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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK CASTARA ***

Transcriber's Note

Archaic, dialectical and other spellings not in current usage have been left as in the original book. Obvious misprints have been fixed. Details of the changes appear at the [end of the text](#).

English Reprints

WILLIAM HABINGTON

Castara

THE THIRD EDITION OF 1640; EDITED AND
COLLATED WITH THE EARLIER ONES
OF 1634, 1635

EDITED BY
EDWARD ARBER

F.S.A. ETC. LATE EXAMINER IN ENGLISH
LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE
TO THE UNIVERSITY OF
LONDON

WESTMINSTER
A. CONSTABLE AND CO.
1895

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INTRODUCTION.

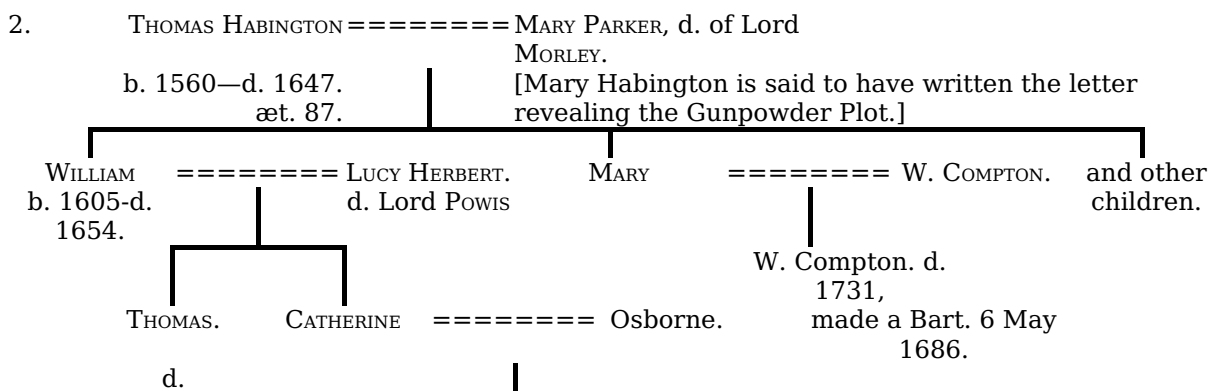
[Pg 3]



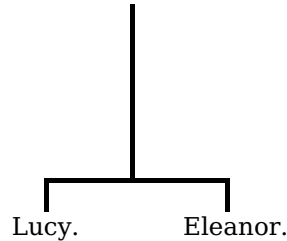
he old English family of HABINGDON, ABINGDON, HABINGTON, or ABINGTON traced their pedigree beyond the reign of Henry III., to PHILIP DE HABINGTON, of Abingdon, co. Cambridge: but that branch of the family from which our Poet sprang, descended from RICHARD HABINGTON, of Brokhampton, whose *third* son JOHN was cofferer to Queen Elizabeth. This JOHN HABINGTON, our Poet's grand-father, bought Hindlip Hall, an estate beautifully situated about four miles from Worcester. He married twice. By his second wife he had two sons, THOMAS; and EDWARD, who was executed for Babington's plot in 1586.

Anthony-a-Wood gives this account of THOMAS HABINGTON. He 'was born at Thorpe near to Chertsey in Surrey, on the 23 Aug. 1560, (at which time and before the manor thereof belonged to his father) and at about 16 years of age he became a commoner of Lincoln Coll. Where spending about three years in academicall studies, was taken thence by his father and sent to the universities of Paris and Rheimes in France. After some time spent there in good letters, he return'd into England, and expressing and shewing himself an adherent to Mary qu. of Scots (who plotted with Anth. Babington against qu. Elizabeth) was committed prisoner to the Tower of London, where continuing six years, he profited more in that time in several sorts of learning, then he had before in all his life. Afterwards he retired to Hendlip (the manor of which his father had settled upon him) took to wife Mary the eldest daughter of Edward lord Morley by Elizabeth his wife, daughter and sole heir of Sir William Stanley knight, lord Mouteagle; and at riper years survey'd Worcestershire, made a collection of most of its antiquities from records, registers, evidences both private and public, monumental inscriptions and arms.... At length, after he had lived to the age of 87 years, surrendred up his pious soul to God at Hendlip near Worcester on the 8th October 1647, and was buried by his father in a vault under the chancel of the church there.' *Ath. Oxon. iii. 222. Ed. 1817.*

Hindlip Hall was full of lurking places. T. NASH in his *Hist. of Worc. i. 585-7*, gives a transcript of *Ashmole's MSS. Vol. 804, fol. 93*, at Oxford: which is a most graphic description of a search, *for eleven nights and twelve days*, in Jan. 1605, through the house: wherein Garnett the Jesuit and others were discovered, who were afterwards executed.



unmarried.
He left
Hindlip
estate to Sir
W. Compton,
Bart.



3. Wood's account of our Poet is perhaps the most authentic. "WILLIAM HABINGTON, was born at Hendlip, on the fourth [So have I been instructed by letters from his son Tho. Habington esq.: dated 5 Jan. 1672.] (some say the fifth) day of November 1605, educated in S. Omers and Paris; in the first of which he was earnestly invited to take upon him the habit of the Jesuits, but by excuses got free and left them. After his return from Paris, being then at man's estate, he was instructed at home in matters of history by his father, and became an accomplished gentleman.... This person, Will. Habington, who did then run with the times, and was not unknown [what does Wood mean by this?] to Oliver the usurper, died on the 30th of November 1654, and was buried in the vault before-mentioned by the bodies of his father and grand-father. The MSS. which he (and his father) left behind, are in the hands of his son Thomas, and might be made useful for the public, if in others."—*Ath. Oxon. iii. 223. Ed. 1817.*

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4. The Habingtons were connected with the Talbots through the above RICHARD HABINGTON's second son RICHARD HABINGTON, whose grand-daughter ELEANOR BASKERVILLE married JOHN TALBOT of Longdon: and became the mother of (1) JOHN, Lord TALBOT 10th Earl of SHREWSBURY, who succeeded his bachelor uncle GEORGE TALBOT, the 9th Earl (lamented by our Poet at *p. 77*) on his death, 2d April 1630: (2) of GEORGE TALBOT, our author's bosom friend, who died young and unmarried; and of other children.

5. The second son of the Earl of PEMBROKE, Sir WILLIAM HERBERT, was created on 2d April 1629, 1st Baron POWIS. He had three children by ELEANOR, youngest daughter of HENRY PERCY, 10th Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND, SIR PERCY HERBERT, CATHERINE HERBERT, and LUCY HERBERT. This Lucy Herbert is *Castara*.

6. A concurrence of allusions would seem to fix Habington's marriage with Lucy Herbert, between 1630 and 1633: later than which it cannot be: as the anniversary of his wedding day is celebrated in verse, at *p. 80*. Most of the poems relate to

'those of my blood
And my *Castara's*.'

There is in their arrangement, a slight thread of continuity. We are to realize the young Englishman, of good family, possibly not unhandsome, wooing—with a culture and grace acquired in France—the young English beauty: possibly under some disadvantage, being neither possessed of high station nor large fortune; and the lady's father too having just been made a Peer. The wooing beginning in town migrates to Marlow.

See, he from *Marlow* sends
His eyes to *Seymours*. *p. 41*.

The lovers meeting 'under the kind shade of this tree' is noticed. In sum, the details of a pure courtship leading up to a happy marriage.

In "*Wits Recreations*, Selected [by the bookseller Humphry Blunden] from the *Finest Fancies of Moderne Muses*. London, 1640:" is the following.

19. *To Mr William Habington on his Castara, a Poem.*
Thy Muse is chaste and thy *Castara* too,
'Tis strange at Court, and thou hadst power to woo
And to obtain (what others were deny'd)
The fair *Castara* for thy vertuous bride:
Enjoy what you dare wish, and may there be,
Fair issues branch from both, to honor thee.

Again, the after incidents of life are alluded to, in the poems; *Castara* has a fever but she recovers, she mourns over the loss of friends, and the like: while, the brightness and fancifulness of this earlier poesy but reflect the happiness of the Poet's home.

7. There are also songs of Friendship. As where he reproaches his bosom friend Talbot for not having seen him for three days, at *p. 39*, or where he consoles him for the hard usage he has received from that jilt *Astrodora*, at *p. 82*: and most of all, in the eight passionate Elegies over his decease.

8. Occasionally there is a bit of lashing satire, as that against the cravings of Poets, at *p. 50*: or of dry humour, as in

Come therefore blest even in the Lollards zeale
 Who canst with conscience safe, 'fore hen and veale
 Say grace in Latine, while I faintly sing
 A Penitentiall verse in oyle and Ling. p. 64.

9. Lastly: strangely intermingled are Requiems over the mortality of Man, the vanity and uncertainty of all things; leading almost to a disgust with life. Of this he thus gives the key-note in saying at p. 114, 'When the necessities of nature returne him downe to earth, he esteemes it a place he is condemned to.... To live he knows a benefit, and the contempt of it ingratitude, and therefore loves, but not doates on life.' To this frame of thought may be opposed the keen wise saying of a great contemporary: Selden.

[Pg 5]

"Whilst you are upon Earth enjoy the good things that are here (to that end were they given) and be not melancholly, and wish yourself in Heaven. If a King should give you the keeping of a Castle, with all things belonging to it, Orchards, Gardens, &c., and bid you use them; withal promise you that after twenty years to remove you to Court, and to make you a Privy Councillor. If you should neglect your Castle, and refuse to eat of those fruits, and sit down, and whine, and wish you were a Privy Councillor, do you think the King would be pleased with you?"—*Table Talk*, p. 84. Ed. 1867.

Our wisdom is to recognise the representations of Habington, and to live in the spirit of Selden: thus 'using the world as not abusing it.'

William Habington's works were published in the following order:—

- 1634. *Castara*. First edition in 4to.
- 1635. *Castara*. Second edition in 12mo.
- 1639-40. *Castara*. Third edition in 12mo.
- 1640. *The Historie of Edward the Fourth, King of England*. By Wm. Habington Esquire. London. Fol.
 'Written and published as the desire of K. Charles I.': in which his father also 'had a considerable hand.'
- 1640. *The Queene of Arragon*. A Tragi-Comedie. London. 1640.
 'Which play he communicating to Philip earl of Pembroke, lord chamberlain of the houshold to K. Charles I. he caused it to be acted at court, and afterwards to be published against the author's will.' *Wood: idem*. It was revived at the Restoration: with a Prologue and Epilogue by S. BUTLER. *Remains*, i. 185. Ed. by Thyer, 1759. It is reprinted in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, ix. 333. Ed. 1825.
- 1641. *Observations upon Historie*. London.
 These historical notes are six in number, upon as many points in modern History: as the death of Richard I; the battle of Varna, 1444; the fall of Constantinople; the abdication of Charles V.; &c.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

With FIRST LINES, &c. of the three first editions, showing the growth of the work.

(a) Issues in the Author's lifetime.

I. As a separate publication.

1. "CASTARA, &c. LONDON, Printed by *Anne Griffin* for *William Cooke*, and are to be sold at his shop neare *Furnivals Inne* gate in Holburne. 1634. 4to."

Perfectly anonymous: all names being represented by initials. It consists of only two Parts, each having a separate title page; in which Parts are contained the following:

<i>CASTARA</i> . THE FIRST PART.	PAGE
i. The <u>Author</u> . [A Prose Preface]	11
ii. G[EOURGE] T[ALBOT]. Not in the silence of content, and store	14
iii. FIFTY-THREE Poems, by WILLIAM HABINGTON.	
1. Let the chaste Phœnix from the flowry East,	17
2. I saw <i>Castara</i> pray, and from the skie,	17
3. Yee blushing Virgins happie are	18
4. By those chaste lamps which yeeld a silent light	18

5. Where am I? not in heaven: for oh I feele	19
6. Not still ith' shine of Kings. Thou dost retire	19
7. Doe not their prophane Orgies heare,	20
8. Sing forth sweete Cherubin (for we have choice	21
9. In vaine faire sorceresse, thy eyes speake charmes,	22
10. While you dare trust the loudest tongue of fame,	22
11. Why doth the stubborne iron prove	23
12. Transfix me with that flaming dart	24
13. Wing'd with delight (yet such as still doth beare	25
14. Learned shade of <i>Tycho Brache</i> , who to us,	26
15. Ye glorious wits, who finde then Parian stone	26
16. If she should dye, (as well suspect we may,	27
17. You younger children of your father stay,	27
18. Fond Love himselfe hopes to disguise	28
19. Feare. Checke thy forward thoughts, and know	28
20. Nimble boy in thy warme flight,	29
21. <i>Cupids</i> dead, who would not dye,	30
22. Fly on thy swiftest wing, ambitious Fame,	30
23. Araphill. Dost not thou <i>Castara</i> read	31
24. Why haste you hence <i>Castara</i> ? Can the earth,	32
25. I am engag'd to sorrow, and my heart	33
26. Th' Arabian wind, whose breathing gently blows	33
27. Looke backe <i>Castara</i> . From thy eye	33
28. Tis madnesse to give physicke to the dead;	34
29. The lesser people of the ayre conspire	34
30. Swift in thy watry chariot, courteous <i>Thames</i> ,	35
31. My Muse (great Lord) when last you heard her sing	35
32. Thankes <i>Cupid</i> , but the Coach of <i>Venus</i> moves	36
33. How fancie mockes me? By th' effect I prove,	37
34. Faire Mistresse of the earth, with garlands crown'd,	37
35. With your calme precepts goe, and lay a storme,	38
36. Tis I <i>Castara</i> , who when thou wert gone,	38
37. Pronounce me guilty of a Blacker crime,	39
38. Thrice hath the pale-fac'd Empresse of the night,	39
39. Scorn'd in thy watry Urne <i>Narcissus</i> lye,	40
40. Banisht from you, I charg'd the nimble winde,	40
41. Blest Temple, haile, where the Chast Altar stands,	41
42. Bright Dew which dost the field adorne	41
43. Stay under the kinde shadow of this tree	42
44. Dare not too farre <i>Castara</i> , for the shade	43
45. Vowes are vaine. No suppliant breath	43
46. Night. Let silence close my troubled eyes,	44
47. Your judgement's cleere, not wrinckled with the Time,	45
48. What should we feare <i>Castara</i> ? The coole aire,	46
49. More welcome my <i>Castara</i> , then was light	46
50. Why dost thou looke so pale, decrepit man?	52
51. T'was Night: when <i>Phœbe</i> guided by thy rayes,	52
52. Why would you blush <i>Castara</i> , when the name	53
53. Like the Violet which alone	53

CASTARA. THE SECOND PART.

iv. THIRTY-SIX more Poems.

54. This day is ours. The marriage Angell now	59
55. Did you not see, <i>Castara</i> , when the King	59
56. Whose whispers soft as those which lovers breath	60
57. Forsake me not so soone. <i>Castara</i> stay,	61
58. Hence prophane grim man, nor dare	61
59. Sleepe my <i>Castara</i> , silence doth invite	62
60. She is restor'd to life. Unthrifty Death,	62
61. May you drinke beare, or that adult'rate wine	63
62. <i>Castara</i> whisper in some dead mans eare,	64

63. Forsake with me the earth, my faire,	64
64. <i>Castara</i> weepe not, though her tombe appeare	65
65. What's death more than departure; the dead go	67
66. <i>Castara!</i> O you are too prodigall	67
67. I heard a sigh, and something in my eare	68
68. You saw our loves, and prais'd the mutuall flame	68
69. Why should we build, <i>Castara</i> , in the aire	69
70. <i>Castara</i> , see that dust, the sportive wind	70
71. Were but that sigh a penitentiall breath	70
72. Araphill. <i>Castara</i> you too fondly court	71
73. My thoughts are not so rugged, nor doth earth	72
74. Tyrant o're tyrants, thou who onely dost	73
75. The breath of time shall blast the flowry Spring,	73
76. The reverend man by magicke of his prayer	74
77. Thy vowes are heard, and thy <i>Castara's</i> name	75
78. Thou dreame of madmen, ever changing gale,	75
79. Were we by fate throwne downe below our feare	76
80. What can the freedome of our love enthral?	76
81. Bright Saint, thy pardon, if my sadder verse	77
82. I like the greene plush which your meadows weare	78
83. Thou art return'd (great Light) to that blest houre	80
84. They meet but with unwholesome Springs	80
85. The Laurell doth your reverend temples wreath	81
86. 'Bout th' husband Oke, the Vine	82
87. Let not thy grones force Eccho from her cave,	82
88. We saw and woo'd each others eyes	83
89. Here Virgin fix thy pillars, and command	98

2. "*CASTARA*, &c. The Second Edition. Corrected and Augmented. London. Printed by *B. A.* and *T. F.* for *Will. Cooke*, and are to bee sold at his shop neare *Furnivals-Inne* Gate in *Holburne*, 1635. 12mo."

In this second edition, the authorship is avowed by means of a new heading to *G. Talbot's* poem, at *p. 14*. It still consists of but two Parts, each with a separate title: but is augmented by three Characters in prose and twenty-six poems; all by *Habington*.

CASTARA. THE FIRST PART.

i. A CHARACTER. <i>A Mistris</i> .	15
ii. FOUR additional poems are inserted.	
90. Hee who is good is happy. Let the loude	47
91. Harke, how the traytor winde doth court	49
92. It shall not grieve me (friend) though what I write	50
93. You who are earth, and cannot rise	51

CASTARA. THE SECOND PART.

iii. A CHARACTER. <i>A Wife</i> .	57
iv. FOURTEEN additional Poems.	
94. Though my deare <i>Talbots</i> Fate exact, a sad	84
95. If your example be obey'd	86
96. Its false Arithmaticke to say thy breath	88
97. Why should we feare to melt away in death	89
98. When <i>Pelion</i> wondring saw, that raine which fell	89
99. O whither dost thou flye? Cannot my vow	90
100. Where sleeps the North-wind when the South inspires	90
101. Should the cold <i>Muscovit</i> , whose furre and stove	91
102. <i>Amphion</i> , O thou holy shade	92
103. You'd leave the silence in which safe we are	92
104. Give me a heart where no impure	94
105. Why doth the eare so tempt the voyce,	95
106. I hate the Countries durt and manners, yet	96
107. I wonder when w'are dead, what men will say;	97
v. A CHARACTER. <i>A Friend</i> .	
vi. EIGHT Elegies " <i>The Funerals of the Honourable, my best</i>	101

108. (1) Twere malice to the fame; to weepe alone	101
109. (2) <i>Talbot</i> is dead. Like lightning which no part	102
110. (3) Let me contemplate thee (faire soule) and though	103
111. (4) My name, dear friend, even thy expiring breath	104
112. (5) Chast as the Nuns first vow, as fairely bright	105
113. (6) Goe stop the swift-wing'd moments in their flight	107
114. (7) There is no peace in sinne. Æternall war	108
115. (8) Boast not the rev'rend Vatican, nor all	109

3. 1640. Third Edition in 12mo: with Titles, Characters, and Poems arranged in the order here reprinted. For titles, see *pp.* 9, 55, 111. There are no further additions to the first two parts: but there is added an entire Third Part.

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CASTARA. THIRD PART.

i. A CHARACTER. <i>The Holy Man.</i>	112
ii. TWENTY-TWO Poems, chiefly Sacred, with mottoes from the Vulgate. We have here given the equivalent passages in the Authorized version: inserting between [] the Douay version! where it more closely follows the Latin of the Vulgate.	
116. <i>O Lord, open thou my lips.</i> Ps. li. 15. No monument of me remaine	115
117. <i>My harp also is turned to mourning.</i> Job xxx. 31. Love! I no orgies sing	116
118. <i>I will destroy the wisdom of the wise.</i> 1 Cor. i. 19. Forgive my envie to the World; while I	118
119. [<i>Declare unto me the fewnes of my days</i> , Douay]. <i>He shortened my days.</i> Ps. cii. 23. Tell me O great All knowing God	119
120. <i>Not unto us, O Lord.</i> Ps. cxv. 1. No marble statue, nor high	120
121. <i>The graves are ready for me.</i> Job xvii. 1. Welcome thou safe retreat!	121
122. <i>He fleeth also as a shadow.</i> Job xiv. 2. What shadow your faire body made	122
123. <i>Night unto night sheweth knowledge.</i> Ps. xix. 2. When I survay the bright	124
124. <i>But the proud he knoweth afar off.</i> Ps. cxxxviii. 6. To the cold humble hermitage	125
125. <i>Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness.</i> Ps. xli. 3. My Soule! When thou and I	126
126. <i>Praise ye the Lord from the heavens.</i> Ps. cxlviii. 1. You Spirits! who have throwne away	127
127. <i>He cometh forth like a flower.</i> Job xiv. 2. Faire Madame: you	129
128. <i>Why boasteth thou thyself in mischief.</i> Ps. lii. 1. Swell no more, proud man, so high!	130
129. <i>My God, my God.</i> Ps. xxii. 1. There is that foole Philosophie	131
130. [<i>For I am ready for scourges</i> , Douay]. <i>For I am ready to halt.</i> Ps. xxxviii. 17. Fix me on some bleake precipice	133
131. [<i>The life of man upon earth is a warfare</i> , Douay]. <i>Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth.</i> Job vii. 1. Were it your appetite of glory, (which	134
132. <i>Shew me thy ways, O Lord.</i> Ps. xxv. 4. Where have I wandred? In what way	136
133. <i>And exalteth them of low degree.</i> Luke i. 52. How cheerefully th' unpartiall Sunne	138
134. <i>Lord of Lords.</i> Deut. x. 17. Supream Divinity! Who yet	139
135. <i>I will be sorry for my sin.</i> Ps. xxxviii. 18. In what darke silent grove	140
136. <i>I shall go softly all my years.</i> Is. xxxviii. 15. Time! where didst thou those years inter	142
137. <i>Having a desire to depart.</i> Phil. i. 23. The soule which doth with God unite	143

II. *With other Works.*

None.

(b) Issues since the Author's Death.

I. *As a separate publication.*

6. 14 April 1870. London. 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints*: see title at p. 1. This Edition follows No. 3 as to the arrangement of the Poems, &c.: but has been corrected with the earlier editions; when ever in spelling or punctuation the former were the better readings. In doubtful cases, the earlier variations are shown in footnotes.
5. [1812.] Bristol. 1 vol. 8vo. "Habington's *Castara*, with a preface and notes by CHARLES A. ELTON." [A reprint of No. 3.]

II. *With other Works.*

4. London. 1810. 21 vols. 8vo. *The Works of the English Poets*. Ed. by A. CHALMERS, F.S.A. Vol. iv. 437-482 contains a Reprint of No. 3.

III. *Selections, &c.*

One or more of these Poems will be found in the Selections of Ellis, H. Headley, *The Lyre of Love*, E. Sandford's *British Poets*, &c. &c.

CASTARA:

—*Carmina non prius
Audita, Musarum
facerdos Virginibus.*—

The third Edition.
Corrected and augmented



LONDON
Printed by *T. Cotes*, for *Will.
Cooke*: and are to be sold at his
Shop neere *Fernivals-Inne* Gate
in *Holburne*. 1640.

The Author.

