
Bounds-hating Hope, Desire which nought can fill,
Are stubborn all, but thou may'st give them Law;
Th'are hard-Mouth'd Horses, but they well can draw.
Lash on, and the well govern'd Charret drive,
Till thou a Victor at the Goal arrive,
Where the free Soul does all her burden leave,
And Joys commensurate to her self receive.

[Pg 44]

***Upon the saying that my VERSES were
made by another.***

Next Heaven my Vows to thee (O Sacred *Muse!*)
I offer'd up, nor didst thou them refuse.

O Queen of Verse, said I, if thou'lt inspire,
And warm my Soul with thy Poetique Fire,
No Love of Gold shall share with thee my Heart,
Or yet Ambition in my Brest have Part,
More Rich, more Noble I will ever hold
The *Muses* Laurel, than a Crown of Gold.
An Undivided Sacrifice I'll lay
Upon thine Altar, Soul and Body pay;
Thou shalt my Pleasure, my Employment be,
My All I'll make a Holocaust to thee.

The Deity that ever does attend
Prayers so sincere, to mine did condescend.
I writ, and the Judicious prais'd my Pen:
Could any doubt Insuing Glory then?
What pleasing Raptures fill'd my Ravisht Sense?
How strong, how Sweet, Fame, was thy Influence?
And thine, False Hope, that to my flatter'd sight
Didst Glories represent so Near, and Bright?
By thee deceiv'd, methought, each Verdant Tree,
Apollo's transform'd *Daphne* seem'd to be;
And ev'ry fresher Branch, and ev'ry Bow
Appear'd as Garlands to empale my Brow.
The Learn'd in Love say, Thus the Winged Boy
Does first approach, drest up in welcome Joy;
At first he to the Cheated Lovers sight
Nought represents, but Rapture and Delight,
Alluring Hopes, Soft Fears, which stronger bind
Their Hearts, than when they more assurance find.

[Pg 45]

Embolden'd thus, to Fame I did commit,
(By some few hands) my most Unlucky Wit.
But, ah, the sad effects that from it came!
What ought t'have brought me Honour, brought me shame!
Like *Esops* Painted Jay I seem'd to all,
Adorn'd in Plumes, I not my own could call:
Rifl'd like her, each one my Feathers tore,
And, as they thought, unto the Owner bore.
My Laurels thus an Others Brow adorn'd,
My Numbers they Admir'd, but Me they scorn'd:
An others Brow, that had so rich a store
Of Sacred Wreaths, that circled it before;
Where mine quite lost, (like a small stream that ran
Into a Vast and Boundless Ocean)
Was swallow'd up, with what it joyn'd and drown'd,
And that Abiss yet no Accession found.

[Pg 46]

Orinda, (*Albions* and her Sexes Grace)
Ow'd not her Glory to a Beauteous Face,
It was her Radiant Soul that shon With-in,
Which struk a Lustre through her Outward Skin;
That did her Lips and Cheeks with Roses dy,
Advanc't her Height, and Sparkled in her Eye.
Nor did her Sex at all obstruct her Fame,
But higher 'mong the Stars it fixt her Name;
What she did write, not only all allow'd,
But ev'ry Laurel, to her Laurel, bow'd!

Th'Envious Age, only to Me alone,
Will not allow, what I do write, my Own,
But let 'em Rage, and 'gainst a Maide Conspire,
So Deathless Numbers from my Tuneful Lyre
Do ever flow; So *Phebus* I by thee
Divinely Inspired and possest may be;
I willingly accept *Cassandras* Fate,
To speak the Truth, although believ'd too late.

[Pg 47]

On the Birth-day of Queen Katherine.

While yet it was the Empire of the Night,
And Stars still check'r'd Darkness with their Light,
From Temples round the cheerful Bells did ring,
But with the Peales a churlish Storm did sing.
I slumbr'd; and the Heavens like things did show,
Like things which I had seen and heard below.
Playing on Harps Angels did singing fly,
But through a cloudy and a troubl'd Sky,
Some fixt a Throne, and Royal Robes display'd,
And then a Massie Cross upon it laid.
I wept: and earnestly implor'd to know,
Why Royal Ensigns were disposed so.
An Angel said, The Emblem thou hast seen,
Denotes the Birth-Day of a Saint and Queen.
Ah, Glorious Minister, I then reply'd,
Goodness and Bliss together do reside
In Heaven and thee, why then on Earth below
These two combin'd so rarely do we know?
He said, Heaven so decrees: and such a Sable Morne
Was that, in which the *Son of God* was borne.
Then Mortal wipe thine Eyes, and cease to rave,
God darkn'd Heaven, when He the World did save.

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TO

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My Lord Colrane,

*In Answer to his Complemental Verses sent me under the
Name of CLEANOR.*

Long my dull *Muse* in heavy slumbers lay,
Indulging Sloth, and to soft Ease gave way,
Her Fill of Rest resolving to enjoy,
Or fancying little worthy her employ.
When Noble *Cleanors* obliging Strains
Her, the neglected Lyre to tune, constrains.
Confus'd at first, she rais'd her drowsie Head,
Ponder'd a while, then pleas'd, forsook her Bed.
Survey'd each Line with Fancy richly fraught,
Re-read, and then revolv'd them in her Thought.

And can it be? She said, and can it be?
That 'mong the Great Ones I a Poet see?
The Great Ones? who their Ill-spent time devide,
'Twixt dang'rous Politicks, and formal Pride,
Destructive Vice, expensive Vanity,
In worse Ways yet, if Worse there any be:
Leave to Inferiours the despised Arts,
Let their Retainers be the *Men of Parts*.
But here with Wonder and with Joy I find,
I'th' Noble Born, a no less Noble Mind;
One, who on Ancestors, does not rely
For Fame, in Merit, as in Title, high!

