POEMS
By the most deservedly Admired
Mrs. Katherine Philips
The matchless
ORINDA.
To which is added
Monsieur Corneille’s
POMPEY
& TRAGÉDIES.
HORACE.
With several other Translations out of
FRENCH.

LONDON,
Printed by J. M. for H. Herringman, at the Sign of
the Blow Anchor in the Lower Walk of the
New Exchange. 1667.
THE

PREFACE.

When the false Edition of these Poems stole into the light, a Friend of that incomparable Lady's that made them, knowing how averse she was to be in print, and therefore being sure that it was absolutely against her consent, as he believed it utterly without her knowledge, (she being then in Wales above 150 miles from this Town) went presently both to the Gentleman, who licens'd it upon the Stationer's averment that he had her leave, and to the Stationer himself for whom it was printed, and took the best course he could with both to get it suppress'd, as it presently was (though afterward many of the Books were privately sold) and gave her an account by the next Post of what he had done. A while after he received this Answer, which you have here (taken from her own hand) under that disguised Name she had given him, it being her custom to use such with most of her particular friends.

Worthy Poliarchus,

It is very well that you bid me so much for endearing to express a part of the sense I have of your obligations; for while you go on in conferring them beyond all possibility of acknowledgment, it is convenient for me to be forbidden to attempt it. Your last generous concern for me, in vindicating me from the unworthy usage I have received at London from the Press, doth as much transcend all your former favours, as the injury done me by that Publisher and Printer exceeds all the troubles that I remember I ever had. All I can say to you for it, is, that though you affright an unhappy, it is yet a very innocent person, and that it is impossible for malice
The Preface.

I could not have printed these Rimes (you tell me are gotten abroad so impudently) with so much abuse to the things, as the very publication of them at all, though they had been never so coherent, had been to me; to me (Sir) who never wrote any line in my life with an intention to have it printed, and who am of my Lord Falkland's mind, that said,

He danger fear'd than censure less,
Nor could he dread a breach like to a Preis.

And who (I think you know) am sufficiently distrustful of all, that my own want of company and better employment, or other commands have seduced me to write, to endeavor rather that they should never be seen at all, than that they should be exposed to the world with such effrontery as now they most unhappily are. But is there no retreat from the malice of this World? I thought a Rock, and a Mountain might have hidden me, and that it had been free for all to spend their Solitude in what Reservations they please, and that our Rivers (though they are babbling) would not have betray'd the follies of impertinent thoughts upon their Banks; but 'tis only I who am that unfortunate person that cannot so much as think in private, that must have my imaginations risled and exposed to play the Mountebanks, and dance upon the Ropes to entertain all the rabble; to undergo all the taillery of the Wit, and all the severity of the Wise, and to be the sport of some that can, and some that cannot read a Verse. This is a most cruel accident, and hath made so proportionate an impression upon me, that really it hath cost me a sharp fit of sickness since I heard it, and I believe would be more fatal but that I know what a Champion I have in you, and that I am sure your credit in the World will gain me a belief from all that are knowing and civil, that I am so innocent of that sly and secret Artifice of a secret consent (of which I am, I fear, suspected) that whoever would have brought me those

Copies
The Preface.

Copies corrected and amended, and a thousand pounds to have bought my permission for their being printed, should not have obtained it. But though there are many things, I believe, in this wicked impression of those fancies, which the ignorance of what occasion’d them, and the falseness of the Copies may represent very ridiculous and extravagant, yet I could give some account of them to the severest Cato, and I am sure they must be more absurd than I think is possible (for I have not seen the Book, nor can imagine what’s in’t) before they can be render’d other wise than Sir Edward Deering says in his Epilogue to Pompey.

———No bolder thought can tax Tho’se Rimes of blemish to the blushing Sex, As chaste the lines, as harmless is the sense, As the first smiles of infant innocence.

So that I hope there will be no need of justifying them to Vertue and Honour; and I am so little concern’d for the reputation of writing Sense, that provided the World would believe me innocent of any manner of knowledge, much less connivance at this Publication, I shall willingly compound never to trouble them with the true Copies, as you advise me to do: which if you think should judge absolutely necessary to the reparation of this misfortune, and to general satisfaction; and that, as you tell me, all the rest of my friends will press me to it, I shou’d yield to it with the same reluctancy as I would cut off a Limb to save my Life. However I hope you will justify all your acquaintance of my aversion to it, and did they know me as well as you do, that Apology were very needless; for I am so far from expecting applause for anything I scribble, that I can hardly expect pardon; and sometimes I think, that employment so far above my reach, and unfit for my Sex, that I am going to resolve against it for ever; and could I have recovered those fugitive Papers that have escap’d my hands, I had long since made
The Preface.

made a sacrifice of them all. The truth is, I have an incorrigible inclination to that folly of riving, and intending the effects of that humour, only, for my own amusement in a retir'd life; I did not so much resist it as wise women would have done; but some of my dearest friends having found my ballads, (for they deserve no better name) they made me so much believe they did not dislike them, that I was betray'd to permit some copies for their divertisement; but this, with so little concern for them, that I have lost most of the originals, and that I suppose to be the cause of my present misfortune; for some infernal Spirits or other have catch'd those rags of paper, and what the careless blotting writing kept them from understanding, they have supplied by conjecture, till they put them into the soape wherein you saw them, or else. I know not which way it is possible for them to be collected, or so abominably transcribed as I hear they are. I believe also there are some among them that are not mine, but every way I have so much injury, and the worthy persons that had the ill luck of my converse, and so their names expos'd in this impression without their leave, that few things in the power of fortune could have given me so great a torment as this most afflictive accident. I know you Sir, so much my friend, that I need not ask your pardon for making this tedious complaint; but methinks it is a great injustice to revenge myself upon you by this Harangue for the wrongs I have received from others; therefore I will only tell you that the sole advantage I have by this cruel news, is that it has given me an experiment, That no adversity can shake the constancy of your friendship, and that in the worst humour that ever I was in, I am still,

Worthy Poliarchus,

Cardigan, Your most faithful, most obliged
Jan. 29. Friend, and most humble Servant
1664 ORINDA.

She
The Preface.

She writ divers Letters to many of her other friends ful of the like resentments, but this is enough to shew how little she desired the fame of being in print, and how much she was troubled to be so exposed. It may serve likewise to give a taste of her Prose to those that have seen none of it, and of her way of writing familiar Letters, which she did with strange readiness and facility, in a very fair hand, and perfect Orthography; and if they were collected with those excellent Discourses she writ on several subjects, they would make a Volume much larger than this, and no less worth the reading.

About three months after this Letter she came to London, where her Friends did much solicit her to redeem herself by a correct impression; yet the continued still averse, though perhaps in time she might have been over-rul'd by their persuasions if she had lived.

But the small Pox, that malicious disease (as knowing how little she would have been concern'd for her handsomeness, when at the best) was not satisfied to be as injurious a Printer of her face, as the other had been of her Poems, but treated her with a more fatal cruelty than the Stationer had them; for though he to her most sensible affliction surreptitiously possess'd himself of a false Copy, and sent those children of her Fancy into the World, so martyred, that they were more unlike themselves than she could have been made had she escaped; that murderous Tyrant, with greater barbarity seiz'd unexpectedly upon her, the true Original, and to the much juster affection of all the World, violently tore her out of it, and hurried her untimely to her Grave, upon the 22. of June 1664. she being then but 31 years of age.

But he could not bury her in Oblivion, for this Monument which she erected for her self, will for ever make her to be honoured as the honour of her Sex, the emulation of ours, and the admiration of both. That unfortunate surprize hath rob'd it of a much
The Preface.
much of that perfection it might else have had, hav-
ing broke off the Translation of Horace before it was finish'd, much less review'd, and hindred the rest from being more exactly correct, and put into the order they were written in, as she possibly her self would have done, had she consented to a second Edi-
tion. 'Tis probable she would also have left out some of those pieces that were written with less care and upon occasions left to be made publick, and she might also have added more : but all industry has been us'd to make this Collection as full and as perfect as might be, by the addition of many that were not in the former impression, and by divers Translations, whereof the first has the Original in the opposite Page, that they who have a mind to com-
pare them, may by that pattern find how just she has been in all the rest to both the Languages, exactly rendering the full sense of the one, without tying her self strictly to the words, and clearly evincing the capaciousness of the other, by comprising it fully in the same number of lines, though in the Plays half the Verses of the French are of thirteen syllables, and the rest of twelve, whereas the English have no more but ten. In short though some of her Pieces may perhaps be lost, and others in hands that have not produc'd them; yet none that upon good grounds could be known to be hers, are left out; for many of the less considerable ones were publish'd in the other, but those, or others that shall be judged so may be excused by the politeness of the rest which have more of her true Spirit, and of her diligence. Some of them would be no disgrace to the name of any Man that amongst us is most esteem'd for his excel-
lexcellency in this kind, and there are none that may not pass with favour, when it is remembred that they fell hastily from the pen but of a Woman. We might well have call'd her the English Sappho, she of all the female Poets of former Ages, being for her Verses and her Virtues
The Preface.

Vertues both, the most highly to be valued; but she has call'd her self Orinda, a name that deserves to be added to the number of the Muses, and to live with honour as long as they. Were our language as generally known to the world, as the Greek and Latine were anciently, or as the French is now, her Verses could not be confin'd within the narrow limits of our Islands, but would spread themselves as far as the Continent has Inhabitants, or as the Seas have any shore. And for her Vertues, they as much surpased those of Sappho as the Theological do the Moral, (wherein yet Orinda was not her inferior) or as the fading immortality of an earthy Lawrel, which the Justice of men cannot deny to her excellent Poetry, is transcended by that incorruptible and eternal Crown of Glory, where-with the Mercy of God hath undoubtedly rewarded her more eminent Piety. Her merit should have had a Statue of Porphyry wrought by some great Artist, equal in skill to Michael Angelo, that might have transferr'd to posterity the lasting image of so rare a Person: but here is only a poor paper shadow of a Statue made after a Picture not very like her, to accompany that she has drawn of herself in these Poems, and which represents the beauties of her mind with a far truer resemblance, than that does the lineaments of her Face. They had sooner performed this Right to her memory, if that raging Pestilence which, not long after her, swept away so many thousands here and in other places of this Kingdom, that devouring Fire, which since destroy'd this famous City; and the harsh sounds of War, which with the thunderings of Cannon, deafen'd all ears to the gentle and tender strains of Friendship, had not made the Publication of them hitherto unseasonable. But they have out-liv'd all these dismal things to see the blessing of Peace, a conjunction more suitable to their Nature, all compos'd of kindness; so that I hope
The Preface.

hope Time it self shall have as little power against them, as these other storms have had, and then Ovid’s conclusion of his Metamor-
phosis may with little alteration, more truth, and less vanity than by him to himself, be applied to these once transformed, or
rather deformed Poems, which, are here in some measure restor’d to their native Shape and Beauty, and therefore certainly cannot fail of a welcome re-
ception now, since they wanted it not before, when they appeared in that strange disguise.
The Earl of Orrery to Mrs. Philips.

Madam,

When I but knew you by report,
I fear'd the praises of th' admiring Court
Were but their Complements; but now I must
Confess, what I thought civil is scarce just:
For they imperfect Trophies to you raise,
You deserve wonder, and they pay but praise;
A praise, which is as short of your great due,
As all which yet have writ come short of you.
You, to whom wonder's paid by double right,
Both for your Verses smoothness and their height.
In me it does not the least trouble breed,
That your fair Sex does Ours in Verse exceed,
Since every Poet this great Truth does prove,
Nothing so much inspires a Muse as Love;
Thence has your Sex the best poetick fires,
For what's inspired must yield to what inspires.
And as Our Sex resigns to Yours the due,
So all of your bright Sex must yield to Tou.
Experience shows, that never Fountained
A stream which could ascend above its Head;
For those whose wit fans'd Helicon does give,
To rise above its height darts never strive,
Their double Hill too, though 'tis often clear,
Yet often on it clouds and storms appear.
Let none admire then that the ancient wit
Shar'd in those Elements infused it;
Nor that your Muse than theirs ascends much higher;
She soaring in no Element but fire.
Past ages could not think those things you do,
For their Hill was their Basis and height too:
So that 'tis Truth, not Complement, to tell,
Your lowest height their highest did excel;
Your nobler thoughts warm'd by a heavenly fire,
To their bright Centre constantly aspire;

And
And by the place to which they take their flight,
Leave us no doubt from whence they have their light.
Your merit has attain'd this high degree,
'Tis above praise as much as flattery,
And when in that we have dian'd all our store,
All grant from this might can be distant more.
Though you have sung of friendships power so well,
That you in that, as you in wit excel,
Yet my own interest obliges me
To praise your prais'd life more than Theory;
For by that kindness you your friend did show
The honour I obtain'd of knowing you.
In Pictures none hereafter will delight,
You draw more to the life in black and white;
The Pencil to your Pen must yield the place,
This draws the Soul, where that draws but the face.
Of blest retirement such great Truths you write,
That 'tis my wish as much as your delight;
Our gratitude to praise it does think fit,
Since all you write are but effects of it.
You English Cornel's Pompey with such flame,
That you both raise our wonder and his fame;
If he could read it, he likes us would call
The copy greater than the Original;
You cannot mend what is already done,
Unless you'll finish what you have begun;
Who your Translation sees, cannot but say,
That 'tis Orinda's Worke, and but his Play.
The French to learn our Language now will seek,
To hear their greatest Wit more nobly speak;
Rome too would grant, were our Tongue to her known,
Calas speaks better in's than in his own.
And all those Wreacks once cirel'd Pompey's brow,
Exalt his Fame, less than your Verses now.

From these clear Truths all must acknowledge this,
If there be Hellicon, in Wales it is.
Oh happy Country which to our Prince gives
His Title, and in which Orinda lives!

The
The Earl of Roscommon to Orinda: an imitation of Horace.

Integer vitae, &c.
Cam. lib. 1. od. 22.

I.

Virtue (dear Friend) needs no defence,
No arms, but its own innocence;
Quivers and Bows, and poison'd darts,
Are only us'd by guilty hearts.

2.

An honest mind, safely, alone
May travel through the burning Zone,
Or through the deepest Scythian snows,
Or where the fam'd Hydaspes flows.

3.

While (rul'd by a restless fire)
Our great Orinda I admire,
The hungry Wolves that see me stray
Unarm'd, and single, run away.

4.

Set me in the remotest place
That ever Neptune did embrace,
When there her image fills my breast,
Helicon is not half so blest.

5.

Leave me upon some Lybian plain,
So she my fancy entertain,
And when the thirsty monsters meet,
They'll all pay homage to my feet.

6.

The Magick of Orinda's Name,
Not only can their fierceness tame,
But, if that mighty word I once rehearse,
They seem submissively to roar in Verse.

Upon
Upon Mrs. K. Philips her Poems.

We allow'd you beauty, and we did submit
To all the tyrannies of it.
Ah cruel Sext! will you deposes too in Wit?
Orinda does in that so reign,
Does man behind her in proud triumph draw,
And cancel great Apollo's Salick Lam.
We our old Title plead in vain:
Man may be Head, but Woman's now the Brain.
Verse was Love's five-arms heretofore:
In Beauties Camp it was not known,
Too many arms beside that Conqueror bore.
'Twas the great Cannon we brought down;
'T assaults a stubborn Town.
Orinda first did a bold sally make,
Our strongest quarter take,
And so successful prov'd, that she
Turn'd upon Love himself his own Artillery.

2.

Women, as if the Body were the whole
Did that, and not the Soul,
Transmit to their posterity;
If in it sometimes they conceived,
Th' abortive Issue never liv'd.
'Twere shame and pity, Orinda, if in thee
A spirit so rich, so noble, and so high,
Should unmanur'd or barren lie.
But thou industriously hast sow'd and till'd
The fair and fruitful field:
And 'tis a strange increase that it doth yield.
As when the happy Gods above
Meet all together at a Feast;
A secret joy unspeakably does move
In their great Mother Cybeles contented breast:

With
With no less pleasure than, methinks, should I see
This thy no less immortal progeny,
And in their birth thou no one touch dost find,
Of the ancient curse to woman-kind;
Thou bring'st not forth with pain,
It neither Travel is, nor Labour of thy brain.
So easily they from thee come,
And there is so much room
In the unexhausted and unfathom'd womb;
That, like the Holland countess, thou might'st bear
A child for every day of all the fertile year.

3.

Thou dost my wonder, would'st my envy raise,
If I had prais'd I love'd more than to praise.
Where'er I see an excellence,
I must admire to see thy well-knit sense,
Thy numbers gentle, and thy fancies high,  
   (Eye.
Those as thy forehead smooth, these sparkling as shine
'Tis solid, and 'tis mostly all,
Or rather, 'tis angelical:
For as in angels, we
Do in thy verses see
Both improv'd sexes eminently met;  
   (Sweet.
They are than man more strong, and more than woman.

4.

They talk of Nine, I know not who,
Female Chimeras, that o're poets reign;
I ne'er could find that fancy true,
But have invok'd them oft I'm sure in vain.
They talk of Sappho, but, alas! the flame
Ill manners fail the lustre of her fame.
O'erta's inward vertue is so bright,
That, like a Lantern's fair enclosed light,
Is through the paper frames where she doth write.

Honour
Honour and Friendship, and the generous scorn
Of things for which we were born,
(Things that can only by a fond disease,
Like that of Girls, our vicious stomachs please)
Are the instructive subjects of her Pen.

And as the Roman Victory
Taught our rude Land arts, and civility,
At once she overcomes, enslaves, and betters men.

5.

But Rome with all her arts could ne’er inspire
A Female Breast with such a fire,
The warlike Amazonian Train,
Which in Elysium now do peaceful reign.
And Wit’s mild Empire before Arms prefer,
Hope ‘will be settled in their Sex by her.
Merlin the Seer (and sure he would not lie
In such a sacred Company)
Does Prophecies of learn’d Orinda show,
Which he had darkly spoke so long ago.

Even Boadicia’s angry Ghost
Forgets her own misfortune and disgrace,
And to her injur’d Daughters now does boast,
That Rome’s o’recome at last by a Woman of her race.

Abraham Cowley.
To the Excellent Orinda.

Let the male Poets their male Phoebus chose,
Their Muse, Orinda, for my Muse;
He could but force a Branch, Daphne her Tree,
Most freely offers to her Sex and thee,
And says to Verse, so unconstrain'd as yours,
Her Laurel freely crowns, your fame secure,
And men no longer shall with raving Bays
Crown their forc'd Poems by as forc'd a praise.

Thou glory of our Sex, envy of men,
Who are both pleas'd and vex'd with thy bright Pen
Its lucre doth invite their eyes to gaze,
But mens fore eyes cannot endure its rays
Its dazzles and surprises so with light,
To find a noon where they expected night:
A Woman Translate Pompey, which she fram'd
Cornelio with such art and labour fram'd.
To whose close version the Wits club their sense,
And a new Lay poetick, SMEC springs hence!
Yes, that bold work, a Woman dares Translate,
Not to provoke, nor yet to fear mens hate,
Nature doth find that she hath err'd too long,
And now resolves to compenese that wrong:
Phoebus & Cynthia must his beams resign,
The rule of Day and Wit's now Feminine.

That Sex, which heretofore was not allow'd
To understand more than a beast, or crowd;
Of which Problems were made, whether or no
Women had Sons; but to be damn'd, if so;
Whose highest Contemplation could not pass,
In mens esteem, no higher than the Glass;
And all the painful labours of their Brains
Was only how to Dress and Entertain:
Or, if they ventured to speak sense, the wise
Made that; and speaking Oxen, like PRODIGIES.
From these thy more than masculine Pen hath rear'd
Our Sex; first to be prais'd, next to be feared.
And by the same Pen fore'd, men now confess,
To keep their greatness, was to make us less.

Men know of how refin'd and rich a mould
Our Sex is fram'd, what Sun is in our Gold:
They know in Lead no Diamonds are set,
And Jewels only fill the Cabinet.

Our Spirits purer far than theirs, they see;
By which even Men from Men distinguish'd be:
By which the Soul is judged, and does appear:
Fitter or unfit for action, as they are.

When in an Organ various sounds do stook,
Or grate the ear, as Birds sing, or Toads Creak;
The Breath, that voyces every Pipe, is the same,
But the bad metal doth the sound defame.