[Pg 11]

The Presse hath gathered into one, what fancie had scattered in many loose papers. To write this, love stole some houres from businesse, and my more serious study. For though Poetry may challenge if not priority, yet equality with the best Sciences, both for antiquity and worth; I never set so high a rate upon it, as to give my selfe entirely up to its devotion. It hath too much ayre, and (if without offence to our next transmarine neighbour,) ^[1]wantons too much according to the French garbe. And when it is wholly employed in the soft straines of love, his soule who entertaines it, loseth much of that strength which should confirme him man. The nerves of judgement are weakned most by its dalliance, and when woman, (I meane onely as she is externally faire) is the supreme object of wit, we soone degenerate into effeminacy. For the religion of fancie declines into a mad superstition, when it ^[2]adores that Idoll which is not secure from age and sicknesse. Of such heathens, our times afford

us a pittied multitude, who can give no nobler testimony of twenty yeares employment, then some loose coppies of lust happily exprest. Yet these the common people of wit blow up with their breath of praise, and honour with the Sacred name of Poets: To which as I beleeeve they can never have any just claime, so shall I not dare by this essay to lay any title, since more sweate and oyle he must spend, who shall arrogate so excellent an attribute. Yet if the innocency of a chaste Muse shall bee more acceptable, and weigh heavier in the ballance of esteeme, than a fame, begot in adultery of study; I doubt I shall leave them no hope of competition. For how unhappie soever I may be in the elocution, I am sure the Theame is worthy enough. In all those flames in which I burnt I never felt a wanton heate, nor was my invention ever sinister from the strait way of chastity. And when love builds upon that rocke, it may safely contemne the battery of the waves, and threatnings of the wind. Since time, that makes a mockery of the firmest structures shall it selfe be ruinated, before that be demolisht. Thus was the foundation layd. And though my eye in its survey, was satisfi'd, even to curiosity, yet did not my search rest there. The Alabaster, Ivory, Porphir, Jet, that lent an admirable beauty to the outward building, entertained me with but a halfe pleasure, since they stood there onely to make sport for ruine. But when my soule grew acquainted with the owner of that mansion; I found that Oratory was dombe when it began to speak her, and wonder (which must necessarily seize the best at that time) a lethargie, that dulled too much the faculties of the minde, onely fit to busie themselves in discouraging her perfections, Wisdome, I encounter'd there, that could not spend it selfe since it affected silence, attentive onely to instructions, as if all her sences had beene contracted into hearing: Innocencie, so not vitiated by conversation with the world, that the subtile witted of her sex, would have tearm'd it ignorance: Wit, which seated it selfe most in the apprehension, and if not inforc't by good manners, would scarce have gain'd the name of affability: Modesty, so timorous, that it represented a besieg'd Citty, standing watchfully upon her guard, strongest in the loyalty to her Prince. In a word, all those vertues which should restore woman to her primitive state of beauty, fully adorn'd her. But I shall be censur'd, in labouring to come nigh the truth, guilty of an indiscreet Rhetoricke. However such I fancied her, for to say shee is, or was such, were to play the Merchant, and boast too much the value of a Jewell I possesse, but have no minde to part with. And though I appeare to strive against the streame of best wits, in erecting the selfe same Altar, both to chastity and love; I will for once adventure to doe well, without a president. Nor if my rigid friend question superciliously the setting forth of these Poems, will I excuse my selfe (though justly perhaps I might) that importunity prevail'd, and cleere judgements advis'd. This onely I dare say, that if they are not strangled with envie of the present, they may happily live in the not dislike of future times. For then partiality ceaseth, and vertue is without the idolatry of her clients, esteemed worthy honour. Nothing new is free from detraction, and when Princes alter customes even heavie to the subject, best ordinances are interpreted innovations. Had I slept in the silence of my acquaintance, and affected no study beyond that which the chase or field allowes, Poetry had then beene no scandall upon me, and the love of learning no suspicion of ill husbandry. But what malice, begot in the Country upon ignorance, or in the City upon Criticisme, shall prepare against me, I am armed to endure. For as the face of vertue lookes faire without the adultery of Art, so fame needes no ayde from rumour to strengthen her selfe. If these lines want that courtship, (I will not say flattery) which insinuates it selfe into the favour of great men, best; they partake of my modesty. If Satyre to win applause with the envious multitude; they expresse my content, which maliceth none, the fruition of that, they esteeme happie. And if not too indulgent to what is my owne; I thinke even these verses will have that proportion in the worlds opinion, that heaven hath allotted me in fortune; not so high, as to be wondred at, nor so low as to be contemned.

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[1] she wantons too much. 1635.

[2] she adores. 1635.

**[3] To his best friend and Kinsman
William Habington, Esquire.**

*Not in the silence of content and store
Of private sweets ought thy Muse charme no more
Then thy Castara's eare. 'Twere wrong such gold
Should not like Mines, (poore nam'd to this) behold
It selfe a publike joy. Who her restraine,
Make a close prisoner of a Sovereaine.
Enlarge her then to triumph. While we see
Such worth in beauty, such desert in thee,
Such mutuall flames betweene you both, as show
How chastity, though yce, like love can glow,
Yet stand a Virgin: How that full content
By vertue is to soules united, lent,
Which proves all wealth is poore, all honours are
But empty titles, highest power but care,
That quits not cost. Yet Heaven to Vertue kind,
Hath given you plenty to suffice a minde
That knowes but temper. For beyond your state
May be a prouder, not a happier Fate.
I Write not this in hope t'incroach on fame,
Or adde a greater lustre to your name.
Bright in it selfe enough. We two are knowne
To th' World, as to our selves, to be but one
In blood as study: And my carefull love
Did never action worth my name, approve
Which serv'd not thee. Nor did we ere contend,
But who should be best patterne of a friend.
Who read thee, praise thy fancie, and admire
Thee burning with so high and pure a fire,
As reaches heaven it selfe. But I who know
Thy soule religious to her ends, where grow
No sinnes by art or custome, boldly can
Stile thee more than good Poet, a good man.
Then let thy temples shake off vulgar bayes,
Th' hast built an Altar which enshrines thy praise:
And to the faith of after time commends
Yee the best paire of lovers, us of friends.*

[4] GEORGE TALBOT.

[3] *To his best friend and kinsman. On his CASTARA.*
1634.

[4] G. T. 1634.

A Mistris


Is the fairest treasure, the avarice of Love can covet; and the onely white, at which he shootes his arrowes, nor while his aime is noble, can he ever hit upon repentance. She is chaste, for the devill enters the Idoll and gives the Oracle, when wantonnesse possesseth beauty, and wit maintaines it lawfull. She is as faire as Nature intended her, helpt perhaps to a more pleasing grace by the sweetnesse of education, not by the flight of Art. She is young, for a woman past the delicacie of her spring, may well move by vertue to respect, never by beauty to affection. Shee is innocent even from the knowledge of sinne, for vice is too strong to be wrestled with, and gives her frailty the foyle. She is not proude, though the amorous youth interpret her modestie to that sence; but in her vertue weares so much Majestie, lust dares not rebell, nor though masqued, under the pretence of love, capitulate with her. She entertaines not every parley offer'd, although the Articles pretended to her advantage: advice and her own feares restraine her, and woman never owed ruine to too much caution. She glories not in the plurality of servants, a multitude of adorers heaven can onely challenge, and it is impietie in her weakenesse to desire superstition from many. She is deafe to the whispers of love, and even on the marriage houre can breake off, without the least suspition of scandall, to the former liberty of her carriage. She avoydes a too neere conversation with man, and like the Parthian overcomes by flight. Her language is not copious but apposit, and she had rather suffer the reproach of being dull company, than have the title of Witty, with that of Bold and Wanton. In her carriage she is sober, and thinks her youth expresseth life enough, without the giddy motion, fashion of late hath taken up. She danceth to the best applause but doates not on the vanity of it, nor licenceth an irregular meeting to vaunt the levity of her skill. She sings, but not perpetually, for she knowes, silence in woman is the most perswading oratory. She never arriv'd to so much familiarity with man as to know the diminutive of his name, and call him by it; and she can show

a competent favour: without yeelding her hand to his gripe. Shee never understood the language of a kisse, but at salutation, nor dares the Courtier use so much of his practised impudence as to offer the rape of it from her: because chastity hath writ it unlawfull, and her behaviour proclaimes it unwelcome. She is never sad, and yet not jiggish; her conscience is cleere from guilt, and that secures her from sorrow. She is not passionately in love with poetry, because it softens the heart too much to love; but she likes the harmony in the Composition; and the brave examples of vertue celebrated by it, she preposeth to her imitation. She is not vaine in the history of her gay kindred or acquaintance; since vertue is often tenant to a cottage, and familiarity with greatnesse (if worth be not transcendant above the title) is but a glorious servitude, fooles onely are willing to suffer. She is not ambitious to be prais'd, and yet vallues death beneath infamy. And Ile conclude, (though the next sinod of Ladies condemne this character as an heresie broacht by a Precision) that onely she who hath as great a share in vertue as in beauty, deserves a noble love to serve her, and a free Poesie to speake her.


Fifty-seven Poems, chiefly on Love and Courtship.

[Pg 17]

**To CASTARA.
A Sacrifice.**

et the chaste Phoenix from the flowry East,
Bring the sweete treasure of her perfum'd
nest,
As incense to this Altar, where the name
Of my *Castara's* grav'd by th' hand of fame.
Let purer Virgins, to redeeme the aire
From loose infection, bring their zealous prayer,
T' assist at this great feast: where they shall see,
What rites Love offers up to Chastity.
Let all the amorous Youth, whose faire desire
Felt never warmth, but from a noble fire,
Bring hither their bright flames: which here shall
shine
As Tapers fixt about *Castara's* shrine.
While I the Priest, my untam'd heart, surprise,
And in this Temple mak't her sacrifice.

**To CASTARA,
Praying.**

saw *Castara* pray, and from the skie,
A winged legion of bright Angels flie
To catch her vowes, for feare her Virgin
prayer
Might chance to mingle with impurer aire.
To vulgar eyes, the sacred truth I write,
May seeme a fancie. But the Eagles sight
Of Saints, and Poets, miracles oft view,
Which to dull Heretikes appeare untrue.
Faire zeale begets such wonders. O divine
And purest beauty; let me thee enshrine
In my devoted soule, and from thy praise,
T' enrich my garland, pluck religious Bayes.
Shine thou the starre by which my thoughts shall
move,
Best subject of my pen, Queene of my love.

[Pg 18]

To Roses in the bosome of CASTARA.



ee blushing Virgins happie are
In the chaste Nunn'ry of her brests,
For hee'd prophane so chaste a faire,
Who ere should call them *Cupids* nests.

Transplanted thus how bright yee grow,
How rich a perfume doe yee yeeld?
In some close garden, Cowslips so
Are sweeter then ith' open field.

In those white Cloysters live secure
From the rude blasts of wanton breath,
Each houre more innocent and pure,
Till you shall wither into death.

Then that which living gave you roome,
Your glorious sepulcher shall be.
There wants no marble for a tombe,
Whose brest hath marble beene to me.

**To CASTARA,
A Vow.**



y those chaste lamps which yeeld a silent
light,
To the cold Urnes of Virgins; By that
night,
Which guilty of no crime, doth onely heare
The Vowes of recluse Nuns, and th' An'thrits prayer;
And by thy chaster selfe; My fervent zeale
Like mountaine yee, which the North winds
congeale,
To purest Christall, feeles no wanton fire.
But as the humble Pilgrim, (whose desire
Blest in Christs cottage, view by Angels hands,
Transported from sad Bethlem,) wondring stands
At the great miracle: So I at thee,
Whose beauty is the shrine of chastity.
Thus my bright Muse in a new orbe shall move,
And even teach Religion how to love.

[Pg 19]

**To CASTARA,
Of his being in Love.**



here am I? not in Heaven: for oh I feele
The stone of *Sisiphus*, *Ixions* wheele;
And all those tortures, Poets (by their
wine
Made judges) laid on *Tantalus*, are mine.
Not yet am I in hell; for still I stand,
Though giddy in my passion, on firme land,
And still behold the seasons of the yeare,
Springs in my hope, and Winters in my feare.
And sure I'me 'bove the earth: For th' highest star
Shoots beames, but dim to what *Castara's* are,
And in her sight and favour I even shine
In a bright orbe beyond the Christalline.
If then *Castara* I in Heaven nor move,
Nor Earth, nor Hell; where am I but in Love?

To my honoured Friend, M^r. E. P.



Not still ith' shine of Kings. Thou dost retire
Sometime to th' Holy shade, where the
chaste quire
Of Muses doth the stubborne Panther
awe,
And give the wilderness of his nature law.
The wind his chariot stops: Th' attentive rocke
The rigor doth of its creation mocke,
And gently melts away: *Argus* to heare
The musicke, turnes each eye into an eare.
To welcome thee, *Endymion*, glorious they
Triumph to force these creatures disobey
What nature hath enacted. But no charme
The Muses have these monsters can disarm
Of their innated rage: No spell can tame
The North-winds fury, but *Castara's* name.
Climbe yonder forked hill, and see if there
Ith' barke of every *Daphne*, not appeare
Castara written; And so markt by me,
How great a Prophet growes each Virgin tree?
Lie downe, and listen what the sacred spring
In her harmonious murmures, strives to sing
To th' neighb'ring banke, ere her loose waters erre
Through common channels; sings she not of her?
Behold yond' violet, which such honour gaines,
That growing but to emulate her veines,
It's azur'd like the skie: when she doth bow
T' invoke *Castara*, heav'n perfumes her vow.
The trees the water, and the flowers adore
The Deity of her sex, and through each pore
Breath forth her glories. But unquiet love
[5] To make thy passions so uncourtly prove,
As if all eares should heare her praise alone.
Now listen thou; *Endymion* sings his owne.

[Pg 20]

[5] To make affection so ill-nurtur'd prove. 1634,
1635.

To CASTARA.



oe not their prophane Orgies heare,
Who but to wealth no altars reare,
The soule's oft poys'ned through the eare.

Castara rather seeke to dwell
Ith' silence of a private cell.
Rich discontent's a glorious hell.

Yet *Hindlip* doth not want extent
Of roome (though not magnificent)
To give free welcome to content.

There shalt thou see the earely Spring,
That wealthy stocke of nature bring,
Of which the Sybils bookes did sing.

From fruitlesse Palmes shall honey flow,
And barren Winter Harvest show,
While Lilies in his bosome grow,

No North-winde shall the corne infest,
But the soft spirit of the East,
Our sent with perfum'd banquets feast.

A Satyre here and there shall trip,
In hope to purchase leave to sip
Sweete Nectar from a Fairies lip.

The Nymphs with quivers shall adorne
Their active sides, and rouse the morne
With the shrill musicke of their horne.

Wakened with which, and viewing thee,
Faire *Daphne* her faire selfe shall free,
From the chaste prison of a tree:

And with *Narcissus* (to thy face
Who humbly will ascribe all grace)
Shall once againe pursue the chase.

So they, whose wisdom did discusse
Of these as fictions: shall in us
Finde, they were more then fabulous.

**To CASTARA,
Softly singing to her selfe.**




ing forth sweete Cherubin (for we have
choice
Of reasons in thy beauty and the voyce,
To name thee so, and scarce appeare
prophane)

Sing forth, that while the orbs celestiall straine
To eccho thy sweete note, our humane eares
May then receive the Musicke of the Spheares.
But yet take heede, lest if the Swans of Thames,
That adde harmonious pleasure to the streames,
Oth' sudden heare thy well-divided breath,
Should listen, and in silence welcome death:
And ravisht Nightingales, striving too high
To reach thee, in the emulation dye.


And thus there will be left no bird to sing
Farewell to th' Waters, welcome to the Spring.

To a Wanton.

n vaine faire sorceresse, thy eyes speake
charmes,
In vaine thou mak'st loose circles with thy
armes.

I'me 'bove thy spels. No magicke him can move,
In whom *Castara* hath inspir'd her love.
As she, keepe thou strict cent'nell o're thy eare,
Lest it the whispers of soft Courtiers heare;
Reade not his raptures, whose invention must
Write journey worke, both for his Patrons lust,
And his owne plush: let no admirer feast
His eye oth' naked banquet of thy brest.
If this faire president, nor yet my want
Of love, to answer thine, make thee recant
Thy sorc'ries; Pity shall to justice turne,
And judge thee, witch, in thy owne flames to burne.

*To the Honourable my much honoured friend,
R. B. Esquire.*

hile you dare trust the loudest tongue of
fame,
The zeale you heare your Mistresse to
proclaim

To th' talking world: I in the silent'st grove,
Scarce to my selfe dare whisper that I love.
Thee, titles *Brud'nell*, riches thee adorne,
And vigorous youth to vice not headlong borne
By th' tide of custome: Which I value more
Then what blind superstitious fooles adore,
Who greatnesse in the chaire of blisse enthrone.
Greatnesse we borrow, Vertue is our owne.
In thy attempt be prosperous, and when ere
Thou shalt prefix the houre; may *Hymen* weare
His brightest robe; where some fam'd Persian shall
Worke by the wonder of her needle all
The nuptiall joyes; which (if we Poets be
True Prophets) bounteous heaven designs for thee.
I envie not, but glory in thy fate,
While in the narrow limits of my state
I bound my hopes. Which if *Castara* daigne
Once to entitle hers; the wealthiest graine
My earth, untild shall beare; my trees shall grone
Under their fruitfull burthen, and at one
And the same season, Nature forth shall bring
Riches of Autumne, pleasures of the Spring.
But digge, and thou shalt finde a purer Mine
Then th' Indians boast: Taste of this generous Vine,
And her blood sweeter will than Nectar prove.
Such miracles wait on a noble love.
But should she scorne my suite, I'le tread that path
Which none but some sad Fairy beaten hath.
There force wrong'd *Philomel*, hearing my mone,
To sigh my greater griefes, forget her owne.

**To CASTARA,
Inquiring why I loved her.**



hy doth the stubborne iron prove
So gentle to th' magnetique stone?
How know you that the orbs doe move;
With musicke too? since heard of none?
And I will answer why I love.

'Tis not thy vertues, each a starre
Which in thy soules bright speare doe shine,
Shooting their beauties from a farre,
To make each gazers heart like thine:
Our vertues often Meteors are.

'Tis not thy face, I cannot spie
When Poets weepe some Virgins death,
That *Cupid* wantons in her eye,
Or perfumes vapour from her breath,
And 'mongst the dead thou once must lie.^[6]

Nor is't thy birth. For I was ne're
So vaine as in that to delight:
Which ballance it, no weight doth beare,
Nor yet is object to the sight,
But onely fils the vulgar eare.

Nor yet thy fortunes: Since I know
They in their motion like the Sea:
Ebbe from the good, to the impious flow:
And so in flattery betray,
That, raising they but overthrow.

And yet these attributes might prove
Fuell enough t' enflame desire;
But there was something from above,
Shot without reasons guide, this fire.
I know, yet know not, why I love.

[6] And there must once thy beauty lie. 1634, 1635.

**To CASTARA,
Looking upon him.**



ransfix me with that flaming dart
Ith' eye, or brest, or any part,
So thou, *Castara*, spare my heart.

The cold Cymerian by that bright
Warme wound, ith' darknesse of his night,
Might both recover heat, and light.

The rugged Scythian gently move,
Ith' whispering shadow of some grove,
That's consecrate to sportive Love.

December see the Primrose grow,
The Rivers in soft murmurs flow,
And from his head shake off his snow.

And crooked age might feele againe
Those heates, of which youth did complaine,
While fresh blood swels each withered veyne.

For the bright lustre of thy eyes,
Which but to warme them would suffice,
May burne me to a sacrifice.



ing'd with delight (yet such as still doth
beare
Chaste vertues stamp) those Children of
the yeere

The dayes, haste nimble; and while as they flie,
Each of them with their predecessors vie,
Which yeelds most pleasure; you to them dispenche,
What Time lost with his cradle, innocence.
So I (if fancie not delude my sight,)
See often the pale monarch of the night,
Diana, 'mong her nimphs. For every quire
Of vulgar starres, who lend their weaker fire
To conquer the nights chilnesse, with their Queene,
In harmelesse revels tread the happy greene.
But I who am proscib'd by tyrant love,
Seeke out a silent exile in some grove,
Where nought except a solitary Spring,
Was ever heard, to which the Nimphs did sing
Narcissus obsequies: For onely there
Is musique apt to catch an am'rous eare.
Castara! oh my heart! How great a flame
Did even shoot into me with her name?
Castara hath betray'd me to a zeale
Which thus distracts my hopes. Flints may conceale
In their cold veynes a fire. But I whose heart
By Love's dissolv'd, ne're practis'd that cold art.
But truce thou warring passion, for I'le now
Madam to you addresse this solemne vow.
By Vertue and your selfe (best friends) I finde
In the interiour province of your minde
Such government: That if great men obey
Th' example of your order, they will sway
Without reproofe. For onely you unite
Honour with sweetnesse, vertue with delight.

[7] *To the right honourable my very good Lady, Anne
Countesse of Ar. 1634, 1635.*

[Pg 26]

Upon CASTARA'S frowne or smile.



earned shade of *Tycho Brache*, who to us,
The stars propheticke language didst
impart,
And even in life their mysteries discusse:
Castara hath o'rethrowne thy strongest art.

When custome struggles from her beaten path,
Then accidents must needs uncertaine be.
For if *Castara* smile; though winter hath
Lock't up the rivers: Summer's warme in me.

And *Flora* by the miracle reviv'd,
Doth even at her owne beauty wondring stand.
But should she frowne, the Northerne wind arriv'd,
In midst of Summer, leads his frozen band:

Which doth to yce my youthfull blood congeale,
Yet in the midst of yce, still flames my zeale.

**To CASTARA,
All fortunes.**



e glorious wits, who finde then Parian
stone,
A nobler quarry to build trophies on,
Purchast 'gainst conquer'd time; Go court
loud fame,
He wins it, who but sings *Castara's* name?
Aspiring soules, who grow but in a Spring,
Forc't by the warmth of some indulgent King:
Know if *Castara* smile: I dwell in it,
And vie for glory with the Favorit.
Ye sonnes of avarice, who but to share
Uncertaine treasure with a certaine care.
Tempt death in th' horrid Ocean: I, when ere
I but approach her, find the Indies there.
 Heaven brightest Saint, kinde to my vowes made
 thee
Of all ambition courts, th' Epitome.

[Pg 27]

Upon thought CASTARA may dye.



f she should dye, (as well suspect we may,
A body so compact should ne're decay)
Her brighter soule would in the Moone
inspire
More chastity, in dimmer starres more fire.
You twins of *Læda* (as your parents are
In their wild lusts) may grow irregular
Now in your motion: for the marriner
Henceforth shall onely steere his course by her.
And when the zeale of after time^[8] shall spie
Her uncorrupt ith' happy marble lie;
The roses in her cheekes unwithered,
'Twill turne to love, and dote upon the dead.
 For he who did to her in life dispence
 A heaven, will banish all corruption thence.

[8] times. 1634.

Time to the moments, on sight of CASTARA.



ou younger children of your father stay,
Swift flying moments (which divide the
day
And with your number measure out the
yeare
In various seasons) stay and wonder here.
For since my cradle, I so bright a grace
Ne're saw, as you see in *Castara's* face;
Whom nature to revenge some youthfull crime
Would never frame, till age had weakened Time.
Else spight of fate, in some faire forme of clay
My youth I'de bodied, throwne my sythe away,
And broke my glasse. But since that cannot be,
I'le punish Nature for her injurie.
 On nimble moments in your journey flie,
 Castara shall like me, grow old, and die.

[Pg 28]

To a friend inquiring her name, whom he loved.



ond Love himselfe hopes to disguise
From view, if he but covered lies,
Ith' veile of my transparent eyes.

Though in a smile himselfe he hide,
Or in a sigh, thou art so tride
In all his arts, hee'le be discride.

I must confesse (Deare friend) my flame,
Whose boasts *Castara* so doth tame,
That not thy faith, shall know her name.

Twere prophanation of my zeale,
If but abroad one whisper steale,
They love betray, who him reveale.

In a darke cave which never eye
Could by his subtlest ray descry,
It doth like a rich minerall lye.

Which is she with her flame refine,
I'de force it from that obscure Mine,
And then it like pure should shine.

A Dialogue betweene Hope and Feare.

Feare.



hecke thy forward thoughts, and
know
Hymen onely joynes their hands;
Who with even paces goe,
Shee in gold, he rich in lands.

Hope.

But *Castara's* purer fire,
When it meetes a noble flame:
Shuns the smoke of such desire,
Joynes with love, and burnes the same.

Feare.

Yet obedience must prevaile,
They who o're her actions sway:
Would have her in th' Ocean saile,
And contemne thy narrow sea.

Hope.

Parents lawes must beare no weight
When they happinesse prevent.
And our sea is not so streight,
But it roome hath for content.

Feare.

Thousand hearts as victims stand,
At the Altar of her eyes.
And will partiall she command,
Onely thine for sacrifice?

Hope.

Thousand victims must returne;
Shee the purest will designe:
Choose *Castara* which shall burne,
Choose the purest, that is, mine.

**To CUPID,
Upon a dimple in CASTARA'S cheeke.**

Nimble boy in thy warme flight,
What cold tyrant dimm'd thy sight?
Hadst thou eyes to see my faire,
Thou wouldst sigh thy selfe to ayre:
Fearing to create this one,
Nature had her selfe undone.
But if you when this you heare
Fall downe murdered through your eare,
Begge of *Jove* that you may have
In her cheeke a dimpled grave.
Lilly, Rose, and Violet,
Shall the perfum'd Hearse beset
While a beauteous sheet of Lawne,
O're the wanton corps is drawne:
And all lovers use this breath;
"Here lies *Cupid* blest in death."

[Pg 30]

**Upon CUPID'S death and buriall in CASTARA'S
cheeke.**


C*upid*s dead. Who would not dye,
To be interr'd so neere her eye?
Who would feare the sword, to have
Such an Alabaster grave?
O're which two bright tapers burne,
To give light to the beauteous Urne.
At the first *Castara* smil'd,
Thinking *Cupid* her beguil'd,
Onely counterfeiting death.
But when she perceiv'd his breath
Quite expir'd: the mournfull Girle,
To entombe the boy in Pearle,
Wept so long; till pittious *Jove*,
From the ashes of this Love,
Made ten thousand *Cupids* rise,
But confin'd them to her eyes:
Where they yet, to shew they lacke
No due sorrow, still weare blacke.
But the blacks so glorious are
Which they mourne in, that the faire
Quires of starres, look pale and fret,
Seeing themselves out shin'd by jet.

To Fame.

Fly on thy swiftest wing, ambitious Fame,
And speake to the cold North *Castara's*
name:
Which very breath will, like the East wind,
bring
The temp'rate warmth, and musicke of the Spring.
Then from the Articke to th' Antarticke Pole,
Haste nimbly and inspire a gentler soule,
By naming her, ith' torrid South; that he
May milde as *Zephirus* coole whispers be.
Nor let the West where heaven already joynes,
The vastest Empire, and the wealthiest Mines:
Nor th' East in pleasures wanton, her condemne,
For not distributing her gifts on them.
For she with want would have her bounty meete.
Loves noble charity is so discreete.