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The Severe Godess thus approv'd the Laies:
Yet too much pleas'd, alas, with her own Praise.
But to vain Pride, *My Muse*, cease to give place,

Virgils immortal Numbers once did grace
A *Smother'd Gnat*: by high Applause is shown,
If undeserv'd, the Praisers worth alone:
Nor that you should believ't, is't always meant,
'Tis often for Instruction only sent,
To praise men to Amendment, and display,
By its Perfection, where their Weakness lay.
This Use of these Applauding Numbers make
Them for Example, not Encomium, take.

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The Discontent.

I.

Here take no Care, take here no Care, my *Muse*,
Nor ought of Art or Labour use:
But let thy Lines rude and unpolisht go,
Nor Equal be their Feet, nor Num'rous let them flow.
The ruggeder my Measures run when read,
They'l livelier paint th'unequal Paths fond Mortals tread.
Who when th'are tempted by the smooth Ascents,
Which flatt'ring Hope presents,
Briskly they clime, and Great Things undertake;
But Fatal Voyages, alas, they make:
For 'tis not long before their Feet,
Inextricable Mazes meet,
Perplexing Doubts obstruct their Way,
Mountains with-stand them of Dismay;
Or to the Brink of black Dispaire them lead,
Where's nought their Ruine to impede,
In vain for Aide they then to Reason call,
Their Series dazle, and their Heads turn round,
The sight does all their Pow'rs confound,
And headlong down the horrid Precipice they fall:
Where storms of Sighs for ever blow,
Where raped streams of Tears do flow,
Which drown them in a Briny Floud.
My Muse pronounce aloud, there's nothing Good,
Nought that the World can show,
Nought that it can bestow.

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II.

Not boundless Heaps of its admired Clay, }
Ah, too successful to betray, }
When spread in our fraile Vertues way: }
For few do run with so Resolv'd a Pace,
That for the Golden Apple will not loose the Race.
And yet not all the Gold the Vain would spend,
Or greedy Avarice would wish to save;
Which on the Earth refulgent Beams doth send,
Or in the Sea has found a Grave,
Joyn'd in one Mass, can Bribe sufficient be,
The Body from a stern Disease to free,
Or purchase for the Minds relief
One Moments sweet Repose, when restless made by grief,
But what may Laughter, more than Pity, move:
When some the Price of what they Dear'st Love
Are Masters of, and hold it in their Hand,
To part with it their Hearts they can't command:
But chose to miss, what miss't does them torment,
And that to hug, affords them no Content.
Wise Fools, to do them Right, we these must hold,
Who Love depose, and Homage pay to Gold.

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III.

Nor yet, if rightly understood,
Does Grandeur carry more of Good;
To be o'th' Number of the Great enroll'd,
A Scepter o're a Mighty Realm to hold.

For what is this?
 If I not judge amiss.
 But all th'Afflicted of a Land to take,
 And of one single Family to make?
 The Wrong'd, the Poor, th'Opprest, the Sad,
 The Ruin'd, Malecontent, and Mad?
 Which a great Part of ev'ry Empire frame,
 And Interest in the common Father claime.
 Again what is't, but always to abide
 A Gazing Crowd? upon a Stage to spend
 A Life that's vain, or Evil without End?
 And which is yet nor safely held, nor laid aside?
 And then, if lesser Titles carry less of Care,
 Yet none but Fools ambitious are to share
 Such a Mock-Good, of which 'tis said, 'tis Best,
 When of the least of it Men are possest.

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IV.

But, O, the Laurel'd Fool! that doats on Fame,
 Whose Hope's Applause, whose Fear's to want a Name;
 Who can accept for Pay
 Of what he does, what others say;
 Exposes now to hostile Arms his Breast,
 To toylsome Study then betrays his Rest;
 Now to his Soul denies a just Content,
 Then forces on it what it does resent;
 And all for Praise of Fools: for such are those,
 Which most of the Admiring Crowd compose.
 O famisht Soul, which such Thin Food can feed!
 O Wretched Labour crown'd with such a Meed!
 Too loud, O Fame! thy Trumpet is, too shrill,
 To lull a Mind to Rest,
 Or calme a stormy Breast,
 Which asks a Musick soft and still.
 'Twas not *Amaleck's* vanquisht Cry,
 Nor *Israels* shout of Victory,
 That could in *Saul* the rising Passion lay,
 'Twas the soft strains of *David's* Lyre the Evil Spirit chace't away.

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V.

But Friendship fain would yet itself defend,
 And Mighty Things it does pretend,
 To be of this Sad Journey, Life, the Baite,
 The sweet Refection of our toylsome State.
 But though True Friendship a Rich Cordial be,
 Alas, by most 'tis so alay'd,
 Its Good so mixt with Ill we see,
 That Dross for Gold is often paid.
 And for one Grain of Friendship that is found, }
 Falshood and Interest do the Mass compound, }
 Or coldness, worse than Steel, the Loyal heart doth wound. }
 Love in no Two was ever yet the same,
 No Happy Two ere felt an Equal Flame.

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VI.

Is there that Earth by Humane Foot ne're prest?
 That Aire which never yet by Humane Breast
 Respir'd, did Life supply?
 Oh, thither let me fly!
 Where from the World at such a distance set,
 All that's past, present, and to come I may forget:
 The Lovers Sighs, and the Afflicteds Tears,
 What e're may wound my Eyes or Ears.
 The grating Noise of Private Jars,
 The horrid sound of Publick Wars,
 Of babling Fame the Idle Stories,
 The short-liv'd Triumphs Noisy-Glories,
 The Curious Nets the subtile weave,
 The Word, the Look that may deceive.
 No Mundan Care shall more affect my Breast,
 My profound Peace shake or molest:

But *Stupor*, like to Death, my Senses bind,
That so I may anticipate that Rest,
Which only in my Grave I hope to find.

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A Pastoral Dialogue.

Amintor. Stay gentle Nymph, nor so sollicitous be?
To fly his sight that still would gaze on thee.
With other Swaines I see thee oft converse,
Content to speak, and hear what they rehearse:
But I unhappy, when I e're draw nigh,
Thou streight do'st leave both Place, and Company.
If this thy Flight, from fear of Harm doth flow,
Ah, sure thou little of my Heart dost know.