So, if our Souls by sweeter Organs speak,
And theirs with harsh false notes the air do break;
The Soul's the same, alike in both doth dwell,
'Tis from her instruments that we excelle.

Ask me not then, why jealous men debar
Our Sex from Books in Peace, from Arms in War;
It is because our Parts will soon demand
Tribunals for our Persons, and Command.

Shall it be our reproach, that we are weak,
And cannot fight, nor as the Schoolmen speak?
Even men themselves are neither strong nor wise,
If Limbs and Parts they do not exercise.

Train'd up to Arms, we Amazons have been,
And Spartan Virgins strong as Spartan Men;
Breed Women, but as Men, and they are these;
Whilst Sibyllic Men are Women by their case.

Why should not brave Semiramis break a Lance,
And why should not soft Ninjas curl and dance?
Ovid in vain Bodies with change did vex,
Changing her form of life, Iphise chang'd Sex.
Nature to Females freely doth impart
That, which the Males usurp, a stout, bold heart.

Thus
Thus Hunt's female Beasts fear to assail:
And female Harves more meet'd than the male:
Men ought not then Courage and Wit ingroat,
Whilst the Fox lives, the Lyon, or the Horse.
Much less ought men both to themselves confine,
Whilst Women, such as you, Orinda, shine.

That noble friendship brought thee to our Coast
We thank Lucania, and thy courage boast.
Death in each Wave could not Orinda fright,
Fearles she acts that friendship she did write:
Which many Vertue to their Sex confin'd,
Thus roughest to confirm our softer mind;
For there's required (to do that Virtue right)
Courage, as much in Friendship as in Fight.
The dangers we despise, doth this truth prove,
Though boldly we not fight, we boldly love.

Engage us unto Books, Sappho comes forth,
Though not of Hesiod's age, of Hesiod's worth.
If Souls no Sexes have, as 'tis confess'd,
'Tis not the be or she makes Poems best:
Nor can men call these Verses Feminine,
Be the sense vigorous and Masculine.
'Tis true, Apollo sits as Judge of Wit,
But the nine Female learned Troop are it:
Those Laws for which Numa did wise appear,
Wiser Ægeria whisper'd in his ear.
The Gracchi's Mother taught them Eloquence;
From her Breasts courage flow'd, from her Brain sense;
And the grave Beards, who heard her speak in Rome,
Blush'd not to be instruct'd, but o'recome.
Your speech, as hers, commands respect from all,
Your very Looks, as hers, rhetorical.
Something of grandeur in your Verse men see,
That they rise up to it as Majesty.
The wise and noble Orcery's regard,
Was much observ'd, when by your Poem heard:
All said, a fitter match was never seen,
Had Pompey's Widow been Arsamnes Queen.

Pom-
Pompey, who greater than himself's become,
Now in your Poem, than before in Rome;
And much more lasting in the Poets Pen,
Great Princes live, that the proud Towers of Men.
His thanks false Egypt for its Treachery,
Since that his Ruine is so sung by thee;
And so again would perish, if withall,
Orinda would but celebrate his Fall.
Thus pleasingly the Bee delights to die,
Foreseeing, he in Amber Tomb shall lie.
If that all Egypt, for to purge its Crime,
Were built into one Pyramid o're him,
Pompey would lie less stately in that Herse,
Than he doth now, Orinda, in thy Verse:
This makes Cornelia for her Pompey vow,
Her hand shall plant his Laurel on thy brow:
So equal in their merits were both found,
That the same Wreath Poets and Princes Crown'd:
And what on that great Captains Brow was dead,
She Joies to see re-flourish'd on thy head.

In the French Rock Cornelia first did shine,
But shin'd not like her self till she was thine:
Poems, like Gems, translated from the place
Where they first grew, receive another grace.
Drest by thy hand, and polish'd by thy Pen,
She glitters now a Star, but jewel then:
No flaw remains, no cloud, all now is light,
Transparent as the day, bright parts more bright.
Cornelle, now made English, so doth thrive,
As Trees transplanted do much lustier live.
Thus Oar digg'd forth, and by such hands as thine
Refin'd and stamp'd, is richer than the Mine.
Liquors from Vessel into Vessel pour'd,
Must lose some Spirits, which are scarce recover'd:
But the French Wines, in their own Vessel rare,
Pour'd into ours, by thy hand, Spirits are;
So high in taste, and so delicious,
Before his own Cornelle thine would chuse.
He finds himself in lighted here, where shade
Of dark expression his own words had made:
There what he would have said, he sees so writ,
As generously, to just decorum fit.
When in more words than his you please to flow,
Like a spread Fowl on, ingraining all below,
To the advantage of his well meant fence,
He gains by you another excellence.
To render word for word, at the old rate,
Is only but to Converse, not Translate:
In your own fancy free, to his fence true,
We read Corneille, and Orinda too:
And yet ye both are so the very same,
As when two Tapers join'd make one bright flame.
And sure the Copier's honour is not small,
When Artists doubt which is Original.

But if your feeter'd Muse thus praised be,
What great things do you write when it is free?
When it is free to chose both fence and words,
Or any subject the vast World affords?
A gliding Sea of Chrysal doth best shew
How smooth, clear, full, and rich your Verse doth flow:
Your words are chosen, call'd, not by chance writ,
To make the fence, as Anagrams do hit.
Your rich becoming words on the fence await,
As Maids of Honour on a Queen of State.
'Tis not White Satin makes a Verse more white,
Or soft; Iron is both, write you on it.
Your Poems come forth cast, no File you need,
At one brave Heat both sharp'd and polished.

But why all these Encomiums of you,
Who either doubts, or will not take as due?
Renown how little you regard, or need,
Who like the Bee, on your own sweets doth feed?

There are, who like weak Fowl with shouts fall down,
Dow'd with an Army's Acclamation:

Not
Not able to endure applause, they fall,
Giddy with praise, their praises Funeral.
But you, Orinda, are so unconcern'd,
As if when you, another we commend.
Thus, as the Sun, you in your Course shine on,
Vonvour'd with all our admiration:
Flying above the praise you shun, we see
Wit is still higher by humility.

Philo-Philippa.

To
To the memory of the Excellent Orinda.

For we bright Saint a Vot'ry, who
No missive Orders has to bow,
Nor does a call to inspiration owe:
Yet rudely dares intrude among
This sacred, and inspi'rd throng;
Where looking round me, ev'ry one I see,
Is a sworn Priest of Phæbus, or of thee.
For give this forward zeal for things divine,
If I strange fire do offer at thy Shrine:
Since the pure Incense, and the Gum
We send up to the Pow'rs above,
(If with devotion giv'n, and love)
Smells sweet, and does alike accepted prove,
As if from golden Censors it did come;
Though we the pious tribute pay
In some rude vessel made of common clay.

What by Pindaricks can be done,
Since the great Pindar’s greater * Son
(By ev’ry Grace adorn’d, and ev’ry Muse inspair’d)
From th’ ungrateful World, to knder Heaven’s retir’d:
He, and Orinda from us gone,
What Name like theirs shall we now call upon?
Whether her Virtue, or her Wit
We choose for our eternal Theme,
What hand can draw the perfect Scheme?
Non but her self could such high subjects fit:
We yield, with shame we yield
To Death and Her the field:
For were not Nature partial to us Men,
The World’s great Order had inverted been;
Had she such Souls plac’d in all Woman-kind,
Giv’n’um like wit, not with like goodness join’d,
Our Vassal Sex to hers had homage pay’d;
Woman had rul’d the World, and weaker Man obey’d.

3. To
To thee O Fame, we now commit
Her, and these last remains of generous wit:
I charge thee, deeply to enroll
This glorious Name in thy immortal Scroll;
Write ev'ry letter in large Text,
And then to make the Infire hold,
Let it be done with purest Gold,
To dazle this Age, and outshine the next:
Since not a Name more bright than Hers,
In this, or thy large Book appears,
And thou impartial, powerful Grave,
These Reliques (like her deathless Poems save)
Ev'n from devouring Time secure,
May they still rest from other mixture pure:
Unless some dying Monarch shall to trye
Whether Orinda, though her self could dye,
Can still give others immortality;
Think, if but laid in her miraculous Tomb,
As from the Prophets touch, new life from hers may come.

James Tyrrell.

To
To the Memory of the incomparable Orinda.
A Pindarick Ode.

1.

Adieu to all that's bright,
Noble, or brave, in Womankind,
To all the wonders of their Wit,
And Trophies of their mind;
The glowing Heat of th' Holy Fire is gone,
To th' Altar, whence 'twas kindled, flown;
There's nought on Earth, but Asbes left behind;
Ere since th' amazing sound was spread,
ORINDA's Dead,
Every soft and fragrant word,
All that language could afford,
Every high and lofty thing
That's won't to set the Soul on wing,
No longer with this worthless World would stay:
Thus when the Death of the great PAN was told,
Along the shore the dismal tidings roll'd,
The lesser Gods their Fanes forsake,
Confounded with the mighty stroke,
They could not over-live that Fatal day,
But sigh'd, and groan'd their gasping Oracles away.

2.

How rigid are the Laws of Fate,
And how severe that black Decree?
No sublunary thing is free,
But all must enter th' Adamantine Gate:
Sooner, or later shall we come
To Nature's dark Retiring room;
And yet 'tis pity, is it not?
The learned as the fool should dye.

One
One full as low as oth'ry he;
Together Blended in the general lot;
Distingu'rs't only from the common crowd,
By an hindo'd Coffin, or an Holland shroud,
Though Fame and Honour speak'them we're so loud:
Alas ORINDA, even thou!
Whose happy verse made others live,
And certain Immortality could give;
Blasted are all thy blooming glories now,
The Laurel wither's o're thy brow:
Methinks it should disturb thee to conceive
That when poor I this artless breath resign,
My Dust should have as much of Poetry as Thine.

Too soon we languish with desire
Of what we never could enough admire;
On th' Billows of this world some times we ride
So dangerously high,
We are to Heaven too nigh;
When (all in rage
Grown hoary with one minute's age),
The very self same fickle wave,
Which the entrancing Prospect gave,
Swell'd to a Mountain, sinks into a grave.
Too happy Mortals if the Pow'r's above
As merciful would be,
And easy to preserve the thing we love,
As in the giving they are free!
But they too oft delude our weary'd Eyes,
They fix a flaming Sword 'twixt us and Paradise;
A weeping Evening crowns a smiling Day,
Yet why should Heads of Gold, have feet of Clay?
Why should the Man that wav'd th' Almighty Wand,
That led the Murmuring Croud,
By Pillar and by Cloud,

Shiver-
Shivering a top of acr Pilgah stand
Only to see, but never, never tread the Promis’d Land?

4.

Throw your Swords, and Gauntlets by
You daring Sons of War,
You cannot purchase e’er you dy.
One honourable fear,
Since that fair hand that gilded all your Bays,
That in heroic Numbers wrote your praise,
While you securely slept in Honour’s Bed,
It self clas! is withered, cold, and Dead;
Cold and Dead are all those Charms,
Which burnish’d your Victorious Arms:
Inglorious Arms hereafter must
Blush first in blood, and then in rust:
No Oyl, but that of Her smooth words will serve
Weapon, and Warriour to preserve.
Expect no more from this dull Age,
But fool’s, or Poetique Rage,
Short liv’d Nothings of the Stage,
Vented to Day, and cry’d to morrow down,
With HER the soul of Poetic is gone;
Gone, while our expectations flew
As high a pitch as She has done,
Exhale to Heaven like early dew,
Betimes the little shining drops are flown,
E’re th’ drowsy World perceiv’d that Manna was come
cdown.

5.

You of the Sex that would be fair,
Exceeding lovely, hither come,
Would you be pure as Angels are,
Come dress you by ORINDA’s Tomb,
And leave your flattering Glass at home;
Within this Marble Mirror see
How
How one day such as She
You must, and yet alas! I can never be.
Think on the heights of that vast Soul,
And then admire, and then condole.
Think on the wonders of Her Pen,
'Twas that made Pompey truly Great,
Neither the expense of blood nor sweat,
Nor yet Cornelia's Kindness made him live again.
With envy think, when to the Grave you go,
How very little must be said of you,
Since all that can be said of virtuous Woman was her
(see).

Thomas Flatman.
M. A.
On the Death of Mr. Katherine Philips.

Cruel Disease! Alas could it not suffice
Thy old and constant spite to exercise
Against the gentlest and fairest sex,
Which still thy Depredations most do vex?
Where still thy malice most of all
(Thy malice or thy lust) does on the fairest fall?
And in them most assaults the fairest place,
The Throne of Empress Beauty, even the Face?
There was enough of that here to assuage
(One would have thought) either thy Lust or Rage:
Wast not enough, when thou, Profane Disease,
Didst on this glorious Temple seize,
Wast not enough, like a wild beast there,
All the rich outward ornaments to tear,
Deface the Innocent Pride of beauteous Images?
Wast not enough thus rudely to despoil,
But thou must quite destroy the godly Pile?
And thy unbounded Sacrilege commit
On the inward Holyest Holy of her Wit?
Cruel Disease! there thou mistook! Thy Power;
No Mine of Death can that Devour;
On her Embalmed Name it will abide
An Everlasting Pyramide,
As high as Heaven the Top, as Earth the Basis wide.

2.
All Ages past, Record; all Countries now
In various kinds such equal Beauties show,
That even Judge Paris would not know
On whom the Golden Apple to bestow.
Though Goddesses to his sentence did submit,
Women and Lovers would appeal from it;
Nor durst he say of all the female race
This is the sovereign Face.
And since (though these be of a kind that's Rare,
That's much, oh much less frequent than be Fair)
So equally renown'd for Virtue are,
That it the Mother of the Gods might pose,
When the best Woman for her guide she chose,
But if Apollo should design
A Woman Laureat to make,
Without dispute he would Orinda take,
Though Sappho and the famous Nine
Stood by, and did repine.
To be a Princess or a Queen
Is Great, but 'tis a Greatness always seen,
The World did never but two Women know
Who, one by fraud, the other by wit did rise
To the two tops of Spiritual dignities;
One Female Pope of old, one Female Poet now.

3.
Of Female Poets who had names of old,
Nothing is shown, but onely told,
And all we hear of them, perhaps may be
Male Flattery onely, and Male Poetry;
Few minutes did their Beauties Lighting waft,
The Thunder of their voice did longer last,
But that too soon was paste
The certain proofs of our Orinda's Wit
In her owne lasting characters are writ,
And they will long my praise of them sustain,
Though long perhaps too that may live.
The trade of Glory managed by the pen
Though great it be, and every where is found,
Does bring in but small profit to us men;
'Tis by the number of the flavers drown'd,
Orinda in the female Coasts of fame
Engroves all the Goods of a Poetique name;
She does no Partner with her see;
Does all the Business there Alone which we
Are forced to carry on by a whole company.

4
But Wit's like a Luxuriant Vine,
Unless to Virtue prop it join,
Firm and erect, towards Heaven bound, (crown'd
Though it with beautious leaves and pleasant fruit it be
It lies deformed, and rooting on the ground.

Now
Now shame and blushes on us all
Who our own Sex superiour call;
Orinda does our boasting Sex out-dis,
Not in wit only, but in virtue too:
She does above our best examples rise;
In hate of vice, and scorn of vanities.
Never did spirit of the manly make,
And dipt all o're in Learnings sacred Lake;
A temper more invulnerable take;
No violent passion could an entrance find
Into the tender goodness of her mind:
Through walls of stone those furious bullets may
Force their impetuous way;
When her soft breast they hit, damped and dead they lay.

5.
The fame of friendship, which so long had told
Of three or four illustrious Names of old,
Till hoarse and weary of the tale she grew;
Rejoices now to have got a new;
A new, and more surprizing story
Of fair Lucia and Orinda's glory.
As when a prudent man does once perceive
That in some forreign Country he must live,
The Language and the Manners he does strive
To understand and practice here,
That he may come no stranger there;
So well Orinda did her self prepare,
In this much different Clime for her remove,
To the glad world of Poetry and Love;
There all the best do but one body grow,
And are made one too with their glorious Head;
Whom there triumphantly they wed,
After the secret Contraet past below;
There Love into Identity does go,
'Tis the first unites Monarchique Throne,
The Centre that knits all, where the great Three's but One.

Abraham Cowley.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Poem</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Upton, the double Nester of K. Charles I. in answer to a libellous</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Copy of Symes made by Vvaver Powel.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the commonalty and the English to wait upon the King in Flanders.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arion on a Dolphin, To his Majesty at his passage into England.</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the fair weather just at the Coronation, it having rained</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>before and after.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To the Queen's Majesty on her arrival at Portsmouth, May 14, 1662.</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To the Queen-Mother's Majesty, Jan. 1, 1665.</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Upon the Princess Royal her Return into England.</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the Death of the infirmous Duke of Gloucester.</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To her Royal Highness the Dutchess of York, on her commanding me to</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>send some things that I had written.</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the Death of the Queen of Bohemia.</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the third of September, 1651.</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To the noble Palatino, on his incomparable Discourse of Friendship.</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To the Right honourable Alice Countess of Carlbury, at her coming</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>into Wales.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Sir Edward Coke (the noble Silvaner) on his Dream and Nevy,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>presenting Orlando's preferring Rosania before Solomon's Traffic</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>to Ophir.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Mr. Henry Lawes.</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Sea voyage from Tenby to Bristol, begun Sept. 5, 1652, sent from</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bristol to Lucania Sept. 8, 1652.</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friendship's Mystery, To my dearest Lucania.</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Content, to my dearest Lucania.</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Dialogue of Absence 'twixt Lucania and Orlando. Set by Mr. Henry</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lawes.</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To my dearest Sister, Mrs. C., P., on her marriage.</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Mr. Henry Vaughan, Silvefill, on his Poems.</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A retired friendship, to Ardella.</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Mrs. Mary Gartes, when Philander courted her.</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Mr. J. S., the noble Creavender, upon a Composition of his which</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>he was not willing to own publicly.</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To the Excellent Mrs. Anne Owen, upon receiving the name of</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lucania, and adoption into our Society, December 28, 1651.</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To the truly noble Mrs. Anne Owen, on my first Approach.</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lucania.</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wiltow Vaults.</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friendship in Emblems, or the Seal, to my dearest Lucania.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In memory of F. P., who died at London May 24, 1650, at 82, and of</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>age 39.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In memory of that excellent person Mrs. Mary Lloyd of Bodrith in</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Denbighshire, who died Nov. 13, 1656, after she came thither from</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pembroke-shire.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To the truly competent judge of Honour, Lucania, upon a scandalous</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life made by J. J.</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Anthony, on a Paper which J. J. threatens to publish to pro-</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>vide him.</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rosania shadowed whom Mrs. Mary Arbrey.</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To the Queen of inconstancy, Repine Collier in Antwerp.</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To my excellent Lucania, on our friendship.</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rosania's private Marriage.</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The Table.

28 Invidia Amicitia.
29 To Regina Colliæ, on her cruelty to Philaster.
30 To Philaster, on his melancholy for Regina.
31 Philoelca's parting.
32 To Rosania, now Mrs. Montague, being with her.
33 To my Lucasia.
34 On contrivance in Religion.
35 To the hon. Lady E. C.
36 Parting with Lucasia, a Song.
37 Again a Requiem, by Dr. Coleman.
38 Prayer.
39 To Mrs. M. A., upon absent.
40 To Mrs. Mary Aveney.
41 In memory of Mr. Cartwright.
42 Mr. Francis Finch, the excellent Palæmon.
43 To Mrs. M. A. at parting.
44 To my dearest Antenora, on her parting.
45 Engraved on Mr. John Collier's Tomb-stone at Bellingham.
46 On the little Regina Colliæ, on the same Tomb-stone.
47 Friendship.
48 The Enquiry.
49 To my Lucasia, in defence of declared friendship.
50 A Reforsey.
51 A Country life.
52 To Mrs. Wogan, my honoured friend, on the death of her Husband.
53 In memory of the most justly honoured, Mrs. Owen of Orielton.
54 A Friend.
55 L'Accord du Bien.
56 Invitation to the Country.
57 In memory of Mrs. E. H.
58 On Rosania's Apology, and Lucasia's friendship.
59 To my Lady Eliz. Boyle, singing Now Affairs, &c.
60 Submission.
61 2 Cor. 5. 19. God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself.
62 The World.
63 The Soul.
64 Happiness.
65 Death.
66 To the Queen's Majesty, on her late sickness and Recovery.
67 Ode upon Retirement.
68 The Irish Greyfriars.
69 Song, to the tune of Somnomorous pas trop heureux.
70 A Dialogue between Lucasia & Rosania, imitating that of gentle Theridis.
71 Sent to the Tune of Adieu Phillips.
72 An Epitaph on my honoured Mother Mrs. Phillips of Portheyron in Cardigan-shire, who died Jan. 1. 1665.
73 Lucasia, Rosania, and Orinda passing at a Fountain July 1663.
74 A Farewell to Rosania.
75 To my Lady Anne Boyle, saying I looked eagerly upon her.
76 On the Welsh Language.
77 To the Countess of Thine, upon her marriage.
78 Epitaph on her Son H. P. at St. Syb's Church, which her body also lies interred.
79 On the death of my Lord Rich, only Son to the Earl of Warwick, who died of the small pox 1664.
80 The Virgin.
81 Upon
The Table.