[Pg 31]

A Dialogue betweene Araphill and Castara.

- Araph.** ost not thou *Castara* read
Am'rous volumes in my eyes?
Doth not every motion plead
What I'de shew, and yet disguise?
Sences act each others part.
Eyes, as tongues, reveale the heart.
- Cast.** I saw love, as lightning breake
From thy eyes, and was content
Oft to heare thy silence speake.
Silent love is eloquent.
So the sence of learning heares,
The dumbe musicke of the Spheares.
- Araph.** Then there's mercy in your kinde,
Listning to an unfain'd love,
Or strives he to tame the wind,
Who would your compassion move?
No y'are pittious, as y're faire.
Heaven relents, o'recome by prayer.
- Cast.** But loose man too prodigall
Is in the expence of vowes;
And thinks to him kingdomes fall
When the heart of woman bowes:
Frailty to your armes may yeeld;
Who resists you, wins the field.
- Araph.** Triumph not to see me bleede,
Let the Bore chased^[9] from his den,
On the wounds of mankinde feede.
Your soft sexe should pittie men.
Malice well may practise Art,
Love hath a transparent heart.
- Cast.** Yet is love all one deceit,
A warme frost, a frozen fire.
She within her selfe is great,
Who is slave to no desire.
Let youth act, and age advise,
And then love may finde his eyes.
- Araph.** *Hymens* torch yeelds a dim light,
When ambition joynes our hands.
A proud day, but mournefull night,
She sustaines, who marries lands.
Wealth slaves man, but for their Ore,
Th' Indians had beene free, though poore.
- Cast.** And yet wealth the fuell is
Which maintaines the nuptiall fire,
And in honour there's a blisse.
Th' are immortall who aspire.
But truth sayes, no joyes are sweete,
But where hearts united meete.
- Araph.** Roses breath not such a sent,
To perfume the neighbr'ing groves;
As when you affirme content,
In no spheare of glory moves.
Glory narrow soules combines:
Noble hearts Love onely joynes.

[9] chased. 1634, 1635.

**To CASTARA,
*Intending a journey into the Countrey.***



Why haste you hence *Castara*? can the
earth,
A glorious mother, in her flowry birth,
Shew Lillies like thy brow? Can she
disclose
In emulation of thy cheeke, a Rose,
Sweete as thy blush? Upon thy selfe then set
Just value, and scorne it, thy counterfet.
The Spring's still with thee; But perhaps the field,
Not warm'd with thy approach, wants force to yeeld,
Her tribute to the Plough; O rather let
Th' ingratefull earth for ever be in debt
To th' hope of sweating industry, than we
Should starve with cold, who have no heat but thee.
Nor feare the publike good. Thy eyes can give
A life to all, who can deserve to live.

[Pg 33]

Upon CASTARA'S departure.



I am engag'd to sorrow, and my heart
Feeles a distracted rage. Though you
depart
And leave me to my feares; let love in
spite
Of absence, our divided soules unite.
But you must goe. The melancholy Doves
Draw *Venus* chariot hence. The sportive Loves
Which wont to wanton here, hence with you flye,
And like false friends forsake me when I dye.
For but a walking tombe, what can he be;
Whose best of life is forc't to part with thee?

**To CASTARA,
*Upon a trembling kisse at departure.***



Th' Arabian wind, whose breathing gently
blows
Purple to th' Violet, blushes to the Rose;
Did never yeeld an odour rich as this.
Why are you then so thrifty of a kisse,
Authoriz'd even by custome? Why doth feare
So tremble on your lip, my lip being neare?
Thinke you I parting with so sad a zeale,
Will act so blacke a mischief, as to steale
Thy Roses thence? And they, by this device,
Transplanted: somewhere else force *Paradice*?
Or else you feare, lest you, should my heart skip
Up to my mouth, t' incounter with your lip,
Might rob me of it: and be judg'd in this,
T' have *Judas* like betraid me with a kisse.

**To CASTARA,
Looking backe at her departing.**



ooke backe *Castara*. From thy eye
Let yet more flaming arrowes flye.
To live, is thus to burne and dye.

For what might glorious hope desire,
But that thy selfe, as I expire,
Should bring both death and funerall fire?

Distracted Love, shall grieve to see
Such zeale in death: For feare lest he
Himselfe, should be consumed in me.

[Pg 34]

And gathering up my ashes, weepe,
That in his teares he then may sleepe:
And thus embalm'd, as reliques, keepe.

Thither let lovers pilgrims turne,
And the loose flames in which they burne,
Give up as offerings to my Urne.

That them the vertue of my shrine,
By miracle so long refine;
Till they prove innocent as mine.

Upon CASTARA'S absence.



is madnesse to give Physicke to the dead;
Then leave me friends: Yet haply you'd
here
A lecture; but I'le not dissected be,
T' instruct your Art by my anatomie.
But still you trust your sense, sweare you discry
No difference in me. All's deceit oth' eye,
Some spirit hath a body fram'd in th' ayre,
Like mine, which he doth to delude you, weare:
Else heaven by miracle makes me survive
My selfe, to keepe in me poore Love alive.
But I am dead, yet let none question where
My best part rests, and with a sigh or teare,
Prophane the Pompe, when they my corps interre,
My soule imparadis'd, for 'tis with her.

**To CASTARA,
Complaining her absence in the Country.**



he lesser people of the ayre conspire
To keepe thee from me, *Philomel* with
higher
And sweeter notes, woos thee to weepe
her rape,
Which would appease the gods, and change her
shape.

The early Larke, preferring 'fore soft rest
Obsequious duty, leaves his downy nest,
And doth to thee harmonious tribute pay;
Expecting from thy eyes the breake of day.
From which the Owle is frighted, and doth rove
(As never having felt the warmth of love.)
In uncouth vaults, and the chill shades of night,
Nor biding the bright lustre of thy sight.

[Pg 35]

With him my fate agrees. Not viewing thee
I'me lost in mists, at best, but meteors see.

To THAMES.



wift in thy watry chariot, courteous
Thames,
Hast by the happy error of thy streames,
To kisse the banks of *Marlow*, which doth
show
Faire *Seymors*, and beyond that never flow.
Then summon all thy Swans, that who did give
Musicke to death, may henceforth sing, and live,
For my *Castara*. She can life restore,
Or quicken them who had no life before.
How should the Poplar else the Pine provoke;
The stately Cedar challenge the rude Oke
To dance at sight of her? They have no sense
From nature given, but by her influence.

[10] If *Orpheus* did those senslesse creatures move,
He was a Prophet, and fore-sang my love.

[10] If *Orpheus* did those senslesse creatures stirre,
He was a Prophet, and fore-sang of her. 1634,
1635.

To the right honourable the Earle of SHREWEES.

[11]



y Muse (great Lord) when last you heard
her sing
Did to your Uncles Urne, her off-rings
bring:
And if to fame I may give faith, your eares
Delighted in the musicke of her teares.
That was her debt to vertue. And when e're
She her bright head among the clouds shall reare
And adde to th' wondring heavens a new flame,
Shee'le celebrate the Genius of your name.
Wilde with another rage, inspir'd by love,
She charmes the Myrtles of the Idalian grove.
And while she gives the Cyprian stormes a law,
Those wanton Doves which *Cythereia* draw
Through th' am'rous ayre: Admire what power doth
sway
The Ocean, and arrest them in their way.
She sings *Castara* then. O she more bright,
Than is the starry Senate of the night;
Who in their motion did like straglers erre,
Cause they deriv'd no influence from her,
Who's constant as she's chaste. The Sinne hath
beene
Clad like a neighb'ring shepheard often seene
To hunt those Dales, in hope then *Daphnes*, there
To see a brighter face. Th' Astrologer
In th' interim dyed, whose proud Art could not show
Whence that Eclipse did on the sudden grow.
A wanton Satyre eager in the chase
Of some faire Nimph, beheld *Castara's* face,
And left his loose pursuite; who while he ey'd,
Unchastely, such a beauty, glorified
With such a vertue; by heavens great commands
Turn'd marble, and there yet a Statute stands.
As Poet thus. But as a Christian now,
And by my zeale to you (my Lord) I vow,
She doth a flame so pure and sacred move;
In me impiety 'twere not to love.

[11] To the Right Honourable my very good Lord, JOHN
Earle of S. 1634, 1635.

To CUPID.
Wishing a speedy passage to CASTARA.



hankes *Cupid*, but the Coach of *Venus*
moves
For me too slow, drawn but by lazie
Doves.

I, left a journey my delay should finde,
Will leape into the chariot of the winde.
Swift as the flight of lightning through the ayre,
Hee'le hurry me till I approach the faire
But unkinde *Seymors*. Thus he will proclaime,
What tribute winds owe to *Castara's* name.
Viewing this prodigie, astonisht they,
Who first accesse deny'd me, will obey,
With feare what love commands: Yet censure me
As guilty of the blackest sorcery.
But after to my wishes milder prove:
When they know this the miracle of love.

[Pg 37]

To CASTARA.
Of Love.



ow fancie mockes me? By th' effect I
prove,
'Twas am'rous folly, wings ascrib'd to love,
And ore th' obedient elements command.
Hee's lame as he is blinde, for here I stand
Fixt as the earth. Throw then this Idoll downe
Yee lovers who first made it; which can frowne
Or smile but as you please. But I'me untame
In rage. *Castara* call thou^[12] on his name,
And though hee'le not beare up my vowes to thee,
Hee'le triumph to bring downe my Saint to me.

[12] then. 1634.

To the Spring,
Upon the uncertainty of CASTARA'S abode.



aire Mistresse of^[13] the earth, with
garlands crown'd
Rise, by a lovers charme, from the parcht
ground,

And shew thy flowry wealth: that she, where ere
Her starres shall guide her, meete thy beauties
there.
Should she to the cold Northerne climates goe,
Force thy affrighted Lillies there to grow;
Thy Roses in those gelid fields t' appeare;
She absent, I have all their Winter here.
Or if to the torrid Zone her way she bend,
Her the coole breathing of *Favonius* lend,
Thither command the birds to bring their quires.
That Zone is temp'rate. I have all his fires.
Attend her, courteous Spring, though we should
here
Lose by it all the treasures of the yeere.

[13] to. 1634, 1635.

[Pg 38]

**To Reason,
Upon CASTARA'S *absence*.**



With your calme precepts goe, and lay a
storme,
In some brest flegmaticke which would
conforme
Her life to your cold lawes: In vain y' engage
Your selfe on me. I will obey my rage.
Shee's gone, and I am lost. Some unknowne grove
I'le finde, whereby the miracle of Love
I'le turne t' a fontaine, and divide the yeere,
By numbring every moment with a teare.
Where if *Castara* (to avoyd the beames
Oth' neighb'ring Sun) shall wandring meete my
streames.
And tasting, hope her thirst alaid shall be,
Shee'le feele a sudden flame, and burne like me:
And thus distracted cry. Tell me thou cleere,
But treach'rous Fount, what lover's coffin'd here?

An^[14] *answere to CASTARA'S question.*



Is I *Castara*, who when thou wert gone,
Did freeze into this melancholy stone,
To weepe the minutes of thy absence.
Where
Can greefe have freer scope to mourne than here?
The Larke here practiseth a sweeter straine,
Aurora's early blush to entertaine,
And having too deepe tasted of these streames,
He loves, and amorously courts her beames.
The courteous turtle with a wandring zeale,
Saw how to stone I did my selfe congeale,
And murm'ring askt what power this change did
move,
The language of my waters whispered, Love.
And thus transform'd Ile stand, till I shall see,
That heart so ston'd and frozen, thaw'd in thee.

[14] *In.* 1634.

[Pg 39]

**To CASTARA,
Upon the *disguising his affection.***



Pronounce me guilty of a Blacker crime,
Then e're in the large Volume writ by
Time.
The sad Historian reades, if not my Art
Dissembles love, to veile an am'rous heart.
For when the zealous anger of my friend
Checkes my unusuall sadnesse: I pretend
To study vertue, which indeede I doe,
He must court vertue who aspires to you.
Or that some friend is dead and then a teare,
A sigh or groane steales from me: for I feare
Lest death with love hath strooke my heart, and all
These sorrowes usher but its funerall.

[15] Which should revive, should there you a
mourner be,
And force a nuptiall in an obsequie.

[15] Which would revive, should you there mourner
be. 1634, 1635.

**To the honourable my honoured kinsman, M^r.
G. T.**



hrice hath the pale-fac'd Empresse of the
night,
Lent in her chaste increase her borrowed
light,

To guide the vowing Mariner: since mute
Talbot th'ast beene, too slothfull to salute
Thy exil'd servant. Labour not t' excuse
This dull neglect: Love never wants a Muse.
When thunder summons from eternall sleepe
Th' imprison'd ghosts, and spreads oth' frighted
deepe,

A veile of darknesse; penitent to be
I may forget, yet still remember thee,
Next to my faire, under whose eye-lids move,
In nimble measures beauty, wit, and love.
Nor thinke *Castara* (though the sexe be fraile,
And ever like uncertaine vessels saile
On th' ocean of their passions; while each wind
Triumphs to see their more uncertaine mind,)
Can be induc't to alter: Every starre
May in its motion grow irregular;
The Sunne forget to yeeld his welcome flame
To th' teeming earth, yet she remaine the same.
And in my armes (if Poets may divine)
I once that world of beauty shall intwine,
And on her lips print volumes of my love,
Without a froward checke, and sweetly move
Ith' Labyrinth of delight. If not, Ile draw
Her picture on my heart, and gently thaw
With warmth of zeale, untill I heaven entreat,
To give true life to th' ayery counterfeit.

[Pg 40]

**Eccho to Narcissus.
In praise of CASTARA'S discrete Love.**



corn'd in thy watry Urne *Narcissus* lye,
Thou shalt not force more tribute from my
eye
T' increase thy streames: or make me
weepe a showre,
To adde fresh beauty to thee, now a flowre.
But should relenting heaven restore thee sence,
To see such wisdom temper innocence,
In faire *Castara's* love; how she discreet,
Makes caution with a noble freedome meete,
At the same moment; thould'st confesse fond boy,
Foolles onely think them vertuous, who are coy.
And wonder not that I, who have no choyce
Of speech, have praying her so free a voyce:
Heaven her severest sentence doth repeale,
When to *Castara* I would speake my zeale.

**To CASTARA,
Being debarr'd her presence.**



anisht from you, I charg'd the nimble
winde,
My unseene Messenger, to speake my
minde,
In am'rous whispers to you. But my Muse
Lest the unruly spirit should abuse
The trust repos'd in him, sayd it was due
To her alone, to sing my loves to you.
Heare her then speake. Bright Lady, from whose eye
Shot lightning to his heart, who joyes to dye
A martyr in your flames: O let your love
Be great and firme as his: Then nought shall move
Your setled faiths, that both may grow together:
Or if by Fate divided, both may wither.
Hark! 'twas a groane. Ah how sad absence rends
His troubled thoughts! See, he from *Marlow* sends
His eyes to *Seymors*. Then chides th' envious trees,
And unkinde distance. Yet his fancie sees
And courts your beauty, joyes as he had cleav'd
Close to you, and then weepes because deceiv'd.
Be constant as y'are faire. For I fore-see
A glorious triumph waits o'th victorie
Your love will purchase, shewing us to prize
A true content. There onely Love hath eyes.

[Pg 41]

**To Seymors,
The house in which CASTARA lived.**



lest Temple, haile, where the Chast Altar
stands,
Which Nature built, but the exacter hands
Of Vertue polisht. Though sad Fate deny
My prophane feete accesse, my vowes shall flye.
May those Musitians, which divide the ayre
With their harmonious breath, their flight prepare,
For this glad place, and all their accents frame,
To teach the Eccho my *Castara's* name.
The beautious troopes of graces led by love
In chaste attempts, possesse the neighb'ring grove
Where may the Spring dwell still. May every tree
Turne to a Laurell, and propheticke be.
Which shall in its first Oracle divine,
That courteous Fate decree *Castara* mine.

**To the Dew,
In hope to see CASTARA walking.**



right Dew which dost the field adorne
As th' earth to welcome in the morne,
Would hang a jewell on each corne.

[Pg 42]

Did not the pittious night, whose eares
Have oft beene conscious of my feares
Distill you from her eyes as teares?

Or that *Castara* for your zeale,
When she her beauties shall reveale,
Might you to Dyamonds congeale?

If not your pity, yet how ere
Your care I praise, 'gainst she appeare,
To make the wealthy Indies here.

But see she comes. Bright lampe oth' skie,
Put out thy light: the world shall spie,
A fairer Sunne in either eye.

And liquid Pearle, hang heavie now
On every grasse that it may bow
In veneration of her brow.

Yet if the wind should curious be,
And were I here, should question thee,
Hee's full of whispers, speak not me.

But if the busie tell-tale day,
Our happy enterview betray;
Lest thou confesse too, melt away.

To CASTARA.



tay under the kinde shadow of this tree
Castara, and protect thy selfe and me
From the Sunnes rayes. Which shew the grace
of Kings,

A dangerous warmth with too much favour brings.
How happy in this shade the humble Vine
Doth 'bout some taller tree her selfe intwine,
And so growes fruitfull; teaching us her fate
Doth beare more sweetes, though Cedars beare more
state:

Behold *Adonis* in yand' purple flowre,
T'was *Venus* love: That dew, the briny showre,
His coyresse wept, while strugling yet alive:
Now he repents, and gladly would revive,
By th' vertue of your chaste and powerfull charmes,
To play the modest wanton in your armes.

[Pg 43]

*To CASTARA,
Ventring to walke too farre in the neighbouring
wood.*




are not too farre *Castara*, for the shade
This courteous thicket yeelds, hath man
betray'd
A prey to wolves: to the wilde powers oth'
wood,
Oft travellers pay tribute with their blood.
If carelesse of thy selfe of me take care,
For like a ship where all the fortunes are
Of an advent'rous merchant; I must be,
If thou should'st perish banquerout in thee.
My feares have mockt me. Tygers when they shall
Behold so bright a face, will humbly fall
In adoration of thee. Fierce they are
To the deform'd, obsequious to the faire.
Yet venter not; tis nobler farre to sway
The heart of man, than beasts, who man obey.

Upon CASTARA'S departure.



owes are vaine. No suppliant breath
Stayes the speed of swift-heel'd death.
Life with her is gone and I
Learne but a new way to dye.
See the flowers condole, and all
Wither in my funerall.
The bright Lilly, as if day,
Parted with her, fades away.
Violets hang their heads, and lose
All their beauty. That the Rose
A sad part in sorrow beares,
Witnesse all those dewy teares,
Which as Pearle, or Dyamond like,
Swell upon her blushing cheeke.
All things mourne, but oh behold
How the wither'd Marigold
Closeth up now she is gone,
Judging her the setting Sunne.

A Dialogue between Night and Araphill.

- Night.**  et silence close my troubled eyes,
Thy feare in *Lethe* steepe:
The starres bright cent'nels of the
skies,
Watch to secure thy sleepe.
- Araph.** The Norths unruly spirit lay
In the disorder'd Seas:
Make the rude Winter calme as *May*,
And give a lover ease.
- Night.** Yet why should feare with her pale charmes,
Bewitch thee so to grieffe?
Since it prevents n' insuing harmes,
Nor yeelds the past reliefe.
- Araph.** And yet such horror I sustaine
As the sad vessell, when
Rough tempests have incenst the Maine,
Her Harbor now in ken.
- Night.** No conquest weares a glorious wreath
Which dangers not obtaine:
Let tempests 'gainst thee shipwracke breathe,
Thou shalt thy harbour gaine.
- Araph.** Truths *Delphos* doth not still foretell,
Though *Sol* th' inspirer be.
How then should night as blind as hell,
Ensuing truths fore-see?
- Night.** The Sunne yeelds man no constant flame.
One light those Priests inspires.
While I though blacke am still the same,
And have ten thousand fires.
- Araph.** But those, sayes my propheticke feare,
As funerall torches burne;
While thou thy selfe the blackes dost weare,
T' attend me to my Urne.
- Night.** Thy feares abuse thee, for those lights
In *Hymens* Church shall shine,
When he by th' mystery of his rites,
Shall make *Castara* thine.

To the Right Honourable, the Lady, E. P.



our judgement's cleere, not wrinckled with
the Time,
On th' humble fate: which censures it a
crime,

To be by vertue ruin'd. For I know
Y'are not so various as to ebbe and flow
Ith' streame of fortune, whom each faithlesse winde
Distracts, and they who made her, fram'd her blinde.
Possession makes us poore. Should we obtaine
All those bright jems, for which ith' wealthy Maine,
The tann'd slave dives; or in one boundlesse chest
Imprison all the treasures of the West,
We still should want. Our better part's immence,
Not like th' inferiour, limited by sence.
Rich with a little, mutuall love can lift
Us to a greatnesse, whether chance or thrift
E're rais'd her servants. For though all were spent,
That can create an *Europe* in content.
Thus (Madam) when *Castara* lends an eare
Soft to my hope, I Loves Philosopher,
Winne on her faith. For when I wondring stand
At th' intermingled beauty of her hand,
(Higher I dare not gaze) to this bright veine
I not ascribe the blood of *Charlemaine*
Deriv'd by you to her. Or say there are
In that and th'other *Marmion*, *Rosse*, and *Parr*
Fitzhugh, *Saint Quintin*, and the rest of them
That adde such lustre to great *Pembrokes* stem.
My love is envious. Would *Castara* were
The daughter of some mountaine cottager,
Who with his toile worne out, could dying leave
Her no more dowre, than what she did receive
From bounteous nature. Her would I then lead
To th' Temple, rich in her owne wealth; her head
Crown'd with her haire faire treasure; diamonds in
Her brighter eyes; soft Ermines in her skin;
Each Indie in each cheeke. Then all who vaunt,
That fortune, them t' enrich, made others want,
Should set themselves out glorious in her stealth,
And trie if that, could parallel this wealth.

[Pg 46]

To CASTARA.

Departing upon the approach of Night.



hat should we feare *Castara*? The coole
aire,
That's falne in love, and wanton in thy
haire,

Will not betray our whispers. Should I steale
A Nectar'd kisse, the wind dares not reveale
The pleasure I possesse. The wind conspires
To our blest interview, and in our fires
Bath's like a Salamander, and doth sip,
Like *Bacchus* from the grape, life from thy lip.
Nor thinke of nights approach. The worlds great eye
Though breaking Natures law, will us supply
With his still flaming lampe: and to obey
Our chaste desires, fix here perpetuall day.
But should he set, what rebell night dares rise,
To be subdu'd ith' vict'ry of thy eyes?

An Apparition.



More welcome my *Castara*, then was light
To the disordered Chaos. O what bright
And nimble chariot brought thee through
the aire?

While the amazed stars to see so faire
And pure a beauty from the earth arise,
Chang'd all their glorious bodies into eyes.
O let my zealous lip print on thy hand
The story of my love, which there shall stand
A bright inscription to be read by none,
But who as I love thee, and love but one.
Why vanish you away? Or is my sense
Deluded by my hope? O sweete offence
Of erring nature! And would heaven this had
Beene true; or that I thus were ever mad.



ee who is good is happy. Let the loude
 Artillery of Heaven breake through a
 cloude
 And dart its thunder at him; hee'le
 remaine
 Unmov'd, and nobler comfort entertaine
 In welcomming th' approach of death; then vice
 Ere found in her fictitious Paradise.
 Time mocks our youth, and (while we number past
 Delights, and raise our appetite to taste
 Ensuing) brings us to unflattered age.
 Where we are left to satisfie the rage
 Of threatning Death: Pompe, beauty, wealth, and all
 Our friendships, shrinking from the funerall.
 The thought of this begets that brave disdain
 With which thou view'st the world and makes those
 vaine
 Treasures of fancy, serious fooles so court,
 And sweat to purchase, thy contempt or sport.
 What should we covet here? Why interpose
 A cloud twixt us and heaven? Kind Nature chose
 Mans soule th' Exchecquer where she'd hoord her
 wealth,
 And lodge all her rich secrets; but by th' stealth
 Of our owne vanity, w'are left so poore,
 The creature meerey sensuall knowes more.
 The learn'd *Halcyon* by her wisdom finds
 A gentle season, when the seas and winds
 Are silenc't by a calme, and then brings forth
 The happy miracle of her rare birth,
 Leaving with wonder all our arts possest,
 That view the architecture of her nest.
 Pride raiseth us 'bove justice. We bestowe
 Increase of knowledge on old minds, which grow
 By age to dotage: while the sensitive
 Part of the World in it's first strength doth live.
 Folly? what dost thou in thy power containe
 Deserves our study? Merchants plough the maine
 And bring home th' Indies, yet aspire to more,
 By avarice in the possession poore.
 And yet that Idoll wealth we all admit
 Into the soules great temple. Busie wit
 Invents new Orgies, fancy frames new rites
 To show it's superstition, anxious nights
 Are watcht to win its favour: while the beast
 Content with Natures courtesie doth rest.
 Let man then boast no more a soule, since he
 Hath lost that great prerogative. But thee
 (Whom Fortune hath exempted from the heard
 Of vulgar men, whom vertue hath prefer'd
 Farre higher than thy birth) I must commend,
 Rich in the purchase of so sweete a friend.
 And though my fate conducts me to the shade
 Of humble quiet, my ambition payde
 With safe content, while a pure Virgin fame
 Doth raise me trophies in *Castara's* name.
 No thought of glory swelling me above
 The hope of being famed for vertuous love.
 Yet wish I thee, guided by the better starres
 To purchase unsafe honour in the warres
 Or envied smiles at court; for thy great race,
 And merits, well may challenge th' highest place.
 Yet know, what busie path so-ere you tread
 To greatnesse, you must sleepe among the dead.