Alinda. What wonder, Swain, if the Pursu'd by Flight,
Seeks to avoid the close Pursuers Sight?
And if no Cause I have to fly from thee,
Then thou hast none, why thou dost follow me.

Amin. If to the Cause thou wilt propitious prove,
Take it at once, fair Nymph, and know 'tis Love.

Alin. To my just Pray'r, ye favouring Gods attend, }
These Vows to Heaven with equal Zeal I send, }
My flocks from Wolves, my Heart from Love, defend. }

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Amin. The Gods which did on thee such Charms bestow,
Ne're meant thou shouldst to Love have prov'd a Foe,
That so Divine a Power thou shouldst defy.
Could there a Reason be, I'd ask thee, why?

Alin. Why does *Licoris*, once so bright and gay,
Pale as a Lilly pine her self away?
Why does *Elvira*, ever sad, frequent
The lonely shades? Why does yon Monument
Which we upon our Left Hand do behold,
Hapless *Amintas* youthful Limbs enfold?
Say Shepherd, say: But if thou wilt not tell,
Damon, *Philisides*, and *Strephon* well
Can speak the Cause, whose Falshood each upbraids,
And justly me from Cruel Love disswades.

Amin. Hear me ye Gods. Me and my Flocks forsake,
If e're like them my promis'd Faith I brake.

Alin. By others sad Experience wise I'll be. }

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Amin. But such thy Wisdom highly injures me:
And nought but Death can give a Remedy. }
Ye Learn'd in Physick, what does it avail, }
That you by Art (wherein ye never fail) }
Present Relief have for the Mad-dogs Bite? }
The Serpents sting? the poisonous *Achonite*? }
While helpless Love upbraids your baffl'd skill,
And far more certain, than the rest, doth kill.

Alin. Fond Swain, go dote upon the new blown Rose,
Whose Beauty with the Morning did disclose,
And e're Days King forsakes th'enlighted Earth,
Wither'd, returns from whence it took its Birth.
As much Excuse will there thy Love attend,
As what thou dost on Womens Beauty spend.

Amin. Ah Nymph, those Charms which I in thee admire,
Can, nor before, nor with thy Life expire.
From Heaven they are, and such as ne're can dye,
But with thy Soul they will ascend the Sky!
For though my ravisht Eye beholds in Thee,
Such beauty as I can in none else see;
That Nature there alone is without blame,
Yet did not this my faithful Heart enflame:
Nor when in Dance thou mov'st upon the Plaine,

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Or other Sports pursu'd among the Train
Of choicest Nymphs, where thy attractive Grace
Shews thee alone, though thousands be in place!
Yet not for these do I *Alinda* love,

Hear then what 'tis, that does my Passion move.

That Thou still Earliest at the Temple art,
And still the last that does from thence depart;
Pans Altar is by thee the ofttest prest,
Thine's still the fairest Offering and the Best;
And all thy other Actions seem to be,
The true Result of Unfeign'd Piety;
Strict in thy self, to others Just and Mild;
Careful, nor to Deceive, nor be Beguil'd;
Wary, without the least Offence, to live,
Yet none than thee more ready to forgive!
Even on thy Beauty thou dost Fetters lay,
Least, unawares, it any should betray.
Far unlike, sure, to many of thy Sex,
Whose Pride it is, the doting World to vex;
Spreading their Universal Nets to take
Who e're their artifice can captive make.
But thou command'st thy Sweet, but Modest Eye,
That no Inviting Glance from thence should fly.
Beholding with a Gen'rous Disdain,
The lighter Courtships of each amorous Swain;
Knowing, true Fame, Vertue alone can give:
Nor dost thou greedily even that receive.
And what 'bove this thy Character can raise?
Thirsty of Merit, yet neglecting Praise!

While daily these Perfections I discry,
Matchless *Alinda* makes me daily dy.
Thou absent, Flow'rs to me no Odours yield,
Nor find I freshness in the dewy Field;
Not *Thyrsis* Voice, nor *Melibæus* Lire,
Can my Sad Heart with one Gay Thought inspire;
My thriving Flock ('mong Shepherds Vows the Chief)
I unconcern'd behold, as they my Grief.

This I profess, if this thou not believe,
A further proof I ready am to give,
Command: there's nothing I'll not undertake,
And, thy Injunctions, Love will easie make.

Ah, if thou couldst incline a gentle Ear,
Of plighted Faith, and hated *Hymen* hear;
Thou hourly then my spotless Love should'st see,
That all my Study, how to please, should be;
How to protect thee from disturbing Care,
And in thy Grievs to bear the greatest share;
Nor should a Joy, my Warie Heart surprize,
That first I read not in thy charming Eyes.

Alin. If ever I to any do impart,
My, till this present hour, well-guarded Heart,
That Passion I have fear'd, I'll surely prove,
For one that does, like to *Amintor* love.

Amintor. Ye Gods——

Alin. Shepherd, no more: enough it is that I,
Thus long to Love, have listn'd patiently.
Farewel: *Pan* keep thee, Swain.

Amintor. And Blessings Thee,
Rare as thy Vertues, still accompany.

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A Pastoral Dialogue.

**Melibæus, Alcippe, Asteria, Licida,
Alcimedon, and Amira.**

Melibæus. Welcome fair Nymphs, most welcome to this shade,
Distemp'ring Heats do now the Plains invade:
But you may sit, from Sun securely here,

If you an old mans company not fear.

Alcippe. Most Reverend Swaine, far from us ever be
The imputation of such Vanity.
From Hill to Holt w'ave thee unweary'd sought,
And bless the Chance that us hath hither brought.

Asteria. Fam'd *Melibæus* for thy Virtuous Lays,
If thou dost not disdain our Female Praise,
We come to sue thou would'st to us recite
One of thy Songs, which gives such high delight
To ev'ry Eare, wherein thou dost dispense
Sage Precepts cloath'd in flowing Eloquence.