91 Upon the growing of her name upon A Tree in Barns-Even Walks, 137
93 To my dear friend Mrs. A. Owen upon her great loss, 137
94 Orinda to Lucilia persing October 1661, at London, 139
95 On the first of January 1657, 141
96 To my Lady M. Cambridg, being the name of Politick, 143
98 Against Love.
98 A Dialoge of friendship multiplied, 143
98 Arabella to Lucilia on her Letters, 144
99 To my Antomor, March 16, 1663, 145
100 A Triton to Lucilia going to Sea, 146
101 Orinda upon little Helen Philips, 148
102 To the Lady E. Boyle, 149
103 To my Lord Duke of Ormond upon the late Plot, 150
104 To the Counsel of Reston with a Copy of Pompey, 151
105 On the death of the truly honournable Sir Walter Lloyd Knight, 152
106 Orinda in Lucilia, 153
107 To Celimene, 154
108 An Answer to another persuading a Lady to Marriage, 155
109 Lucilia and Orinda parting with Pashara and Phyllis at Ipswich, 156
110 Epistle from my truly honourned P. Scipio, 157
111 To Mr. Sam. Cooper being taken Lucilia's Picture given December 12, 1660, 158
112 Parting with a friend, 159
113 To my dear Friend upon her going to Grandover, 160
114 To Pashara being with her friend, 161
115 To my Lord and Lady Duxannon on their marriage, May 11, 1667, 163
116 To her Grace Gilbert Lord Arch-Bishop of Canterbury, July 10, 1664, 166
117 La Solitude de St. Amant, in French and English, 170
118 Tendre descre, out of French Prose, 184
119 Amanti ch' in pianti, &c, 185
120 A Pastoral of Mont. de Scudery's in the first Volume of Almande, Englished, ibid.
121 Tranlusion of Thomas Kempis into Verse, out of Mont. Corneille, 156
122 Pompey a Tragedy, 158
125 Horace a Tragedy, Translated from Monsieur Corneille.

IMPRIMATUR.


POEMS.
POEMS.

Upon the double Murder of K. CHARLES I.
in Answer to a Libelious Copy of Rhymes by
Vavalar Powell.

I
Think not on the State, nor am concern'd
Which way soever the great Helm is turn'd:
But as that son whose father's danger nigh
Did force his native dumbness, and untie
The fetter'd organs; 'tis this is a cause
That will excuse the breach of Nature's laws.
Silence were now a sin, nay Passion now.
Wife men themselves for Merit would allow.
What noble eye could see (and careless pass?)
The dying Lion kick'd by every Ais?
Has Charles so broke God's Laws, he must not have
A quiet Crown, nor yet a quiet Grave?
Tombs have been Sanctuaries; Thieves lie there,
Secure from all their penalty and fear.
Great Charles his double misery was this,
Unfaithful Friends, ignoble Enemies.
Had any Heathen been this Prince's foe,
He would have wept to see him injur'd so.
His Title was his Crime, they'd reason good
To quarrel at the Flight they had withhold.
He broke God's Laws, and therefore he must die.
And what shall then become of thee and I?
Slander must follow Treason; but yet stay,
Take not our Reason with our King away.
Though you have seiz'd upon all our defence,
Yet do not sequester our common Sense.
POEMS.

Christ will be King, but we're under flood
His Subjects built his Kingdom up with blood,
Except their own; or that he would dispense
With his commands, though for his own defence.
Oh! to what height of horror are they come
Who dare pull down a Crown, tear up a Tomb?

On the numerous Access of the English to wait upon the
King in Flanders.

Hasten, Great Prince, unto thy British Isles,
Or all thy Subjects will become Exiles.
To thee they flock, thy Presence is their home,
As Pompey's Camp, where ere it mov'd, was Rome.
They that affrighted thy Jutish Caufc go hence
To testify their joy and reverence;
And those that did not, now, by wonder taught,
Go to confess and expiate their fault.
So that if thou dost stay, thy gasping Land
It self will empty on the Belgick land:
Where the affrighted Dutchman does profess
He thinks it an Invasion, not Address.
As we unmonarch'd were for want of thee,
So till thou come we shall unpeopled be.
None but the close Fanatick will remain,
Who by our Loyalty his ends will gain:
And he th' exhausted Land will quickly find
As desolate a place as he design'd.
For England (though grown old with woes) will see
Her long deny'd and Sovereign Remedy.
So when old Jacob could but credit give
That his prodigious Joseph still did live;
(Joseph that was preserved to restore
Their lives that would have taken his before)
It is enough (laid he) to Egypt I
Will go, and see him once before I die.

Arion
Arion on a Dolphin, To his Majesty at his passage into England.

When does this stately Navy bring?
Oh! 'tis Great Britain's Glorious King,
Convey him then, ye Winds and Seas,
Swift as Desire and calm as Peace.
In your Respect let him survey
What all his other Subjects pay;
And prophesy to them again
The splendid smoothness of his Reign.
Charles and his mighty hopes you bear:
A greater now than Caesar's here;
Whose Veins a richer Purple boast
Than ever Hero's yet engross'd;
Sprung from a Father so august,
He triumphs in his very dust.
In him two Miracles we view,
His Virtue and his Safety too.
For when compell'd by Traitors crimes
To breathe and how in foreign Climes,
Expos'd to all the rigid fate
That does on wither'd Greatness wait,
Plots against Life and Conscience laid,
By Foes pursu'd, by Friends betray'd;
Then Heaven, his secret potent friend,
Did him from Drugs and Stabs defend;
And, what's more yet, kept him upright
'Midst flattering Hope and bloody Fight.
Cromwell his whole Right never gain'd,
Defender of the Faith remain'd,
For which his Predecessors fought.
And writ, but none so dearly bought:
Never was Prince so much besieg'd,
At home provok'd, abroad obliged.
Nor ever Man resist'd thus,
No not great Atban's sins.
No help of Friends could, or Foes spight,
To fierce Invasion him invite.
Revenge to him no pleasure is,
He spair'd their blood who gap'd for his;
Blist'rd any hands the English Crown
Should fasten on him but their own.
As Peace and Freedom with him went,
With him they came from Banishment.
That he might his Dominions win,
He with himself did first begin:
And, that best victory obtain'd,
His Kingdom quickly he regain'd.
Th' illustrious sult' rings of this Prince
Did all reduce, and all convince.
He only liv'd with such success,
That the whole world would fight with less,
Assi' Stant Kings could not subdue
Those Foes which he can pardon too.
He thinks no Slaughter-troph'ies good,
Nor Laurels dipt in Subjects blood;
But with a sweet resistles' art
Disarm the hand, and wins the heart;
And like a God doth rescue those
Who did themselves and him oppose.

Go, wondrous Prince, adorn that Throne
Which Birth and Merit make your own;
And in your Mercy brighter shine
Than in the Glories of your Line:
Find Love at home, and abroad Fear,
And Veneration every where.
Th' united world will you allow
Their Chief, to whom the English bow:
And Monarchs shall to yours resort,
As Sheba's Queen to Judah's Court;
Returning thence constrained more

To
POEMS.

To wonder, envy, and adore.
Discovered Rome will hate your Crown,
But she shall tremble at your Crown.
For England shall (ru'd and restor'd by You)
The suppliant world prote&; or else subdue.

On the Fair Weather just at the Coronation, it having rained immediately before and after.

So dear a season, and so snatch'd from storms,
Shews Heav'n delights to see what Man performs.
Well knew the Sun, if such a day were dim,
It would have been an injury to him:
For then a Cloud had from his eye conceal'd
The noblest sight that ever he beheld.
He therefore check'd th' invading Rains we fear'd,
And in a bright Parenthes's appear'd.
So that we knew not which look'd most content,
The King, the People, or the Firmament.
But the Solemnity once fully past,
The storm return'd with an impetuous shaft.
And Heav'n and Earth each other to out-do,
Vied both in Cannons and in Fire-works too.
So Israel past through the divided flood,
While in obedient heaps the Ocean flood:
But the same Sea (the Hebrews once on shore)
Return'd in torrents where it was before.

To the Queen's Majesty on her Arrival at Portsmouth,
May 14. 1662.

Now that the Seas & Winds so kind are grown,
For our advantage to resign their own;
Now you have quitted the triumphant Fleet,
And suffered English ground to kiss your Feet,
Whilst your glad Subjects with impatience throng.

G To
POEMS.

To see a Blessing they have begg'd so long;
Whilst Nature (who's complement to you
Kept back till now her wealth and beauty too)
Hath, to attend the lustre your eyes bring,
Sent forth her lov'd Embassador the Spring;
Whilst in your praise Fame's echo doth conspire
With the soft touches of the sacred Lyre;
Let an oblerger Made upon her knees
Present you with such Offerings as these,
And you as a Divinity adore,
That so your mercy may appear the more;
Who, though of those you shou'd the best receive,
Can such imperfect ones as these forgive.

Hail Royal Beauty, Virgin bright and great,
Who do our hopes secure, our joys compleat.
We cannot reckon what to you we owe,
Who make Him happy who makes us be so.
But Heav'n for us the desperate debt hath paid,
Who such a Monarch hath your Trophee made.
A Prince whose Vertue did alone subdue
Armies of Men, and of Offences too.
So good, that from him all our blessings now,
Yet is a greater than he can bestow.
So great, that he dispenses life and death,
And Europe's fate depends upon his breath.
(For Fortune in amends now courts him more
Than ever she affronted him before:
As Lovers that of Jealousie repent
Grow troublesome in kind acknowledgment.)
Who greater courage shew'd in wooing you,
Than other Princes in their battels do.
Never was Spain so generously def'd;
Where they design'd a Prey, he courts a Bride.
Hence they may guess what will his Anger prove,
When he appear'd so brave in making Love;
And be more wise than to provoke his Arms,
Who can submit to nothing but your Chatins.

And
POEMS.

And till they give him leisure to subdue,
His Enemies must owe their peace to you.
Whilst he and you mixing illustrious Rays,
As much above our wishes as our praise,
Such Hero's shall produce, as even they
Without regret or blushes shall obey.

To the Queen-mother's Majesty, Jan. 1. 1665.

You justly may forsake a Land which you
Have found so guilty and so fatal too.
Fortune, injurious to your Innocence,
Shot all her poison'd arrows here, or hence.
’Twas here bold Rebels once your Life pursu'd
(To whom ‘twas Treason only to be rude.)
Till you were forc'd by their unweari'd sight
(O glorious Criminal!) to take your flight.
Whence after you all that was Humane fled;
For here, oh! here the Royal Martyr bled,
Whose cause and heart must be divine and high,
That having you could be content to die.
Here they purloin’d what we to you did owe,
And paid you in variety of woe.
Yet all those billows in your breast did meet
A heart so firm, so loyal, and so sweet,
That over them you greater conquest made
Than your Immortal Father ever had.
For we may read in story of some few
That fought like him, none that indu’d like you:
Till Sorrow blusht’d to act what Traitors meant
And Providence it self did first repent.
But as our Active, so our Passive, ill
Hath made your share to be the sufferer’s still.
As from our Mischief all your troubles grew,
’Tis your sad right to suffer for them too.
Else our Great Charles had not been hence so long,
Nor
POEMS.

Nor the Illustrious Glourfer dy'd so young;  
Nor had we lost a Prince's all contest  
To be the greatest, wilest, and the best;  
Who leaving colder parts, but left unkind,  
(For it was here the fret, and there the shin'd,)  
Did to a most ungrateful Climate come  
To make a Visit, and to find a Tomb.  
So that we should as much your smile despair,  
As of your stay in this unpurg'd air;  
But that your Mercy doth exceed our Crimes  
As much as your Example former times,  
And will forgive our Off' rings, though the Flame  
Does tremble still betwixt regret and shame.  
For we have justly suffered more than you  
By the sad guilt of all your sufferings too.  
As you the great Idea have been seen  
Of either fortune, and in both a Queen,  
Live still triumphant by the noblest wars,  
And justifie your reconciled Stars.  
See your Offenders for your mercy bow,  
And your try'd Virtue all Mankind allow;  
While you to such a Race have given birth,  
As are concended for by Heaven and Earth.

Upon the Princess Res and her Return into  
ENGLAND.

Welcome sure Pledge of reconciled Powers;  
If Kingdoms have Good Angel's, you are ours:  
For th' ill ones check'd by your bright influence,  
Could never strike till you were hurstied hence.  
But then, as Streams with Flood more rapid grow,  
War and Confusion soon did overflow:  
Such and so many sorrows did succeed,  
As it would be a new one now to read.  
But whilst your Lustre was to us deny'd,  
You scatter'd blessings every where beside.  
Nature
POEMS.

Nature and Fortune have so curious been,
To give you Worth, and Scene to shew it in,
But we do most admire that gen’rous Care
Which did your glorious Brother’s sufferings share;
So that he thought them in your Presence none,
And yet your sufferings did increase his own.
O wondrous Prodigy! O Race Divine!
Who owe more to your Actions than your Line.
Your Lives exalt your Father’s deathless Name,
The blush of England, and the boast of Fame,

Pardon, Great Madam, this unfit Address,
Which does profane the Glory twould confess.
Our Crimes have banish’d us from you, and we
Were more remov’d by them than by the Sea.
Nor is it known whether we wrong’d you more
When we rebell’d, or now we do adore.
But what Guilt found, Devotion cannot miss,
And you who pardon’d that, will pardon this.
Your blest Return tells us our slumbers are cease’d,
Our faults forgiven, and our scars appeas’d.
Your Mercy, which no Malice could destroy,
Shall first beseech, and then instruct, our Joy.
For bounteous Heav’n hath in your Highness sent
Our great Example, Bliss, and Ornament.

On the Death of the Illustrious D.U.K.E.
of GLOUCESTER.

Great Gloster’s dead, and yet in this we must
Confess that angry Heaven is wise and just.
We have so long and yet so ill endur’d
The woes which our offences had procur’d,
That this new stroke would all our strength destroy,
Had we not known an interval of Joy.
And yet perhaps this stroke had been excus’d,
If we this interval had not abus’d.

D But
POEMS.

But our Ingratitude and Discontent
Deliev’d to know our mercies were but lent:
And those complaints Heaven in this rigid fate
Does first chastise, and then legitimate.
By this it our Divisions does reprove;
And makes us join in grief, if not in love.
For (Glorious Youth) all Parties do agree,
As in admiring, so lamenting thee;
The Sovereign’s, Subject’s, Forcimer’s delight;
Thou wert the universal Favourite.
Not Rome’s belov’d and brave Marcellus fell
So much a Darling or a Miracle.
Though built of richest blood and finest earth,
Thou hadst a heart more noble than thy birth:
Which by th’ afflicting changes thou didst know,
Thou hadst but too much cause and time to show.
For when Fate did thy Infancy expose
To the moat barbarous and stupid Foes;
Yet thou dost then so much express the Prince,
As did even them amaze, if not convince.
Nay, that loose Tyrant whom no bound confin’d,
Whom neither laws, nor oaths, nor shame could bind,
Although his Soul was all his Look more grim,
Yet thy brave Innocence half soften’d him.
And he that Worth wherein thy Soul was dress’d
By his ill-favour’d clemency confess’d;
Lestening the ill which he could not repent,
He call’d that Travel which was Banishment.
Escap’d from him, thy Trials were encreas’d;
The scene was chang’d, but not the danger cease’d.
Thou from rough Guardians to Seducers gone,
Those made thy Temper, those thy Judgin’ known;
Whilst thou the noblest Champion went for Truth,
Whether we view thy Courage or thy Youth.
If to foil Nature and Ambition claims,
Greater reward than to encounter Flames,
All that shall know the Story must allow
A Martyr’s Crown prepared for thy brow.

But
POEMS

But yet thou wert suspend from thy Throne,
Till thy Great Brother had regain'd his own:
Who though the bravest Suffer, yet even He
Could not at once have misl his Crown and Thee.
But as Commission'd Angels make no stay,
But having done their errand go their way:
So thy part done, not thy restored State,
The fierce splendour which did for thee wait,
Nor that thy Prince and Country must mourn for
Such a Support, and such a Counsellor,
Could longer keep thee from that bliss, whence thou
Look'd down with pity on Earth's Monarchs now;
Where thy capacious Soul may quench her thirst,
And younger Brothers may inherit first.
While on our King Heav'n does this care express,
To make his Comforts safe he makes them less.
For this successful Heathens use to say,
It is too much, (great Gods) send some allay.

To Her Royal Highness the Dutchess of York, on her commanding me to send her somethings that I had written.

TO you whole Dignity strikes us with awe,
And whose far greater Judgment gives us law,
(Your Mind bring more transcendent than your State,
For while but Knees to this, Hearts bow to that;)
These humble Papers never durst come near,
Had not your powerful Word bid them appear;
In which such majesty, such sweetness dwells,
As in one ad obliges, and compels.
None can dispute commands vouchsaf'd by you.
What shall my fears then and confusion do?
They must resign, and by their just pretence
Some value set on my obedience.
For in religious Duties 'tis confest,
The most Implicit are accepted best.
If on that score your Highness will excuse
This blushing tribute of an artless Muse,
She may (encourag'd by your least regard,
Which first can worth create, and then reward)
At modest distance with improved strains
That Mercy celebrate which now she gains.
But should you that severer justice use,
Which these too prompt Approaches may produce,
As the swift Hind which hath escaped long,
Believes a Vulgar shot would be a wrong;
But wounded by a Prince falls without shame,
And what in life she loses, gains in fame:
So if a Ray from you chance to be sent,
Which to consume, and not to warm, is meant;
My trembling tribute at least more nobly dies,
And falls by that a truer sacrifice.

On the Death of the Queen of Bohemia.

Although the most do with officious heat
Only adore the Living and the Great;
Yet this Queen's Merits Fame so far hath spread,
That her rules still, though dispossess'd and dead,
For losing one, two other Crowns remain'd;
Over all hearts and her own griefs she reign'd.
Two Thrones so splendid, as to none are les's
But to that third which she does now possess.
Her Heart and Birth Fortune so well did know,
That seeking her own fame in such a Foe,
She drest the spacious Theatre for the fight,
And the admiring World call'd to the fight:
An Army then of mighty Sorrows brought,
Who all against this single Virtue fought;
And sometimes stratagems, and sometimes blows
To her Heroick Soul they did oppose:
But at her feet their vain attempts did fall,
And she discover'd and subdued them all.
Till Fortune weary of her malice grew,
Became her Captive and her Trophée too:
And by too late a Tribute begg'd t' have been
Admitted subject to so brave a Queen.
But as some Hero who a field hath won,
Viewing the things he had so greatly done;
When by his spirit's flight he finds that he
With his own Life must buy his Victory,
He makes the slaughter'd heap that next him lies
His Funerall Pile, and then in triumph dies:
So fell this Royal Dame, with conquering spent,
And left to every breast her monument;
Wherein so high an Epitaph is writ,
As I must never dare to copy it.
But that bright Angel which did on her wait,
In fifty years contention with her fate,
And in that office did with wonder see
How great her troubles, how much greater she;
How she maintain'd her best Prerogative,
In keeping still the power to Forgive:
How high she did in her Devotion go,
And how her Condescension stoop'd as low;
With how much Glory she had ever been
A Daughter, Sister, Mother, Wife, and Queen;
Will sure employ some deathless Muse to tell
Our children this instructive Miracle,
Who may her fad Illustrious Life recite,
And after all her Wrongs may do her right.