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*To CASTARA,
The vanity of Avarice.*



arke? how the traytor wind doth court
The Saylor to the maine;
To make their avarice his sport?
A tempest checks the fond disdain,
They beare a safe though humble port.

Wee'le sit my love upon the shore,
And while proud billowes rise
To warre against the skie, speake ore
Our Loves so sacred misteries.
And charme the Sea to th' calme it had before.

Where's now my pride t' extend my fame
Where ever statues are?
And purchase glory to my name
In the smooth court or rugged warre?
My love hath layd the Devill, I am tame.

I'de rather like the violet grow
Unmarkt i'th shaded vale,
Then on the hill those terrors know
Are breath'd forth by an angry gale,
There is more pompe above, more sweete below.

Love, thou divine Philosopher
(While covetous Landlords rent,
And Courtiers dignity preferre)
Instructs us to a sweete content,
Greatnesse it selfe, doth in it selfe interre.

Castara, what is there above
The treasures we possesse?
We two are all and one, wee move
Like starres in th' orbe of happinesse.
All blessings are Epitomiz'd in Love.

*To my most honoured Friend and Kinsman, R.
St., Esquire.*



It shall not grieve me (friend) though what I
write
Be held no wit at Court. If I delight
So farre my sullen Genius, as to raise
It pleasure; I have money, wine, and bayes
Enough to crowne me Poet. Let those wits,
Who teach their Muse the art of Parasits
To win on easie greatnesse; or the yongue
Spruce Lawyer who's all impudence and tongue
Sweat to divulge their fames: thereby the one
Gets fees; the other hyre, I'me best unknowne:
Sweet silence I embrace thee, and thee Fate
Which didst my birth so wisely moderate;
That I by want am neither vilified,
Nor yet by riches flatter'd into pride.
Resolve me friend (for it must folly be
Or else revenge 'gainst niggard Destinie,
That makes some Poets raile?) Why are their times
So steept in gall? Why so obrayde the times?
As if no sin call'd downe heav'ns vengeance more
Then cause the world leaves some few writers
poore?
Tis true, that *Chapmans* reverend ashes must
Lye rudely mingled with the vulgar dust,
Cause carefull heyers the wealthy onely have;
To build a glorious trouble o're the grave.
Yet doe I not despaire, some one may be
So seriously devout to Poesie
As to translate his reliques, and finde roome
In the warme Church, to build him up a tombe.
Since *Spencer* hath a Stone; and *Draytons* browes
Stand petrified ith' wall, with Laurell bowes
Yet girt about; and nigh wise *Henries* herse,
Old *Chaucer* got a Marble for his verse.
So courteous is Death; Death Poets brings
So high a pompe, to lodge them with their Kings:
Yet still they mutiny. If this man please
His silly Patron with Hyperboles.
Or most mysterious non-sence, give his braine
But the strapado in some wanton straine;
Hee'le sweare the State lookes not on men of parts
And, if but mention'd, slight all other Arts.
Vaine ostentation! Let us set so just
A rate on knowledge, that the world may trust
The Poets Sentence, and not still aver
Each Art is to it selfe a flatterer.
I write to you Sir on this theame, because
Your soule is cleare, and you observe the lawes,
Of Poesie so justly, that I chuse
Yours onely the example to my muse.
And till my browner haire be mixt with gray
Without a blush, Ile tread the sportive way,
My Muse direct; A Poet youth may be,
But age doth dote without Philosophie.

To the World.
The Perfection of Love.



ou who are earth, and cannot rise
Above your sence,
Boasting the envyed wealth which lyes
Bright in your Mistris lips or eyes,
Betray a pittyed eloquence.

That which doth joyne our soules, so light
And quicke doth move.
That like the Eagle in his flight,
It doth transcend all humane sight,
Lost in the element of Love.

You Poets reach not this, who sing
The praise of dust
But kneaded, when by theft you bring
The rose and Lilly from the Spring
T' adorne the wrinckled face of lust.

When we speake Love, nor art, nor wit
We glosse upon:
Our soules engender, and beget
Idaas, which you counterfeit
In your dull propagation.

While Time, seven ages shall disperse,
Wee'le talke of Love,
And when our tongues hold no commerse.
Our thoughts shall mutually converse.
And yet the blood no rebell prove.

And though we be of severall kind
Fit for offence:
Yet are we so by Love refin'd,
From impure drosse we are all mind.
Death could not more have conquer'd sence.

How suddenly those flames expire
Which scorch our clay?
Prometheas-like when we steale fire
From heaven 'tis endlesse and intire
It may know age, but not decay.

To the Winter.



hy dost thou looke so pale, decrepit man?
Why doe thy cheeks curle like the Ocean,
Into such furrowes? Why dost thou
appeare
So shaking, like an ague to the yeare?
The Sunne is gone. But yet *Castara* stayes,
And will adde stature to thy Pigmy dayes,
Warme moysture to thy veynes: her smile can bring
Thee the sweet youth, and beauty of the Spring.
Hence with thy palsie then, and on thy head
Weare flowrie chaplets as a bridegroom led
To th' holy Fane. Banish thy aged ruth,
That Virgins may admire and court thy youth.
And the approaching Sunne when she shall finde
A Spring without him, fall, since uselesse, blinde.

Upon a visit to CASTARA in the Night.



was Night: when *Phœbe* guided by thy
rayes,
Chaste as my zeale, with incence of her
praise,

I humbly crept to my *Castara's* shrine.
But oh my fond mistake! for there did shine
A noone of beauty, with such lustre crown'd,
As shewd 'mong th' impious onely night is found.
It was her eyes which like two Diamonds shin'd,
Brightest ith' dark. Like which could th' Indian find,
But one among his rocks, he would out vie
In brightnesse all the Diamonds of the Skie.
But when her lips did ope, the Phœnix nest
Breath'd forth her odours; where might *Jove* once
feast,
Hee'd loath his heavenly surfets: if we dare
Affirme, *Jove* hath a heaven without my faire.

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*To CASTARA,
Of the chastity of his Love.*



hy would you blush *Castara*, when the
name
Of love you heare? Who never felt his
flame,

Ith' shade of melancholly night doth stray,
A blind Cymmerian banisht from the day.
Let's chastly love *Castara*, and not soyle
This Virgin lampe, by powring in the oyle
Of impure thoughts. O let us sympathize,
And onely talke ith' language of our eyes,
Like two starres in conjunction. But beware
Lest th' Angels who of love compacted are,
Viewing how chastly burnes thy zealous fire,
Should snatch thee hence, to joyne thee to their
quire.

Yet take thy flight: on earth for surely we
So joyn'd, in heaven cannot divided be.

The Description of CASTARA.



Like the Violet which alone
Prosperes in some happy shade;
My *Castara* lives unknowne,
To no looser eye betray'd.
For shee's to her selfe untrue,
Who delights ith' publicke view.

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Such is her beauty, as no arts
Have enricht with borrowed grace.
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious blood,
She is noblest being good.

Cautious she knew never yet
What a wanton courtship meant:
Not speaks loud to boast her wit,
In her silence eloquent.
Of her selfe survey she takes,
But 'twene men no difference makes.

She obeyes with speedy will
Her grave Parents wise commands.
And so innocent, that ill,
She nor acts, nor understands.
Womens feete runne still astray.
If once to ill they know the way.

She sailes by that rocke, the Court,
Where oft honour splits her mast:
And retir'dnesse thinks the port,
Where her fame may anchor cast.
Vertue safely cannot sit,
Where vice is enthrond for wit.

She holds that dayes pleasure best.
Where sinne waits not on delight.
Without maske, or ball, or feast,
Sweetly spends a winters night.
O're that darknesse, whence is thrust,
Prayer and sleepe oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climbe,
While wild passions captive lie.
And each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to heaven flie:
All her vowes religious be,
And her love she vowes to me.

FINIS.



CASTARA

The Second part.

*Vatumque lascivos triumphos,
Calcat Amor, pede conjugali.*



LONDON
Printed for WILLIAM COOKE
and are to be sold at his Shop,
neare Furnivals-Inne Gate
in Holborne. 1639.

A Wife

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Is the sweetest part in the harmony of our being. To the love of which, as the charmes of Nature inchant us, so the law of grace by speciall priviledge invites us. Without her, Man if piety not restraine him; is the creator of sinne; or, if an innated cold render him not onely the businesse of the present age; the murderer of posterity. Shee is so religious that every day crownes her a martyr, and her zeale neither rebellious nor uncivill. Shee is so true a friend, her Husband may to her communicate even his ambitions, and if successe Crowne not expectation, remaine neverthelesse uncondemned. Shee is colleague with him in the Empire of prosperity; and a safe retyring place when adversity exiles him from the World. Shee is so chaste, she never understood the language lust speakes in, nor with a smile applaudes it, although there appeare wit in the Metaphore. Shee is faire only to winne on his affections, nor would she be Mistris of the most eloquent beauty; if there were danger, that might perswade the passionate auditory, to the least irregular thought. Shee is noble by a long descent, but her memory is so evill a herald, shee never boasts the story of her Ancestors. Shee is so moderately rich, that the defect of portion doth neither bring penury to his estate, nor the superfluity licence her to Riot. Shee is liberall, and yet owes not ruine to vanity, but knows Charity, to be the soule of goodnesse, and Vertue without reward often prone to bee her own destroyer. Shee is much at home, and when she visites 'tis for mutuall commerce, not for intelligence. Shee can goe to Court, and returne no passionate doater on bravery; and when shee hath seene the gay things muster up themselves there, she considers them as Cobwebs the Spider vanity hath spunne. Shee is so generall in her acquaintance, that shee is familiar with all whom fame speakes vertuous; but thinkes there can bee no friendship but with one; and therefore hath neither shee friend nor private servant. Shee so squares her passion to her Husbands fortunes, that in the Countrey shee lives without a froward Melancholly, in the town without a fantastique pride. Shee is so temperate, she never read the modern pollicie of glorious surfeits; since she finds Nature is no Epicure if art provoke her not by curiositie. Shee is inquisitive onely of new wayes to please him, and her wit sayles by no other compasse then that of his direction. Shee lookes upon him as Conjurers upon the Circle, beyond which there is nothing but Death and Hell; and in him shee beleeves Paradice circumscrib'd. His vertues are her wonder and imitation; and his errors, her credulitie thinkes no more frailtie, then makes him descend to the title of Man. In a word, shee so lives that she may dye; and leave no cloude upon her Memory, but have her character nobly mentioned: while the bad Wife is flattered into infamy, and buyes pleasure at too^[17] deare a rate, if shee onely payes for it Repentance.

[Pg 58]

[17] so. 1635.

Fifty Poems, chiefly on Wedded Happiness.

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**To CASTARA,
Now possess of her in marriage.**



his day is ours. The marriage Angell now
Sees th' Altar in the odour of our vow,
Yeeld a more precious breath, then that
which moves

The whispring leaves in the *Panchayan* groves.
View how his temples shine, on which he weares
A wreath of pearle, made of those precious teares
Thou wept a Virgin, when crosse winds did blow,
Our hopes disturbing in their quiet flow.
But now *Castara* smile, No envious night
Dares enterpose it selfe, t'ecclipse the light
Of our cleare joyes. For even the lawes divine
Permit our mutuall love^[18] so to entwine,
That Kings, to ballance true content, shall say:
Would they were great as we, we blest as they.

[18] loves. 1634.

**To CASTARA,
Upon the mutuall love of their Majesties.**



id you not see, *Castara*, when the King
Met his lov'd Queene; what sweetnesse
she did bring
T' incounter his brave heat; how great a
flame

From their brests meeting, on the sudden came?
The Stoike, who all easie passion flies,
Could he but heare the language of their eyes,
As heresies would from his faith remove
The tenets of his sect, and practise love.
The barb'rous nations which supply the earth
With a promiscuous and ignoble birth,
Would by his precedent correct their life,
Each wisely chuse, and chastely love a wife.

[19] Princes example is a law. Then we
If loyall subjects, must true lovers be.

[19] Princes examples are a law. Then we. 1634.

To ZEPHIRUS.



hose whispers soft as those which lovers
breath
Castara and my selfe I here bequeath
To the calme wind. For heaven such joyes
afford
To her and me, that there can be no third.
And you kinde starres, be thriftier of your light:
Her eyes supply your office with more bright
And constant lustre. Angels guardians, like
The nimbler ship boyes shall be joy'd to strike
Or hoist up saile; Nor shall our vessell move
By Card or Compasse, but a heavenly love.
The courtesie of this more prosperous gale
Shall swell our Canvas, and wee'le swiftly saile
To some blest Port, where ship hath never lane
At anchor, whose chaste soule no foot prophane
Hath ever trod; Where nature doth dispence
Her infant wealth, a beautious innocence.
Pompe (even a burthen to it selfe) nor Pride,
(The Magistrate of sinnes) did e're abide
On that so sacred earth. Ambition ne're,
Built for the sport of ruine, fabrickes there.
Thence age and death are exil'd, all offence
And feare expell'd, all noyse and faction thence.
A silence there so melancholly sweet,
That none but whispering Turtles ever meet.
Thus Paradise did our first Parents wooe,
To harmelesse sweets, at first possest by two.
And o're this second, wee'le usurpe the throne;
Castara, wee'le obey and rule alone.
For the rich vertue of this soyle I feare,
Would be depraved, should but a third be there.

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*To CASTARA
in a Trance.*



orsake me not so soone. *Castara* stay,
And as I breake the prison of my clay,
Ile fill the Canvas with m'expiring breath,
And with thee saile o're the vast maine of
death.
Some Cherubin thus as we passe shall play.
Goe happy twins of love; The courteous Sea
Shall smooth her wrinkled brow: the winds shal
sleep,
Or onely whisper musicke to the deepe.
Every ungentle rocke shall melt away,
The Syrens sing to please, not to betray.
Th' indulgent skie shall smile: each starry quire
Contend, which shall afford the brighter fire.
While Love the Pilot, steeres his course so even,
Ne're to cast anchor till we reach at Heaven.

**To DEATH,
CASTARA *being sicke.***

Hence prophane grim man, nor dare
To approach so neere my faire.
Marble vaults, and gloomy caves,
Church-yards, Charnell houses, graves,
Where the living loath to be,
Heaven hath design'd to thee.

But it needs 'mongst us thou'lt rage,
Let thy fury feed on age.
Wrinkled browes, and withered thighs,
May supply thy sacrifice.
Yet perhaps as thou flew'st by,
A flamed dart shot from her eye,
Sing'd thy wings with wanton fire,
Whence th' art forc't to hover nigh her.
If Love so mistooke his aime,
Gently welcome in the flame:
They who loath'd thee, when they see
Where thou harbor'st, will love thee.
Onely I, such is my fate,
Must thee as a rivall hate,
Court her gently, learne to prove,
Nimble in the thefts of love.
Gaze on th' errors of her haire:
Touch her lip; but oh beware,
Lest too ravenous of thy blisse,
Thou shouldst murder with a kisse.

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**To CASTARA,
*Inviting her to sleepe.***

Sleepe my *Castara*, silence doth invite
Thy eyes to close up day; though envious
night
Grieves Fate should her the sight of them
debarre,
For she is exil'd, while they open are.
Rest in thy peace secure. With drowsie charmes,
Kinde sleepe bewitcheth thee into her armes;
And finding where Loves chiefest treasure lies,
Is like a theefe stole under thy bright eyes.
Thy innocence rich as the gaudy quilt
Wrought by the Persian hand, thy dreames from
guilt
Exempted, heaven with sweete repose doth crowne
Each vertue, softer then the Swans fam'd downe.
As exorcists wild spirits mildly lay,
May sleepe thy fever calmely chase away.

Upon CASTARA'S *recoverye.*

She is restor'd to life. Unthrifty Death,
Thy mercie in permitting vitall breath
Backe to *Castara*, hath enlarg'd us all,
Whome grieve had martyr'd in her
funerall.
While others in the ocean of their teares,
Had sinking, wounded the beholders eares,
With exclamations: I without a grone,
Had suddenly congeal'd into a stone:
There stood a statue, till the generall doome;
Had ruin'd time and memory with her tombe.
While in my heart, which marble, yet still bled,
Each Lover might this Epitaph have read.
"Her earth lyes here below; her soul's above,
This wonder speakes her vertue, and my love."

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**To a Friend,
Inviting him to a meeting upon promise.**



ay you drinke beare, or that adult'rate
wine
Which makes the zeale of *Amsterdam*
divine;

If you make breach of promise. I have now
So rich a Sacke, that even your selfe will bow
T' adore my *Genius*. Of this wine should *Prynne*
Drinke but a plenteous glasse, he would beginne
A health to *Shakespeares* ghost, But you may bring
Some excuse forth, and answer me, the King
To-day will give you audience, or that on
Affaires of state, you and some serious Don
Are to resolve; or else perhaps you'le sin
So farre, as to leave word y'ar not within.

The least of these, will make me only thinke
Him subtle, who can in his closet drinke
Drunke even alone, and thus made wise create
As dangerous plots as the Low Countrey state,
Projecting for such baits, as shall draw ore
To *Holland*, all the herrings from our shore.

But y'are too full of candour: and I know
Will sooner stones at *Sals'burg* casements throw,
Or buy up for the silenc'd Levits, all
The rich impropriations, then let pall
So pure Canary, and breake such an oath:
Since charity is sinn'd against in both.

Come therefore blest even in the Lollards zeale,
Who canst with conscience safe, 'fore hen and veale
Say grace in Latine; while I saintly sing
A Penitential verse in oyle and Ling.
Come then, and bring with you prepar'd for fight,
Unmixt Canary, Heaven send both prove right!
This I am sure: My sacke will disingage
All humane thoughts, inspire so high a rage,
That *Hypocrene* shall henceforth Poets lacke,
Since more Enthusiasmes are in my sacke.

Heightned with which, my raptures shall
commend,
How good *Castara* is, how deare my friend.

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**To CASTARA,
Where true happinesse abides.**



astara whisper in some dead mans eare,
This subtill *quære*; and hee'le point out
where,

By answers negative, true joyes abide.
Hee'le say they flow not on th' uncertaine tide
Of greatnesse, they can no firme basis have,
Upon the trepidation of a wave.
Nor lurke they in the caverns of the earth,
Whence all the wealthy minerals draw their birth,
To covetous man so fatall. Nor ith' grace
Love they to wanton of a brighter face,
For th'are above Times battery; and the light
Of beauty, ages cloud will soone be night.

If among these Content, he thus doth prove,
Hath no abode; where dwels it but in Love?

To CASTARA.



orsake with me the earth, my faire,
And travell nimbly through the aire,
Till we have reacht th' admiring skies;
Then lend sight to those heavenly eyes
Which blind themselves, make creatures see.
And taking view of all, when we
Shall finde a pure and glorious spheare;
Wee'le fix like starres for ever there.
Nor will we still each other view,
Wee'le gaze on lesser starres then you;
See how by their weake influence they,
The strongest of mens actions sway.
In an inferiour orbe below,
Wee'le see *Calisto* loosely throw
Her haire abroad: as she did weare,
The self-same beauty in a Beare,
As when she a cold Virgin stood,
And yet inflam'd *Joves* lustfull blood.
Then looke on *Lede*, whose faire beames
By their reflection guild those streames,
Where first unhappy she began
To play the wanton with a Swan.
If each of these loose beauties are
Transform'd to a more beauteous starre
By the adult'rous lust of *Jove*;
Why should not we, by purer love?

*To CASTARA,
Upon the death of a Lady.*



Castara weepe not, though her tombe
appeare
Sometime thy grieffe to answer with a
teare:

The marble will but wanton with thy woe.
Death is the Sea, and we like Rivers flow
To lose our selves in the insatiate Maine,
Whence Rivers may, she^[20] ne're returne againe.
Nor grieve this Christall streame so soone did fall
Into the Ocean; since she perfum'd all
The banks she past, so that each neighbour field
Did sweete flowers cherish by her watring, yeeld.
Which now adorne her Hearse. The violet there
On her pale cheeke doth the sad livery weare,
Which heavens compassion gave her; And since she
Cause cloath'd in purple can no mourner be,
As incense to the tombe she gives her breath,
And fading, on her Lady waits in death.

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Such office the Ægyptian handmaids did
Great *Cleopatra*, when she dying chid
The Asps slow venome, trembling she should be
By Fate rob'd even of that blacke victory.
The flowers instruct our sorrowes. Come then all
Ye beauties, to true beauties funerall,
And with her, to increase deaths pompe, decay.
Since the supporting fabricke of your clay
Is faine, how can ye stand? How can the night
Shew stars, when Fate puts out the dayes great
light?
But 'mong the faire, if there live any yet,
She's but the fairer *Digbies* counterfeit.
Come you who speake your titles. Reade in this
Pale booke, how vaine a boast your greatnesse is.
What's honour but a hatchment? what is here
Of *Percy* left, and *Stanly*, names most deare
To vertue? but a crescent turn'd to th' wane,
An Eagle groaning o're an infant slaine?
Or what availes her, that she once was led,
A glorious bride to valiant *Digbies* bed,
Since death hath them divorc'd? If then alive
There are, who these sad obsequies survive
And vaunt a proud descent, they onely be
Loud heralds to set forth her pedigree.
Come all who glory in your wealth, and view
The embleme of your frailty. How untrue
(Though flattering like friends) your treasures are,
Her Fate hath taught^[21]: who, when what ever rare
The either Indies boast, lay richly spread
For her to weare, lay on her pillow dead.
Come likewise my *Castara* and behold,
What blessings ancient prophesie foretold,
Bestow'd on her in death. She past away
So sweetely from the world, as if her clay
Laid onely downe to slumber. Then forbear
To let on her blest ashes fall a teare.
But if th'art too much woman, softly weepe.
Lest grieffe disturbe the silence of her sleepe.

^[20] we. 1634.

^[21] Her Fate hath taught you: who, when what ever
rare. 1634, 1635.

[Pg 67]

**To CASTARA,
Being to take a journey.**



What's death more than departure; the dead
go
Like travelling exiles, compell'd to know
Those regions they heard mention of: Tis
th'art
Of sorrowes, sayes, who dye doe but depart.
Then weepe thy funerall teares: which heaven
t'adorne
The beauteous tresses of the weeping morne,
Will rob me of: and thus my tombe shall be
As naked, as it had no obsequie.
Know in these lines, sad musicke to thy eare,
My sad *Castara*, you the sermon here
Which I preach o're my hearse: And dead, I tell
My owne lives story, ring but my owne knell.
But when I shall returne, know 'tis thy breath
In sighes divided, rescues me from death.

**To CASTARA,
Weeping.**



Castara! O you are too prodigall
Oth' treasure of your teares; which thus
let fall
Make no returne: well plac'd calme peace
might bring
To the loud wars, each free a captiv'd King.
So the unskillfull Indian those bright jems,
Which might adde majestie to Diadems,
'Mong the waves scatters, as if he would store
The thanklesse Sea, to make our Empire poore.
When heaven darts thunder at the wombe of Time,
Cause with each moment it brings forth a crime,
Or else despairing to roote out abuse,
Would ruine vitious earth; be then profuse.
Light, chas'd rude chaos from the world before,
Thy teares, by hindring it's returne, worke more.

[Pg 68]

**To CASTARA,
Upon a sigh.**



Heard a sigh, and something in my eare
Did whisper, what my soule before did
feare.
That it was breath'd by thee. May th' easie
Spring
Enricht with odours, wanton on the wing
Of th' Easterne wind, may ne're his beauty fade,
If he the treasure of this breath convey'd;
'Twas thine by 'th musicke which th' harmonious
breath
Of Swans is like, propheticke in their death:
And th' odour, for as it the nard expires,
Perfuming Phœnix-like his funerall fires.
The winds of Paradise send such a gale,
To make the Lovers vessels calmely saile
To his lov'd Port. This shall, where it inspires,
Increase the chaste, extinguish unchaste fires.

To the Right Honourable the Lady F.

Madam.



ou saw our loves, and prais'd the mutuall
flame;
In which as incense to your sacred name
Burnes a religious zeale. May we be lost
To one another, and our fire be frost;
When we omit to pay the tribute due
To worth and vertue, and in them to you:
Who are the soule of women. Others be
But beauteous parts oth' female body; she
Who boasts how many nimble *Cupids* skip
Through her bright face, is but an eye or lip:
The other who in her soft brests can show
Warne Violets growing in a banke of snow,
And vaunts the lovely wonder, is but skin:
Nor is she but a hand, who holds within
The chrystall violl of her wealthy palme,
The precious sweating of the Easterne balme.
And all these if you them together take,
And joyne with art, will but one body make,
To which the soule each vitall motion gives;
You are infus'd into it, and it lives.
But should you up to your blest mansion flie,
How loath'd an object would the carkasse lie?
You are all mind. *Castara* when she lookes,
On you th' Epitome of all, that bookes
Or e're tradition taught; who gives such praise
Unto your sex, that now even customes sayes
He hath a female soule, who ere hath writ
Volumes which learning comprehend, and wit.
Castara cries to me; Search out and find
The Mines of wisdom in her learned mind,
And trace her steps to honour; I aspire
Enough to worth, while I her worth admire.