Licida. Fresh Garlands we will make for thee each morne,
Thy reverend Head to shade, and to adorne;
To cooling Springs thy fainting Flock we'll guide,
All thou command'st, to do shall be our Pride.

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Meli. Cease, gentle Nymphs, the Willing to entreat,
To have your Wish, each needs but take a Seat.
With joy I shall my ancient Art revive,
With which, when Young, I did for Glory strive.
Nor for my Verse will I accept a Hire,
Your bare Attentions all I shall require.

Alci. Lo, from the Plain I see draw near a Pair
That I could wish in our Converse might share.
Amira 'tis and young *Alcimedon*.

Lici. Serious Discourse industriously they shun.

Alci. It being yet their luck to come this way,
The Fond Ones to our Lecture we'll betray:
And though they only sought a private shade,
Perhaps they may depart more Vertuous made.
I will accost them. Gentle Nymph and Swaine,
Good *Melibæus* us doth entertain
With Lays Divine: if you'll his Hearers be,
Take streight your Seats without Apology.

Alci. Paying short thanks, at fair *Amiras* feet,
I'll lay me down: let her choose where 'tis meet

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Al. Shepherd, behold, we all attentive sit.

Meli. What shall I sing? what shall my *Muse* rehearse?
Love is a Theme well sues a Past'ral Verse,
That gen'ral Error, Universal Ill,
That Darling of our Weakness and our Will;
By which though many fall, few hold it shame;
Smile at the Fault, which they would seem to blame.
What wonder then, if those with Mischief play,
It to destruction them doth oft betray?

But by experience it is daily found,
That Love the softer Sex does sorest wound;
In Mind, as well as Body, far more weak
Than Men: therefore to them my Song shall speak,
Advising well, however it succeed:
But unto All I say, *Of Love take heed*.
So hazardous, because so hard to know
On whom they are we do our Hearts bestow;
How they will use them, or with what regard
Our Faith and high Esteem they will reward:
For few are found, that truly acted be

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By Principles of Generosity.
That when they know a Virgins Heart they've gain'd,
(And though by many Vows and Arts obtain'd)
Will think themselves oblig'd their Faith to hold
Tempted by Friends, by Interest, or by Gold.
Expect it not: most, Love their Pastime make,
Lightly they Like, and lightly they forsake;
Their Roving Humour wants but a pretence
With Oaths and what's most Sacred to dispence.
When unto such a Maid has given her Heart,
And said, *Alone my Happiness thou art*,

In thee and in thy Truth I place my Rest.
Her sad Surprise how can it be express'd,
When all on which she built her Joy she finds,
Vanish, like Clouds, dispers'd before the Winds;
Her self, who th'ador'd Idol wont to be,
A poor despis'd Idolater to see?
Regardless Tears she may profusely spend,
Unpity'd sighs her tender Breast may rend:
But the false Image she will ne'er erase,
Though far unworthy still to hold its place:
So hard it is, even Wiser grown, to take
Th'Impression out, which Fancy once did make.
Believe me Nymphs, believe my hoary hairs,
Truth and Experience waits on many years.

[Pg 67]

Before the Eldest of you Light beheld,
A Nymph we had, in Beauty all excell'd,
Rodanthe call'd, in whom each Grace did shine,
Could make a Mortal Maid appear Divine.
And none could say, where most her Charms did lye,
In her enchanting Tongue, or conquering Eye.
Her Vertue yet her Beauties so out-shon,
As Beauty did the Garments she put on!

Among the Swains, which here their Flocks then fed,
Alcander with the highest held his head;
The most Accomplish't was esteem'd to be,
Of comely Forme, well-grac't Activity;
The *Muses* too, like him, did none inspire,
None so did stop the Pipe, or touch the Lyre;
Sweet was his Voice, and Eloquent his Tongue;
Alike admir'd when he Spoke, or Sung!
But these so much Excelling parts the Swain,
With Imperfections no less Great, did stain:
For proud he was, of an Ungovern'd Will,
With Love Familiar, but a Stranger still
To Faith and Constancy; and did his Heart,
Retaining none, expose to ev'ry Dart.
Hapless *Rodanthe*, the Fond Rover, caught,
To whom, for Love, with usual Arts he sought;
Which she, ah too unwary, did bestow:
'Cause True her self, believ'd that he was so.
But he, alas, more wav'ring than the Wind,
Streight broke the Chain, she thought so fast did bind;
For he no sooner saw her Heart was gain'd,
But he as soon the Victory disdain'd;
Mad Love else-where, as if 'twere like Renown,
Hearts to subdue, as to take in a Town:
But in the One as Manhood does prevail,
Both Truth and Manhood in the other fail.
And now the Nymph (of late so gay and bright,
The Glory of the Plains and the Delight,
Who still in Wit and Mirth all Pastimes led)
Hung like a wither'd Flow'r her drooping Head.

[Pg 60]

I need not tell the Grief *Rodanthe* found,
How all that should assuage, enrag'd her Wound;
Her Form, her Fame, her Vertue, Riches, Wit,
Like Deaths sad Weights upon her Soul did sit:
Or else like Furies stood before her Face,
Still urging and Upbraiding her Disgrace,
In that the World could yield her no Content,
But what alone the False *Alcander* sent.
'Twas said, through just Disdain, at last she broke
The Disingenuous and Unworthy Yoke:
But this I know, her Passion held long time,
Constancy, though Unhappy, is no Crime.