On the 3. of September, 1651.

As when the glories Magazine of Light
Approaches to his Canopy of Night,
He with new splendour clothes his dying Rays,
And double brightness to his Beams conveys;
And (as to brave and check his ending fate)
Puts on his highest looks in's lowest state,
POEMS.

Draft in such terror as to make us all
Be Anti-Persians, and adore his fall;
Then quits the world depriving it of Day,
While every Herb and Plant does droop away:
So when our gasping English Royalty
Perceiv'd her period was now drawing nigh,
She summons her whole strength to give one blow,
To raise her self, or pull down others too.
Big with revenge and hope she now spake more
Of terror than in many months before;
And musters her attendants, or to save
Her from, or else attend her to, the Grave;
Yet but enjoy'd the miserable fate
Of leaving Majesty, to die in State.
Unhappy Kings, who cannot keep a throne,
Nor be so fortunate to fall alone.
Their weight sinks others: Pompey could not fly,
But half the world must bear him company;
And captiv'd Sampson could not life conclude,
Unless attend'd with a multitude.
Who's trust to greatness now, whose food is air,
Whose ruin sudden, and whose end despair?
Who would presume upon his glorious birth,
Or quarrel for a spacious share of earth,
That sees such diadems become so cheap,
And Heros tumble in a common heap?
Oh give me Virtue then, which sums up all,
And firmly stands when crowns and scepters fall.

To the noble Palamon, on his incomparable discourse
of Friendship.

We had been still undone, wrap't indigilse,
Secure, not happy; cunning, and not wise;
War had been our delight, interest our trade;
We had not dwelt in safety, but in trade;

Hadst
POEMS

Had'st thou not hung out/ Light more welcome far/ Than wand'ring Sea-men think the Northern-star;/ To shew, left we our happiness should miss,/ 'Tis plac'd in Friendship; Mens and Angels bliss./ Friendship, which had a scorn or mask been made,/ And still had been derided or betray'd;/ At which the great Physician still had laugh'd,/ The Souldier scorn'd, and the Gallant scoff'd;/ Or worn not as a Passion; but a Plet,/ At first pretend'd, and at last forgot;/ Had'st thou not been her great Deliverer;/ At first discover'd, and then rescu'd her,/ And raising what rude Malice had flung down,/ Unveil'd her Face, and then restor'd her Crown;/ By so a gust an action to convince;/ 'Tis greater to support than be a Prince./ Oh for a Voice which loud as Thunder were,/ That all Mankind thy conqu'ring truths might hear;/ Sure the Litigious as amazed would stand,/ As Fairy Knights touch'd with Cambina's Wand,/ Drawn by thy softer, and yet stronger Charms,/ Nations and Armies would lay down their Arms,/ And what more honour can on thee be hurl'd,/ Than to protect a Virtue, save a world?/ But while great Friendship thou hast copied out,/ Thou'lt drawn thy self so well, that we may doubt;/ Which most appears, thy Candour or thy Art,/ Whether we owe more to thy Brain or Heart./ But this we know without thine own consent,/ Thou'lt rais'd thy self a glorious Monument;/ Temples and Statues Time will eat away,/ And Tombs (like their Inhabitants) decay;/ But there Palamon lives, and so he must/ When Marbles crumble to forgotten dust.
To the Right Honourable Alice Countess of Carbury,
at her coming into Wales.

As when the first day dawn'd Man's greedy Eye
Was apt to dwell on the bright Prodigy,
Till he might careless of his Organ grow,
And let his wonder prove his danger too:
So when our Country (which was deem'd to be
Cloze-mourner in its own obscurity,
And in neglected Chaos so long lay)
Was reflect'd by your beams into a Day,
Like men into a sudden lustre brought,
We justly fear'd to gaze more than we ought.

2.

From hence it is you lose most of your right,
Since none can pay't, nor durst do't if they might.
Perfection's misery 'tis that Art and Wit,
While they would honour, do but injure it.
But as the Deity spirits our Expence,
And loves Devotion more than Eloquence:
So 'tis our Confidence you are Divine,
Makes us at distance thus approach your Shrine.
And thus secure'd, to you who need no art,
I that speak least my wit may speak my heart.

3.

Then much above all zealous injury,
Receive this tribute of our shades from me,
While your great Splendours, like eternal Springs,
To these sad Groves such a refreshment bring,
That the despis'd Country may be grown,
And justly too, the Envy of the Town.
That so when all Mankind at length have lost

The
The Vertuous Grandeur which they once did boast,
Of you like Pilgrims they may here obtain
Worth to recruit the dying world again.

To Sir Edward Deering (the noble Silvander) on
his Dream and Navy, personating Orinda's pre-
ferring Rosania before Solomon's Traffick to
Ophir.

Then am I happier than is the King;
My Merchandise does no such danger bring:
The Fleet I traffick with fears no such harms,
Sails in my sight, and anchors in my arms.
Each new and unperceived grace
Discovered in that mind and face,
Each motion, smile and look from thee
Brings pearls and Ophir-gold to me.

Thus for Sir Edw. Deering.

SIR, To be noble; when 'twas voted down,
To dare be good, though a whole Age should frown;
To live within, and from that even rate
See all the under-world floop to its fate;
To give the Law of Honour, and dispence
All that is handsome, great and worthy thence;
Are things at once your practise and your end,
And which I dare admire, but not commend.
But since 't oblige the world is your delight,
You must descend within our reach and sight:
For to Divinity must take disguise,
Left Mortals perish with the bright surprise.
And thus your Muse (which can enough reward
All actions the vouchsafes but to regard,
And Honours gives, than Kings more permanent,
Above the reach of Aes of Parliament)
May suffer an acknowledgment from me,
For having thence receiv'd Eternity.
My thoughts with such advantage you express,
I hardly know them in this charming dress.
And had I more unkindness from my friend
Than my demerits e'er could apprehend,
Were the Fleet courted with this gale of wind,
I might be sure a rich return to find.
So when the Shepherd of his Nymph complain'd,
Apollo in his shape his Mistress gain'd:
She might have scorn'd the Swain, & found excuse;
But could not his great Orator refuse.
But for Rosania's Interest I should fear
It would be hard to obtain your pardon here.
But your first Goodness will, I know, allow
That what was Bounty then, is Mercy now.
Forgiveness is the noblest Charity,
And nothing can worthy your favour be.
For you (God-like) are so much your own fate,
That what you will accept you must create.

To Mr. Henry Lawes.

Nature, which is the vast Creation's Soul,
That stilly curious Agent in the whole,
The Art of Heaven, the Order of this Frame,
Is only Number in another name.
For as some King conqu'ring what was his own,
Each choice of several Titles to his Crown;
So harmony on this scone now, that then,
Yet still is all that takes and governs Men.
Beauty is but Compofure, and we find
Content is but the Concord of the Mind,
Friendship the Union of well-tun'd Hearts,
Honour the Chorus of the noblest parts,
And all the World on which we can reflect
Music to th' Ear, or to the Intellig.
If then each man a Little World must be,
How many Worlds are copied out in thee,
Who art so richly formed, so compleat.

T'epi-
POEMS.

T'epitomise all that is Good and Great;
Whose Stars this brave advantage did impart
Thy Nature's as harmonious as thy Art?
Thon doft above the Poets praises live,
Who fetch from thee the Eternity they give.
And as true Reason triumphs over sense,
Yet is subjected to intelligence:
So Poets on the lower World look down,
But Laws on them; his Height is all his own.
For, like Divinity it self, his Lyre
Rewards the Wit it did at first inspire.
And thus by double right Poets allow
His and their Laurel should adorn his brow.
Live then, great Soul of Nature, to asswage
The savage dulness of this fullen Age.
Charm us to Sense; for though Experience fail
And Reason top, thy Numbers may prevail.
Then, like those Ancients, strike, and so command
All Nature to obey thy gen'rous hand.
None will resist but such who needs will be
More stupid than a Stone, a Fish, a Tree.
Be it thy care our Age to nor create:
What built a World may foul repair a State.

A Sea-voyage from Tenby to Bristol, begun Sept. 5.
1652. sent from Bristol to Lucasia Sept. 8. 1652.

Hoist up the Sail, cry'd they who understand
No word that carries kindness for the Land:
Such sons of clamour, that I wonder not
They love the Sea, whom sure some Storm begot.
Had he who doubted Motion these men seen,
Or heard their tongues, he had convinced been.
For had our Bark mov'd half as fast as they,
We had not need cast Anchor by the way.
One of the rest pretending to more wit,
Some small Italian spoke, but murth'rd it;

For
POEMS.

For I (thanks to Sabura's Letters) knew
How to distinguish 'twixt the false and true.
But 'tis not possible these as mad a thing would be
As 'tis to contradict a Presbytery.
'Tis Spanish though, (quoth) as en what you please:
For him that spoke it 'twill be Bread and Cheese.
So softly moves the bark which none controls,
As are the meetings of agreeing Souls:
And the Moon-beams did on the water play,
As if at Midnight 'twould create a Day.
The amorous Wave that har'd in such dispose
Express'd at once delight and reverence.
Such trepidation we in Lovers spy,
Under the oppression of a Mistress's eye.
But then the Wind so high did rise and roar,
Some vow'd they'd never trust the traitor more.
Behold the fate that all our Glories sweep,
Writ in the dangerous wonders of the Deep:
And yet behold Man's ease, folly more,
How soon we curse what erst we did adore.
Sure he that first himself did thus convey,
Had some strong passion that he would obey.
The bark wrought hard, but found it was in vain
To make its party good against the main,
Toils'd and retreated, till at last we see
She must be fast if ere she should be free.
We gravely anchor cast, and patiently
Lie prisoners to the weather's cruelty.
We had nor Wind nor Tyde, nor ought but Grief,
Till a kind Spring-tide was our first relief.
Then we float merrily, forgetting quite
The sad confinement of the stormy night.
E'er we had lost these thoughts, we ran aground,
And then how vain to be secure we found.
Now they were all surpriz'd. Well, if we must,
Yet none shall say that dust is gone to dust.
But we are off now, and the civil Tide
Assisted us the Tempests to out-ride.

But
POEMS.

But what most pleas’d my mind upon the way,
Was the Ships posture that in Harbour lay:
Which to a rocky Grove so close were fix’d,
That the Trees branches with the Tackling mix’d.
One would have thought it was, as then it stood,
A growing Navy, or a floating Wood.
But I have done at last, and do confess
My Voyage taught me so much tediousness.
In short, the Heav’n must needs propitious be,
Because Lucia was concern’d in me.

Friendship’s Mystery, To my dearest Lucia.

Come, my Lucia, since we see
That Miracles Mens faith do move,
By wonder and by prodigy
To the dull angry world let’s prove
There’s a Religion in our Love.

2.

For though we were design’d t’agree,
That Fate no liberty destroyes,
But our Election is as free
As Angels, who with greedy choice
Are yet determin’d to their joyes.

3.

Our hearts are doubled by the loss,
Here Mixture is Addition grown;
We both diffuse, and both ingross:
And we whose minds are so much one,
Never, yet ever are alone.

G

We
POEMS.

4.

We court our own Captivity
Than Thrones more great and innocent:
'Twere banishment to be set free,
Since we wear fetters whose intent
Not Bondage is, but Ornament.

5.

Divided joys are tedious found,
And griefs united easier grow:
We are our selves but by rebound,
And all our Titles shuffled so,
Both Princes, and both Subjects too.

6.

Our Hearts are mutual Victims laid,
While they (such power in Friendship lies)
Are Altars, Priests, and Off'ring made:
And each Heart which thus kindly dies,
Grows deathless by the Sacrifice.

---

Content, To my dearest Lucasta.

Content, the false World's best disguise,
The search and faction of the Wise,
Is so abstruse and hid in night,
That, like that Fairy Red-cross Knight,
Who treacherous Faithful for clear Truth had got,
Men think they have it when they have it not.

7.

For Courts Content would gladly own,
But she ne'er dwelt about a Throne:

And
POEMS.

And to be flatter'd, rich, and great,
Are things which do Mens envious cheat.
But grave Experience long since this did see,
Ambition and Content would ne'er agree.

3

Some vainer would Content expect
From what their bright Out-sides reflect;
But sure Content is more Divine
Than to be digg'd from Rock or Mine:
And they that know her beauties will confess,
She needs no lustre from a glittering dres.

4

In Mirth some place her, but she scorns
Th' assistance of such crackling thorns,
Nor owes her self to such thin sport,
That is so sharp and yet so short:
And Painters tell us they the same strokes place,
To make a laughing and a weeping face.

5

Others there are that place Content
In Liberty from Government.
But whomso're Passions deprave,
Though free from shackles, he's a slave.
Content and Bondage differ only then,
When we are chain'd by Vices, not by Men.

6

Some think the Camp Content does know,
And that she fits o' th' Victor's brow:
But in his Laurel there is seen
Often a Cypress-bow between.

Nor
POEMS.

Nor will Content her self in that place give,
Where Noise and Tumult and Destruction live.

7.

But yet the most Discreet believe,
The Schools this Jewel do receive,
And thus far's true without dispute,
Knowledge is still the sweetest fruit.
But whilst men seek for Truth they lose their Peace;
And who heaps Knowledge, Sorrow doth increase.

8.

But now some sullen Hermit smiles,
And thinks he all the World beguiles,
And that his Cell and Dish contain
What all mankind wish for in vain.
But yet his pleasure's follow'd with a Groan,
For man was never born to be alone.

9.

Content her self best comprehends
Betwixt two souls, and they two friends,
Whose either joys in both are fix'd,
And multiply'd by being mix'd:
Whose minds and interests are so the same;
Their Griefs, when once imparted, lose that name.

10.

These far remov'd from all bold noise,
And (what is worse) all hollow joyes,
Who never had a mean design,
Whose flame is serious and divine,
And calm, and even, must contented be,
For they've both Union and Society.

Then
POEMS.

Then, my Lucia, we who have
Whatever Love can give or crave;
Who can with pitying scorn survey
The Trifles which the most betray;
With innocence and perfect friendship stir'd.
By Vertue joyn'd, and by our Choice retir'd.

Who so Mirrors are the crystal Brookes,
Or else each others Hearts and Looks;
Who cannot wish for other things
Then Privacy and Friendship brings:
Whole thoughts and persons chang'd and mixt are
Enjoy Content, or else the World hath none.

A Dialogue of Absence 'twixt Lucia and Orinda.
Set by Mr. Hen. Lawes.

Luc. Say, my Orinda, why so sad?
Orin. Absence from thee doth tear my heart;
Which, since with thine it union had,
Each parting splits. Luc. And can we part?
Orin. Our Bodies must. Luc. But never we:
Our Souls, without the help of Sense,
By ways more noble and more free
Can meet, and hold intelligence.
Orin. And yet those Souls, when first they met,
Lookt out at windows through the Eyes.
Luc. But soon did such acquaintance get,
Not Fate nor Time can them surprize.
Orin. Absence will rob us of that bliss
To which this Friendship title brings:
Love's fruits and joys are made by this
Useless as Crowns to captiv'd Kings.
Luc. Friendship's a Science, and we know
There Contemplation's most employ'd.

Orin.
POEMS

Orie. Religion's fo, but practick too,
    And both by niceties destroy'd
Luc. But who we're parts can never meet,
    And so that happiness were lost.
Orie. Thus Pain and Death are sadly sweet,
    Since Health and Heaven such price must cost.

Chorus.

But we shall come where no rude hand shall sever,
And there we'll meet and part no more for ever.

To my dear Sister Mrs. C. P. on her Marriage.

We will not like those men our offerings pay
Who crown the cup, then think they crown
We make no garlands, nor an altar build, (the day
Which help not Joy, but Oesentation yield.
Where mirth is justly grounded these wild toys
Are but a troublesome, and empty noise.

2.

But these shall be my great Solemnities,
Orianda's wishes for Cassandra's bliss.
May her Content be as unmix'd and pure
As my Affection, and like that endure;
And that strong Happiness may she still find
Not owing to her Fortune, but her Mind.

3.

May her Content and Duty be the same,
And may she know no Grief but in the name.
May his and her Pleasure and Love be so
Involv'd and growing, that we may not know
Who most Affection or most Peace engross;
Whose Love is strongest, or whose Bliss is most.

May
POEMS

May nothing accidental e'er appear
But what shall with new bonds their Souls endear;
And may they count the hours as they pass,
By their own Joys, and not by Sun or Glass:
While every day like this may sacred prove
To Friendship, Gratitude, and strictest Love.

To Mr. Henry Vaughan, Silurist, on his Poems.

Had I ador'd the multitude, and thence
Got an antipathy to Wit and Sense,
And hugg'd that fate in hope the World would grant
'Twas good affection to be ignorant;
Yet the least Ray of thy bright fancy seen,
I had converted, or excuseless been;
For each Birth of thy Muse in after-times
Shall expiate for all this Age's crimes.
First shines thy Amoret, twice crown'd by thee,
Once by thy Love, next by thy Poetry:
Where thou the best of Unions dost dispense,
Truth cloth'd in Wit, and Love in Innocence.
So that the muddiest Lovers may learn here,
No Fountains can be sweet that are not clear.
There Juvenal reviv'd by thee declares
How flat man's Joys are, and how mean his Cares;
And generously upbraids the World that they Should such a value for their Ruine pay.
But when thy sacred Muse diverts her Quill,
The Landskip to design of Loos's hill;
As nothing else was worthy her or thee,
So we admire almost' Idolatry.
What Savage breast would not be rap'd to find
Such Jewels in such Cabinets emshrin'd?
Thou (fill'd with Joys too great to see or count)  
Descendst
POEMS.

Descend'd from thence like Moses from the Mount,
And with a candid, yet unquesti9oned aw,
Restor'd the Golden Age when Verse was Law.
Instructing us thou so secur'd thy fame,
That nothing can disturb it but my name;
Nay I have hopes that standing so near thine
'Twill lose its dross, and by degrees refine.
Live till the disbur'd World consent,
All Truths of Life, or Strength, or Ornament,
Are with such Harmony by thee display'd
As the whole World was first by Number made;
And from the charming rigour thy Muse brings,
Learn, there's no pleasure but in serious things.

A retir'd Friendship, To Ardella.

Come, my Ardella, to this Bower,
Where kindly mingling Souls awhile
Let's innocently spend an hour,
And at all serious follies smile.

2.

Here is no quarrelling for Crowns,
Nor fear of changes in our Fate;
No trembling at the great ones frowns,
Nor any slavery of State.

3.

Here's no disguise nor treachery,
Nor any deep conceal'd design;
From Bloud and Plots this Place is free,
And calm as are those looks of thine.

4.

Here let us sit and bless our Stars,
Who did such happy quiet give,
POEMS.

As that remov'd from noice of Wars
In one anothers hearts we live.

5.

Why should we entertain a fear?
Love cares not how the World is turn'd
If crowds of dangers should appear,
Yet Friendship can be unconcern'd.

6.

We wear about us such a charm,
No horror can be our offence;
For mischief's self can do no harm
To Friendship or to Innocence.

7.

Let's mark how soon Apollo's beams
Command the flocks to quit their meat,
And not entreat the neighbouring streams
To quench their thirst, but cool their heat.

8.

In such a scorching Age as this
Who would not ever seek a shade,
Deserve their Happy'ness to miss,
As having their own peace betray'd.

9.

But we (of one anothers mind
Allur'd) the boisterous World disdain;
With quiet Souls and unconfin'd
Enjoy what Princes with in vain.
To Mrs. Mary Carne, when Philaster coursed her.

As some great Conqueror who knows no bounds,
But hunting Honour in a thousand wounds,
Pursues his rage, and thinks that Triumph cheap
That's but attended with the common heap,
Till his more happy fortune doth afford
Some Royal Captive that deserv'd his sword,
And only now is of his Laurel proud,
Thinking his dangerous valour well belov'd;
But then retreats, and spending hate no more,
Thinks Mercy now what Courage was before:
As Cowardice in sight, so equally
He doth abhor a bloody Victory;
So, Madam, though your Beauty were allow'd
To be severe unto the yielding Crowd,
That were subdued e're you an Object knew
Worthy your Conquest and your Mercy too;
Yet now 'tis gain'd, your Victory's compleat.
Only your Clemency should be as great.
None will dispute the power of your Eyes,
That understands Philaster is their prize.
Hope not your Glory can have new access,
For all your future Trophees will grow less:
And with that Homage be you satisfi'd
From him that conquers all the World beside.
Nor let your Rigour now the Triumph blot,
And lose the honour which your Beauty got.
Be just and kind unto your Peace and Fame,
In being so to him, for they're the same:
And live and die at once, if you would be
Nobly transmitted to Posterity.
Take heed left in the Story they pursue
A murther which no language can excuse:
But wisely spare the trouble of one frown;
Give him his happiness, and know your own.