[Pg 69]

***To CASTARA,
Against opinion.***



hy should we build, *Castara*, in the aire
Of fraile opinion? Why admire as faire,
What the weake faith of man gives us for
right?
The juggling world cheats but the weaker sight.
What is in greatnesse happy? As free mirth,
As ample pleasures of th' indulgent earth
We joy, who on the ground our mansion finde,
As they, who saile like witches in the wind
Of Court applause. What can their powerfull spell
Over enchanted man, more than compell
Him into various formes? Nor serves their charme
Themselves to good, but to worke others harme.
Tyrant Opinion but depose. And we
Will absolute ith' happiest Empire be.

[Pg 70]

*To CASTARA,
Upon beautie.*




Castara, see that dust, the sportive wind
So wantons with. 'Tis happ'ly all you'le
finde
Left of some beauty: and how still it flies,
To trouble, as it did in life, our eyes.
O empty boast of flesh? Though our heires gild
The farre fetch Phrigian marble, which shall build
A burthen to our ashes, yet will death
Betray them to the sport of every breath.
Dost thou, poor relique of our frailty, still
Swell up with glory? Or is it thy skill,
To mocke weake man, whom every wind of praise
Into the aire, doth 'bove his center raise.
If so, mocke on, And tell him that his lust
To beauty's, madnesse. For it courts but dust.

*To CASTARA,
Melancholly.*



ere but that sigh a penitentiall breath
That thou art mine: It would blow with it
death,
T' inclose me in my marble: Where I'de be
Slave to the tyrant wormes, to set thee free.
What should we envy? Though with larger saile
Some dance upon the Ocean: yet more fraile
And faithlesse is that wave, than where we glide,
Blest in the safety of a private tide.
We still have land in ken. And 'cause our boat
Dares not affront the weather, wee'le ne're float
Farre from the shore. To daring them each cloud
Is big with thunder, every wind speakes loud.
And though wild rockes about the shore appeare
Yet vertue will finde roome to anchor there.

***A Dialogue between
Araphill and Castara.***

- Araph.**  *astara*, you too fondly court
The silken peace with which we
cover'd are,
Unquiet time may for his sport,
Up from its iron den rowse sleepy warre.
- Cast.** Then in the language of the drum,
I will instruct my yet affrighted eare,
All women shall in me be dumbe;
If I but with my *Araphill* be there?
- Araph.** If Fate like an unfaithfull gale,
Which having vow'd to th' ship a faire event,
Oth' sudden rends her hopefull saile;
Blow ruine; will *Castara* then repent?
- Cast.** Love shall in that tempestuous showre
Her brightest blossome like the blacke-thorne
show:
Weake friendship prospers by the powre
Of fortunes Sunne. I'le in her winter grow.
- Araph.** If on my skin the noysome skar
I should oth'leprosie, or canker weare;
Or if the sulph'rous breath of warre
Should blast my youth; Should I not be thy
feare?
- Cast.** In flesh may sicknesse horror move,
But heavenly zeale will be by it refin'd,
For then wee'd like two Angels love,
Without a sense; imbrace^[22] each others
mind.
- Araph.** Were it not impious to repine;
'Gainst rigid Fate I should direct my breath.
That two must be, whom heaven did joyne
In such a happy one, disjoyn'd by death.
- Cast.** That's no divorce. Then shall we see
The rites in life, were types o'th marriage
state,
Our soules on earth contracted be;
But they in heaven their nuptials consumate.

[Pg 72]

^[22] Without a sense; and clip each others mind. 1634,
1635.

My Lord.



My thoughts are not so rugged, nor doth
earth
So farre predominate in me, that mirth
Looks not as lovely as when our delight
First fashion'd wings to adde a nimbler flight
To lazie time; who would, to have survai'd
Our varied pleasures, there have ever staid.
And they were harmelesse. For obedience
If frailty yeelds to the wild lawes of sence;
We shall but with a sugred venome meete;
No pleasure, if not innocent as sweet.
And that's your choyce: who adde the title good
To that of noble. For although the blood
Of *Marshall, Stanley*, and '*La Pole* doth flow
With happy *Brandon's* in your veines; you owe
Your vertue not to them. Man builds alone
Oth' ground of honour: For desert's our owne.
Be that your ayme. I'le with *Castara* sit
Ith' shade, from heat of businesse. While my wit
Is neither big with an ambitious ayme,
To build tall Pyramids Ith' court of fame,
For after ages, or to win conceit
Oth' present, and grow in opinion great.
Rich in our selves, we envy not the East,
Her rockes of Diamonds, or her gold the West.
Arabia may be happy in the death
Of her reviving *Phoenix*; In the breath
Of coole *Favonius*, famous be the grove
Of *Tempe*; while we in each others love.
For that let us be fam'd. And when of all
That Nature made us two, the funerall
Leaves but a little dust; (which then as wed,
Even after death, shall sleepe still in one bed.)
The Bride and Bridegroom on the solemne day,
Shall with warm zeale approach our Urne, to pay
Their vows, that heaven should blesse so farre their
rites,
To shew them the faire paths to our delights.

[Pg 73]


[23] *To the Right Honourable, my very good Lord*
HENRY Lord M.

To a Tombe.



Tyrant o're tyrants, thou who onely dost
Clip the lascivious beauty without lust;
What horror at thy sight shootes through
each sence;
How powerfull is thy silent eloquence,
Which never flatters? Thou instruct'st the proud,
That their swolne pompe is but an empty cloud,
Slave to each wind. The faire, those flowers they
have
Fresh in their cheeke, are strewd upon a grave.
Thou tell'st the rich, their Idoll is but earth.
The vainely pleas'd, that Syren-like their mirth
Betrayes to mischief, and that onely he
Dares welcome death, whose aimes at vertue be.
Which yet more zeale doth to *Castara* move.
What checks me, when the tombe perswades to
love?

*To CASTARA,
Upon thought of Age and Death.*

he breath of time shall blast the flowry
Spring,
Which so perfumes thy cheeke, and with it
bring

So darke a mist, as shall eclipse the light
Of thy faire eyes, in an eternall night.

Some melancholly chamber of the earth,

[24] (For that like Time devoures whom it gave
breath)

Thy beauties shall entombe, while all who ere
Lov'd nobly, offer up their sorrowes there.

But I whose grieffe no formall limits bound,

Beholding the darke caverne of that ground,

Will there immure my selfe. And thus I shall

Thy mourner be, and my owne funerall.

Else by the weeping magicke of my verse,


Thou hadst reviv'd, to triumph o're thy hearse.

[Pg 74]

[24] (For she like Time devoures whom she gave
breath)

[25] *To the Right Honourable, the Lord P.*

My Lord.

he reverend man by magicke of his prayer
Hath charm'd so, that I and your daughter
are

Contracted into one. The holy lights

Smil'd with a cheerfull lustre on our rites,

And every thing presag'd full happinesse

To mutuall love; if you'le the omen blesse.

Nor grieve, my Lord, 'tis perfected. Before

Afflicted Seas sought refuge on the shore

From the angry North-wind. Ere th'astonisht Spring

Heard in the ayre the feather'd people sing,

Ere time had motion, or the Sunne obtain'd

His province o're the day, this was ordain'd.

Nor thinke in her I courted wealth or blood,

Or more uncertaine hopes: for had I stood

On th' highest ground of fortune, the world knowne

No greatnesse but what waited on my throne;

And she had onely had that face and mind,

I, with my selfe, had th'earth to her resign'd.

In vertue there's an Empire. And so sweete

The rule is when it doth with beauty meete,

As fellow Consull; that of heaven they

Nor earth partake; who would her disobey.

This captiv'd me. And ere I question'd why

I ought to love *Castara*, through my eye,

This soft obedience stole into my heart.

Then found I love might lend to th'quick-ey'd art

Of Reason yet a purer sight: For he

Though blind, taught her these Indies first to see,

In whose possession I at length am blest,

And with my selfe at quiet, here I rest,

As all things to my powre subdu'd, To me

Ther's nought beyond this. The whole world is she.

[25] *To the Right Honourable, my very good Lord, the
Lord P. 1634, 1635.*

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His Muse speakes to him.



hy vowes are heard, and thy *Castara's*
name
Is writ as faire ith' Register of Fame,
As th' ancient beauties which translated
are
By Poets up to heaven; each there a starre.
And though Imperiall *Tiber* boast alone
Ovids Corinna, and to *Arn* is knowne
But *Petrarchs Laura*; while our famous Thames
Doth murmur *Sydneyes Stella* to her streames
Yet hast thou *Severne* left, and she can bring
As many quires of Swans, as they to sing
Thy glorious love: Which living shall by thee
The onely Sov'raigne of those waters be.
Dead in loves firmament, no starre shall shine
So nobly faire, so purely chaste as thine.

To Vaine hope.



hou dreame of madmen, ever changing
gale,
Swell with thy wanton breath the gaudy
saile
Of glorious fooles. Thou guid'st them who thee court
To rocks, to quick-sands, or some faithlesse port.
Were I not mad, who when secure at ease,
I might ith' Cabbin passe the raging Seas,
Would like a franticke shipboy wildly haste,
To climbe the giddy top of th'unsafe mast?
Ambition never to her hopes did faine
A greatnesse, but I really obtaine
In my *Castara*. Wer't not fondnesse then
T' embrace^[26] the shadowes of true blisse? And
when
My Paradise all flowers and fruits both breed:
To rob a barren garden for a weed?

[26] clip. 1634, 1635.

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*To CASTARA,
How happy, though in an obscure fortune.*



ere we by fate throwne downe below our
feare;
Could we be poore? Or question Natures
care
In our provision? She who doth afford
A feather'd garment fit for every bird,
And onely voyce enough t'expresse delight.
She who apparels Lillies in their white,
As if in that she'de teach mans duller sence,
Wh'are highest, should be so in innocence.
She who in damaske doth attire the Rose,
(And man t'himselpe a mockery to propose,
'Mong whom the humblest Judges grow to fit)
She who in purple cloathes the Violet:
If thus she cares for things even voyd of sence;
Shall we suspect in us her providence?

To CASTARA.



What can the freedome of our love enthrall?
Castara were we dispossesst of all
The gifts of fortune; richer yet than she
Can make her slaves, wee'd in each other
be.

Love in himselfe's a world. If we should have
A mansion but in some forsaken cave;
Wee'd smooth misfortune: and our selves thinke
then

Retir'd like Princes from the noise of men,
To breath a while unflatter'd. Each wild beast,
That should the silence of our cell infest,
With clamor, seeking prey; Wee'd fancie were
Nought but an avaritious Courtier.

Wealth's but opinion. Who thinks others more
Of treasures have, than we, is^[27] onely poore.

^[27] he's. 1634.

*On the death of the Right Honourable, GEORGE
Earle of S.*



right Saint, thy pardon, if my sadder verse,
Appeare in sighing o're thy glorious
hearse,
To envie heaven. For fame it selfe now
weares

Griefes Livery, and onely speaks in teares.
And pardon you *Castara*, if a while
Your memory I banish from my stile;
When I have payd his death the tribute due,
Of sorrow, I'll returne to Love and you.
Is there a name like *Talbot*, which a showre
Can force from every eye? And hath even powre
To alter natures course? How else should all
Runne wilde with mourning, and distracted fall:
Th' illiterate vulgar in a well tun'd breath,
Lament their losse, and learnedly chide death,
For its^[28] bold rape, while the sad Poets song
Is yet unheard, as if grieffe had no tongue.
Th'amaz'd marriner having lost his way
In the tempestuous desart of the Sea,
Lookes up but findes no starres. They all conspire
To darke themselves, t'enlighten this new fire.
The learn'd Astronomer with daring eye,
Searching to tracke the Spheres through which you
flie,

(Most beauteous soule) doth in his journey faile,
And blushing, sayes, the subtlest art is fraile,
And but truths counterset. Your flight doth teach,
Faire Vertue hath an Orbe beyond his reach.

But I grow dull with sorrow. Unkinde Fate
To play the tyrant and subvert the state
Of settled goodnesse. Who shall henceforth stand
A pure example to enforme the Land
Of her loose riot^[29]? Who shall counter-checke
The wanton pride of greatnesse; and direct
Straid honour in the true magnificke way?
Whose life shall shew what triumph 'tis t'obey
The hard commands of reason? And how sweet
The nuptials are, when wealth and learning meet?
Who will with silent piety confute
Atheisticke Sophistry, and by the fruite
Approve Religions tree? Who'le teach his blood
A Virgin law and dare be great and good?
Who will despise his stiles? And nobly weigh
In judgements ballance, that his honour'd clay
Hath no advantage by them? Who will live
So innocently pious, as to give
The world no scandall? Who'le himself deny,
And to warme passion a cold martyr dye?
My grieffe distracts me. If my zeale hath said,
What checks the living: know I serve the dead.
The dead, who needs no monumentall vaults,
With his pale ashes to intombe his faults.
Whose sins beget no libels, whom the poore
For benefit; for worth, the rich adore.
Who liv'd a solitary *Phoenix* free
From the commerce with mischiefe, joy'd to be
Still gazing heaven-ward, where his thoughts did
move,
Fed with the sacred fire of zealous love.
Alone he flourisht, 'till the fatall houre
Did summon him, when gathering from each flowre
Their vertuous odours, from his perfum'd nest,
He tooke his flight to everlasting rest.
There shine great Lord, and with propitious eyes,
Looke downe, and smile upon this sacrifice.

[28] his. 1634, 1635.

[29] wit. 1634.

**To my worthy Cousin M^r. E. C.
In praise of the City life, in the long Vacation.**



Like the greene plush which your
meadows weare;
I praise your pregnant fields, which duly
beare

Their wealthy burden to th'industrious Bore.
Nor doe I disallow that who are poore
In minde and fortune, thither should retire:
But hate that he who's warme with [30]holy fire
Of any knowledge, and 'mong-us may feast
On Nectar'd wit, should turne himselfe t' a beast,
And graze ith' Country. Why did nature wrong
So much her paines, as to give you a tongue
And fluent language; If converse you hold
With Oxen in the stall, and sheep ith' fold?
But now it's long Vacation you will say
The towne is empty, and who ever may
To th' pleasure of his Country home repaire,
Flies from th' infection of our *London* aire.
In this your errour. Now's the time alone
To live here; when the City Dame is gone,
T' her house at *Brandford*; for beyond that she
Imagines there's no land, but *Barbary*,
Where lies her husbands Factor. When from hence
Rid is the Country Justice whose non-sence
Corrupted had the language of the Inne,
Where he and his horse litter'd: We beginne
To live in silence, when the noyse oth' Bench
Not deafens *Westminster*; nor corrupt French
Walkes *Fleet-street* in her gowne. Ruffes of the
Barre,
By the Vacations powre translated are,
To Cut-worke bands. And who were busie here,
Are gone to sow sedition in the shire.
The aire by this is purg'd, and the Termes strife,
Thus fled the City: we the civill life
Lead happily. When in the gentle way,
Of noble mirth, I have the long liv'd day,
Contracted to a moment: I retire.
To my *Castara*, and meet such a fire
Of mutuall love: that if the City were
Infected, that would purifie the ayre.

[30] th' holy fire. 1634.

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**Loves Aniversarie
To the Sunne.**



hou art return'd (great Light) to that blest
houre
In which I first by marriage, sacred power,
Joyn'd with *Castara* hearts: And as the
same
Thy lustre is, as then, so is our flame:
Which had increast, but that by loves decree,
'Twas such at first, it ne're could greater be.
But tell me (glorious Lampe) in thy survey,
Of things below thee, what did not decay
By age to weaknesse? I since that have seene
The Rose bud forth and fade, the tree grow greene
And wither, and the beauty of the field
With Winter wrinkled. Even thy selfe dost yeeld
Something to time, and to thy grave fall nigher.
But vertuous love is one sweet endlesse fire.

[Pg 80]

***Against them who lay unchastity to the sex of
Women.***



hey meet but with unwholesome Springs,
And Summers which infectious are:
They heare but when the Mermaid sings,
And onely see the falling starre:
Who ever dare,
Affirme no woman chaste and faire.

Goe cure your feavers: and you'le say
The Dog-dayes scorch not all the yeare:
In Copper Mines no longer stay,
But travell to the West, and there
The right ones see:
And grant all gold's not Alchimie.

What mad man 'cause the glow-wormes flame
Is cold, swears there's no warmth in fire?
Cause some make forfeit of their name,
And slave themselves to mans desire;
Shall the sex free
From guilt, damn'd to the bondage be?

Nor grieve *Castara*, though 'twere fraile,
Thy Vertue then would brighter shine,
When thy example should prevaile,
And every womans faith be thine.
And were there none:
'Tis Majesty to rule alone.

[Pg 81]

***To the Right Honourable and excellently
learned, WILLIAM Earle of St.***

My Lord,



he Laurell doth your reverend temples
wreath
As aptly now, as when your youth did
breath
Those tragicke raptures which your name shall save
From the blacke edict of a tyrant grave.
Nor shall your Day ere set, till the Sunne shall
From the blind heavens like a cynder fall;
And all the elements intend their strife,
To ruine what they fram'd: Then your fames life,
When desp'rate Time lies gasping, shall expire
Attended by the world ith' generall fire.
Fame lengthens thus her selfe. And I to tread
Your steps to glory, search among the dead,
Where Vertue lies obscur'd; that as I give
Life to her tombe, I spight of time may live.
Now I resolve in triumph of my verse,
To bring great *Talbot* from that forren hearse,
Which yet doth to her fright his dust enclose:
Then to sing *Herbert* who so glorious rose,
With the fourth *Edward*, that his faith doth shine
Yet in the faith of noblest *Pembrookes* line.
Sometimes my swelling spirits I prepare
To speake the mighty *Percy*, neerest heire,
In merits as in blood, to CHARLES the great:
Then *Darbies* worth and greatnesse to repeat:
Or *Morleyes* honour, or *Mounteagles* fame,
Whose valour lies eterniz'd in his name.
But while I thinke to sing those of my bloud,
And my *Castara's*; Loves unruly flood
Breakes in, and beares away what ever stands,
Built by my busie fancy on the sands.

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*To CASTARA,
Upon an embrace.*



out th' Husband Oke, the Vine
Thus wreathes to kisse his leavy face:
Their streames thus Rivers joyne,
And lose themselves in the embrace.
But Trees want sence when they infold,
And Waters when they meet, are cold.

Thus Turtles bill, and grone
Their loves into each others eare:
Two flames thus burne in one,
When their curl'd heads to heaven they reare.
But Birds want soule though not desire:
And flames materiall soone expire.

If not prophane; we'll say
When Angels close, their joyes are such.
For we not love obey
That's bastard to a fleshly touch.
Let's close *Castara* then, since thus
We patterne Angels, and they us.

To the Honourable, G. T.



et not thy grones force Eccho from her
cave,
Or interrupt her weeping o're that wave,
Which last *Narcissus* kist: let no darke
grove
Be taught to whisper stories of thy love.
What though the wind be turn'd? Canst thou not
saile
By vertue of a cleane contrary gale,
Into some other Port? Where thou wilt find,
It was thy better *Genius* chang'd the wind,
To steere thee to some Iland in the West,
For wealth and pleasure, that transcends thy East.
Though *Astroдора*, like a sullen starre
Eclipse her selfe: Ith' sky of beauty are
Ten thousand other fires, some bright as she.
And who with milder beames, may shine on thee.
Nor yet doth this Eclipse beare a portent,
That should affright the world: The firmament
Enjoyes the light it did, a Sunne as cleare,
And the young Spring doth like a Bride appeare,
As fairely wed to the *Thessalian* grove
As e're it was; though she and you not love.
And we two, who like two bright stars have shin'd
Ith' heaven of friendship, are as firmly joyn'd
As bloud and love first fram'd us. And to be
Lov'd, and thought worthy to be lov'd by thee,
Is to be glorious. Since fame cannot lend
An honour, equals that of *Talbots* friend.
Nor envie me that my *Castara's* flame
Yeelds me a constant warmth: Though first I came
To marriage happy Ilands: Seas to thee
Will yeeld as smooth a way, and winds as free.
Which shall conduct thee (if hope may divine;)
To this delicious port: and make love thine.

*To CASTARA.
The reward of Innocent Love.*



we saw and woo'd each others eyes,
My soule contracted then with thine,
And both burnt in one sacrifice.
By which our Marriage grew divine.

Let wilder youth, whose soule is sense,
Prophane the Temple of delight.
And purchase endlesse penitence,
With the stolen pleasure of one night.

Time's ever ours, while we dispise
The sensuall idoll of our clay.
For though the Sunne doe set and rise,
We joy one everlasting day.

Whose light no jealous clouds obscure,
While each of us shine innocent.
The troubled streame is still impure,
With vertue flies away content.

And though opinion often erre,
Wee'le court the modest smile of fame.
For sinnes blacke danger circles her,
Who hath infection in her name.

Thus when to one darke silent roome,
Death shall our loving coffins thrust;
Fame will build columnes on our tombe,
And adde a perfume to our dust.

To my noble Friend, Sir I. P. Knight.

Sir,



hough my deare *Talbots* Fate exact, a sad
And heavy brow; my verse shall not be
clad
For him this houre in mourning: I will
write
To you the glory of a pompous night,
Which none (except sobriety) who wit
Or cloathes could boast, but freely did admit.
I (who still sinne for company) was there
And tasted of the glorious supper, where
Meate was the least of wonder. Though the nest
Oth' *Phœnix* rifled seem'd t'amaze the feast,
And th' Ocean left so poore that it alone
Could since vant wretched herring and poore John.
Lucullus surfets, were but types of this,
And whatsoever riot mention'd is
In story, did but the dull *Zanye* play,
To this proud night; which rather wee'le terme day:
For th'artificiall lights so thicke were set,
That bright Sun seem'd this to counterfeit
But seven (whom whether we should Sages call
Or deadly sinnes, Ile not dispute) were all
Invited to this pompe. And yet I dare
Pawne my lov'd Muse, th' *Hungarian* did prepare
Not halfe that quantity of victuall, when
He layd his happy siege to *Nortlinghen*.
The mist of the perfumes was breath'd so thicke
That *Linx* himselve thought his sight fam'd so quicke,
Had there scarce spyed one sober: For the wealth
Of the *Canaries* was exhaust, the health
Of his good Majestye to celebrate,
Who'le judge them loyall subjects without that:
Yet they, who some fond privilege to mainteine,
Would have rebeld; their best freehold, their braine
Surrender'd there; and five fiftenees did pay
To drink his happy life and reigne. O day
It was thy piety to flye; th' hadst beene
Found accessory else to this fond sinne.
But I forget to speake each stratagem
By which the dishes enter'd, and in them
Each luscious miracle, As if more bookes
Had written beene oth' mystery of Cookes
Then the Philos'phers stone, here we did see
All wonders in the kitchin Alchimy:
But Ile not have you there, before you part
You shall have something of another art.
A banquet raining downe so fast, the good
Old Patriarch would have thought a generall flood:
Heaven open'd and from thence a mighty showre
Of Amber comfits it sweete selfe did powre
Upon our heads, and Suckets from our eye
Like thickend clouds did steale away the sky,
That it was question'd whether heaven were
Black-fryers, and each starre a confectioner;
But I too long detaine you at a feast
You hap'ly surfet of; now every guest
Is reeld downe to his coach; I licence crave
Sir, but to kisse your hands, and take my leave.

[Pg 85]

To The Right Honourable Archibald Earle of Ar.



f your example be obey'd
The serious few will live ith' silent shade:
And not indanger by the wind
Or Sunshine, the complexion of their
mind:

Whose beauty weares so cleare a skin
That it decays with the least taint of sin.

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vice growes by custome, nor dare we
Reject it as a slave, where it breathes free,
And is no priviledge denyed;
Nor if advanc'd to higher place envyed.
Wherefore your Lordship in your selfe
(Not lancht farre in the maine, nor nigh the shelve
Of humbler fortune) lives at ease,
Safe from the rocks oth' shore, and stormes oth'
Seas.

Your soule's a well built City, where
There's such munition, that no war breeds feare:
No rebels wilde destractions move;
For you the heads have crusht; Rage, Envy, Love.
And therefore you defiance bid
To open enmity, or mischiefe hid
In fawning hate and supple pride,
Who are on every corner fortifide.

Your youth not rudely led by rage
Of blood, is now the story of your age
Which without boast you may averre
'Fore blackest danger, glory did prefer:
Glory not purchast by the breath
Of Sycophants, but by encountring death.
Yet wildnesse nor the feare of lawes
Did make your fight, but justice of the cause.

For but mad prodigals they are
Of fortitude, who for it selfe love warre.
When well made peace hath clos'd the eyes
Of discord, loath did not your youth surprize.