[Pg 61]

Remember when you Love, from that same hour
Your Peace you put into your Lovers Power:
From that same hour from him you Laws receive,
And as he shall ordain, you Joy, or Grieve,
Hope, Fear, Laugh, Weep; Reason aloof does stand,
Disabl'd both to Act, and to Command.
Oh Cruel Fetters! rather wish to feel,
On your soft Limbs, the Gauling Weight of Steel;
Rather to bloody Wounds oppose your Breast
No Ill, by which the Body can be prest;
You will so sensible a Torment find,

As Shackles on your captivated Mind.
The Mind from Heaven its high Descent did draw,
And brooks uneasily any other Law,
Than what from Reason dictated shall be,
Reason, a kind of In-mate Deity.
Which only can adapt to ev'ry Soul
A Yoke so fit and light, that the Controle
All Liberty excels; so sweet a Sway,
The same 'tis to be Happy, and Obey;
Commands so Wise and with Rewards so drest
That the according Soul replies, *I'm Blest.*
This teaches rightly how to Love and Hate,
To fear and hope by Measure and just Weight;
What Tears in Grief ought from our Eyes to flow,
What Transport in Felicity to show;
In ev'ry Passion how to steer the Will,
Tho rude the Shock, to keep it steady still.
Oh happy Mind! what words can speak thy Bliss,
When in a Harmony thou mov'st like this?

[Pg 70]

Your Hearts fair Virgins keep smooth as your Brow,
Not the least Am'rous Passion there allow;
Hold not a Parly with what may betray
Your inward Freedom to a Forraign Sway;
And while thus ore your selves you Queens remain,
Unenvy'd, ore the World, let others reign:
The highest Joy which from Dominion flows,
Is short of what a Mind well-govern'd knows.

[Pg 71]

Whither my *Muse*, would'st uncontrouled run?
Contend in Motion with the restless Sun?
Immortal thou, but I a mortal Sire
Exhaust my strength, and Hearers also tire.

Al. O Heaven-taught Bard! to Ages couldst prolong
Thy Soul-instructing, Health-infusing Song,
I with unweary'd Appetite could hear,
And wish my Senses were turn'd all to Ear.

Alcim. Old Man, thy frosty Precepts well betray
Thy Blood is cold, and that thy Head is grey:
Who past the Pleasure Love and Youth can give,
To spoyl't in others, now dost only live.
Wouldst thou, indeed, if so thou couldst perswade,
The Fair, whose Charms have many Lovers made,
Should feel Compassion for no one they wound,
But be to all Inexorable found?

Me. Young man, if my advice thou well hadst weigh'd,
Thou would'st have found, for either Sex 'twas made;
And would from Womens Beauty thee no less
Preserve, than them secure from thy Address.
But let thy Youth thy rash Reproach excuse.

[Pg 74]

Alci. Fairest *Amira* let him not abuse
Thy gentle Heart, by his imprinting there
His doting Maxims—But I will not fear:
For when 'gainst Love he fiercest did inveigh,
Methoughts I saw thee turn with Scorn away.

Ami. *Alcimedon* according to his Will
Does all my Words and Looks interpret still:
But I shall learn at length how to Disdain,
Or at the least more cunningly to feign.

Alci. No wonder thou *Alcimedon* art rude,
When with no Gen'rous Quality endu'd:
But hop'st by railing Words Vice to defend,
Which Foulers made, by having such a Friend.

Amira, thou art warn'd, wisely beware,
Leap not with Open-Eyes into the Snare:
The Faith that's given to thee, was given before
To *Nais*, *Amoret*, and many more:
The Perjur'd did the Gods to Witness call,
That unto each he was the only Thrall.

Aste. Y'ave made his Cheeks with Conscious blushes glow.

[Pg 75]

Alci. 'Tis the best Colour a False Heart can show;
And well it is with Guilt some shame remains.

Meli. Hast, Shepherd, hast to cleanse away thy stains,
Let not thy Youth, of Time the goodly spring,
Neglected pass, that nothing forth it bring
But noxious Weeds: which cultivated might
Produce such Crop, as now would thee delight,
And give thee after Fame: For Vertues Fruit
Believe it, not alone with Age does sute,
Nought adorns Youth like to a Noble Mind,
In thee this Union let *Amira* find.

Lici. O fear her not! she'l serve him in his kind.

Meli. See how Discourse upon the Time does prey,
Those hours pass swiftest, that we talk away.
Declining *Sol* forsaken hath the Fields,
And Mountains highest Summits only gildes:
Which warns us home-wards with our Flocks to make.

Alci. Along with thee our Thanks and Praises take.

Aste. In which our Hearts do all in One unite.

Lici. Our Wishes too, That on thy Head may light,
What e're the Gods as their Best Gifts bestow.

Meli. Kind Nymphs on you may Equal Blessings flow.

[Pg 76]

On my Aunt Mrs A. K.

Drown'd under London-bridge, in the QUEENS Bardge, Anno 1641.

The Darling of a Father Good and Wise,
The Vertue, which a Vertuous Age did prize;
The Beauty Excellent, even to those were Faire,
Subscrib'd unto, by such as might compare;
The Star that 'bove her Orb did always move,
And yet the Noblest did not Hate, but Love;
And those who most upon their Title stood,
Vail'd also to, because she did more Good.
To whom the Wrong'd, and Worthy did resort, }
And held their Sutes obtain'd, if only brought; }
The highest Saint in all the Heav'n of Court. }
So Noble was her Aire, so Great her Meen,
She seem'd a Friend, not Servant to the Queen.
To Sin, if known, she never did give way,
Vice could not Storm her, could it not betray.

When angry Heav'n extinguisht her fair Light,
It seem'd to say, *Nought's Precious in my sight;*
As I in Waves this Paragon have drown'd,
The Nation next, and King I will confound.

[Pg 77]

On a young Lady

Whose LORD was Travelling.

No sooner I pronounced *Celinda's* name,
But Troops of wing'd Pow'rs did chant the same:
Not those the Poets Bows and Arrows lend,
But such as on the Altar do attend.
Celinda nam'd, Flow'rs spring up from the Ground,
Excited meerly with the Charming Sound.
Celinda, the Courts Glory, and its fear,
The gaw'd at Wonder, where she does appear.