Thus
POEMS.

Thus shall you be as Honour's self esteem'd,
Who have one Sex oblig'd, your own redeem'd,
Thus the Religion due unto your Shrine
Shall be as Universal, as Divine:
And that Devotion shall this blessing gain,
Which Law and Reason do attempt in vain.
The World shall join, maintaining but one strife,
Who shall most thank you for Phileas life.

To Mr. J. B. the noble Cratander, upon a Composition of
his which he was not willing to own publickly.

As when some injur'd Prince assumes Disguise,
And strives to make his Carriage sympathize,
Yet hath a great becoming Meen and Air,
Which speaks him Royal spight of all his care:
So th' Ills of thy Soul can ne're be hid,
And the Sun's force may be as soon forbid
As thine obscure'd; there is no shade so great
Through which it will not dart forth light and heat.
Thus we discover thee by thy own Day,
Against thy will snatching the Cloud away.
Now the Piece shines, and though we will not say,
Parents can Souls, as Taper lights, convey;
Yet we must grant thy Soul transmitted here
In beams almost as lasting and as clear.
And that's our highest praise, for but thy Mind,
Thy Works could never a resemblance find.
That mind whose search can Nature's secret hand
At one great Stroke discover and command,
Which clearest things and times, before whole eyes
Nor Men nor Notions dare put on disguise.
And were all Authors now as much forget,
As prosperous Ignorance her self would plot,
Had we the rich supplies of thy own breast,
The knowing World would never miss the rest.
Men did before from Ignorance take their Fame,

But
POEMS.

But Learning's self is honour'd by thy Name.
Thou studiest not belief to introduce
Of Novelties, more fit for shew than use;
But think'st it nobler Charity uphold
The credit and the Beauty of the old;
And with one hand cannot easily support
Learning and Law, a Temple and a Court.
And this secures me: for as we below
Valleys from Hills, Houses from Churches know;
But to their height who stand extremly high,
These forms will have one flat Equality:
So from a lower Soul I well might fear
A critic censure when survey'd too near;
But not from him who plac'd above the best
Lives in a height which levels all the rest.

To the Excellent Mrs. Anna Owen, upon her receiving
the name of Lucasta, and Adoption into our Society,
December 28. 1651.

We are compleat, and Fate hath now
No greater blessing to bestow:
Nay, the dull World must now confess
We have all worth, all happiness.
Annals of State are trifles to our fame,
Now 'tis made sacred by Lucasta's name.

But as though through a Burning-glass
The Sun more vigorous doth pass,
Yet still with general Freedom shines;
For that constrains, but not confines:
So though by this her beams are fixed here,
Yet she diffuses glory everywhere.

Her Mind is so entirely bright,
The splendour would but wound our sight,
And must to some disguise submit,
Or
POEMS.

Or we could never worship it.
And we by this relation are allow'd
Lustre enough to be Lucasta's Cloud.

Nations will own us now to be
A Temple of Divinity;
And Pilgrims shall ten Ages hence
Approach our Tombs with reverence.
May then that time which did such bliss convey
Be kept by us perpetual Holy-day.

To the truly Noble Mrs. Anne Owen, on my first Approaches.

Madam,

As in a Triumph Conquerors admire,
Their meanest Captives to attend on it,
Who, though unworthy, have the power confess,
And justified the yielding of the rest:
So when the busy World (in hope to excuse
Their own surprize) your Conquests do peruse,
And find my name, they will be apt to say,
Your charms were blinded, or else thrown away.
There is no honour got in gaining me,
Who am a prize not worth your Victory.
But this will clear you, that 'tis general,
The world applaud what is admir'd by all.
But I have plots in't: for the way to be
Secure of fame to all posterity,
Is to obtain the Honour I pursue;
To tell the World I was subdued by you.
And since in you all wonders common are,
Your Votaries may in your Virtues share,
While you by noble Magick worth impart
She that can Conquer, can reclaim a heart.
Of this Creation I shall not despair,
Since for your own sake it concerns your care.

K

For
For 'tis more honour that the World should know,
You made a noble Soul, than found it so.

Lucafa.

Not to oblige Lucafa by my voice,
To boast my fate, or justify my choice,
Is this design'd; but pity does engage
My Pen to rescue the declining Age.
For since 'tis grown in fashion to be bad,
And to be vain or angry, proud or mad,
(While in their Vices only Men agree)
Is thought the only modern Gallantry;
How would some brave Examples check the crimes,
And both reproach, and yet reform, the Times?
Nor can Morality itself reclaim
Th' apostate World like my Lucafa's name:
Lucafa, whose rich Soul had it been known
In that Time th' Ancients call'd the Golden one,
When Innocence and Greatness were the same,
And Men no battels knew but in a game,
Chusing what Nature, not what Art, prefers;
Poets were Judges, Kings Philosophers;
Even then from her the Wise would copies draw,
And she to th' infant World had giv'n a Law.
That Souls were made of Number could not be
An Observation, but a Prophecy.
It meant Lucafa, whose harmonious state
The Spheres and Muses only imitate.
But as then Musick is best understood,
When every Chord's examin'd and found good:
So what in others Judgment is and Will,
In her is the same even Reason still.
And as some Colour various seems, but yet
'Tis but our difference in considering it:
So she now light, and then does light dispence,
But is one shining Orb of Excellence:

And
POEMS.

And that so piercing when the Judgment takes,
She doth not search, but Intuition makes:
And her Discoveries more caus're are
Than Cesar's Conquest in his Pontick War.
As bright and vigorous her beams are pure,
And in their own rich candour so secure,
That had the liv'd where Legends were devised,
Rome had been just, and she been canonized.
Nay Innocence her self less clear must be,
If Innocence be any thing but she.
For Vertue's so congenial to her mind,
That Liquid things, or Friends, are less combin'd.
So that in her that Sage his wish had seen,
And Vertue's self had perforated been.
Now as distilled Sapphirs do agree,
And in th' Alembick lose variety;
So Vertue, though in pieces scatter'd twas,
Is by her Mind made one rich useful mats.
Nor doth Discretion put Religion down,
Nor hafty Zeal usurp the Judgment's crown.
Wisdome and Friendship have one single Throne,
And make another Friendship of their own.
Each several piece darts such fierce pleasing rayes,
Poetick Lovers would but wrong in prai're.
All hath proportion, all hath comlinc's,
And her Humility alone excess.
Her Modesty doth wrong a Worth so great,
Which Calumny her self would noblier treat:
While true to Friendship and to Nature's trust,
To her own Merits only she's unjust.
But as Divinity we best declare
By founds as broken as our Notions are;
So to acknowledge such vast Eminence,
Imperfect Wonder is our Eloquence.
No Pen Lucasia's glories can relate,
But they admire best who dare imitate.

Wilton
Wislon Vault.

And why this Vault and Tomb? alike we must
Put off Distinction, and put on our Dust.
Nor can the stateliest fabric help to save
From the corruptions of a common Grave;
Nor for the Resurrection more prepare,
Than if the Dust were scatter'd into air.
What then? Th' ambition's just, say some, that we
May thus perpetuate our Memory.
Ah false vain task of Art! ah poor weak Man!
Whose Monument does more than's Merit can:
Who by his Friends best care and love's abus'd,
And in his very Epitaph accus'd:
For did they not suspect his Name would fall,
There would not need an Epitaph at all.
But after death too I would be alive,
And shall, if my Lucasta do, survive.
I quit these poms of Death, and am content,
Having her heart to be my Monument:
Though ne're Stone to me, 'twill Stone for me prove,
By the peculiar miracles of Love.
There I'll Inscription have which no Tomb gives,
Not, Here Orinda lies, but, Here she lives.

Friendship in Embleme, or the Seal. To my dearest
Lucasta.

1.

The Hearts thus intermixed speak
A Love that no bold shock can break;
For joyn'd and growing both in one,
Neither can be disturb'd alone.

That
That means a mutual Knowledge too;
For what is't either heart can do,
Which by its panting Centinels
It does not to the other tell?

3.
That Friendship Hearts so much refines,
It nothing but it self designs:
The hearts are free from lower ends,
For each point to the other tends.

4.
They flame, ’tis true, and severall ways:
But still those Flames do so much raise,
That while to either they incline
They yet are noble and divine.

5.
From smoke or hurt those Flames are free,
From grossness or mortality:
The Heart (like Moses Bush presumed)
Warm'd and enlightened, not consumed.

6.
The Compasses that stand above
Express this great immortal Love;
For Friends, like them, can prove this true,
They are, and yet they are not, two.

And
7.
And in their posture is express
Friendship's exalted Interest:
Each follows where the other leans,
And what each does, this other means.

8.
And as when one foot does stand fast,
And t'other circles seeks to cast,
The steady part does regulate
And make the wanderer's motion straight:

9.
So Friends are only two in this,
T'reclaim each other when they miss:
For who so'e'er will grossly fall,
Can never be a Friend at all.

10.
And as that useful Instrument
For Even lines was ever meant;
So Friendship from good Angels springs,
To teach the world Heroick things.

11.
As these are found out in design
To rule and measure every Line;
So Friendship governs actions best,
Prescribing unto all the rest.

12.
And as in Nature nothing's set
So just as Lines in number met;
So Compasses for these bring made,
Do Friendship's harmony persuade.

And
13.
And like to them, so Friends may own
Extension, not Division:
Their Points, like Bodies, separate;
But Head, like Souls, knows no such fate:

14.
And as each part so well is knit,
That their Embraces ever fit:
So Friends are such by destiny,
And no third can the place supply.

15.
There needs no Motto to the Seal:
But that we may the mind reveal
To the dull Eye, it was thought fit
That Friendship only should be writ.

16.

But as there are Degrees of bliss,
So there's no Friendship meant by this,
But such as will transmit to Fame
Lucestis and Orinda's name.

---

In Memory of F. P. who died at Aiton the 24. May 1660. at 12. and 3 of Age.

If I could ever write a lasting Verse,
It should be laid, dear Saint, upon thy Hymne:
But Sorrow is no Muse, and does confess
That it least can what it would most express.
Yet that I may some bounds to grief allow,
I'll try if I can weep in Numbers now.
Ah, beauteous Blossom too untimely dead!
Whither? whither is thy sweetness fled?

Where
POEMS.

Where are the charms that alwaies did arise
From the prevailing language of thy Eyes?
Where is thy beauteous and lovely men,
And all the wonders that in thee were seen?
Alas! in vain, in vain on thee I rase;
There is no pity in the stupid Grave.
But so the Bankrupt sitting on the brim
Of those fierce billows which had ruin'd him,
Begs for his lost Estate, and does complain
To the inexorable Flouds in vain.
As well we may enquire when Roses die,
To what retirement their sweet Odours flie;
Whither their Virtues and their Blushes haste,
When the short triumph of their life is past;
Or call their perishing Beauties back with tears,
As add to one moment to thy finish'd years.
No, thou art gone, and thy prefaging Mind
So thriftily thy early hours design'd,
That hasty Death was baffled in his Pride,
Since nothing of thee but thy Body dy'd.
Thy Soul was up betimes, and so concern'd
To grasp all Excellence that could be learn'd,
That finding nothing fill her thirsting here,
To the Spring-head she went to quench it there;
And so prepar'd, that being freed from sin
She quickly might become a Cherubin.
Thou wert all Soul, and through thy Eyes it shin'd;
Asham'd and angry to be so confin'd,
It long'd to be unsay'd, and thither flown
Where it might know as clearly as 'twas known.
In these vast hopes we might thy change have found,
But that Heav'n blinds whom it decrees to wound.
For Parts so soon at so sublime a pitch,
A Judgment so mature, Faney so rich,
Never appear unto unthankful Men,
But as a Vision to be hid again.
So glorious Scenes in Masques, Spectators view
With the short pleasure of an hour or two;

But
POEMS.

But that once past, the Ornaments are gone,
The Lights extinguish'd, and the Curtains drawn:
Yet all these Gifts were thy less noble part,
Nor was thy Head so worthy as thy Heart;
Where the Divine Impression shin'd so clear,
As snatch'd thee hence, and yet endear'd thee here:
For what in thee did most command our love
Was both the cause and sign of thy remove.
Such fools are we, so fatally we choose:
That what we most would keep we soonest loose.
The humble greatness of thy Pious thought,
Sweetness unforfe't, and Bashfulness untaught,
The native Candour of thine open breast,
And all the Beams wherein thy Worth was drest,
Thy Wit so bright, so piercing and immense,
Adorn'd with wife and lovely Innocence,
Might have for'told thou wert not so compleat
But that our joy might be as short as great.
So the poor Swain beholds his ripening Corn
By some rough Wind without a Sickle torn.
Never, ah! never let sad Parents gues't
At one remove of future happiness:
But reckon Children 'mong those passing joys
Which one hour gives, and the next hour destroys.
Alas! we were secure of our content;
But find too late that it was only lent,
To be a Mirrour wherein we may see
How frail we are, how spotless we should be.
But if to thy blest Soul my grief appears,
Forgive and pity these injurious tears:
Impute them to Affections sad excess,
Which will not yield to Nature's tenderness,
Since 'twas through dearest ties and highest trust
Continued from thy Cradle to thy Duit;
And so rewarded and confirm'd by thine,
That (woe is me!) I thought thee too much mine.
But I'll resign, and follow thee as fast
As my unhappy Minutes will make haste.

M  Till
Till when the fresh remembrances of thee
Shall be my Emblems of Mortality.
For such a loss as this (bright Soul!) is not
Ever to be repaired or forgot.

In memory of that excellent person Mrs. Mary Lloyd
of Bodidrift in Denbigh-shire, who died Nov. 13,
1656. after she came thither from Pembroke-shire.

I Cannot hold, for though to write were rude,
Yet to be silent were Ingratitude,
And Folly too; for if Posterity
Should never hear of such a one as thee,
And only know this Age's brutish fame,
They would think Virtue nothing but a Name.
And though far abler Pens must her define,
Yet her Adoption hath engaged mine:
And I must own where Merit shines so clear,
'Tis hard to write, but harder to forbear.
Sprung from an ancient and an honour'd Stem,
Who lent her lustre, and she paid it them;
Who still in great and noble things appeared,
Whom all their Country lov'd, and yet they feared.
Match'd to another good and great as they,
Who did their Country both oblige and sway.
Behold herself, who had without dispute
More than both Families could contribute.
What early Beauty Grief and Age had broke,
Her lovely Reliques and her Offspring spoke.
She was by nature and her Parents care
A Woman long before most others are.
But yet that antedated reason she
Improv'd to Virtue, not to Liberty.
For she was still in either State of life
Meek as a Virgin, Prudent as a Wife.
And she well knew, although so young and fair,
Justly to mix Obedience Love and Care;

Whil'st
Whil'st to her Children she did still appear
So wisely kind, so tenderly severe,
That they from her Rule and Example brought
A native Honour, which she stampt and taught.
Nor can a single Pen enough commend
So kind a Sister and so clear a Friend.
A Wisdom from above, did her secure,
Which as 'twas peaceable, was ever pure.
And if well-order'd Commonwealths must be
Patterns for every private Family,
Her House, rul'd by her hand and by her eye,
Might be a Pattern for a Monarchy.
Solomon's wisest Woman lets could do;
She built her house, but this preserv'd hers too.
She was so pious that when she did die,
She scarce chang'd Place, I'm sure not Company.
Her Zeal was primitive and practick tot;
She did believe, and pray, and read, and do.
A firm and equal Soul she had engross'd,
Just ev'n to those that disoblige'd her most.
She grew to love those wrongs she did receive
For giving her the power to Forgive.
Her Alms I may admire, but not relate,
But her own works shall praise her in the gate.
Her Life was chequer'd with afflictive years,
And even her Comfort season'd in her Tears.
Scarcely for a Husband's lost, her eyes were dried
And those by her Children half supplied,
When Heaven was pleas'd not these dear Propst'ed.
But tore most oft by ficknes of by sword. (ford.
She, who in them could still their Father boast,
Was a fresh Widow, every Son she lost.
Litigious hands did her of Right deprive,
That after all 'twas Penance to survive.
She still these Grieves hatimobly undergone,
Which few support at all, but betternone.
Such a Submissive Greatness who can find?
A tender Heart, with so resolv'd a Mind?
But she, though sensible, was still the same,
Of a resigned Soul, untainted Fame,
Nor were her Virtues coarsely set, for she
Out-did Example in Civility,
To bestow blessings, to oblige, relieve,
Was all for which she could endure to live.
She had a joy higher in doing good,
Than they to whom the benefit accr'd.
Though none of Honour had a quicker sense,
Never had Woman more of complacence;
Yet lost it not in empty forms, but still
Her Nature noble was, her Soul gentle.
And as in Youth she did attract, (for she
The Verdure had without the Vanity)
So she in Age was mild and grave to all,
Was not morose, but was majestic.
Thus from all other Women she had skill
To draw their good, but nothing of their ill.
And since she knew the mad tumultuous World,
Saw Crowns revers'd, Temples to ruin hurl'd;
She in Retirement chose to shine and burn,
As a bright Lamp shut in some Roman Urn.
At last, when spent with sickness, grief and age,
Her Guardian Angel did her death presage:
(So that by strong impulse she cheerfully
Dispensed blessings, and went home to die;
That so she might, when to that place removed,
Marry his Ashes whom she ever loved)
She dy'd, gain'd a reward, and paid a debt.
The Sun himself did never brighter set.
Happy were they that knew her and her end,
More happy they that did from her descend:
A double blessing they may hope to have,
One she convey'd to them, and one she gave.
All that are hers are therefore sure to be
Blest by Inheritance and Legacy.
A Royal Birth had left advantage been.
'Tis more to die a Saint than live a Queen.
To the truly competent Judge of Honour, Lucasia, upon a scandalous Libel made by J. J.

Honour, which differs man from man much more
Than Reason differ'd him from beasts before;
Suffers this common Fate of all things good,
By the blind World to be misunderstood.
For as some Heathens did their Gods confine,
While in a Bird or Beast they made their shrine;
Depos't their Deities to Earth, and then
Offer'd them Rites that were too low for Men:
So those who most to Honour sacrifice,
Prescribe to her a mean and weak disguise;
Imprison her to others false Applause,
And from Opinion do receive their Laws.
While that inconstant Idol they implore,
Which in one breath can murder and adore.
From hence it is that those who Honour court,
(And place her in a popular report)
Do prostitute themselves to sordid Fate,
And from their Being oft degenerate.
And thus their Tenants too are low and bad,
As if 'twere honourable to be mad:
Or that their Honour had concerned been
But to conceal, not to forbear, a sin.
But Honour is more great and more sublime,
Above the battery of Fate or Time.
We see in Beauty certain airs are found,
Which not one Grace can make, but all compound:
Honour's to th'Mind as Beauty to the Sense,
The fair result of mixed Excellence.
As many Diamonds together lie,
And dart one lustre to amaze the Eye:
So Honour is that bright Ætherial Ray
Which many Stars doth in one light display.
But as that Beauty were as truly sweet,
Were there no Tongue to praise, no Eye to see't
And 'tis the Privilege of a native Spark,
To shed a constant Splendour in the dark:
So Honour is its own Reward and End,
And satisfied within, cannot descend
To beg the Suffrage of a vulgar Tongue,
Which by commending Virtue doth it wrong.
It is the Charter of a noble Action,
That the performance giveth satisfaction.
Other things are below't; for from a Clown
Would any Conqueror receive his Crown?
'Tis refleas Cowardice to be a drudge
To an uncertain and unworthy Judge.
So the Cameleon, who lives on air,
Is of all Creatures most inclin'd to fear.
But peaceable reflections on the Mind
Will in a silent shade Contentment find.
Honour keeps Court at home, and doth not fear
To be condemn'd abroad, if quitted there.
While I have this retreat, 'tis not the noise
Of Slander, though believ'd, can wrong my Joyes.
There is advantage in't: for Gold uncoin'd
Had been unuseful, nor with glory shin'd:
This stamp'd my Innocency in the Ore,
Which was as much, but not so bright, before.
Till an Alumbick wakes and outward draws,
The Strength of Sweets lies sleeping in their Cause:
So this gave me an opportunity
To feed upon my own Integrity.
And though their Judgment I must still disclaim,
Who can forgive nor take away a Name:
Yet I'll appeal unto the knowing few,
Who dare be just, and rip my Heart to you.
To Antenor, on a Paper of mine which J. J. threatens to publish to prejudice him.