Your life as well as powre, did awe
The bad, and to the good was the best law:

When most men vertue did pursue
In hope by it to grow in fame like you.
Nor when you did to court repaire,
Did you your manners alter with the ayre.

You did your modesty retaine
Your faithfull dealing, the same tongue and braine.
Nor did all the soft flattery there
Inchant you so, but still you truth could heare.

And though your roofes were richly guilt,
The basis was on no wards ruine built.

Nor were your vassals made a prey,
And forc't to curse the Coronation day.

And though no bravery was knowne
To out-shine yours, you onely spent your owne.

For 'twas the indulgence of fate,
To give y' a moderate minde, and bounteous state?

But I, my Lord, who have no friend
Of fortune, must begin where you doe end.

'Tis dang'rous to approach the fire
Of action; nor is't safe, farre to retire.

Yet better lost ith' multitude
Of private men, then on the state t'intrude,

And hazard for a doubtfull smile,
My stocke of same, and inward peace to spoile.

Ile therefore nigh some murm'ring brooke
That wantons through my meddowes, with a booke

With my *Castara*, or some friend,
My youth not guilty of ambition spend.

To my own shade (if fate permit)
Ile whisper some soft musique of my wit.

And flatter to my selfe, Ile see
By that, strange motion steale into the tree.

But still my first and chiefest care
Shall be t'appease offended heaven with prayer:

And in such mold my thoughts to cast,
That each day shall be spent as 'twere my last

How ere it's sweete lust to obey,
Vertue though rugged, is the safest way.

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[Pg 88]

**An Elegy upon The Honourable Henry Cambell,
sonne to the Earle of Arg.**



ts false Arithmaticke to say thy breath
Expir'd to soone, or irreligious death
Prophan'd thy holy youth. For if thy yeares
Be number'd by thy vertues or our teares,
Thou didst the old *Methusalem* out-live.
Though Time, but twenty yeares account can give
Of thy abode on earth, yet every houre
Of thy brave youth by vertues wondrous powre
Was lengthen'd to a yeare. Each well-spent day
Keepes young the body, but the soule makes gray.
Such miracles workes goodnesse: and behind
Th'ast left to us such stories of thy minde
Fit for example; that when them we read,
We envy earth the treasure of the dead.
Why doe the sinfull riot and survive
The feavers of their surfets? Why alive
Is yet disorder'd greatnesse, and all they
Who the loose lawes of their wilde blood obey?
Why lives the gamester, who doth blacke the night
With cheats and imprecations? Why is light
Looked on by those whose breath may poyson it:
Who sold the vigor of their strength and wit
To buy diseases: and thou, who faire truth
And vertue didst adore, lost in thy youth?

But Ile not question fate. Heaven doth conveigh
Those first from the darke prison of their clay
Who are most fit for heaven. Thou in warre
Hadst tane degrees, those dangers felt, which are
The props on which peace safely doth subsist
And through the Cannons blew and horrid mist
Hadst brought her light: And now wert so compleat
That naught but death did want to make thee great.

Thy death was timely then bright soule to thee,
And in thy fate thou suffer'dst not. 'Twas we
Who dyed rob'd of thy life: in whose increase
Of reall glory both in warre and peace,
We all did share: and thou away we feare
Didst with thee, the whole stocke of honour beare.

Each then be his owne mourner, Wee'le to thee
Write hymnes, upon the world an Elegie.

[Pg 89]

To CASTARA.



hy should we feare to melt away in death;
May we but dye together. When beneath
In a coole vault we sleepe, the world will
prove
Religious, and call it the shrine of Love.
There, when oth' wedding eve some beautious maid,
Suspitious of the faith of man, hath paid
The tribute of her vowes; oth' sudden shee
Two violets sprouting from the tombe will see:
And cry out, ye sweet emblems of their zeale
Who live below, sprang ye up to reveale
The story of our future joyes, how we
The faithfull patterns of their love shall be?
If not; hang downe your heads opprest with dew,
And I will weepe and wither hence with you.

**To CASTARA,
Of what we were before our creation.**



hen *Pelion* wondring saw, that raine
which fell
But now from angry Heaven, to Heaven
ward swell:

When th' Indian Ocean did the wanton play,
Mingling its billowes with the Balticke sea:
And the whole earth was water: O where then
Were we *Castara*? In the fate of men
Lost underneath the waves? Or to beguile
Heaven's justice, lurkt we in *Noahs* floating Isle?
We had no being then. This fleshly frame
Wed to a soule, long after, hither came
A stranger to it selfe. Those moneths that were
But the last age, no news of us did heare.

What pompe is then in us? Who th' other day
Were nothing; and in triumph now, but clay.

[Pg 90]

To the Moment last past.



Whither dost thou flye? Cannot my vow
Intreat thee tarry? Thou wert here but
now,
And thou art gone: like ships which plough
the Sea,

And leave no print for man to tracke their way.
O unseene wealth! who thee did husband, can
Out-vie the jewels of the Ocean,
The mines of th' earth! One sigh well spent in thee
Had beene a purchase for eternity!
We will not loose thee then. *Castara*, where
Shall we finde out his hidden sepulcher;
And wee'le revive him. Not the cruell stealth
Of fate shall rob us, of so great a wealth.

Undone in thrift! while we besought his stay,
Ten of his fellow moments fled away.

**To CASTARA.
Of the knowledge of Love.**



here sleepes the North-wind when the
South inspires
Life in the spring, and gathers into quires
The scatter'd Nightingales; whose subtle
eares

Heard first th' harmonious language of the
Spheares;
Whence hath the stone Magneticke force t'allure
Th' enamour'd iron; From a seed impure
Or naturall did first the Mandrake grow;
What powre ith' Ocean makes it ebbe and flow;
What strange materials is the azure skye
Compacted of; of what its^[31] brightest eye
The ever flaming Sunne; what people are
In th' unknowne world; what worlds in every star;
Let curious fancies at this secret rove;
Castara what we know, wee'le practise, Love.

[Pg 91]

[31] her. 1635.

[32] *To the Right Honourable the Countesse of
C.*

Madam,



ould the cold *Muscovit*, whose furre and
stove
Can scarce prepare him heate enough for
love,

But view the wonder of your presence, he
Would scorne his winters sharpest injury:
And trace the naked groves, till he found bayse
To write the beautious triumphs of your prayse.
As a dull Poet even he would say,
Th' unclouded Sun had never showne them day
Till that bright minute; that he now admires
No more why the coy Spring so soone retires
From their unhappy clyme: It doth pursue
The Sun, and he derives his light from you.
Hee'd tell you how the fetter'd Baltick Sea
Is set at freedome, while the yce away
Doth melt at your approach; how by so faire
Harmonious beauty, their rude manners are
Reduc't to order; how to them you bring
The wealthiest mines below, above the Spring.
Thus would his wonder speake. For he would want
Religion to beleeve, there were a Saint
Within, and all he saw was but the shrine.
But I here pay my vowes to the devine
Pure essence there inclos'd, which if it were
Not hid in a faire cloud but might appeare
In its full lustre, would make Nature live
In a state equall to her primitive.
But sweetly thats obscur'd. Yet though our eye
Cannot the splendor of your soule descry
In true perfection, by a glimmering light,
Your language yeelds us, we can guesse how bright
The Sunne within you shines, and curse th' unkind
Eclipse, or else our selves for being blinde.
How hastily doth Nature build up man
To leave him so imperfect? For he can
See nought beyond his sence; she doth controule
So farre his sight, he nere discern'd a soule.
For had yours beene the object of his eye;
It had turn'd wonder to Idolatry.

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[32] *To the Right Honourable, my very good Lady, the
Countesse of C.* 1635.

The harmony of Love.



Amphion, O thou holy shade!
Bring *Orpheus* up with thee:
That wonder may you both invade,
Hearing Loves harmony.
You who are soule, not rudely made
Up, with Materiall eares,
And fit to reach the musique of these spheares.

Harke! when *Castara's* orbs doe move
By my first moving eyes,
How great the Symphony of Love,
But 'tis the destinies
Will not so farre my prayer approve,
To bring you hither, here
Lest you meete heaven, for Elizium there.


Tis no dull Sublunary flame
Burnes in her heart and mine.
But something more, then hath a name.
So subtle and divine,
We know not why, nor how it came.
Which shall shine bright, till she
And the whole world of love, expire with me.

To my honoured friend Sir Ed. P. Knight.



You'd leave the silence in which safe we are,
To listen to the noyse of warre;
And walke those rugged paths, the
factious tread,
Who by the number of the dead
Reckon their glories, and thinke greatnesse stood
Unsafe, till it was built on blood.
Secure ith' wall our Seas and ships provide
(Abhorring wars so barb'rous pride
And honour bought with slaughter) in content
Lets breath though humble, innocent.
Folly and madnesse! Since 'tis ods we nere
See the fresh youth of the next yeare.
Perhaps not the chast morne, her selfe disclose
Againe, t'out-blush th' æmulous rose,
Why doth ambition so the mind distresse
To make us scorne what we possesse?
And looke so farre before us? Since all we
Can hope, is varied misery?
Goe find some whispering shade neare *Arne* or *Poe*,
And gently 'mong their violets throw
Your wearyed limbs, and see if all those faire
Enchantments can charme grieffe or care?
Our sorrowes still pursue us, and when you
The ruin'd Capitoll shall view
And statues, a disorder'd heape; you can
Not cure yet the disease of man,
And banish your owne thoughts. Goe travaile where
Another Sun and Starres appeare,
And land not toucht by any covetous fleet,
And yet even there your selfe you'le meet.
Stay here then, and while curious exiles find
New toyes for a fantastique mind;
Enjoy at home what's reall: here the Spring
By her aeriall quires doth sing
As sweetly to you, as if you were laid
Under the learn'd *Thessalian* shade,
Direct your eye-sight inward, and you'le find
A thousand regions in your mind
Yet undiscover'd. Travell them, and be
Expert in home Cosmographie.
This you may doe safe both from rocke and shelve:
Man's a whole world within him selfe.

To Castara.

ive me a heart where no impure
 Disorder'd passions rage,
 Which jealousie doth not obscure,
 Not vanity t' expence ingage,
 Nor wooed to madnesse by quiet oathes,
 Or the fine Rhetoricke of cloathes,
 Which not the softnesse of the age
 To vice or folly doth decline;
 Give me that heart (*Castara*) for 'tis thine.

Take thou a heart where no new looke
 Provokes new appetite:
 With no fresh charme of beauty tooke,
 Or wanton stratagem of wit;
 Not Idly wandring here and there,
 Led by an am'rous eye or eare.
 Ayming each beautious marke to hit;
 Which vertue doth to one confine:
 Take thou that heart, *Castara*, for 'tis mine.

And now my heart is lodg'd with thee,
 Observe but how it still
 Doth listen how thine doth with me;
 And guard it well, for else it will
 Runne hither backe; not to be where
 I am, but 'cause thy heart is here.
 But without discipline, or skill.
 Our hearts shall freely 'tweene us move;
 Should thou or I want hearts, wee'd breath by love.

*To CASTARA.
Of true delight.*



Why doth the eare so tempt the voyce,
That cunningly divides the ayre?
Why doth the pallate buy the choyce
Delights oth' sea, to enrich her fare?

As soone as I, my eare obey
The Eccho's lost even with the breath.
And when the sewer takes away
I'me left with no more taste, then death.

Be curious in pursuite of eyes
To procreate new loves with thine;
Satiety makes sence despise
What superstition thought divine.

Quicke fancy how it mockes delight?
As we conceive, things are not such,
The glow-worme is as warme as bright,
Till the deceitfull flame we touch.

When I have sold my heart to lust,
And bought repentance with a kisse
I find the malice of my dust,
That told me hell contain'd a blisse.

The Rose yeelds her sweete blandishment
Lost in the fold of lovers wreathes,
The violet enchants the sent,
When earely in the Spring she breaths.

But winter comes and makes each flowre
Shrinke from the pillow where it growes,
Or an intruding cold hath powre
To scorne the perfume of the Rose.

Our senses like false glasses show
Smooth beauty where browes wrinkled are,
And makes the cosen'd fancy glow.
Chaste vertue's onely true^[33] and faire.

^[33] chaste. 1635.

To my noblest Friend, I. C. Esquire.

Sir,




I hate the Countries durt and manners, yet
I love the silence; I embrace the wit
And courtship, flowing here in a full tide.
But loathe the expence, the vanity, and
pride.

No place each way is happy. Here I hold
Commerce with some, who to my eare unfold
(After a due oath ministred) the height
And greatnesse of each star shines in the state:
The brightnesse, the eclipse, the influence.
With others I commune, who tell me whence
The torrent doth of forraigne discord flow:
Relate each skirmish, battle, overthrow,
Soone as they happen; and by rote can tell
Those *Germane* townes, even puzzle me to spell.
The crosse or prosperous fate of Princes, they
Ascribe to rashnesse, cunning, or delay:
And on each action comment, with more skill
Then upon *Livy*, did old *Machavill*.
O busie folly! Why doe I my braine
Perplex with the dull pollicies of *Spaine*,
Or quicke designes of *France*? Why not repaire
To the pure innocence oth' Country ayre:
And neighbor thee, deare friend? Who so dost give
Thy thoughts to worth and vertue, that to live
Blest, is to trace thy wayes. There might not we
Arme against passion with Philosophie;
And by the aide of leisure, so controule,
What-ere is earth in us, to grow all soule?
Knowledge doth ignorance ingender when
We study misteries of other men
And forraigne plots. Doe but in thy owne shade
(Thy head upon some flowry pillow laide,
Kind Natures huswifery) contemplate all
His stratagems who labours to intrall
The world to his great Master; and youle finde
Ambition mocks it selfe, and grasps the wind.
Not conquest makes us great. Blood is to deare
A price for glory: Honour doth appeare
To statesmen like a vision in the night,
And jugler-like workes oth' deluded sight.
Th' unbusied onely wise: For no respect
Indangers them to error; They affect
Truth in her naked beauty, and behold
Man with an equall eye, not bright in gold
Or tall in title; so much him they weigh
As Vertue raiseth him above his clay.
Thus let us value things: And since we find
Time bends us toward death, lets in our mind
Create new youth; and arme against the rude
Assaults of age; that no dull solitude
Oth' country dead our thoughts, nor busie care
Oth' towne make us not thinke, where now we are
And whether we are bound. Time nere forgot
His journey, though his steps we numbred not.

To CASTARA.

What Lovers will say when she and he are dead.

 wonder when w'are dead, what men will
say;
Will not poore Orphan Lovers weepe.
The parents of their Loves decay;
And envy death the treasure of our sleepe?

Will not each trembling Virgin bring her feares
To th' holy silence of my Urne?
And chide the Marble with her teares,
Cause she so soone faith's obsequie must mourne.

For had Fate spar'd but *Araphill* (she'le say)
He had the great example stood,
And forc't unconstant man obey
The law of Loves Religion, not of blood.


And youth by female perjury betraid,
Will to *Castara's* shrine deplore
His injuries, and death obrayd,
That woman lives more guilty, then before.

For while thy breathing purified the ayre
Thy Sex (hee'le say) did onely move
By the chaste influence of a faire,
Whose vertue shin'd in the bright orbe of love.

Now woman, like a Meteor vapor'd forth
From dunghills, doth amaze our eyes;
Not shining with a reall worth,
But subtile her blacke errors to disguise.


Thus will they talke, *Castara*, while our dust
In one darke vault shall mingled be.
The world will fall a prey to lust,
When Love is dead, which hath one fate with me.

To his Muse.

 ere Virgin fix thy pillars, and command
They sacred may to after ages stand
In witsse of loves triumph. Yet will we
Castara, find new worlds in Poetry,
And conquer them. Not dully following those
Tame lovers, who dare cloth their thoughts in prose.
But we will henceforth more Religious prove,
Concealing the high mysteries of love
From the prophane. Harmonious like the spheares,
Our soules shall move, not reacht by humane eares.
That Musicke to the Angels, this to fame,
I here commit. That when their holy flame,
True lovers to pure beauties would rehearse,
They may invoke the *Genius* of my verse.

FINIS.

A Friend

 s a man. For the free and open discovery of thoughts to woman can not passe without an
over licentious familiarity, or a justly occasion'd suspicion; and friendship can neither
stand with vice or infamie. He is vertuous, for love begot in sin is a mishapen monster,
and seldome out-lives his birth. He is noble, and inherits the vertues of all his
progenitors; though happily unskilfull to blazon his paternall coate; So little should nobility serve
for story, but when it encourageth to action. He is so valiant, feare could never be listned to,
when she whisper'd danger; and yet fights not, unlesse religion confirms the quarrell lawfull. He
submits his actions to the government of vertue, not to the wilde decrees of popular opinion; and
when his conscience is fully satisfied, he cares not how mistake and ignorance interpret him. He
hath so much fortitude he can forgive an injurie; and when he hath overthrown his opposer, not

insult upon his weakenesse. He is an absolute governor; no destroyer of his passions, which he employes to the noble increase of vertue. He is wise, for who hopes to reape a harvest from the sands, may expect the perfect offices of friendship from a foole. He hath by a liberall education beene softned to civility; for that rugged honesty some rude men possesse, is an indigested Chaos; which may containe the seedes of goodnesse, but it wants forme and order.

He is no flatterer; but when he findes his friend any way imperfect, he freely but gently informes him; nor yet shall some few errors cancell the bond of friendship; because he remembers no endeavours can raise man above his frailty. He is as slow to enter into that title, as he is to forsake it; a monstrous vice must disoblige, because an extraordinary vertue did first unite; and when he parts, he doth it without a duell. He is neither effeminate, nor a common courtier; the first is so passionate a doater upon himselfe, hee cannot spare love enough to bee justly named friendship: the latter hath his love so diffusive among the beauties, that man is not considerable. He is not accustomed to any sordid way of gaine, for who is any way mechanicke, will sell his friend upon more profitable termes. He is bountifull, and thinkes no treasure of fortune equall to the preservation of him he loves; yet not so lavish, as to buy friendship and perhaps afterward finde himselfe overseene in the purchase. He is not exceptious, for jealousie proceedes from weakenesse, and his vertues quit him from suspitions. He freely gives advice, but so little peremptory is his opinion that he ingenuously submits it to an abler judgement. He is open in expression of his thoughts and easeth his melancholy by inlarging it; and no Sanctuary preserves so safely, as he his friend afflicted. He makes use of no engines of his friendship to extort a secret; but if committed to his charge, his heart receives it, and that and it come both to light together. In life he is the most amiable object to the soule, in death the most deplorable. [Pg 100]

***The Funerals of the Honourable, my best friend and Kinsman, GEORGE
TALBOT, Esquire.*** [Pg 101]

Elegie, 1.



were malice to the fame; to weepe alone
And not enforce an universall groane
From ruinous man, and make the World
complaine:
Yet I'le forbid my grieffe to be prophane
In mention of thy prayse; I'le speake but truth
Yet write more honour than ere shin'd in youth.
I can relate thy businesse here on earth,
Thy mystery of life, thy noblest birth
Out-shin'd by nobler vertue: but how farre
Th' hast tane thy journey 'bove the highest star,
I cannot speake, nor whether thou art in
Commission with a Throne, or Cherubin.
Passe on triumphant in thy glorious way,
Till thou hast reacht the place assign'd: we may
Without disturbing the harmonious Spheares,
Bathe here below thy memory in our teares.
Ten dayes are past, since a dull wonder seis'd
My active soule: Loud stormes of sighes are rais'd
By empty griefes; they who can utter it,
Doe no vent forth their sorrow, but their wit.
I stood like *Niobe* without a grone,
Congeal'd into that monumentall stone
That doth lye over thee: I had no roome
For witty grieffe, fit onely for thy tombe.
And friendships monument, thus had I stood;
But that the flame I beare thee, warm'd my blood
With a new life. Ile like a funerall fire
But burne a while to thee, and then expire.

Elegie, 2.



Talbot is dead. Like lightning which no part
Oth' body touches, but first strikes the
heart,

This word hath murder'd me. Ther's not in
all

The stocke of sorrow, any charme can call
Death sooner up. For musiqu's in the breath
Of thunder, and a sweetnesse even ith' death
That brings with it, if you with this compare
All the loude noyses, which torment the ayre.
They cure (Physitians say) the element
Sicke with dull vapors, and to banishment
Confine infections; but this fatall shreeke,
Without the least redresse, is utter'd like
The last dayes summons, when Earths trophies lye
A scatter'd heape, and time it selfe must dye.
What now hath life to boast of? Can I have
A thought lesse darke than th' horror of the grave
Now thou dost dwell below? Wer't not a fault
Past pardon, to raise fancie 'bove thy vault?
Hayle Sacred house in which his reliques sleepe?
Blest marble give me leave t' approach and weepe,
These vowes to thee! for since great *Talbot's* gone
Downe to thy silence, I commerce with none
But thy pale people: and in that confute
Mistaking man, that dead men are not mute.
Delicious beauty, lend thy flatter'd eare
Accustom'd to warme whispers, and thou'lt heare
How their cold language tels thee, that thy skin
Is but a beautious shrine, in which black sin
Is Idoliz'd; thy eyes but Spheares where lust
Hath its loose motion; and thy end is dust.
Great *Atlas* of the state, descend with me.
But hither, and this vault shall furnish thee
With more aviso's, then thy costly spyes,
And show how false are all those mysteries
Thy Sect receives, and though thy pallace swell
With envied pride, 'tis here that thou must dwell.
It will instruct you, Courtier, that your Art
Of outward smoothnesse and a rugged heart
But cheates your self, and all those subtill wayes
You tread to greatnesse, is a fatall maze
Where you your selfe shall loose, for though you
breath

Upward to pride, your center is beneath.
And 'twill thy Rhetorick false flesh confound;
Which flatters thy fraile thoughts, no time can
wound

This unarm'd frame. Here is true eloquence
Will teach my soule to triumph over sence,
Which hath its period in a grave, and there
Showes what are all our pompous surfets here.
Great Orator! deare *Talbot!* Still, to thee
May I an auditor attentive be:
And piously maintaine the same commerce
We held in life! and if in my rude verse
I to the world may thy sad precepts read:
I will on earth interpret for the dead.

Elegie, 3.



et me contemplate thee (faire soule) and
though
I cannot tracke the way, which thou didst
goe

In thy cœlestiall journey; and my heart
Expansion wants, to thinke what now thou art
How bright and wide thy glories; yet I may
Remember thee, as thou wert in thy clay.
Best object to my heart! what vertues be
Inherent even to the least thought of thee!
Death which to th' vig'rous heate of youth brings
feare

In its leane looke; doth like a Prince appeare,
Now glorious to my eye, since it possest
The wealthy empyre of that happie chest
Which harbours thy rich dust; for how can he
Be thought a bank'rout that embraces thee?
Sad midnight whispers with a greedy eare
I catch from lonely graves, in hope to heare
Newes from the dead, nor can pale visions fright
His eye, who since thy death feeles no delight
In mans acquaintance. Mem'ry of thy fate
Doth in me a sublimer soule create.

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And now my sorrow followes thee, I tread
The milkie way, and see the snowie head
Of *Atlas* farre below, while all the high
Swolne buildings seeme but atomes to my eye.
I'me heighten'd by my ruine; and while I
Weepe ore the vault where the sad ashes lye,
My soule with thine doth hold commerce above;
Where we discern the stratagems, which Love,
Hate, and ambition, use, to cozen man;
So fraile that every blast of honour can
Swell him above himselfe, each, adverse gust
Him and his glories shiver into dust.
How small seemes greatnesse here! How not a span
His empire, who commands the Ocean.
Both that, which boasts so much it's mighty ore
And th' other, which with pearle, hath pav'd its'
shore

Nor can it greater seeme, when this great All
For which men quarrell so, is but a ball
Cast downe into the ayre to sport the starres.
And all our generall ruines, mortall warres,
Depopulated states, caus'd by their sway;
And mans so reverend wisdom but their play.
From thee, deare *Talbot*, living I did learne
The Arts of life, and by thy light discern
The truth, which men dispute. But by thee dead
I'me taught, upon the worlds gay pride to tread:
And that way sooner master it, than he
To whom both th' Indies tributary be.

Elegie, 4.



My name, dear friend, even thy expiring
breath
Did call upon: affirming that thy death
Would wound my poor sad heart. Sad it
must be
Indeed, lost to all thoughts of mirth in thee.
My Lord, if I with licence of your teares,
(Which your great brother's hearse as dyamonds
weares
T' enrich deaths glory) may but speake my owne:
Ile prove it, that no sorrow ere was knowne
Reall as mine. All other mourners keepe
In grieffe a method: without forme I weepe.
The sonne (rich in his fathers fate) hath eyes
Wet just as long as are the obsequies.
The widow formerly a yeare doth spend
In her so courtly blackes. But for a Friend
We weepe an age, and more than th' Achorit, have
Our very thoughts confin'd within a Grave.
Chast Love who hadst thy tryumph in my flame
And thou *Castara* who had hadst a name,
But for this sorrow glorious: Now my verse
Is lost to you, and onely on *Talbots* herse
Sadly attends. And till times fatall hand
Ruines, what's left of Churches, there shall stand.
There to thy selfe, deare *Talbot*, Ile repeate
Thy owne brave story; tell thy selfe how great
Thou wert in thy mindes Empire, and how all
Who out-live thee, see but the Funerall
Of glory: and if yet some vertuous be,
They but weake apparitions are of thee.
So settled were thy thoughts, each action so
Discreetely ordered, that nor ebbe nor flow
Was ere perceiv'd in thee: each word mature
And every sceane of life from sinne so pure
That scarce in its whole history, we can
Finde vice enough, to say thou wert but man.
Horror to say thou wert! Curst that we must
Adresse our language to a little dust,
And seeke for *Talbot* there. Injurious fate,
To lay my lifes ambition desolate.
Yet thus much comfort have I, that I know,
Not how it can give such another blow.