Celinda great in Birth, greater in Meen,
Yet none so humble as this Fair-One's seen.
Her Youth and Beauty justly might disdain,
But the least Pride her Glories ne're did stain.
Celinda of each State th'ambitious Strife,
At once a Noble Virgin, and a Wife

[Pg 78]

Who, while her Gallant Lord in Forraign parts
Adorns his Youth with all accomplisht Arts,
Grows ripe at home in Vertue, more than Years,
And in each Grace a Miracle appears!

When other of her Age a madding go,
To th' Park and Plays, and ev'ry publick Show,
Proud from their Parents Bondage they have broke,
Though justly freed, she still does wear the Yoke;
Preferring more her Mothers Friend to be,
Than Idol of the Towns Loose-Gallantry.
On her she to the Temple does attend,
Where they their Blessed Hours both save and spend.
They Smile, they Joy, together they do Pray,
You'd think two Bodies did One Soul obey:
Like Angels thus they do reflect their Bliss,
And their bright Vertues each the other kiss.

Return young Lord, while thou abroad dost rome
The World to see, thou loolest Heaven at Home.

ON THE

[Pg 79]

Dutchess of Grafton

Under the Name of ALINDA.

A SONG.

I.

Th'ambitious Eye that seeks alone,
Where Beauties Wonders most are shown;
Of all that bounteous Heaven displays,
Let him on bright *Alinda* gaze;
And in her high Example see,
All can admir'd, or wisht-for, be!

II.

An unmatch't Form, Mind like endow'd,
Estate, and Title great and proud;
A Charge Heaven dares to few commit,
So few, like her, can manage it;
Without all Blame or Envy bear,
The being Witty, Great and Fair!

III.

So well these Murd'ring Weapons weild,
As first Herself with them to shield,
Then slaughter none in proud Disport,
Destroy those she invites to Court:
Great are her Charmes, but Vertue more,
She wounds no Hearts, though All adore.

[Pg 80]

IV.

'Tis Am'rous Beauty Love invites,
A Passion, like it self, excites:
The Paragon, though all admire,
Kindles in none a fond desire:
No more than those the Kings Renown
And State applaud, affect his Crown.

*These following Fragments among many more were found among her
Papers.*

Penelope to Ulysses.

Return my dearest Lord, at length return,
Let me no longer your sad absence mourn,
Ilium in Dust, does no more Work afford,
No more Employment for your Wit or Sword.

Why did not the fore-seeing Gods destroy,
Helin the Fire-brand both of *Greece* and *Troy*,
E're yet the Fatal Youth her Face had seen,
E're lov'd and born away the wanton Queen?
Then had been stopt the mighty Floud of Woe,
Which now both *Greece* and *Phrygia* over-flow:
Then I, these many Teares, should not have shed,
Nor thou, the source of them, to War been led:
I should not then have trembled at the Fame
Of *Hectors* warlike and victorious Name.

Why did I wish the Noble *Hector* Slain?
Why *Ilium* ruin'd? Rise, O rise again!
Again great City flourish from thine Urne:
For though thou'rt burn'd, my Lord does not return.
Sometimes I think, (but O most Cruel Thought,)
That, for thy Absence, th'art thy self in fault:
That thou art captiv'd by some captive Dame,
Who, when thou fired'st *Troy*, did thee inflame
And now with her thou lead'st thy am'rous Life,
Forgetful, and despising of thy Wife.

[Pg 82]

An Epitaph on her Self.

When I am Dead, few Friends attend my Hearse,
And for a Monument, I leave my V E R S E.

An ODE.

Arise my Dove, from mid'st of Pots arise,
Thy sully'd Habitation leave,
To Dust no longer cleave,
Unworthy they of Heaven that will not view the Skies.
Thy native Beauty re-assume,
Prune each neglected Plume,
Till more than Silver white,
Then burnisht Gold more bright,
Thus ever ready stand to take thy Eternal Flight.

[Pg 83]

II.

The Bird to whom the spacious Aire was given,
As in a smooth and trackless Path to go,
A Walk which does no Limits know
Pervious alone to Her and Heaven:
Should she her Airy Race forget,
On Earth affect to walk and sit;
Should she so high a Priviledge neglect,
As still on Earth, to walk and sit, affect,
What could she of Wrong complain,
Who thus her Birdly Kind doth stain,
If all her Feathers moulted were,
And naked she were left and bare,
The Jest and Scorn of Earth and Aire?

III.

The Bird of Paradice the Soul,

***Extemporary Counsel given to a Young Gallant
in a Frolick.***

As you are Young, if you'l be also Wise,
 Danger with Honour court, Quarrels despise;
 Believe you then are truly Brave and Bold,
 To Beauty when no Slave, and less to Gold;
 When Vertue you dare own, not think it odd,
 Or ungenteel to say, I *fear a God.*

***These Three following ODES being found among
Mrs Killigrews Papers, I was willing to Print though none of hers.***

Cloris Charmes

Dissolved by EUDORA.

I.

Not that thy Fair Hand
 Should lead me from my deep Dispaire,
 Or thy Love, *Cloris*, End my Care,
 And back my Steps command:
 But if hereafter thou Retire,
 To quench with Tears, thy Wandring Fire,
 This Clue I'll leave behinde,
 By which thou maist untwine
 The Saddest Way,
 To shun the Day,
 That ever Grief did find.

II.

First take thy Hapless Way
 Along the Rocky Northern Shore,
 Infamous for the Matchless Store
 Of Wracks within that Bay.
 None o're the Cursed Beach e're crost,
 Unless the Robb'd, the Wrack'd, or Lost
 Where on the Strand lye spread,
 The Skulls of many Dead.
 Their mingl'd Bones,
 Among the Stones,
 Thy Wretched Feet must tread.

III.

The Trees along the Coast,
 Stretch forth to Heaven their blasted Arms,
 As if they plained the North-winds harms,
 And Youthful Verdure lost.
 There stands a Grove of Fatal Ewe,
 Where Sun nere pierc't, nor Wind ere blew.
 In it a Brooke doth fleet,
 The Noise must guide thy Feet,
 For there's no Light,
 But all is Night,
 And Darkness that you meet.