Might then my Crimes become thy Scandal too? Why, sure the Devil hath not much to do.
The weakness of the other Charge is clear,
When such a trifle must bring up the Rear.
But this is mad design, for who before
I lost his repute upon another's score?
My Love and Life I must confess are thine,
But not my Errors, they are only mine.
And if my Faults must be for thine allow'd,
It will be hard to dissipate the Cloud:
For Eve's Rebellion did not Adam's blast,
Until himself forbidden Fruit did taste.
'Tis possible this Magazine of Hell
(Whose name would turn a verse into a spell
Whose mischief is congenial to his life)
May yet enjoy an honourable Wife.
Nor let his ill be reckoned as her blame,
Nor yet my Follies blast Antenor's name.
But if those lines a Punishment could call
Lasting and great as this dark Lanthorn's gall;
Alone I'd court the Torments with content,
To testify that thou art innocent.
So if my Ink through malice prov'd a stain,
My Blood should justly wash it off again.
But since that Mint of flander could invent
To make so dull a Ryme his Instrument,
Let Verse revenge the quartel: But he's worse
Then wishes, and below a Poet's curse;
And more then this Wit knows not how to give,
Let him be still himself, and let him live.

Rofania
Roanathia shadowed whilest Mrs. Mary Aubrey.

If any could my dear Rosania hate,
    They only should her Character relate.
Truth shines so bright there, that an Enemy
Would be a better Orator then I.
Love stilles Language, and I must confess,
I had said more if I had loved less.
Yet the most critical who that Face see
Will ne'er suspect a partiality.
Others by time and by degrees perswade,
But her first look doth every heart invade.
She hath a Face so eminently bright,
Would make a Lover of an Anchorite:
A Face where conquest mixt with modesty
Are both compleated in Divinity.
Not her least glance but sets a heart on fire,
And checks it if it should too much aspire.
Such is the Magick of her Looks, the same
Beam both kindle and refine our flame.
If she doth smile, no Painter e're would take
Another Rule when he would Mercy make.
And Heaven to her such splendour hath allow'd,
That no one posture can her Beauty cloud:
For if she frown, none but would phantasie then
Justice descended here to punish Men.
Her common looks I know not how to call
Any one Grace, they are compos'd of all.
And if we Mortals could the doctrine teach,
Her Eyes have language, and her Looks do teach.
And as in Palaces the outmost, worst
Rooms entertain our wonder at the first;
But once within the Presence-Chamber door,
We do despise what e're we saw before:
So when you with her Mind acquaintance ger,
You'll hardly think upon the Cabinet.
POEMS.

Her Soul, that Ray shot from the Deity,
Doth still preserve its native purity;
Which Earth can neither threaten nor allure,
Nor by false joys defile it, or obscure.
The Innocence which in her heart doth dwell,
Angels themselves can only parallel.
More gently soft then is an Evening-shower:
And in that sweetness there is couched a Power,
Which scornful Pride, doth think it very hard
That Modesty should need to mean a Guard.

Her Honour is protected by her Eyes,
As the old Flaming Sword kept Paradise.
Such Constancy of Temper, Truth and Law,
Guides all her actions, that the World may draw
From her one Soul the noblest Precedent
Of the most wise, wise, and virtuous Government.

And as the highest Element is clear
From all the Tempests which disturb the Air:
So she above the World and its rude noise,
Above our storms a quiet Calm enjoys.

Transcendent things her noble thoughts sublime,
Above the faults and trifles of the Time.
Unlike those Gallants which take far less care
To have their Souls, then make their Bodies fair:
Who (sick with too much leisure) time do pass
With these two books, Pride, and a Looking-glass:
Plot to surprize Mens hearts, their pow'r to try,
And call that Love, which is meer Vanity.

But she, although the greatest Murtherer,
(For ev'ry glance commits a Massacre)
Yet glories not that slaves her power confess,
But wishes that her Monarchy were less.

And if she love, it is not thrown away,
As many do, onely to spend the day;
But her's is serious, and enough alone
To make all Love become Religion.

And to her Friendship she so fairfull is,
That 'tis her onely blot and prejudice.

O
For Envy's self could never err our see
Within that Soul, 'bating her love to me.
Now as I must confess the name of Friend
To her that all the World doth comprehend
Is a most wild Ambition; so for me
To draw her picture is flat Lunacy.
Oh! I must think the rest; for who can write
Or into words confine what's Infinite?

To the Queen of Inconstancy, Regina Collier,
in Antwerp.

1.

Unworthy, since thou hast decreed
Thy Love and Honour both shall bleed,
My Friendship could not chuse to die
In better time or company.

2.

What thou hast got by this Exchange
Thou wilt perceive, when the Revenge
Shall by those treacheries be made,
For which our Faith thou hast betray'd.

3.

When thy Idolaters shall be
True to themselves, and false to thee,
Thou'lt see that in Heart-merchandise,
Value, not Number, makes the price.

4.

Live to that day, my Innocence
Shall be my Friendship's just defence:

For
POEMS.

For this is all the World can find,
While thou wast noble, I was kind.

5.
The desp'rate game that thou dost play
At private Ruines cannot stay;
The horrid treachery of that Face
Will sure undo its native place.

6.
Then let the Frenchmen never fear
The victory while thou art there:
For if Sins will call Judgments down,
Thou hast enough to stock the Town.

To my Excellent Lucasta, on our Friendship.

I did not live until this time
Crown'd my felicity,
When I could say without a crime;
I am not thine, but Thee.

This Carcass breath'd, and walkt, and slept,
So that the World believ'd
There was a Soul the Motions kept;
But they were all deceiv'd.

For as a Watch by art is wound
To motion, such was mine:
But never had Orinda found
A Soul till she found thine;

Which now inspires, cures and supplies,
And guides my darkned Breast:
For thou art all that I can prize,
My Joy, my Life, my Rest.
No Bridegrooms nor Crown-conquerors mirth
   To mine compar'd can be:
They have but pieces of this Earth,
   I've all the World in thee.

Then let our Flames still light and shine,
   And no false fear control,
As innocent as our Design,
   Immortal as our Soul.

Rosania's private Marriage.

It was a wise and kind design of Fate,
That none should this day's glory celebrate:
For 'twere in vain to keep a time which is
Above the reach of all Solemnities.
The greatest Actions pass without a noise,
And Tumults but prophanèe diviner Joys.
Silence with things transcendent nearest suits,
The greatest Emperors are serv'd by Mutes.
And as in ancient time the Deities
To their own Priests reveal'd no Mysteries
Until they were from all the World retir'd,
And in some Cave made fit to be inspir'd.
So when Rosania (who hath them out-vied,
And with more Justice might be Deified;
Who if she had their Rites and Altars, we
Should hardly think it were Idolatry)
Had found a breast that did deserve to be
Recepracle of her Divinity;
It was not fit the gazing World should know
When she convey'd herself to him, or how.
An Eagle safely may behold the Sun,
When weak Eyes are with too much Light undone.
Now as in Oracles were understood,
Not the Priest's only, but the common good:

So
POEMS.

So her great Soul would not imparted be,
But in design of general Charity.
She now is more diffusive than before;
And what men then admir'd, they now adore.
For this Exchange makes not her Power less,
But only fitter for the World's Address.
May then that Mind (which if we will admit
The Universe one Soul, must sure be it)
Inform this All, (which, till she shin'd out, lay
As drowsie men do in a cloudy day)
And Honour, Vertue, Reason to dispence,
That all may owe them to her influence:
And while this Age is thus employ'd, may she
Scatter new Blessings for Posterity.
I dare not any other wish prefer,
For only her bestowing adds to her.
And to a Soul so in her self complete
As would be wrong'd by any Epithete,
Whose splendour's fix'd unto her cho'en Sphere,
And fill'd with Love and Satisfaction there,
What can increase the Triumph, but to see
The World her Convert and her History?

Injurie Amicitie.

L

Ovely Apostate! what was my offence?
Or am I punish'd for Obedience?
Must thy strange Rigour and as strange a time?
The Act and Season are an equal Crime.
Of what thy most ingenious Sports could do
Must I be Subject and Spectator too?
Or were the Sufferings and Sins too few
To be sustain'd by me, perform'd by you?
Unles, (with Nero) your uncann'd desire
Be to survey the Rome you set on fire.
While wounded for and by your Power, I
At once your Martyr and your Prospect die.

This
This is my doom, and such a ridling Fate
As all impossibles doth complicate.
For Obligation here is Injury,
Constancy Crime, Friendship a Heresie.
And you appear so much on Ruine bent,
Your own destruction gives you now Content:
For our twin-Spirits did so long agree,
You must undo yourself to ruine me.
And, like some Frantick Goddess, you're inclin'd,
To raze the Temple where you are enthron'd.
And, what's the Miracle of Cruelty,
Kill that which gave you Immortality. (Springs,
While glorious Friendship, whence your Honour
Lies gasping in the Crowd of common things;
And I'm so odious, that for being kind
Doubted and studied Murthers are design'd.
Thy sin's all Paradox, for shouldst thou be
Thy self again, 'twouldst be sever to me.
For thy Repentance coming now so late,
Would only change, and not relieve my Fate.
So dangerous is the consequence of ill,
Thy least of Crimes is to be cruel still.
For of thy Smiles I should yet more complain,
If I should live to be betray'd again.
Live then (fair Tyrant) in Security,
From both my Kindness and Revenge be free;
While I, who to the Swains had sung thy Fame,
And taught each Echo to repeat thy Name,
Will now my private Sorrow entreat,
To Rocks and Rivers, not to thee, complain.
And though before our Union cherish'd me,
'Tis now my pleasure that we disagree.
For from my Passion your last Rigour grew,
And you kill'd me because I worshipp'd you.
But my worst Vows shall be your Happiness,
And not to be disturb'd by my distresses.
And though it would my sacred flames pollute,
To make my heart a scorned prostitute;
POEMS.

Yet I cle adore the Author of my Death,
And kill's the Hand that robs me of my breath.

To Regina Collier, on her cruelty to Philaster.

Triumphant Queen of scorn! how ill doth sit
In all that sweetness, such injurious Wit?
Unjust and Cruel! what can be your prize,
To make one heart a double Sacrifice?
Where such ingenious Rigour you do seew,
To break his Heart, you break his Image too;
And by a Tyranny that's strange and new,
You murder him because he worships you.
No pride can raise you, or can make him start,
Since Love and Honour do enrich his heart.
Be Wife and Good, left when Fate will be just,
She should o'rethrow those glories in the dust,
Rife your Beauties, and you thus forlorn.
Make a cheap Victim to another's scorn;
And in those Fetters which you do upbraid,
Your self a wretched Captive may be made.
Redeem the poyson'd Age, let it be seen
There's no such freedom as to serve a Queen.
But you I see are lately Round-head grown,
And whom you vanquish you insult upon.

To Philaster, on his Melancholy for Regina.

Give over now thy tears, thou vain
And double Murderer;
For every minute of thy pain
Wounds both thy self and her.
Then leave this dulness; for 'tis our belief,
Thy Queen must cure, or not deserve, thy Grief.

Phi-
Philoclea's parting.

Kinder than a condemned Man's reprieve
Was your dear Company that bad me live,
When by Rosania's silence I had been
The wretchedst Martyr any Age hath seen.
But as when Traytors faint upon the rack,
Tormentors strive to call their Spirits back;
Not out of kindness to preserve their breath,
But to increase the Torments of their Death:
So was I railed to this glorious state,
To make my fall the more unfortunate.
But this I know, none ever dy'd before
Upon a ladder or a nobler score.

To Rosania, now Mrs. Mountague, bring with her.

1

As men that are with Visions grac'd
Must have all other thoughts displac'd
And buy those short descents of Light
With loss of Sense; or Spirit's flight;

2.

So since thou wert my happiness,
I could not hope the race was o'er,
And thus the Vision which I gain
Is short to enjoy, and hard to attain.

3.

Ah then! what a poor trifle's all
That thing which here we Pleasure call,

Since
POEMS.

Since what our very Souls hath cost
Is hardly got and quickly lost?

4.

Yet is there Justice in the fate;
For should we dwell in blest estate,
Our Joys thereby would so inflame,
We should forget from whence we came.

5.

If this so sad a doom can quit
Me for the follies I commit;
Let no estrangement on thy part
Add a new ruine to my heart.

6.

When on myself I do reflect,
I can no smile from thee expect:
But if thy Kindness hath no plea,
Some freedom grant for Charity.

7.

Else the just World must needs deny
Our Friendship an Eternity:
This Love will ne’er that title hold;
For mine’s too hot, and thine too cold.

8.

Divided Rivers lose their name;
And so our too unequal flame
Parted, will Passion be in me,
And an Indifference in thee.

Q. Thy
Thy absence I could easier find,
Provided thou were better and kind,
Than such a Presence as is this,
Made up of snatches of my bliss.

So when the Earth long gasps for rain,
If she at last some few drops gain,
She is more parched than at first;
That small recruit increas’d the thirst.

To my Lucasia.

Let dull Philosophers enquire no more
In Nature’s womb, or Causes strive to explore,
By what strange harmony and course of things
Each body to the whole a tribute brings;
What secret unions secret Neighbourings make,
And of each other how they do partake.
These are but low Experiments: but he
That Nature’s harmony inteire would see,
Must search agreeing Souls, sit down and view
How sweet the mixture is, how full, how true;
By what soft touches Spirits greet and kiss,
And in each other can complete their bliss.
A wonder so sublime, it will admit
No rude Spectator to contemplate it.
The Object will refine, and he that can
Friendship revere must be a noble man.
How much above the common rate of things
Must they then be from whom this Union springs?
But what’s all this to me, who live to be
Disprover of my own Morality?

And
POEMS.

And he that knew my unimproved Soul,
Would say I meant all Friendship to controll,
But bodies move in time, and so must Minds;
And though the attempt no easie progress finds,
Yet quit me not, lest I should despiritely grow,
And to such Friendship addc some Patience now.
O may good Heav'n but so much Vertue lend,
To make me fit to be Lucasta's Friend!
But I'll for sake my self, and seek a new
Self in her breast that's for more rich and true.
Thus the poor Bee unmark'd doth hum and fly,
And droan'd with age would unregard'd dye,
Unless some lucky drop of precious Gum,
Doubles the Infant with an Amber-tomb.
Then glorious in its funeral the Bee
Gets Eminence, and gets Eternity.

On Controversies in Religion.

Religion, which true Policy bestreets,
Design'd by God to serve Man's noblest ends,
Is by that old Deceiver's subtle play
Made the chief party in its own decay,
And meets that Eagles destiny, whole breast
Felt the same shaft which his own feathers drest.
For that great Enemy of Souls percei'd,
The notion of a Deity was weav'd
So closely in Man's Soul; to ruine that,
He must at once the World depopulate.
But as those Tyrants who their Wills pursue,
If they expound old Laws, need make no new:
So he advantage takes of Nature's light,
And raises that to a bare useless height;
Or while we seek for Truth, he in the Quest
Mixes a Passion, or an Interest,
To make us lose it; that, I know not how,
'Tis not our Practice, but our Quarrel now.
POEMS.

As in the Moon's Eclipse some Pagans thought
Their barbarous Clamours her deliverance wrought.
So we suppose that Truth oppressed lies,
And needs a Rescue by our Enemies.
But 'tis Injustice, and the Mind's Disease,
To think of gaining Truth by losing Peace.
Knowledge and Love, if true, do still unite;
God's Love and Knowledge are both Infinite.
And though indeed Truth does delight to lie
At some Remoteness from a Common Eye;
Yet 'tis not in a Thunder or a Noise,
But in soft Whispers and the Stillier Voice.
Why should we then Knowledge so rudely treat,
Making our weapon what was meant our meat?
'Tis Ignorance that makes us quarrel so;
The Soul that's dark will be contradicted too.
Chimera's make a noise, swelling and vain,
And soon resolve to their own Smoak again.
But a true Light the Spirit doth dilate,
And robs it of its proud and sullen state;
Makes Love admir'd because 'tis understood,
And makes us Wise because it makes us Good.
'Tis to a right Prospect of things that we
Owe our Uprightness and our Charity.
For who reflects a beam when shining bright,
Is not a Sinner of a common height.
That State's a forfeiture, and helps are spent,
Not more a Sin, than 'tis a Punishment.
The Soul which sees things in their Native frame,
Without Opinion's Mask or Custom's name,
Cannot be clogg'd to Sense, or count that high
Which hath its Estimation from a Lie.
(Mean fordid things, which by mistake we prize,
And absent covet, but enjoy'd despise.)
But learning these hath robb'd them of their art,
Either to Swell or to Subdue the Heart;
And learn'd that generous frame to be above
The World in hopes, below it all in love:

Touch'd
POEMS.

'Touch'd with Divine and Inward Life doth run,
Not resting till it hath its Centre won;
Moves readily until it safe doth lie
P'th Root of all its Immortality;
And resting here hath yet activity
To grow more like unto the Deity;
Good, Universal, Wife and Just as he;
(The same in kind, though differing in degree)
Till at the last 'tis swallow'd up and grown
With God and with the whole Creation one;
It self, so small a part, 'tis Whole is loft,
And Generals have Particulars engrossed.
That dark contracted Personality,
Like Mists before the Sun, will from it flee.
And then the Soul, one shining sphere, at length
With true Love's wisdom fill'd and purged its strength;
Beholds her highest good with open face;
And like him all the World she can embrace.

To the Honoured Lady E. C.

MADAM,

I do not write to you that men may know
How much I'm honour'd that I may do so:
Nor hope (though I your rich Example give)
To write with more success than I can live,
To cure the Age; nor think I can be just,
Who only dare to write, because I must.
I'm full of you, and something must express,
To vent my wonder and your pow'r confess.
Had I ne'er heard of your Illustrious Name,
Nor known the Scotch or English ancient Fame;
Yet if your glorious Frame did but appear,
I could have soon read all your Grandeur there.
I could have seen in each majestic ray
What greatness' Ancestors could e'er convey.

R. And
And in the lustre of your Eyes alone,
How near you were allied to the Throne:
Which yet doth lessen you, who cannot need
Those bright advantages which you exceed.
For you are such, that your Descent from Kings
Receives more Honour from you than it brings:
As much above their Glories as your Toil.
A Court to you were but a haudlom foil.
And if we name the Stock on which you grew,
’Tis rather to do right to it than you:
For those that would your greatest splendour see,
Must read your Soul more than your Pedigree.
For as the sacred Temple had without
Beauty to feed those eyes that gaz’d about,
And yet had riches, state, and wonder more,
For those that stood within the shining door;
But in the Holy place the admitted few,
Lustre received and Inspiration too:
So though your Glories in your Face be seen,
And so much bright Instruction in your Moon;
You are not known but where you will impart
The treasures of your more illustrious Heart.
Religion all her odours sheds on you,
Who by obeying vindicate her too:
For that rich Beam of Heaven was almost
In nice Disputes and false Pretences lost;
So doubly injur’d, she could scarce subsist
Betwixt the Hypocrite and Calumni;
Till you by great Example did convince
Us of her nature and her residence,
And chose to shew her face, and call her grief,
Let’s by your Arguments than by your Life;
Which, if it should be copied out, would be
A Solid Body of Divinity.
Your Principle and Practice light would give
What we should do, and what we should believe:
For the extensive Knowledge you profess,
You do acquire with more ease than contest.
POEMS.