Elegie, 5.



hast as the Nuns first vow, as fairely
bright
As when by death her Soule shines in full
light

Freed from th' Eclipse of earth, each word that came
From thee (deare *Talbot*) did beget a flame
T' enkindle vertue: which so faire by thee
Became, man, that blind mole, her face did see.
But now t'our eye she's lost, and if she dwell
Yet on the earth; she's coffin'd in the cell
Of some cold Hermit; who so keepes her there,
As if of her the old man jealous were.
Nor ever showes her beauty, but to some
Carthusian, who even by his vow, is dumbe!
So 'mid the yce of the farre Northern sea,
A starre about the Articke Circle, may
Then ours yeeld clearer light; yet that but shall
Serve at the frozen Pilots funerall.

[Pg 106]

Thou (brightest constellation) to this maine
Which all we sinners traffique on, didst daigne
The bounty of thy fire, which with so cleare
And constant beames did our frayle vessels steare,
That safely we, what storme so ere bore sway,
Past ore the rugged Alpes of th' angry Sea.
But now we sayle at randome. Every rocke
The folly doth of our ambition mocke
And splits our hopes: To every Sirens breath
We listen and even court the face of death,
If painted ore by pleasure: Every wave
Ift hath delight w' embrace though 't prove a grave:
So ruinous is the defect of thee,
To th' undone world in gen'rall. But to me
Who liv'd one life with thine, drew but one breath,
Possest with th' same mind and thoughts, 'twas
death.

And now by fate: I but my selfe survive,
To keepe his mem'ry, and my griefes alive.
Where shall I then begin to weepe? No grove
Silent and darke, but is prophan'd by Love:
With his warme whispers, and faint idle feares,
His busie hopes, loud sighes, and causelesse teares
Each eare is so enchanted; that no breath
Is listned to, which mockes report of death.
I'le turne my griefe then inward and deplore
My ruine to my selfe, repeating ore
The story of his vertues; untill I
Not write, but am my selfe his Elegie.

[Pg 107]

Elegie, 6.



oe stop the swift-wing'd moments in their
flight
To their yet unknowne coast, goe hinder
night

From its approach on day, and force day rise
From the faire East of some bright beauties eyes:
Else vaunt not the proud miracle of verse.
It hath no powre. For mine from his blacke herse
Redeemes not *Talbot*, who cold as the breath
Of winter, coffin'd lyes; silent as death,
Stealing on th' Anch'rit, who even wants an eare
To breath into his soft expiring prayer.
For had thy life beene by thy vertues spun
Out to a length, thou hadst out-liv'd the Sunne
And clos'd the worlds great eye: or were not all
Our wonders fiction, from thy funerall
Thou hadst received new life, and liv'd to be
The conqueror o're death, inspir'd by me.
But all we Poets glory in, is vaine
And empty triumph: Art cannot regaine
One poore houre lost, nor reskew a small flye
By a fooles finger destinate to dye.
Live then in thy true life (great soule) for set
At liberty by death thou owest no debt
T' exacting Nature: Live, freed from the sport
Of time and fortune in yand' starry court
A glorious Potentate, while we below
But fashion wayes to mitigate our woe.
We follow campes, and to our hopes propose
Th' insulting victor; not remembring those
Dismembred trunkes who gave him victory
By a loath'd fate: We covetous Merchants be
And to our aymes pretend treasure and sway,
Forgetfull of the treasons of the Sea.
The shootings of a wounded conscience
We patiently sustaine to serve our sence
With a short pleasure; So we empire gaine
And rule the fate of businesse, the sad paine
Of action we contemne, and the affright
Which with pale visions still attends our night.
Our joyes false apparitions, but our feares
Are certaine prophecies. And till our eares
Reach that cælestiall musique, which thine now
So cheerefully receive, we must allow
No comfort to our griefes: from which to be
Exempted, is in death to follow thee.

Elegie, 7.



here is no peace in sinne. Æternall war
Doth rage 'mong vices. But all vertues are
Friends 'mong themselves, and choisest
accents be

Harsh Eccho's of their heavenly harmonie.
While thou didst live we did that union finde
In the so faire republick of thy mind,
Where discord never swel'd. And as we dare
Affirme those goodly structures, temples are
Where well-tun'd quires strike zeale into the eare:
The musique of thy soule made us say, there
God had his Altars; every breath a spice
And each religious act a sacrifice.
But death hath that demolisht. All our eye
Of thee now sees doth like a Cittie lye
Raz'd by the cannon. Where is then that flame
That added warmth and beauty to thy frame?
Fled heaven-ward to repaire, with its pure fire
The losses of some maim'd Seraphick quire?
Or hovers it beneath, the world t' uphold
From generall ruine, and expell that cold
Dull humor weakens it? If so it be;
My sorrow yet must prayse fates charity.
But thy example (if kinde heaven had daign'd
Frailty that favour) had mankind regain'd
To his first purity. For that the wit
Of vice, might not except 'gainst th' Ancherit
As too to strickt; thou didst uncloyster'd live:
Teaching the soule by what preservative,
She may from sinnes contagion live secure,
Though all the ayre she suckt in, were impure.
In this darke mist of error with a cleare
Unspotted light, thy vertue did appeare
T' obrayd corrupted man. How could the rage
Of untam'd lust have scorcht decrepit age;
Had it seene thy chast youth? Who could the wealth
Of time have spent in ryot, or his health
By surfeits forfeited; if he had seene
What temperance had in thy dyet beene?
What glorious foole had vaunted honours bought
By gold or practise, or by rapin brought
From his fore-fathers, had he understood
How *Talbot* valued not his owne great blood!
Had Politicians seene him scorning more
The unsafe pompe of greatnesse, then the poore
Thatcht roofes of shepherds, where th' unruly wind
(A gentler storme than pride) uncheckt doth find
Still free admittance: their pale labors had
Beene to be good, not to be great and bad.
But he is lost in a blind vault, and we
Must not admire though sinnes now frequent be
And uncontrol'd: Since those faire tables where
The Law was writ by death now broken are,
By death extinguisht is that Star, whose light
Did shine so faithfull: that each ship sayl'd right
Which steer'd by that. Nor marvell then if we,
(That sailing) lost in this worlds tempest be.
But to what Orbe so ere thou dost retyre,
Far from our ken: tis blest, while by thy fire
Enlighten'd. And since thou must never here
Be seene againe: may I ore-take thee there.

Elegie, 8.



cast not the rev'rend Vatican, nor all
The cunning Pompe of the Escuriall.
Though there both th' Indies met in each
small room

Th' are short in treasure of this precious tombe.
Here is th' Epitome of wealth, this chest
Is Natures chiefe Exchequer, hence the East
When it is purified by th' generall fire
Shall see these now pale ashes sparkle higher
Then all the gems she vants: transcending far
In fragrant lustre the bright morning star.
Tis true, they now seeme darke. But rather we
Have by a cataract lost sight, then he
Though dead his glory. So to us blacke night
Brings darkenesse, when the Sun retaines his light.
Thou eclips'd dust! Expecting breake of day
From the thicke mists about thy Tombe, I'le pay
Like the just Larke, the tribute of my verse
I will invite thee, from thy envious herse
To rise, and 'bout the World thy beames to spread,
That we may see, there's brightnesse in the dead.
My zeale deludes me not. What perfumes come
From th' happy vault? In her sweete martyrdome
The nard breathes never so, nor so the rose
When the enamor'd Spring by kissing blowes
Soft blushes on her cheeke, nor th' early East
Vying with Paradice, ith' Phœnix nest.
These gentle perfumes usher in the day
Which from the night of his discolour'd clay
Breakes on the sudden: for a Soule so bright
Of force must to her earth contribute light.
But if w' are so far blind, we cannot see
The wonder of this truth; yet let us be
Not infidels: nor like dull Atheists give
Our selves so long to lust, till we believe
(T' allay the grieffe of sinne) that we shall fall
To a loath'd nothing in our Funerall.
The bad mans death is horror. But the just
Keepe something of his glory in his dust.

[Pg 110]

FINIS.

CASTARA:
THE
THIRD PART.



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A Holy Man

[Pg 112]

*s onely Happie. For infelicity and sinne were borne twinnes; Or rather like some prodigie with two
bodies, both draw and expire the same breath. Catholique faith is the foundation on which he*



erects Religion; knowing it a ruinous madnesse to build in the ayre of a private spirit, or on the sands of any new schisme. His impietie is not so bold to bring divinity downe to the mistake of reason, or to deny those misteries his apprehension reacheth not. His obedience moves still by direction of the Magistrate: And should conscience informe him that the command is unjust; he judgeth it neverthelesse high treason by rebellion to make good his tenets; as it were the basest cowardize, by dissimulation of religion, to preserve temporall respects. Hee knowes humane pollicie but a crooked rule of action: and therefore by a distrust of his owne knowledge attaines it: Confounding with supernaturall illumination, the opinionated judgment of the wise. In prosperity he gratefully admires the bounty of the Almighty giver, and useth, not abuseth plenty: But in adversity hee remaines unshaken, and like some eminent mountaine hath his head above the clouds. For his happinesse is not meteor-like exhaled from the vapors of this world; but shines a fixt starre, which when by misfortune it appears to fall, onely casts away the slimie matter. Poverty he neither feares nor covets, but cheerefully entertaines; imagining it the fire which tries vertue: Nor how tyrannically soever it usurpe on him, doth he pay to it a sigh or wrinkle: for he who suffers want without reluctancie, may be poore not miserable. He sees the covetous prosper by usury, yet waxeth not leane with envie: and when the prosperitie of the impious flourish, he questiones not the divine justice; for temporall rewards distinguish not ever the merits of men: and who hath beene of counsel with the Æternall? Fame he weighes not, but esteemes a smoake, yet such as carries with it the sweetest odour, and riseth usually from the Sacrifice of our best actions. Pride he disdaines, when he findes it swelling in himselfe; but easily forgiveth it in another: Nor can any mans error in life, make him sinne in censure, since seldome the folly we condemne is so culpable as the severity of our judgement. He doth not malice the over-spreading growth of his equalls: but pitties, not despiseth the fall of any man: Esteeming yet no storme of fortune dangerous, but what is rais'd through our owne demerit. When he lookes on others vices, he values not himselfe vertuous by comparison, but examines his owne defects, and findes matter enough at home for reprehension: In conversation his carriage is neither plausible to flattery, nor reserv'd to rigor: but so demeanes himselfe as created for societie. In solitude he remembers his better part is Angelicall; and therefore his minde practiseth the best discourse without assistance of inferiour Organs. Lust is the Basiliske he flyes, a Serpent of the most destroying venome: for it blasts al plants with the breath, and carries the most murdering Artillery in the eye: He is ever merry but still modest. Not dissolved into undecent laughter, or trickled with wit scurrilous or injurious. He cunningly searcheth into the vertues of others, and liberally commends them: but buries the vices of the imperfect in a charitable silence, whose manners he reformes not by invectives but example: In prayer he is frequent not apparent: yet as he labours not the opinion, so he feares not the scandall of being thought good. He every day travailes his meditations up to heaven, and never findes himself wearied with the journey: but when the necessities of nature returne him downe to earth, he esteemes it a place, hee is condemned to. Devotion is his Mistresse on which he is passionately enamord: for that he hath found the most Sovereigne antidote against sinne, and the onely balsome powerfull to cure those wounds hee hath receav'd through frailty. To live he knowes a benefit, and the contempt of it ingratitude, and therefore loves, but not doates on life. Death how deformed soever an aspect it weares, he is not frighted with: since it not annihilates, but uncloudes the soule. He therefore stands every movement prepared to dye: and though he freely yeelds up himself, when age or sicknesse sommon him; yet he with more alacritie puts off his earth, when the profession of faith crownes him a martyr.

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[Pg 114]

Twenty-two Poems, chiefly Sacred, with Scripture Text.

[Pg 115]

Domine labia mea aperies DAVID.



oe monument of me remaine,
My mem'orie rust
In the same marble with my dust:
Ere I the spreadingst Laurell gaine,
By writing wanton or profane.

Ye glorious wonders of the skies,
Shine still bright starres,
Th' Almightyes mystick Characters!
Ile not your beautious lights surprise
T' illuminate a womans eyes.

Nor to perfume her veins, will I
In each one set
The purple of the violet.
The untoucht flowre may grow and dye
Safe from my fancies injurie.

Open my lippes, great God! and then
Ile soare above
The humble flight of carnall love.
Upward to thee Ile force my pen,
And trace no path of vulgar men.

For what can our unbounded soules
Worthy to be
Their object finde, excepting thee?
Where can I fixe? since time controules
Our pride, whose motion all things roules.

Should I my selfe ingratiatiate
T' a Princes smile;
How soone may death my hopes beguile?
And should I farme the proudest state,
I'me Tennant to uncertaine fate.

If I court gold; will it not rust?
And if my love
Toward a female beauty move;
How will that surfet of our lust
Distast us, when resolv'd to dust?

But thou Æternall banquet! where
For ever we
May feede without satietie!
Who harmonie art to the eare,
Who art, while all things else appeare!

While up to thee I shoote my flame
Thou dost dispence
A holy death, that murders sence,
And makes me scorne all pompes, that ayme
All other triumphs than thy name.

It crownes me with a victory
So heavenly, all
That's earth from me away doth fall.
And I, from my corruption free,
Grow in my vowes even part of thee.



ove! I no orgies sing
Whereby thy mercies to invoke:
Nor from the East rich perfumes bring
To cloude the Altars with thy precious
smoake.

Nor while I did frequent
Those fanes by lovers rais'd to thee:
Did I loose heathenish rites invent,
To force a blush from injur'd Chastitie.

Religious was the charme
I used affection to intice:
And thought none burnt more bright or warme,
Yet chaste as winter was the Sacrifice.

But now I thee bequeath
To the soft silken youths at Court:
Who may their witty passions breath,
To raise their Mistresse smile, or make her sport.

[Pg 117]

They'le smooth thee into rime,
Such as shall catch the wanton eare:
And win opinion with the time,
To make them a high sayle of honour beare.

And may a powerfull smile
Cherish their flatteries of wit!
While I my life of fame beguile
And under my owne vine uncounted sit.

For I have seene the Pine
Famed for its travels ore the Sea:
Broken with stormes and age decline,
And in some creeke unpittied rot away.

I have seene Cædars fall,
And in their roome a Mushrome grow:
I have seene Comets, threatning all,
Vanish themselves: I have seene Princes so.

Vaine triviall dust! weake man!
Where is that vertue of thy breath,
That others save or ruine can,
When thou thy selfe art cal'd t'account by death?

When I consider thee
The scorne of Time, and sport of fate:
How can I turne to jollitie
My ill-strung Harpe, and court the delicate?

How can I but disdaine
The emptie fallacies of mirth;
And in my midnight thoughts retaine,
How high so ere I spread, my root's in earth?

Fond youth! too long I playd
The wanton with a false delight.
Which when I toucht, I found a shade
That onely wrought on th' error of my sight.

Then since pride doth betray
The soule to flatter'd ignorance:
I from the World will steale away
And by humility my thoughts advance.

[Pg 118]

Perdam Sapientiam Sapientum
To the Right Honorable the Lord Windsor.

My Lord,



orgive my envie to the World; while I
Commend those sober thoughts, perswade
you
The glorious troubles of the Court. For
though

The vale lyes open to each overflow,
And in the humble shade we gather ill
And aguish ayres: yet lightnings oftner kill
Oth' naked heights of mountaines, whereon we
May have more prospect, not securitie.
For when with losse of breath, we have orecome
Some steepe ascent of power, and forc'd a roome
On the so envi'd hill; how doe our hearts
Pant with the labour, and how many arts
More subtle must we practise, to defend
Our pride from sliding, then we did t' ascend?
How doth successe delude the mysteries
And all th' involv'd designements of the wise?
How doth that Power, our Pollitickes call chance,
Racke them till they confesse the ignorance
Of humane wit? Which, when 'tis fortified
So strong with reason that it doth deride
All adverse force oth' sudden findes its head
Intangled in a spiders slender thread.
Cœlestiall Providence! How thou dost mocke
The boast of earthly wisdome? On some rocke
When man hath a structure, with such art,
It doth disdain to tremble at the dart
Of thunder, or to shrinke oppos'd by all
The angry winds, it of it selfe doth fall,
Ev'n in a calme so gentle that no ayre
Breaths loude enough to stirre a Virgins haire!
But misery of judgement: Though past time
Instruct us by th' ill fortune of their crimes,
And shew us how we may secure our state
From pittied ruine, by anothers fate;
Yet we contemning all such sad advice,
Pursue to build though on a precipice.

But you (my Lord) prevented by foresight
To engage your selfe to such an unsafe height,
And in your selfe both great and rich enough
Refused t'expose your vessell to the rough
Uncertaine sea of businesse: whence even they
Who make the best returne, are forc't to say:
The wealth we by our worldly traffique gaine,
Weighes light if ballanc'd with the feare or paine.



ell me O great All knowing God!
What period
Hast thou unto my dayes assign'd?
Like some old leafelesse tree, shall I
Wither away: or violently
Fall by the axe, by lightning, or the Wind?

Heere, where I first drew vitall breath
Shall I meete death?
And finde in the same vault a roome
Where my fore-fathers ashes sleepe?
Or shall I dye, where none shall weepe
My timelesse fate, and my cold earth intombe?

Shall I 'gainst the swift *Parthians* fight
And in their flight
Receive my death? Or shall I see
That envied peace, in which we are
Triumphant yet, disturb'd by warre;
And perish by th' invading enemie?

Astrologers, who calculate
Uncertaine fate
Affirme my scheme doth not presage
Any abridgement of my dayes:
And the Phisitian gravely sayes,
I may enjoy a reverent length of age.

But they are jugglers, and by slight
Of art the sight
Of faith delude: and in their schoole
They onely practise how to make
A mistery of each mistake,
And teach strange words, credulity to foole.

For thou who first didst motion give,
Whereby things live
And Time hath being! to conceale
Future events didst thinke it fit
To checke th' ambition of our wit,
And keepe in awe the curious search of zeale.

Therefore so I prepar'd still be,
My God for thee:
Oth' sudden on my spirits may
Some killing Apoplexie seize,
Or let me by a dull disease
Or weakened by a feeble age decay.

And so I in thy favour dye,
No memorie
For me a well-wrought tombe prepare,
For if my soule be 'mong the blest
Though my poore ashes want a chest,
I shall forgive the trespasse of my heire.



o marble statue, nor high
Aspiring Píramid be rays'd
To lose its head within the skie!
What claime have I to memory?
God be thou onely prais'd!

Thou in a moment canst defeate
The mighty conquests of the proude,
And blast the laurels of the great.
Thou canst make brightest glorie set
Oth' sudden in a cloude.

How can the feeble workes of Art
Hold out 'gainst the assault of stormes?
Or how can brasse to him impart
Sence of surviving fame, whose heart
Is now resolv'd to wormes?

Blinde folly of triumphing pride!
Æternitie why buildst thou here?
Dost thou not see the highest tide
Its humbled streame in th' Ocean hide,
And nere the same appeare?

That tide which did its banckes ore-flow,
As sent abroad by the angry sea
To leuell vastest buildings low,
And all our Trophies overthrow;
Ebbes like a theefe away.

And thou who to preserve thy name
Leav'st statues in some conquer'd land!
How will posterity scorne fame,
When th' Idoll shall receive a maime,
And loose a foote or hand?

How wilt thou hate thy warres, when he
Who onely for his hire did raise
Thy counterfet in stone; with thee
Shall stand Competitor: and be
Perhapes thought worthier praise?

No Laurell wreath about my brow!
To thee, my God, all praise, whose law
The conquer'd doth and conqueror bow!
For both dissolve to ayre, if thou
Thy influence but withdraw.

Solum mihi superest sepulchrum. JOB.



elcome thou safe retreat!
Where th' injured man may fortifie
'Gainst the invasions of the great:
Where the leane slave, who th' Oare doth
plye,
Soft as his Admirall may lye.

Great Statist! tis your doome
Though your designes swell high, and wide
To be contracted in a tombe!
And all your happie cares provide
But for your heire authorized pride.

[Pg 122]

Nor shall your shade delight
Ith' pompe of your proud obsequies.
And should the present flatterie write
A glorious Epitaph, the wise
Will say, The Poets wit here lyes.

How reconcil'd to fate
Will grow the aged Villager,
When he shall see your funerall state?
Since death will him as warme inter
As you in your gay sepulcher.

The great decree of God
Makes every path of mortals lead
To this darke common period.
For what by wayes so ere we tread,
We end our journey 'mong the dead.

Even I, while humble zeale
Makes fancie a sad truth indite,
Insensible a way doe steale:
And when I'me lost in deaths cold night,
Who will remember, now I write?

Et fugit velut umbra. JOB.
To the Right Honourable the Lord *Kintyre.*

My Lord



hat shadow your faire body made
So full of sport it still the mimick playde
Ev'n as you mov'd and look'd but
yesterday

So huge in stature; Night hath stolen away.
And this is th' emblem of our life: To please
And flatter which, we sayle ore broken seas
Unfaithfull in their rockes and tides; we dare
All the sicke humors of a forraine ayre.
And mine so deepe in earth, as we would trie
To unlocke hell, should gold there hoarded lie.
But when we have built up a ædefice
T' outwastle Time, we have but built on ice:
For firme however all our structures be,
Polisht with smoothest Indian Ivory,
Rais'd high on marble, our unthankfull heire
Will scarce retaine in memory, that we were.
Tracke through the ayre the footesteps of the wind,
And search the print of ships sayl'd by; then finde
Where all the glories of those Monarchs be
Who bore such sway in the worlds infancie.
Time hath devour'd them all: and scarce can fame
Give an account, that ere they had a name.
How can he then who doth the world controle
And strikes a terror now in either Pole,
Th' insulting Turke secure himself that he
Shall not be lost to dull Posterity?
And though the Superstition of those Times
Which deified Kings to warrant their owne crimes
Translated Cæsar to a starre; yet they,
Who every Region of the skie Survay;
In their Cœlestiall travaile, that bright coast
Could nere discover which containes his ghost.
And after death to make that awe survive
Which subjects owe their Princes yet alive,
Though they build pallaces of brasse and jet
And keepe them living in a counterfet;
The curious looker on soone passes by
And findes the tombe a sicknesse to his eye.
Neither when once the soule is gone doth all
The solemne triumph of the funerall
Adde to her glory or her paine release:
Then all the pride of warre, and wealth of peace
For which we toild, from us abstracted be
And onely serve to swell the history.

These are sad thoughts (my Lord) and such as
fright

The easie soule made tender with delight,
Who thinkes that he hath forfeited that houre
Which addes not to his pleasure or his powre.
But by the friendship which your Lordship daignes
Your Servant, I have found your judgement raignes
Above all passion in you: and that sence
Could never yet demolish that strong fence
Which Vertue guards you with: By which you are
Triumphant in the best, the inward warre.

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[Pg 124]



hen I survay the bright
Cœlestiall spheare:
So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Æthiop bride appeare.

My soule her wings doth spread
And heaven-ward flies,
Th' Almighty's Mysteries to read
In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shootes forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creators name.

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a Character,
Remov'd far from our humane sight:

But if we stedfast looke,
We shall discern
In it as in some holy booke,
How man may heavenly knowledge learne.

It tells the Conqueror,
That farre-stretcht powre
Which his proud dangers traffique for,
Is but the triumph of an houre.

That from the farthest North;
Some Nation may
Yet undiscovered issue forth,
And ore his new got conquest sway.

Some Nation yet shut in
With hils of ice
May be let out to scourge his sinne
'Till they shall equall him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
Their ruine have,
For as your selves your Empires fall,
And every Kingdome hath a grave.

Thus those Cœlestiall fires,
Though seeming mute
The fallacie of our desires
And all the pride of life confute.

For they have watcht since first
The World had birth:
And found sinne in it selfe accurst,
And nothing permanent on earth.



To the cold humble hermitage
(Not tenanted but by discoloured age,
Or youth enfeebled by long prayer
And tame with fasts) th' Almighty doth
repaire.