IV.

Follow th'Infernal Wave,
 Until it spread into a Floud,
 Poysoning the Creatures of the Wood,

There twice a day a Slave,
I know not for what Impious Thing,
Bears thence the Liquor of that Spring.
It adds to the sad Place,
To hear how at each Pace,
He curses God,
Himself, his Load,
For such his Forlorn Case.

V.

Next make no Noyse, nor talk,
Until th'art past a Narrow Glade,
Where Light does only break the Shade;
'Tis a Murderers Walk.
Observing this thou need'st not fear,
He sleeps the Day or Wakes elsewhere.
Though there's no Clock or Chime,
The Hour he did his Crime,
His Soul awakes,
His Conscience quakes
And warns him that's the Time.

[Pg 88]

VI.

Thy Steps must next advance,
Where Horror, Sin, and Spectars dwell,
Where the Woods Shade seems turn'd Hell,
Witches here Nightly Dance,
And Sprights joyn with them when they call,
The Murderer dares not view the Ball.
For Snakes and Toads conspire,
To make them up a Quire.
And for their Light,
And Torches bright,
The Fiends dance all on fire.

VII.

Press on till thou descrie
Among the Trees sad, gastly, wan,
Thinne as the Shadow of a Man,
One that does ever crie,
She is not; and she ne're will be,
Despair and Death come swallow me,
Leave him; and keep thy way,
No more thou now canst stray
Thy Feet do stand,
In Sorrows Land,
It's Kingdomes every way.

[Pg 89]

VIII.

Here Gloomy Light will shew
Reard like a Castle to the Skie,
A Horrid Cliffe there standing nigh
Shading a Creek below.
In which Recess there lies a Cave,
Dreadful as Hell, still as the Grave.
Sea-Monsters there abide,
The coming of the Tide,
No Noise is near,
To make them fear,
God-sleep might there reside.

[Pg 90]

IX.

But when the Boysterous Seas,
With Roaring Waves resumes this Cell,
You'd swear the Thunders there did dwell.
So lowd he makes his Plea;
So Tempests bellow under ground,
And Ecchos multiply the Sound!
This is the place I chose,

Changeable like my Woes,
Now calmly Sad,
Then Raging Mad,
As move my Bitter Throwes.

X.

Such Dread besets this Part,
That all the Horrour thou hast past,
Are but Degrees to This at last.
The sight must break thy Heart.
Here Bats and Owles that hate the Light
Fly and enjoy Eternal Night.
Scales of Serpents, Fish-bones,
Th'Adders Eye, and Toad-stones,
Are all the Light,
Hath blest my Sight,
Since first began my Groans.

[Pg 91]

XI.

When thus I lost the Sense,
Of all the heathful World calls Bliss,
And held it Joy, those Joys to miss,
When Beauty was Offence:
Celestial Strains did read the Aire,
Shaking these Mansions of Despaire;
A Form Divine and bright,
Stroke Day through all that Night
As when Heav'ns Queen
In Hell was seen,
With wonder and affright!

XII.

The Monsters fled for fear,
The Terrors of the Cursed Wood
Dismantl'd were, and where they stood,
No longer did appear.
The Gentle Pow'r, which wrought this thing,
Eudora was, who thus did sing.
Dissolv'd is Cloris spell,
From whence thy Evils fell,
Send her this Clue,
'Tis there most due
And thy Phantastick Hell.

[Pg 92]

Upon a Little Lady

Under the Discipline of an Excellent Person.

I.

How comes the Day orecast? the Flaming Sun
Darkn'd at Noon, as if his Course were run?
He never rose more proud, more glad, more gay,
Ne're courted *Daphne* with a brighter Ray!
And now in Clouds he wraps his Head,
As if not *Daphne*, but himself were dead!
And all the little Winged Troop
Forbear to sing, and sit and droop;
The Flowers do languish on their Beds,
And fading hang their Mourning Heads;
The little *Cupids* discontented, shew,
In Grief and Rage one breaks his Bow,
An other tares his Cheeks and Haire,
A third sits blubring in Despaire,
Confessing though, in Love, he be,
A Powerful, Dreadful Deitie,
A Child, in Wrath, can do as much as he:
Whence is this Evil hurl'd,

[Pg 93]

On all the sweetness of the World?
Among those Things with Beauty shine,
(Both Humane natures, and Divine)
There was not so much sorrow spi'd,
No, not that Day the sweet *Adonis* died!

II.

Ambitious both to know the Ill, and to partake,
The little Weeping Gods I thus bespake.
Ye Noblest Pow'rs and Gentlest that Above,
Govern us Men, but govern still with Love,
Vouchsafe to tell, what can that Sorrow be,
Disorders Heaven, and wounds a Deitie.
My Prayer not spoken out,
One of the Winged Rout,
With Indignation great,
Sprung from his Airie-Seat,
And mounting to a Higher Cloud,
With Thunder, or a Voice as loud
Cried, Mortal there, there seek the Grief o'th'Gods,
Where thou findest Plagues, and their revengeful Rods!
And in the Instant that the Thing was meant,
He bent his Bow, his Arrow plac't, and to the mark it sent!
I follow'd with my watchful Eye,
To the Place where the Shaft did flie,
But O unheard-of Prodigy.
It was retorted back again,
And he that sent it, felt the pain,
Alas! I think the little God was therewith slain!
But wanton Darts ne're pierce where Honours found,
And those that shoot them, do their own Breasts wound.

[Pg 94]

III.

The Place from which the Arrow did return,
Swifter then sent, and with the speed did burn,
Was a Proud Pile which Marble Columnes bare,
Tarrast beneath, and open to the Aire,
On either side, Cords of wove Gold did tie
A purfl'd Curtain, hanging from on high,
To clear the Prospect of the stately Bower,
And boast the Owners Dignity and Power!
This shew'd the Scene from whence Loves grief arose,
And Heaven and Nature both did discompose,
A little Nymph whose Limbs divinely bright,
Lay like a Body of Collected Light,
But not to Love and Courtship so disclos'd,
But to the Rigour of a Dame oppos'd,
Who instant on the Faire with Words and Blows,
Now chastens Error, and now Virtue shews.