And as by you Knowledge has thus obtain'd
To be refin'd, and then to be explain'd:
So in return, the useful is to you;
In Practice and in Contemplation too.
For by the various succours the hard left,
You act with Judgment, and think with Content.
Yet those vast Parts with such a Temper meet,
That you can lay them at Religion's feet.
Nor is it half so bold as it is true,
That Virtue is her self oblig'd to you:
For being deep in your subduing Charms,
She conquers more than did the Roman Arms.
We see in you how much that Malice 'st d
That stuck on Goodness any sullen Pride;
And that the harshness some Professors wear
Fails to their own, and not Religion's share.
But your bright sweetness if it but appear,
Reclaims the bad, and softens the austere.
Men talk'd of Honour too, but could not tell
What was the secret of that active spell.
That beauty con. Mantle they to divers lent,
Yet wonder'd what the mighty nothing meant.
Some did confine her to a worthy Fame,
And some to Royal Parents gave her Name.
You having claim unto her either way,
By what a King could give, a world could pay
Have a more living Honour in your breast,
Which justifies, and yet obscures the rest;
A Principle from Fame and Pomp unity'd,
So truly high that it despises Pride;
Buying good actions at the dearest rate,
Looks down on ill with as much scorn as hate.
Ad's things so generous and bravely laid,
And in obliging finds so much Reward;
So Self-denying great, so firmely just,
Apt to confer, strict to preserve a Trust,
That all whose Honour would be justified,
Must by your standards have it stamp'd and tried.

But
But your Perfection heightens others Crimes,
And you reproach while you inform the Times,
Which sad advantage you will scarce believe;
Or if you must, you do conceal and grieve.
You scorn too poor a foil as others ill,
And areParticipant to th' unhappy still;
Yet are so tender when you see a spot,
You blush for those who for themselves could not.
You are so much above your Sex, that we
Believe your Life your greatest courtesie:
For Women boast, they have you while you live
A Pattern and a Representative.
And future Mothers who in Child-birth groan,
Shall wish for Daughters knowing you are one.
The world hath Kings whose Crowns are cemented
Or by the blood they boast, or that they shed:
Yet these great Idols of the sloping crew
Have neither Pleasure found, nor Honour true.
They either fight, or play; and Power court,
In trivial anger, or in cruel sport.
You, who a nobler Privilege enjoy,
(For you can have whom they can but destroy)
An Empire have where different mixtures rule;
You're grave, not sour, and kind, but not remiss.
SuchsweetnedMajesty, such humble State,
Do love and reverence at once create.
Pardon (dear Madam) these untutored Essayes
I can admire more finely than I praise.
Things so sublime are dimly understood,
And you are born so great, and are so good,
So much above the Honour of your Name,
And by neglect, do secure your Fame;
Whose Beauty's such as captivates the Wife,
Yet only you of all the World despise;
That have so vast a Knowledge so subdued,
Religion so adored, and so pursued;
A Wit so strong, that who would it define,
Will need one ten times more acute than mine;
Yet rul'd so that its Vigour manag'd thus
Becomes at once graceful and generous;
Whose Honour has so delicate a Sense,
Who always pardon, never give offence;
Who needing nothing, yet to all are kind,
Who have so large a Heart, so rich a Mind;
Whose Friendship stills of the obliging side,
And yet so free from Tyranny and Pride;
Who do in love like Jonathan descend,
And strip your self to cloath your happy friend;
Whose kindness and whose modesty is such,
I expect so little and deserve so much;
Who have such candid worth, such dear concern,
Where we so much may love, and so much learn;
Whose every wonder though it fills and shines,
It never to an ill excels declines;
But all are found so sweetly opposite,
As are in Titians Pieces Shade and Light:
That he that would your great Description try,
Though he write well, would be as lost as I,
Who of injurious Zeal convicted stand,
To draw you with so bold and bad a hand;
But that, like other Glories, I presume
You will enlighten, where you might confine.

Parting with Lucia, A Song.

1.

Well, we will do that rigid thing
Which makes Spectators think we part;
Though Absence hath for none a sting
But those who keep each others heart.

2.

And when our Sense is disposed,
Our labouring Souls will heave and pant,

And
And gasp for one another's breast,
Since their Conveyances they want.

Nay, we have felt the tedious snare
Of absent Friendship, and do know
That when we die we can but part;
And who knows what we shall do now?

Yet I must go: we will submit,
And so our own Disposers be;
For while we nobly suffer it,
We triumph o're Necessity.

By this we shall be truly great,
If having other things o'recome,
To make our victory compleat
We can be Conquerors at home.

Nay then to meet we may conclude,
And all Obstructions overthrow,
Since we our Passion have subdued,
Which is the strongest thing I know.

Against Pleasure. Set by Dr. Coleman.

Here's no such thing as Pleasure here,
'Tis all a perfect Cheat,
Which
POEMS.

Which does but shine and disappear,
Whose Charm is but Deceit:
The empty bribe of yielding Souls,
Which first betrays, and then controuls.

2.

'Tis true, it looks at distance fair;
But if we do approach,
The fruit of Sodom will impair,
And perish at a touch:
In Being than in Fancy less,
And we expect more than possesse.

3.

For by our Pleasures we are cloy'd,
And so Desire is done;
Or else, like Rivers, they make wide
The Channel where they run:
And either way true bliss destroys,
Making Us narrow, or our Joys.

4.

We covet Pleasure easily,
But it not sopossesse;
For many things must make it be,
But one may make it less.
Nay, were our Haste as we could chuse it,
'Twould be consum'd by fear to lose it.

5.

What art thou then, thou winged Air,
More weak and swift than Fame?
Whose next successor is Despair,
And its attendant Shame.
Eternal Reason, Glorious Majesty,
Compar'd to whom what can be said to be?
Whose Attributes are Thee, who art alone
Cause of all various things, and yet but One;
Whose Essence can no more be search'd by Man,
Then Heav'n thy Throne be grasp'd with a Span.
Yet if this great Creation was design'd
To several ends fitted for every kind;
Sure Man (the World's Epitome must be
Form'd to the best, that is, to study thee.
And as our Dignity, 'tis Duty too,
Which is summed up in this, to know and do.
These comely rows of Creatures spell thy Name,
Whereby we grope to find from whence they came,
By thy own Chain of Causes brought to think
There must be one, then find that highest Link.
Thus all created Excellence we see
Is a resemblance faint and dark of thee.
Such shadows are produc'd by the Moon-beams
Of Trees or Houses in the running streams.
Yet by Impressions born with us we find
How good, great, just thou art, how unconfin'd.
Here we are swallowed up and gladly dwell,
Safely adoring what we cannot tell.
All we know is, thou art supremely good,
And dost delight to be so understood.
A Spicy Mountain on the Universe,
On which thy richest Odours do disperse.
But as the Sea to fill a Vessel heaves
More greedily than any Cask receives,
Besieg'd round to find some gap in it,
Which will a new Infusion admit:
POEMS.

So dost thou covet that thou mayst dispence
Upon the empty World thy Influence;
Lover to disburse thy self in kindness: Thus
The King of Kings waits to be gracious.

On this account, O God, enlarge my heart
To entertain what thou wouldest gain impart.
Nor let that Soul, by several titles shine,
And most capacious form'd for things Divine,
(So nobly meant, that when it most doth miss
'Tis in mistaken pantings after Bliss.)

Degraded self in fordid things delight,
Or by prophaner mixtures lose its right.
Oh! that with unfurled thoughts it may
Admire the light which does obscure the day.
And since 'tis Angels work it hath so do,
May its composure be like Angel's too.

When shall these clogs of Sentience break,
That I may hear the God within me speak?
When with a silent and retired art.
Shall I with all this empty hurry part?
To the Still Voice above, my Soul, advance;
My light and joy plac'd in his Countenance.
By whose dispence my Soul to such frame brought,
May tame each treach'rous, fix each wav'ring thought;
With such distinctions all things here behold,
And so to separate each dross from gold,
That nothing my free Soule may satisfie,
But 'emulate, enjoy, and study thee.

To Mrs. M. A. upon Absence.

1.

'Tis now since I began to die,
Four Months, yet still I gasping live;
Wrapp'd up in sorrow do I lie,
Hoping, ye doubting a Reprieve.

Adams
70  

POEMS.

Adam from Paradise expell'd
Just such a wretched Being held.

2.

'Tis not thy Love I fear to lose,
That will in spite of absence hold;
But 'tis the benefit and use
Is lost, as in imprison'd Cold:
Which though the Sun be nere so great,
Enriches nothing but conceit.

3.

What angry Star then governs me
That I must feel a double smart,
Prisoner to face as well as thee;
Kept from thy face, link'd to thy heart?
Because my Love all love excells,
Must my Grief have no Parallels?

4.

Sapless and dead as Winter here
I now remain, and all I see
Copies of my wild state appear,
But I am their Epitome.
Love me no more, for I am grown
Too dead and dull for thee to own.

To Mrs. Mary Aubrey.

So out of my Soul, my joy, my crown, my Friend,
A name which all the rest doth comprehend;
How happy are we now, whose Souls are grown
By an incomparable mixture one;
Whole well-acquainted Minds are now as near
As Love, or Vows, or Friendship can endear,
I have no thought but what's to thee reveal'd,
Nor thou desire that is from me conceal'd.
Thy Heart locks up my Secrets richly set,
And my Breast is thy private Cabinet.
Thou shedst no tear but what my moisture lent,
And if I sigh, it is thy breath is spent.
United thus, what Honour can appear
Worthy our Sorrow, Anger, or our Fear?
Let the dull World alone to talk and fight,
And with their vast Ambitions Nature fright;
Let them despise so Innocent a flame,
While Envy, Pride and Faction play their game:
But we, by Love sublim'd so high shall rise,
To pity Kings, and Conquerors despise,
Since we that Sacred Union have engross
Which they and all the factionous World have lost.

In Memory of Mr. Cartwright.

Stay, Prince of Phancie, stay, we are not fit
To welcome or admire thy Raptures yet:
Such horrid Ignorance benights the Times,
That Wit and Honour are become our Crimes.
But when those happy Pow'r's which guard thy duff
To us and to thy Mem'ry shall be just,
And by a flame from thy blest Genius lent
Rescue us from our dull Imprisonment,
Unsequester our Fancies, and create
A Worth that may upon thy Glories wait:
We then shall understand thee, and defcry
The splendour of restored Poetry.
Till when let no bold hand profane thy shrine,
'Tis high Wit-Treason to debase thy coin.

Mr.
Mr. Francis Finch, the Excellent Palemon.

This is confess Presumption, for had I
All that rich stock of Ingenuity
Which I could wish for this, yet would it be
Palemon's blot, a pious Injury.
But as no Votaries are scorn'd when they
The meanest Victim in Religion pay;
Nor that the Pow'r they worship needs a Gum,
But that they speak their thanks for all with some:
So though the most contemptible of all
That do themselves Palemon's Servants call,
I know that 'Zeal is more than Sacrifice,
(For God did not the Widow's Mite despise,)
And that Palemon hath Divinity,
And Mercy is his highest property:
He that doth such transcendent Merit own,
Must have imperfect Offerings or none.
He's one rich Lustrre which doth Rayes dispense,
As Knowledge will when set in Innocence.
For Learning did select his noble breast,
Where (in her native Majesty) to rest;
Free from the Tyranny and Pride of Schools,
Who have confin'd her to Pedantick Rules;
And that gentler Error which does take
Offence at Learning for her Habit's sake:
Palemon hath redeem'd her, who may be
Esteem'd himself an University;
And yet so much a Gentleman, that he
Needs not (though he enjoys) a Pedigree.
Sure he was built and sent to let us know
What man completed could both be and do.
Freedom from Vice is in him Nature's part,
Without the help of Discipline or Art.
He's his own Happiness and his own Law,
Whereby he keeps Passion and Face in awe.
Nor was this wrought in him by Time and Growth,
His genius had anticipated both.
Had all men been Palamon, Pride had we're
Taught one man Tyranny, the other Fear;
Ambition had been full as Monstrous then
As this ill World doth render Worthy men.
Had men his Spirit, they would soon forbear
Groveling for dirt, and quarrelling for air.
Were his harmonious Soul diffus'd in all,
We should believe that men did never fall.
It is Palamon's Soul that hath engrost
Th' ingenuous candour that the World hath lost;
Whole one mind seas him quiet, safe and high.
Above the reach of Time or Destiny.
'Twas he that rescu'd gaeping Friendship when
The Bell toll'd for her Funeral with men:
'Twas he that made Enemies more than Lovers burn,
And then made Love to Babed Friendship burn
'Twas he turn'd Honour inward, set her free
From Titles and from Popularity.
Now fix'd to Virtue she begs Praise of none,
But's Wits's and Reward'd both at home.
And in his breast this Honour's so enshrin'd,
As the old Law was in the Ark confin'd.
To which Pottery shall all content,
And let's dispute then: Acts of Parliament.
He's our Original, by whom we see
How much we fail, and what we ought to be.
But why do I to Copy him pretend?
My Rymes but libel whom they would commend.
'Tis true; but none can reach what's set so high;
And though I miss, I've noble Company:
For the most happy language must confess,
It doth obscure Palamon, not express.
POEMS.

To Mrs. M. A. at parting.

I
Have examin'd and do find,
Of all that favour me
There's none I grieve to leave behind
But only only thee.
To part with thee I needs must die,
Could parting sep'rate thee and I.

2.

But neither Chance nor Complement
Did element our Love;
'Twas sacred Sympathy was lent
Us from the Quire above.
That Friendship Fortune did create,
Still fears a wound from Time or Fate.

3.

Our chang'd and mingled Souls are grown
To such acquaintance now,
That if each would resume their own,
Alas! we know not how.
We have each other to engroft,
That each is in the Union lost.

4.

And thus we can no Absence know,
Nor shall we be confin'd;
Our active Souls will daily go
To learn each others mind.
Nay, should we never meet to Sense,
Our Souls would hold Intelligence.
5.

Inspired with a Flame Divine
I scorn to court a stay;
For from that noble Soul of thine
I ne're can be away.
But I shall weep when thou dost grieve;
Nor can I die whilst thou dost live.

6.

By my own temper I shall guess
At thy felicity,
And only like my happiness
Because it pleaseth thee.
Our hearts at any time will tell
If thou, or I, be sick, or well.

7.

All Honour sure I must pretend,
All that is Good or Great;
She that would be Rosania's Friend,
Must be at least compleat.
If I have any bravery,
'Tis cause I have so much of thee.

8.

Thy Leiger Soul in me shall lie,
And all thy thoughts reveal;
Then back again with mine shall fly,
And thence to me shall steal.
Thus still to one another tend;
Such is the sacred name of Friend.

9. Thus
9.

Thus our twin-Souls in one shall grow,  
And teach the World new Love,  
Redeem the Age and Sex, and shew  
A Flame Fae dare not move:  
And courting Death to be our friend,  
Our Lives together too shall end.

10.

A Dew shall dwell upon our Tomb  
Of such a quality,  
That fighting Armies, thither come,  
Shall reconciled be.  
We'll ask no Epitaph, but say  
ORINDA and ROSANIA.

---

To my dearest Antenor, on his Parting.

Though it be just to grieve when I must part  
With him that is the Guardian of my Heart;  
Yet by an happy change the loss of mine  
Is with advantage paid in having thine.  
And I (by that dear Guest instructed) find  
Absence can do no hurt to Souls combin'd.  
As we were born to love, brought to agree  
By the impressions of Divine Decree.  
So when united nearer we became,  
It did not weaken, but increase, our Flame.  
Unlike to those who distant joys admire,  
But slight them when possessest of their desire.  
Each of our Souls did it own temper sit,  
And in the other's Mould so fashion'd it,  
That now our Inclinations both are grown,  
Like to our Interests and Person, one;  

And
POEMS.

And souls whom such an Union forsties,
Passion can ne’re destroy, nor fate surprize.
Now as in watches, though we do not know
When the hand moves, we find it still doth go.
So I, by secret sympathy inclin’d,
Will absent meet, and understand thy mind;
And thou at thy return shalt find thy heart
Still safe, with all the love thou didest impart.
For though that treasure I have ne’re deserv’d,
It shall with strong religion be preserv’d.
And besides this thou shalt in me survey
Thy self reflected while thou art away.
For what some forward artists do undertake,
The images of absent friends to make,
And represent their actions in a glass,
Friendship it self can only bring to pass,
That magic which both fate and time beguiles,
And in a moment runs a thousand miles.
So in my breast thy picture drawn shall be,
My guide, life, object, friend, and destiny:
And none shall know, though they employ their wit,
Which is the right antenor, thou, or it.

Engraven on Mr. John Collier’s tomb-stone at
Bedlington.

Here what remains of him doth lie,
Who was the World’s epitome,
Religion’s darling, merchants’ glory,
Mens true delight, and virtue’s story;
Who, though a prisoner to the grave,
A glorious freedom once shall have:
Till when no monument is fit,
But what’s beyond our love and wit.
On the little Regina Collier, on the same Tomb-stone.

Vertue's Blossom, Beauty's Bud,
The Pride of all that's fair and good,
By Death's fierce hand was snatch'd hence
In her state of Innocence:
Who by it this advantage gains,
Her wages got without her pains.

Friendship.

Let the dull brutish World that know not Love
Continue Hereticks, and disapprove
That noble Flame; but the refined know
'Tis all the Heaven we have here below.
Nature subsists by Love, and they do tie
Things to their Causes but by Sympathy.
Love chains the different Elements in one
Great Harmony, link'd to the Heav'nly Throne.
And as on Earth, so the blest Quire above
Of Saints and Angels are maintain'd by Love;
That is their Business and Felicity,
And will be so to all Eternity.
That is the Ocean, our Affections here
Are but streams borrow'd from the Fountain there.
And 'tis the noblest Argument to prove
A Beauteous mind, that it knows how to Love:
Those kind Impressions which Fate can't controul,
Are Heaven's mintage on a worthy Soul.
For Love is all the Arts Epitome,
And is the Sum of all Divinity.
He's worse than Beast that cannot Love, and yet
It is not bought for Money, Pains or Wit;
For no chance or design can Spirits move,
But the Eternal destiny of Love:

And
POEMS.

And when two Souls are chang'd and mixed so,
It is what they and none but they can do.
This, this is Friendship, that abstrac'd flame
Which groveling Mortals know not how to name.
All Love is sacred, and the Marriage-tie
Hath much of Honour and Divinity.
But Luft, Design, or some unworthy ends
May mingle there, which are despis'd by Friends.
Passion hath violent extremes, and thus
All oppositions are contiguous.
So when the end is serv'd their Love will hate,
If Friendship make it not more fortunate:
Friendship, that Love's Elixir, that pure fire
Which burns the clearer 'cause it burns the higher.
For Love, like earthy fires (which will decay
If the material fuel be away)
Is with offensive smoke accompanied,
And by resistance only is supplied:
But Friendship, like the fiery Element,
With its own Heat and Nourishment content,
Where neither hurt, nor smoke, nor noise is made,
Scorns the assistance of a foreign aid,
Friendship (like Heraldry) is hereby known,
Richest when plainest, bravest when alone;
Calm as a Virgin, and more Innocent
Than sleeping Doves are, and as much content
As Saints in Visions; quiet as the Night,
But clear and open as the Summer's light;
United more than Spirits Faculties,
Higher in thoughts than are the Eagle's eyes;
What shall I say? when we true friends are grown,
W'are like --- Alas, w'are like our selves alone.

The
The Enquiry.

1.

If we no old Historian's name
Authentick will admit,
But think all laid of Friendship's fame
But Poetry or Wit:
Yet what's revered by Minds so pure
Must be a bright Idea sure.

2.

But as our Immortality.
By inward sense we find,
Judging that if it could not be,
It would not be design'd:
So here how could such Copies fall,
If there were no Original?

3.

But if Truth be in ancient Song,
Or Story we believe,
If the inspir'd and graver Throng
Have scorned to deceive;
There have been Hearts whose Friendship gave
Them thoughts at once both soft and brave.

4.

Among that consecrated Few,
Some more Seraphick shade
Lend me a favourable Clew
Now mist my eyes invade.
Why, having fill'd the World with Fame,
Left you so little of your fame?

Why
5.

Why is't so difficult to see
Two Bodies and one Mind?
And why are those who else agree
So differently kind?
Hath Nature such fantastick art,
That she can vary every Heart?

6.

Why are the bands of Friendship tied
With so remiss a knot,
That by the most it is defied,
And by the rest forgot?
Why do we step with so light a sense
From Friendship to Indifference.

7.

If Friendship Sympathy impart;
Why this ill-shuffled game,
That Heart can never meet with Heart,
Or Flame encounter Flame?
What does this Cruelty create?
Is't the Intrigue of Love or Fate?

8.

Had Friendship we're been known to Men,
(The Ghost at last confess'd)
The World had been a Stranger then
To all that Heaven possest.
But could it all be here acquire'd,
Not Heaven itself would be defir'd.
To my Lucrezia, in defence of declared Friendship.