But from the lofty gilded rooffe
Stain'd with some Pagan fiction, keeps a looffe.
Nor the gay Landlord daignes to know
Whose buildings are like Monsters but for show.
Ambition! whither wilt thee climbe,
Knowing thy art, the mockery of time?
Which by examples tells the high
Rich structures, they must as their owners dye:
And while they stand, their tennants are
Detraction, flattery, wantonnesse, and care,
Pride, envie, arrogance, and doubt,
Surfet, and ease still tortured by the gout.
O rather may I patient dwell
In th' injuries of an ill-cover'd cell!
'Gainst whose too weake defence the haile,
The angry winds, and frequent showres prevaile.
Where the swift measures of the day,
Shall be distinguisht onely as I pray:
And some starres solitary light
Be the sole taper to the tedious night.
The neighbo'ring fountaine (not accurst
Like wine with madnesse) shall allay my thirst:
And the wilde fruites of Nature give
Dyets enough, to let me feele I feele, I live.
You wantons! who impoverish Seas,
And th' ayre dispeople, your proud taste to please!
A greedy tyrant you obey
Who varies still its tribute with the day.
What interest doth all the vaine
Cunning of surfet to your sences gaine?
Since it obscure the Spirit must
And bow the flesh to sleep disease or lust.
While who forgetting rest and fare;
Watcheth the fall and rising of each starre,
Ponders how bright the orbes doe move,
And thence how much more bright the heav'ns
above
Where on the heads of Cherubins
Th' Almighty sits disdainning our bold sinnes:
Who while on th' earth we groveling lye
Dare in our pride of building tempt the skie.

*Universum stratum ejus versasti in infirmitate
ejus. DAVID.*



My Soule! When thou and I
Shall on our frighted death-bed lye;
Each moment watching when pale death
Shall snatch away our latest breath,
And 'twene two long joyn'd Lovers force
An endlesse sad divorce:

How wilt thou then? that art
My rationall and nobler part,
Distort thy thoughts? How wilt thou try
To draw from weake Philosophie
Some strength: and flatter thy poor state,
'Cause tis the common fate?

How wilt thy spirits pant
And tremble when they feele the want
Of th' usuall organs; and that all
The vitall powers begin to fall?
When 'tis decreed, that thou must goe,
Yet whither; who can know?

How fond and idle then
Will seeme the misteries of men?
How like some dull ill-acted part
The subtlest of proud humane art?
How shallow ev'n the deepest sea,
When thus we ebbe away?

But how shall I (that is
My fainting earth) looke pale at this?
Disjointed on the racke of paine.
How shall I murmur, how complaine;
And craving all the ayde of skill,
Finde none, but what must kill?

Which way so ere my grieffe
Doth throw my sight to court releese,
I shall but meete despaire; for all
Will prophesie my funerall:
The very silence of the roome
Will represent a tombe.

And while my Childrens teares,
My Wives vaine hopes, but certaine feares,
And councells of Divines advance
Death in each dolefull circumstance:
I shall even a sad mourner be
At my owne obsequie.

For by examples I
Must know that others sorrowes dye
Soone as our selves, and none survive
To keepe our memories alive.
Even our fals tombes, as loath to say
We once had life, decay.



ou Spirits! who have throwne away
That enveous weight of clay
Which your cælestiall flight denied:
Who by your glorious troopes supply
The winged Hierarchie,
So broken in the Angells pride!

[Pg 128]

O you! whom your Creators sight
Inebriates with delight!
Sing forth the triumphs of his name
All you enamord soules! agree
In a loud symphonie:
To give expressions to your flame!

To him, his owne great workes relate,
Who daign'd to elevate
You 'bove the frailtie of your birth:
Where you stand safe from that rude warre,
With which we troubled are
By the rebellion of our earth.

While a corrupted ayre beneath
Here in this World we breath
Each houre some passion us assailes:
Now lust casts wild-fire in the blood,
Or that it may seeme good,
It selfe in wit or beauty vailes.

Then envie circles us with hate,
And lays a siege so streight,
No heavenly succor enters in:
But if Revenge admittance finde,
For ever hath the mind
Made forfeit of it selfe to sinne.

Assaulted thus, how dare we raise
Our mindes to thinke his praise,
Who is Æternall and immens?
How dare we force our feeble wit
To speake him infinite,
So farre above the search of sence?

O you! who are immaculate
His name may celebrate
In your soules bright expansion.
You whom your venues did unite
To his perpetuall light,
That even with him you now shine one.

[Pg 129]

While we who t' earth contract our hearts,
And onely studie Arts
To shorten the sad length of Time:
In place of joyes bring humble feares:
For hymnes, repentant teares
And a new sigh for every crime.

Qui quasi flos egreditur.
To the Right Honourable, the Lady Cat. T.



aire Madame! You
May see what's man in yond' bright rose.
Though it the wealth of Nature owes,
It is opprest, and bends with dew.

Which shewes, though fate
May promise still to warme our lippes,
And keepe our eyes from an ecclips;
It will our pride with teares abate.

Poor silly flowre!
Though in thy beauty thou presume,
And breath which doth the spring perfume;
Thou may'st be cropt this very houre.

And though it may
Then thy good fortune be, to rest
Oth' pillow of some Ladies brest;
Thou'lt whither, and be throwne away.

For 'tis thy doome
However, that there shall appeare
No memory that thou grew'st heere,
Ere the tempestuous winter come.

But flesh is loath
By meditation to fore see
How loath'd a nothing it must be:
Proud in the triumphes of its growth.

And tamely can
Behold this mighty world decay
And weare by th' age of time away:
Yet not discourse the fall of man.

But Madam these
Are thoughts to cure sicke humane pride.
And med'cines are in vaine applyed.
To bodies far 'bove all disease.

For you so live
As th' Angels in one perfect state;
Safe from the ruines of our fate,
By vertues great preservative.

And though we see
Beautie enough to warme each heart;
Yet you by a chaste Chemicke Art,
Calcine fraile love to pietie.



well no more proud man, so high!
For entron'd where ere you sit
Rais'd by fortune, sinne and wit:
In a vault thou dust must lye.
He who's lifted up by vice
Hath a neighb'ring precipice
Dazeling his distorted eye.

Shallow is that unsafe sea
Over which you spread your saile:
And the Barke you trust to, fraile
As the Winds it must obey.
Mischiefe, while it prospers, brings
Favour from the smile of Kings;
Uselesse soone is throwne away.

Profit, though sinne it extort,
Princes even accounted good,
Courting greatnesse nere withstood,
Since it Empire doth support.
But when death makes them repent
They condemne the instrument,
And are thought Religious for 't.

[Pg 131]

Pitch'd downe from that height you beare,
How distracted will you lye;
When your flattering Clients flye
As your fate infectious were?
When of all th' obsequious throng
That mov'd by your eye and tongue,
None shall in the storme appeare?

When that abject insolence
(Which submits to the more great,
And disdaines the weaker state,
As misfortune were offence)
Shall at Court be judged a crime
Though in practise, and the Time
Purchase wit at your expence.

Each small tempest shakes the proud;
Whose large branches vainely sprout
'Bove the measure of the roote.
But let stormes speake nere so loud,
And th' astonisht day benight;
Yet the just shines in a light
Faire as noone without a cloud.

Deus Deus Meus. DAVID.



here is that foole Philosophie,
That bedlam Reason, and that beast dull
sence;

Great God! when I consider thee
Omnipotent, Æternall, and imens?
Unmov'd thou didst behold the pride
Of th' Angels, when they to defection fell?
And without passion didst provide
To punish treason, rackes and death in hell.
Thy Word created this great All,
Ith' lower part whereof we wage such warres:
The upper bright and sphæricall
By purer bodies tenanted, the starres.
And though sixe dayes it thee did please
To build this frame, the seventh for rest assigne;
Yet was it not thy paine or ease,
But to teach man the quantities of Time.
This world so mighty and so faire,
So 'bove the reach of all dimension:
If to thee God we should compare,
Is not the slenderst atome to the Sun.
What then am I poore nothing man!
That elevate my voyce and speake of thee?
Since no imagination can
Distinguish part of thy immensitie?
What am I who dare call thee God!
And raise my fancie to discourse thy power?
To whom dust is the period,
Who am not sure to farme this very houre?
For how know I the latest sand
In my fraile glasse of life, doth not now fall?
And while I thus astonisht stand
I but prepare for my own funerall?
Death doth with man no order keepe:
It reckons not by the expence of yeares,
But makes the Queene and beggar weepe,
And nere distinguishes betweene their teares.
He who the victory doth gaine
Falls as he him pursues, who from him flyes,
And is by too good fortune slaine.
The Lover in his amorous courtship dyes.
The states-man suddenly expires
While he for others ruine doth prepare:
And the gay Lady while sh' admires
Her pride, and curls in wanton nets her haire.
No state of man is fortified
'Gainst the assault of th' universall doome:
But who th' Almighty feare, deride
Pale death, and meete with triumph in the tombe.

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Quonian ego in flagella paratus sum. DAVID.



ix me on some bleake precipice,
Where I ten thousand yeares may stand:
Made now a statute of ice,
Then by the summer scorcht and tan'd!

Place me alone in some fraile boate
'Mid th' horrors of an angry Sea:
Where I while time shall move, may floate
Despairing either land or day!

Or under earth my youth confine
To th' night and silence of a cell:
Where Scorpions may my limbes entwine.
O God! So thou forgive me hell.

Æternitie! when I think thee,
(Which never any end must have,
Nor knew'st beginning) and fore-see
Hell is desian'd for sinne a grave.

[Pg 133]

My frighted flesh trembles to dust,
My blood ebbes fearefully away:
Both guilty that they did to lust,
And vanity, my youth betray.

My eyes, which from each beautiful sight
Drew Spider-like blacke venome in:
Close like the marigold at night
Opprest with dew to bath my sin.

My eares shut up that easie dore
Which did proud fallacies admit:
And vow to heare no follies more;
Deafe to the charmes of sinne and wit.

My hands (which when they toucht some faire
Imagin'd such an excellence,
As th' Ermines skin ungentle were)
Contract themselves, and loose all sence.

But you bold sinners! still pursue
Your valiant wickednesse, and brave
Th' Almighty Justice: hee'le subdue
And make you cowards in the grave.

Then when he as your judge appeares,
In vaine you'le tremble and lament.
And hope to soften him with teares,
To no advantage penitent.

Then will you scorne those treasures, which
So fiercely now you doate upon:
Then curse those pleasures did bewitch
You to this sad illusion.

The neighb'ring mountaines which you shall
Woove to oppresse you with their weight:
Disdainefull will deny to fall,
By a sad death to ease your fate.

In vaine some midnight storme at sea
To swallow you, you will desire:
In vaine upon the wheels you'le pray
Broken with torments to expire.

Death, at the sight of which you start,
In a mad fury then you'le Court:
Yet hate th' expressions of your heart,
Which onely shall be sigh'd for sport.

No sorrow then shall enter in
With pittie the great judges eares.
This moment's ours. Once dead, his sin
Man cannot expiate with teares.

Militia est vita hominis.
To Sir Hen. Per.

Sir



ere it your appetite of glory, (which
In noblest times, did bravest soules
bewitch
To fall in love with danger,) that now
drawes

You to the fate of warre; it claimes applause:
And every worthy hand would plucke a bough
From the best spreading bay, to shade your brow.
Since you unforc'd part from your Ladies bed
Warme with the purest love, to lay your head
Perhaps on some rude turfe, and sadly feele
The nights cold dampes wrapt in a sheete of steele.
You leave your well grown woods; and meadows

which

Our *Severne* doth with fruitfull streames enrich.
Your woods where we see such large heards of
Deere

Your meades whereon such goodly flockes appeare.
You leave your Castle, safe both for defence
And sweetely wanton with magnificence
With all the cost and cunning beautified
That addes to state, where nothing wants but pride.
These charmes might have bin pow'rfull to have staid
Great mindes resolv'd for action, and betraid
You to a glorious ease: since to the warre
Men by desire of prey invited are,
Whom either sinne or want makes desperate,
Or else disdainde of their owne narrow fate.

But you, nor hope of fame or a release
Of the most sober government in peace,
Did to the hazard of the armie bring
Onely a pure devotion to the King
In whose just cause whoever fights, must be
Triumphant: since even death is victory.
And what is life, that we to wither it
To a weake wrinckled age, should torture wit
To finde out Natures secrets; what doth length
Of time deserve, if we want heate and strength?
When a brave quarrell doth to arms provoke
Why should we feare to venter this thin smoke
This emptie shadow, life? this which the wise
As the fooles Idoll, soberly despise?

Why should we not throw willingly away
A game we cannot save, now that we may
Gaine honour by the gift? since haply when
We onely shall be statue of men
And our owne monuments, Peace will deny
Our wretched age so brave a cause to dye.
But these are thoughts! And action tis doth give
A soule to courage, and make vertue live:
Which doth not dwell upon the valiant tongue
Of bold Philosophie, but in the strong
Undaunted spirit, which encounters those
Sad dangers, we to fancie scarce propose.
Yet tis the true and highest fortitude
To keepe our inward enemies subdued:
Not to permit our passions over sway
Our actions, not our wanton flesh betray
The soules chaste Empire: for however we
To th' outward shew may gaine a victory
And proudly triumph: if to conquour sinne
We combate not, we are at warre within.

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[Pg 136]



here have I wandred? In what way
Horrid as night
Inceast by stormes did I delight?
Though my sad soule did often say
Twas death and madnesse so to stray.

On that false ground I joy'd to tread
Which seemed most faire,
Though every path had a new snare,
And every turning still did lead,
To the darke Region of the dead.

But with the surfet of delight
I am so tyred
That now I loath what I admired,
And my distasted appetite
So 'bhors the meate, it hates the sight.

For should we naked sinne discry
Not beautified
By th' ayde of wantonnesse and pride
Like some mishapen birth, 'twould lye
A torment to th' affrighted eye.

But cloath'd in beauty and respect.
Even ore the wise,
How powerfull doth it tyrannize!
Whose monstrous storme should they detract
They famine sooner would affect.

And since those shadowes which oppresse
My sight begin
To cleere, and show the shape of sinne,
A Scorpion sooner be my guest,
And warme his venome in my brest.

May I before I growe so vile
By sinne agen,
Be throwne off as a scorne to men!
May th' angry world decree, t' exile
Me to some yet unpeopled Isle.

Where while I struggle, and in vaine
Labor to finde
Some creature that shall have a minde,
What justice have I to complaine
If I thy inward grace retaine?

My God if thou shalt not exclude
Thy comfort thence:
What place can seeme to troubled sence
So melancholly darke and rude,
To be esteem'd a solitude.

Cast me upon some naked shore
Where I may tracke
Onely the print of some sad wracke;
If thou be there, though the seas rore,
I shall no gentler calme implore.

Should the *Cymmerians*, whom no ray
Doth ere enlight
But gaine thy grace, th' have lost their night:
Not sinners at high noone, but they
'Mong their blind cloudes have found the day.

Et Exultavit Humiles.



ow cheerefully th' unpartiall Sunne
Gilds with his beames
The narrow streames
Oth' Brooke which silently doth runne
Without a name?
And yet disdaines to lend his flame
To the wide channell of the Thames?

The largest mountaines barren lye
And lightning feare,
Though they appeare
To bid defiance to the skie;
Which in one houre
W' have seene the opening earth devoure
When in their height they proudest were.

But th' humble man heaves up his head
Like some rich vale
Whose fruites nere faile
With flowres, with corne, and vines ore-spread.
Nor doth complaine
Oreflowed by an ill season'd raine
Or batter'd by a storme of haile.

Like a tall Barke with treasure fraught
He the seas cleere
Doth quiet steere:
But when they are t' a tempest wrought;
More gallantly
He spreads his saile, and doth more high
By swelling of the waves, appeare.

For the Almighty joyes to force
The glorious tide
Of humane pride
To th' lowest ebbe; that ore his course
(Which rudely bore
Downe what oppos'd it heretofore)
His feeblest enemie may stride.

[Pg 139]

But from his ill-thatcht rooffe he brings
The Cottager
And doth preferre
Him to th' adored state of Kings:
He bids that hand
Which labour hath made rough and tand
The all commanding Scepter beare.

Let then the mighty cease to boast
Their boundlesse sway:
Since in their Sea
Few sayle, but by some storme are lost.
Let them themselves
Beware, for they are their owne shelves.
Man still himselfe hath cast away.

Dominus Dominantium.



upreame Divinitie! Who yet
Coulde ever finde
By the bold scrutinie of wit,
The treasure where thou lock'st up the
wind?

What Majesty of Princes can
A tempest awe;
When the distracted Ocean
Swells to Sedition, and obeyes no Law?

How wretched doth the Tyrant stand
Without a boast?
When his rich fleete even touching land
He by some storme in his owne Port sees lost?

Vaine pompe of life! what narrow bound
Ambition
Is circled with? How false a ground
Hath humane pride to build its triumphs on.

And Nature how dost thou delude
Our search to know?
When the same windes which here intrude
On us with frosts and onely winter blow:

Breath temprate on th' adjoyning earth;
And gently bring
To the glad field a fruitfull birth
With all the treasures of a wanton Spring.

How diversly death doth assaile;
How sporting kill?
While one is scorcht up in the vale
The other is congeald oth' neighboring hill.

While he with heates doth dying glow
Above he sees
The other hedg'd in with his snow
And envies him his ice although he freeze.

Proud folly of pretending Art,
Be ever dumbe,
And humble thy aspiring heart,
When thou findest glorious Reason overcome.

And you Astrologers, whose eye
Survayes the starres!
And offer thence to prophesie
Successe in peace, and the event of warres.

Throw downe your eyes upon that dust
You proudly tread!
And know to that resolve you must!
That is the scheme where all their fate may read.

Cogitabo pro peccato meo.



In what darke silent grove
Profan'd by no unholy love
Where witty melancholy nere
Did carve the trees or wound the ayre,
Shall I religious leasure winne
To weepe away my sinne?

[Pg 141]

How fondly have I spent
My youthes unvalued treasure, lent
To traffique for Cœlestiall joyes?
My unripe yeares pursuing toyes;
Judging things best that were most gay
Fled unobserv'd away.

Growne elder I admired
Our Poets as from heaven inspired
What Obeliskes decreed I fit
For *Spencers* Art, and *Sydnyes* wit?
But waxing sober soone I found
Fame but an Idle sound.

Then I my blood obey'd
And each bright face an Idoll made:
Verse in an humble Sacrifice,
I offer'd to my Mistresse eyes,
But I no sooner grace did win
But met the devill within.

But growne more polliticke
I tooke account of each state tricke:
Observ'd each motion, judg'd him wise,
Who had a conscience fit to rise.
Whome soone I found but forme and rule
And the more serious foole.

But now my soule prepare
To ponder what and where we are
How fraile is life, how vaine a breath
Opinion, how uncertaine death:
How onely a poore stone shall beare
Witnesse that once we were.

How a shrill Trumpet shall
Us to the barre as traytors call.
Then shall we see too late that pride
Hath hope with flattery bely'd
And that the mighty in command
Pale Cowards there must stand.

[Pg 142]



Time! where didst thou those years inter
Which I have seene decease?
My soules at war and truth bids her
Finde out their hidden Sepulcher,
To give her troubles peace.

Pregnant with flowers doth not the Spring
Like a late bride appeare?
Whose fether'd Musicke onely bring
Caresses, and no Requiem sing
On the departed yeare?

The Earth, like some rich wanton heire,
Whose Parents coffin'd lye,
Forgets it once lookt pale and bare
And doth for vanities prepare,
As the Spring nere should dye.

The present houre, flattered by all
Reflects not on the last;
But I, like a sad factor shall
T' account my life each moment call,
And onely weepe the past.

My mem'ry trackes each severall way
Since Reason did begin
Over my actions her first sway:
And teacheth me that each new day
Did onely vary sin.

Poor bankrout Conscience! where are those
Rich houres but farm'd to thee?
How carelessly I some did lose,
And other to my lust dispose
As no rent day should be?

I have infected with impure
Disorders my past yeares.
But Ile to penitence inure
Those that succeed. There is no cure
Nor Antidote but teares.



he soule which doth with God unite,
Those gayities how doth she slight
Which ore opinion sway?
Like sacred Virgin wax, which shines
On Altars or on Martyrs shrines
How doth she burne away?

How violent are her throwes till she
From envious earth delivered be,
Which doth her flight restraine?
How doth she doate on whips and rackes,
On fires and the so dreaded Axe,
And every murd'ring paine?

How soone she leaves the pride of wealth,
The flatteries of youth and health
And fames more precious breath.
And every gaudy circumstance
That doth the pompe of life advance
At the approach of death?

The cunning of Astrologers
Observes each motion of the starres
Placing all knowledge there:
And Lovers in their Mistresse eyes
Contract those wonders of the skies,
And seeke no higher sphere.

The wandring Pilot sweates to find
The causes that produce the wind
Still gazing on the Pole.
The Politician scornes all Art
But what doth pride and power impart.
And swells the ambitious soule.

But he whom heavenly fire doth warme,
And 'gainst these powerful follies arme,
Doth soberly disdain
All these fond humane misteries
As the deceitfull and unwise
Distempers of our braine.

He as a burden beares his clay,
Yet vainely throwes it not away
On every idle cause:
But with the same untroubled eye
Can resolve to live or dye,
Regardlesse of th' applause.

My God! If 'tis thy great decree
That this must the last moment be
Wherein I breath this ayre;
My heart obeyes joy'd to retreat
From the false favours of the great
And treachery of the faire.

When thou shalt please this soule t' enthrone,
Above impure corruption;
What shall I grieve or feare.
To thinke this breathlesse body must
Become a loathsome heape of dust
And nere againe appeare.

For in the fire when Ore is tryed,
And by that torment purified:
Doe we deplore the losse?
And when thou shalt my soule refine,
That it thereby may purer shine
Shall I grieve for the drosse?

A List of WORKS

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Archaic, dialectical and other spellings not in current usage have been left as in the original book. Obvious misprints have been fixed. Text that was originally printed in blackletter has been changed to bold without any further comment. Details of the changes follow.

[P. 003](#): our Poet's grand-father,
Originally: our Poet's grandfather,

[P. 005](#). Formatting of the entries in the list of published works has been standardized.

[P. 005](#): the battle of Varna, 1444;
Originally: the battle of Varma, 1444;

[P. 005](#): i. The Author. [A Prose Preface]
Originally: i. The Authour. [A Prose Preface]

[P. 008](#): 137. ... Phil. i. 23. The soule which
Originally: 137. ... Phil. 1. 23. The soule which

[P. 011](#): (I meane onely as she is externally faire)
Originally: (I meane onlye as she is externally faire)

[P. 013](#): me, I am armed to endure.
Originally: me, I an armed to endure

[P. 014](#): than good Poet, a good man.
Originally: than good Poët, a good man.

[P. 017](#): Inserted chapter title from TOC:
Fifty-seven Poems, chiefly on Love and Courtship.

[P. 017](#): their bright flames: which
Originally: their bright flâmes: which

[P. 023](#): Then th' Indians boast:
Originally: The th' Indians boast:

[P. 023](#): When Poets weepe some Virgins death
Originally: When Poëts weepe some Virgins death

[P. 034](#): My soule imparadis'd, for 'tis with her.
Originally: My soule impardis'd, for 'tis with her.

[P. 044](#): **Night and Araphill.**
Originally: **Night and Araphil.**

[P. 050](#): *To my most honoured Friend and Kinsman*
Originally: *To my [most] honoured Friend and Kinsman*

[P. 051](#): dote without Philosophie
Originally: dote without Phisosophie

[P. 051](#): in your dull propagation.
Originally: in your dull progagation.

[P. 059](#): *Fifty Poems, chiefly on Wedded Happiness.*
Originally: *The Second Part.*

[P. 059](#): Thou wept a Virgin,
Originally: Thou wepst a Virgin,

[P. 060](#): Or hoist up saile;
Originally: Or hoish up saile;

[P. 063](#): To-day will give you
Originally: To day will give you

[P. 064](#): in some dead mans eare,
Originally: in some deads mans eare,

[P. 073-74](#): footnotes [23](#) & [24](#)

Unlike other footnotes showing wording in previous versions, these do not contain the publication dates when the other wording appeared.

[P. 074](#): From the angry North-wind.
Originally: From the angry Northwind.

[P. 078](#): Who liv'd a solitary Phœnix free
Originally: Who liv'd a solitary Phænix free

[P. 083](#): With the stolen pleasure of one night.
Originally: With the stolne pleasure of one night.

[P. 088](#): Henry Cambell, *sonne to the Earle of Arg.*
Originally: Henry Cambell, *sonne to the Earle of Ar[g].*

[P. 100](#): so little peremptory is his opinion
Originally: so little peremptory is his opiuion

[P. 113](#): and when the prosperitie of the impious
Originally: and when the prosteritie of the impious

[P. 114](#): antidote against sinne,
Originally: antidote aga[i]nst sinne,

[P. 114](#): and the onley balsome powerfull
Originally: and the onely balsome powerfull

[P. 115](#): Inserted chapter title from the TOC:
Twenty-two Poems, chiefly Sacred, with Scripture Text.

[P. 126](#): Universum stratum ejus
Originally: Universum st[r]atum ejus

[P. 135](#): Of the most sober government in peace,
Originally: Of the most sober government in peace,

[P. 137](#): And warme his venome in my brest.
Originally: And warme his enome in my brest.

[P. 137](#): Where while I struggle,
Originally: Where while I straggle,

[P. 144](#): And 'gainst these
Originally: Amd 'gainst these

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