[Pg 95]

IV.

But O thou no less Blind,
Than Wild and Savage Mind,
Who Discipline dar'st name,
Thy Outrage and thy shame,
And hop'st a Radiant Crown to get
All Stars and Glory to thy Head made fit,
Know that this Curse alone shall Serpent-like incircle it!
May'st thou henceforth, be ever seen to stand,
Grasping a Scourge of Vipers in thy Hand,
Thy Hand, that Furie like——But see!
By *Apollos* Sacred Tree,
By his ever Tuneful Lyre,
And his bright Image the Eternal Fire,
Eudoras she has done this Deed
And made the World thus in its Darling bleed!
I know the Cruel Dame,
Too well instructed by my Flame!
But see her shape! But see her Face!
In her Temple such is *Diana's* Grace!
Behold her Lute upon the Pavement lies,

[Pg 96]

When Beautie's wrong'd, no wonder Musick dies!

V.

What blood of *Centaurs* did thy Bosom warme,
And boyle the Balsome there up to a Storme?
Nay Balsome flow'd not with so soft a Floud,
As thy Thoughts Evenly Virtuous, Mildly Good!
How could thy Skilful and Harmonious Hand,
That Rage of Seas, and People could command,
And calme Diseases with the Charming strings,
Such Discords make in the whole Name of Things?

But now I see the Root of thy Rash Pride,
Because thou didst Excel the World beside,
And it in Beauty and in Fame out-shine,
Thou would'st compare thy self to things Divine!
And 'bove thy Standard what thou there didst see,
Thou didst Condemn, because 'twas unlike thee,
And punisht in the Lady as unfit,
What Bloomings were of a Diviner Wit.
Divine she is, or else Divine must be,
A Borne or else a Growing Deitie!

[Pg 97]

VI.

While thus I did exclaime,
And wildly rage and blame,
Behold the *Sylvan*-Quire
Did all at one conspire,
With shrill and cheerful Throats,
T'assume their chirping Notes;
The Heav'ns refulgent Eye
Dance't in the clear'd-up Skie,
And so triumphant shon,
As seven-days Beams he had on!
The little Loves burn'd with Nobler Fire,
Each chang'd his wanton Bow, and took a Lyre,
Singing chast Aires unto the tuneful strings,
And time'd soft Musick with their downy Wings.

I turn'd the little Nymph to view,
She singing and did smiling shew;
Eudora led a heavenly strain,
Her Angels Voice did eccho it again!
I then decreed no Sacriledge was wrought,
But neerer Heav'n this Piece of Heaven was brought.
She also brighter seem'd, than she had been,
Vertue darts forth a Lightning 'bove the Skin.
Eudora also shew'd as heretofore,
When her soft Graces I did first adore.
I saw, what one did *Nobly Will*,
The other *sweetly did fulfil*;
Their Actions all harmoniously did sute,
And she had only tun'd the Lady like her Lute.

[Pg 98]

On the Soft and Gentle Motions of Eudora.

[Pg 99]

Divine *Thalia* strike th'Harmonious Lute,
But with a Stroke so Gentle as may sute
The silent gliding of the Howers,
Or yet the calmer growth of Flowers;
Th'ascending or the falling Dew,
Which none can see, though all find true.
For thus alone,
Can be shewn,
How downie, how smooth,
Eudora doth Move,
How Silken her Actions appear,
The Aire of her Face,
Of a gentler Grace
Then those that do stroke the Eare.
Her Address so sweet,

So Modestly Meet,
That 'tis not the Lowd though Tuneable String,
Can shewforth so soft, so Noyseless a Thing!
O This to express from thy Hand must fall,
Then Musicks self, something more Musical.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

In Mr. *Drydens* Ode, Stanzo 5. at the end of the first line read [None.] p. 9. v. 6. for her r. its. p. 24. v. 1. for renown'd r. renowned. p. 38. v. last but one, for renounced r. renowned. p. 57. v. 1, instead of the Interrogation-point, make a Comma. p. 97. v. 13. r. burn'd with a nobler fier.

Footnotes:

- [1] The most recent study of Dryden's poem is David M. Vieth's "Irony in Dryden's Ode to Anne Killigrew," *Studies in Philology*, LXII (January, 1965), pp. 91-100, which lists earlier criticism. Professor Vieth refers to Anne Killigrew's poems several times to illustrate his theory of Dryden's intentions.
- [2] Anthony Wood, *Athenae Oxonienses* (1721), c. 1036. Biographical and critical comment is also to be found in George Ballard, *Memoirs of Several Ladies* (1752), pp. 337-45; T. Cibber, *Lives of the Poets* (1753), II, 224-6; Ellen Creathorne Clayton, *English Female Artists* (1876), I, 59-70 and *The Poems of Anne Countess of Winchelsea*, edited by Myra Reynolds (1903), pp. xxiii-xxiv.
- [3] A bibliographical analysis of the volume is given by Hugh Macdonald, *John Dryden a Bibliography* (1939), pp. 42-43.
- [4] On Elys's life see Anthony Wood, *Athenae Oxonienses* (1721), c. 943-44.

=== Transcriber's Note: ===

- 1.) For explanation of **page misnumbering** for pages 68 and 69, see Richard Morton's comments in the **INTRODUCTION**, [p. ix](#)
- 2.) Right braces spanning multiple lines in the text have been replaced with vertical "}"'s.
- 3.) Changed spelling of "pictturesque" to "picturesque" in first paragraph of the **INTRODUCTION**.
- 4.) In poem "**the Second EPIGRAM**" changed spelling of "**Bellinda**" to "**Billinda**" in Line 1 to make it consistent with title and TOC.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK POEMS (1686) ***

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