1.

O my Lucrezia, let us speak our Love,
And think not that impertinent can be,
Which to us both doth such assurance prove,
And whence we find how justly we agree.

2.

Before we knew the treasures of our Love,
Our noble aims our joys did entertain;
And shall enjoyment nothing then improve?
'Twere best for us then to begin again.

3.

Now we have gain'd, we must not stop, and sleep
Out all the rest of our mysterious reign:
It is as hard and glorious to keep
A victory, as it is to obtain.

4.

Nay to what end did we once barter Minds,
Only to know and to neglect the claims?
Or (like some Wantons) our Pride pleasure finds
To throw away the thing at which we aim.

5.

If this be all our Friendship does design,
We covet not enjoyment then, but power:
To our Opinion we our Bliss confine,
And love to have, but not to smell, the flower.

Ah!
Ah! then let Mifers bury thus their Gold,
Who though they starve no farthing will produce:
But we lov'd to enjoy and to behold,
And sure we cannot spend our flock by use.

Think not 'tis needless to repeat desires;
The fervent Turtles alwayes court and bill,
And yet their spotless passion never tires,
But does encrease by repetition still.

Although we know we love, yet while our Soul
Is thus imprison'd by the Flesh we wear,
There's no way left that bondage to controul,
But to convey transactions through the Ear:

Nay, though we read our passions in the Eye,
It will oblige and please to tell them too:
Such joys as these by motion multiply,
Were't but to find that our Souls told us true.

Believe not then, that being now secure
Of either's heart, we have no more to do
The Spheres themselves by motion do endure,
And they move on by Circulation too.
And as a River, when it once hath paid
The tribute which it to the Ocean owes,
Stops not, but turns, and having curl'd and play'd
On its own waves, the shore it overflows.

So the Soul's motion does not end in bliss,
But on her felt she receiveth and dilates,
And on the Object doubles till by this
She finds new joys which that reflex creates.

But then because it cannot all contain,
It seeks a vent by telling the glad news,
First to the Heart which did its joys obtain,
Then to the Heart which did those joys produce.

When my Soul then doth such excursions make,
Unless thy Soul delight to meet it too,
What satisfaction can it give or take,
Thou being absent at the interview?

'Tis not Distrust; for were that plea allow'd,
Letters and Visits all would useless grow:
Love's whole expression then would be its cloud,
And it would be refin'd to nothing so.
POEMS.

16.

If I distrust, 'tis my own worth for thee,
'Tis my own mirth for a love like thine;
And therefore still new evidence would see,
'Tis sure my wonder that thou canst be mine.

17.

But as the Morning-Sun to drooping Flowers,
As weary Travellers a Shade do find,
As to the parched Violet Evening-showers;
Such is from thee to me a Look that's kind.

18.

But when that Look is dreft in Words, 'tis like
The mystick pow'r of Musick's union;
Which when the finger doth one Viol strike;
The other's string heaves to reflection.

19.

Be kind to me, and just then to our love,
To which we owe our free and dear Converse;
And let not track of Time wear or remove
It from the privilege of that Commerce.

20.

Tyrants do banish what they can't require:
But let us never know such mean desires;
But to be grateful to that Love delight
Which all our joys and noble thoughts inspires.
A Recovery.

A Chosen Privacy, a cheap Content,
And all the Peace a Friendship ever lent,
A Rock which civil Nature made a Seat,
A Willow that repulses all the heat,
The beauteous quiet of a Summer's day,
A Brook which spaw'd aloud and ran away,
Invited my Repose, and then conspir'd
To entertain my Phancia thus retir'd.

As Lucian's Forty-man aloft did view
The angry World, and then laug'd at it too:
So all its sullen Follies seem to me
But as a too-well acted Tragedy.

One dangerous Ambition dorn befoul,
Another Envy to see that man Rule:
One makes his Love the Parent of his Rage,
For private Friendship publickly to engage:
And some for Conscience, some for Honour die;
And some are mealy kill'd they know not why.

More different then mens faces are their ends,
Whom yet one common Ruine can make Friends.

Death, Dust and Darkness they have only won,
And hastily unto their Periods run.

Death is a Leveller; Beauty, and Kings,
And Conquerors, and all those glorius things,
Are tumbled to their Graves in one rude heap,
Like common dust as quiet and as cheap.

At greater Changes who would wonder then,
Since Kingdoms have their Fates as well as men?
They must fall sick and die; nothing can be
In this world certain, but uncertainty.

Since Pow'r and Greatnes are such slippery things,
Who'd pity Cottages, or envy Kings?
Now least of all, when, weary of deceit,
The World no longer flatters with the Great.

Though
POEMS.

Though such Confusions here below we find,
As Providence were wont to Mankind:
Yet in this Chaos some things do stand forth,
(Like Jewels in the dark) a Native worth.
He that derives his high Nobility,
Not from the mention of a Pedigree;
Who thinks it not his Praise that others know
His Ancestors were gallant long ago;
Who scorns to boast the Glories of his blood,
And thinks he can't be great that is not good;
Who knows the World, and what we Pleasure call,
Yet cannot sell one Conscience for them all;
Who hates to hoard that Gold with an excuse,
For which he can find out a nobler use;
Who dares not keep that Life that he can spend,
To serve his God, his Country, and his Friend;
Who flattery and falsehood doth so hate,
He would not buy ten Lives at such a rate;
Whose Soul, then Diamonds more rich and clear,
Naked and open as his face doth wear;
Who dares be good alone in such a time,
When Virtue's held and punish'd as a Crime;
Who thinks dark crooked Plots a mean defence,
And is both safe and wise in Innocence;
Who dares both fight and die, but dares not fear;
Whose only doubt is, if his cause be clear;
Whose Courage and his Justice equal worn,
Can dangers grapple, overcome and scorn,
Yet not insult upon a conquer'd foe,
But can forgive him and oblige him too;
Whose Friendship is congenial with his Soul,
Who where he gives a heart bestows it whole;
Whose others and Titles here do end,
Or buried or completed in the Friend;
Who ne'er resumes the Soul he once did give,
While his Friend's Honesty and Honour live;
And if his Friend's content could cost the price,
Would count himself a happy Sacrifice;

Whole
POEMS.

Whole happy days no Pride infects, nor can
His other Titles make him slight the man;
No dark Ambitious thoughts do cloud his brow,
Nor restless cares when to be Great, and how;
Who scorn's to envy Wealth where e're it be,
But pities such a Golden Slavery;
With no mean sownings can the people court,
Nor wholly slight a popular report;
Whole house no Orphan groans do shake or blast,
Nor any riot help to serve his taste;
Who from the top of his Prosperities
Can take a fall, and yet without surprize;
Who with the fame august and even state
Can entertain the best and worst of Fate;
Whole sufferings' sweeter, if Honour once adorn it;
Who lights Revenge, yet does not fear, but sees it;
Whole Happiness in ev'ry Fortune lives,
For that no Fortune either takes or gives;
Who no unhandsome ways can bribe his Fate,
Nay, out of Prison marches through the Gate;
Who losing all his Titles and his Pelf,
Nay, all the World, can never lose himself;
This Person shines indeed, and he that can
Be Vertuous is the great Immortal man.

A Country-life.

How Sacred and how Innocent
A Country-life appears,
How free from Tumult, Discontent,
From Flattery or Fears!
This was the first and happiest Life,
When man enjoy'd himself;
Till Pride exchanged Peace for Strife,
And Happiness for Pelf.
'Twas here the Poets were inspir'd,
Here taught the multitude;
POEMS.

The brave they here with Honour sir'd,
And civilized the rude.
That Golden Age did entertain
No Passion but of Love;
The thoughts of Ruling and of Gain
Did nere their Fancies move.
None then did envy Neighbour's wealth,
Nor Plot to wrong his bed:
Happy in Friendship and in Health,
On Roots, not Beasts, they fed.
They knew no Law nor Physick then;
Nature was all their Wit.
And if there yet remain to men
Content, sure this is it.
What Blessings doth this World afford
To tempt or bribe desire?
Her Courtship is all Fire and Sword,
Who would not then retire?
Then welcome dearest Solitude,
My great Felicity;
Though some are pleas'd to call thee rude,
Thou art not so, but we.
Then that do covet only rest,
A Cottage will suffice:
It is not brave to be possess'd
Of Earth, but to despise.
Opinion is the rate of things,
From hence our Peace doth flow;
I have a better Fate then Kings,
Because I think it so.
When all the stormy World doth roar
How unconcern'd am I?
I cannot fear to tumble lower
Who never could be high.
Secure in these unenvi'd walls
I think not on the State,
And pity no man's case that falls
From his Ambition's height.

Silence
Silence and Innocence are safe;
A heart that's nobly true
At all these little Arts can laugh
That do the World subdue.
While others Revel in State,
Here I'm contented fit,
And think I have as good a Fate
As Wealth and Pomp admit.
Let some in Courtship take delight,
And to the Exchange resort;
Then Revel out a Winter's night,
Not making Love, but Sport.
There never knew a noble Flame,
'Tis Lust, Scorn, or Design:
While Vanity plays all their Game,
Let Peace and Honour mine.
When the inviting Spring appears,
To Hide-parks let them go,
And having thence be full offears
To lose Spring-Garden shew.
Let others (noble) seek to gain
In Knowledge happy Fate,
And others busie them in vain
To study ways of State.
But I, resolved from within,
Confirmed from without,
In Privacy intend to spin
My future Minutes out.
And from this Hermitage of mine
I banish all wild toyes,
And nothing that is not Divine
Shall dare to tempt my Joys.
There are below but two things good,
Friendship and Honesty,
And only those of all I would
Ask for Felicity.
In this retir'd and humble seat
Free from both War and Strife,
POEMS.

To Mrs. Wogan, my Honoured Friend, on the Death of her Husband.

Dry up your tears, there's enough shed by you; And we must pay our share of Sorrows too.
For since we know his rich Integrity, His real Sweetness, and full Harmony;
How free his heart and house were to his Friends, Whom he oblig'd without Design or Ends;
How universal was his courtesie, How clear a Soul, how even, and how high;
How much he scorn'd disguife or meaner Arts, But with a native Honour conquer'd Hearts;
We must conclude he was a Treasure lent, Soon weary of this fordid Tenement.
The Age and World deserv'd him not, and he Was kindly snatch'd from future Misery.
We can scarce say he's Dead, but gone to rest; And left a Monument in ev'ry breast.
For you to grieve then in this sad excess, Is not to speak your Love, but make it les.
A noble Soul no Friendship will admit, But what's Eternal and Divine as it.
The Soul is hid in mortal flesh we know, And all its weaknesses must undergo,
Till, by degrees it does shone forth at length, And gathers Beauty, Purity, and Strength:
But never yet doth this Immortal Ray Put on full Splendour till it put off Clay:
So Infant Love is in the worthiest breast

By
POEMS.

By Sense and Passion sooner'd and opprest;
But by degrees it grows still more refin'd,
And scorning clogs, only concerns the mind.
Now as the Soul you lov'd is here set free
From its material gross capacity;
Your Love should follow him now he is gone,
And quitting Passion, put Perfection on.
Such Love as this will its own good deny,
If its dear Object have Felicity.
And since we cannot his great Loss Reprieve,
Let's not lose you in whom he still doth Live.
For while you are by Grief secluded thus,
It doth appear your Funeral to us.

In memory of the most justly honoured, Mrs.
Owen of Orielton.

As when the ancient World by Reason liv'd,
The Asian Monarchs deaths were never griev'd;
Their glorious Lives made all their Subjects call
Their Rites a Triumph, not a Funeral:
So still the Good are Princes, and their Fate
Invites us not to weep, but imitate.
Nature intends a progress of each stage
Whereby weak Man creeps to succeeding Age,
Ripens him for that Change for which he's made,
Where th' active Soul is in her Centrè laid.
And since none stript of Infancy complain,
'Caufe 'tis both their necessity and gain:
So Age and Death by slow approaches come,
And by that just inevitable doom
By which the Soul (her cloggy dross once gone)
Puts on Perfection, and resumes her own.
Since then we mourn a happy Soul, O why
Disturb we her with erring Piety?
Who's so enamour'd on the beauteous Ground,
When with rich Autumn's livery hung round,
As to deny a Sickle to his Grain,
And not undress the teeming Earth again?
Fruits grow for use, Mankind is born to die;
And both Fates have the same necessity.
Then grieve no more, sad Relatives, but learn;
Sigh not, but profit by your just concern.
Read over her Life's volume: wise and good,
Not 'cause she must be so, but 'cause she wou'd.
To chosen Virtue still a constant friend,
She saw the Times which chang'd, but did not mend.
And as some are so civil to the Sun,
They'd fix his beams, and make the Earth to run:
So she unmov'd beheld the angry Fate
Which tore a Church, and overthrew a State:
Still durst be Good, and own the noble Truth,
To crown her Age which had adorn'd her Youth.
Great without Pride, a Soul which still could be
Humble and high, full of calm Majesty.
She kept true State within, and could not buy
Her Satisfaction with her Charity.
Fortune or Birth ne're rais'd her Mind, which stood
Not on her being rich, but doing good.
Oblig'd the World, but yet would scorn to be
Paid with Requital, Thanks or Vanity.
How oft did she what all the World adore,
Make the Poor happy with her useful Store?
So general was her Bounty, that she gave
Equality to all before the Grave.
By several means she different persons ty'd,
Who by her Goodness onely were ally'd.
Her Vertue was her Temper, not her Fit;
Fear'd nothing but the Crimes which some commit;
Scorn'd those dark Arts which pass for Wisdom now;
Nor to a mean ignoble thing could bow.
And her vast Prudence had no other end,
But to forgive a Foe, endear a Friend:
To use, but slight, the World; and fixt above,
Shine down in beams of Piety and Love.

Why
Why should we then by poor unjust complaint
Prove envious Sinners' cause she is a Saint?
Close then the Monument; let not a Tear
That may profane her Ashes now appear:
For her best Obsequies are that we be
Prudent and Good, Noble and Sweet, as she.

A Friend.

1.

Love, Nature's Plot, this great Creation's Soul,
The Being and the Harmony of things,
Doth still preserve and propagate the whole,
From whence Man's Happiness and Safety springs:
The earliest, whiteest, blessedst Times did draw
From her alone their universal Law.

2.

Friendship's an Abstract of this noble Flame,
'Tis Love refined and purged from all its dross,
The next to Angels Love, if not the same,
As strong as passion is, though not so gross:
It antedates a glad Eternity,
And is an Heaven in Epitome.

3.

Nobler then Kindred or then Marriage-band,
Because more free; Wedlock-felicity
Itself doth only by this Union stand,
And turns to Friendship or to Misery.
Force or Design Marches to pass may bring,
But Friendship doth from Love and Honour spring.

4. If
POEMS.

4.

If Souls no Sexes have, for Men e'xclude
Women from Friendship's vast capacity,
Is a Design injurious or rude,
Only maintain'd by partial tyranny.
Love is allow'd to us and Innocence,
And noblest Friendships do proceed from thence.

5.

The chiefest thing in Friends is Sympathy:
There is a Secret that doth Friendship guide,
Which makes two Souls before they know agree,
Who by a thousand mixtures are ally'd,
And chang'd and lost, so that it is not known
Within which breast doth now reside their own.

6.

Essential Honour must be in a Friend,
Not such as every breath fans to and fro;
But born within, is its own judge and end, (know.
And dares not sin though sure that none should
Where Friendship's spoke, Honesty's understood;
For none can be a Friend that is not Good.

7.

Friendship doth carry more then common trust,
And Treachery is here the greatest sin.
Secrets deposed then none ever must
Presume to open, but who put them in.
They that in one Chest lay up all their stock,
Had need be sure that none can pick the Lock.

8. A
8.

A breast too open Friendship does not love,
For that the others Trust will not conceal;
Nor one too much reserv'd can it approve,
Its own Condition this will not reveal.
We empty Passions for a double end,
To be refresh'd and guarded by a Friend.

9.

Wisdom and Knowledge Friendship does require,
The first for Counsel, this for Company;
And though not mainly, yet we may desire
Both complaisance and Ingenuity.
Though ev'ry thing may love, yet 'tis a Rule,
He cannot be a Friend that is a Fool.

10.

Discretion uses Parts, and best know how;
And Patience will all Qualities commend;
That serves a need best, but this doth allow
The Weaknesses and Passions of a Friend.
We are not yet come to the Quire above:
Who cannot Pardon here, can never Love.

11.

Thick Waters shew no Images of things;
Friends are each others Mirrors, and should be
Clearer then Crystal or the Mountain Springs,
And free from Clouds, Design or Flattery.
For vulgar Souls no part of Friendship share:
Poets and Friends are born to what they are.

12. Friends
Friends should observe and chide each others Faults,
To be severe then is most just & kind; (though
Nothing can escape their search who knew the
This they should give and take with equal Mind.
For Friendship, when this Freedom is deny'd,
Is like a Painter when his hands are try'd;

A Friend should find out each Necessity,
And then ura'k'd reliev'rs at any rate;
It is not Friendship, but Formality,
To be defir'd, for Kindness keeps no Rate.
Of Friends he'd with the Benvolour prove,
That gives his Friend the means t' express his Love.

Absence doth not from Friendship's right excuse:
Them who preferve each others heart and fame,
Parting can we're divide, it may diffuse;
As a far stretch'd out River's still the fame.
Though Presence help'd them at the first to greet,
Their Souls know now without those aids to meet.

Constant and Solid, whom no storms can shake,
Nor death unfix, a right Friend ought to be;
And it condemned to survive, doth make
No second choice, but Grief and Memory.
But Friendship's best Fate is, when it can spend
A Life; a Fortune, all to serve a Friend.
L'Accord du Bien.

1.

Order, by which all things are made,
And this great World's foundation laid,
Is nothing else but Harmony,
Where different parts are brought t'agree.

2.

As Empires are still best maintain'd
Those ways which first their Greatness gain'd:
So in this universal Frame
What made and keeps it is the same.

3.

Thus all things unto peace do tend;
Even Discords have it for their end.
The cause why Elements do fight,
Is but their Inclinations to Unite.

4.

Musick could never please the Sense
But by United excellence:
The sweetest Note which Numbers know,
If struck alone, would tedious grow.

5.

Man, the whole World's Epitome,
Is by creation Harmony.
'Twas Sin first quarter'd in his breast,
Then made him angry with the rest.

6. But
6.

But Goodness keeps that Unity,
And loves its own society
So well, that seldom we have known
One real Worth to dwell alone.

7.

And hence it is we Friendship call
Not by one Vertue's name, but all.
Nor is it when bad things agree
Thought Union, but Conspiracy.

8.

Nature and Grace, such enemies
That when one fell 't other did rise,
Are now by Mercy even set,
As Stars in Constellations met.

9.

If Nature were it self a sin,
Her Author (God) had guilty been,
But Man by sin contracting stain,
Shall purged from that be clear again.

10.

To prove that Nature's excellent
Even Sin it self's an argument:
Therefore we Nature's stain deplore,
Because it self was pure before.

II: And
POEMS.

11.
And Grace destroys not, but refines,
Unveils our Reason, then it shines;
Restores what was deprest by sin,
The launting beam of God within.

12.
The main spring (Judgment) rectify'd,
Will all the lesser Motions guide,
To spend our Labour, Love and Care,
Not as things seem, but as they are.

13.
'Tis Fancy lost, Wit thrown away,
In tristles to imploy that Ray,
Which then doth in full Insire shine
When both Ingenious and Divine.

14.
To Eyes by Humours vitiated
All things seem falsely coloured:
So 'tis our prejudicial thought
That makes clear Objects seem in fault.

15.
They scarce believe united good,
By whom 'twas never understood:
They think one Grade enough for one,
And 'tis because their selves have none.

16. We
POEMS.

16.

We hunt Extreams, and run so fast,
We cannot finde judgment cast:
He best surveys the Circuit round
Who stands in the middle of the ground.

17.

That happy mean would let us see
Knowledge and Meekness may agree;
And find, when each thing hath its name,
Passion and Zeal are not the same.

18.

Who studies God doth upwards flye,
And height still lusters to our eye;
And he that knows God, soon will see
Vast cause for his Humility.

19.

For by that search it will be known
There's nothing but our Will our own:
And who doth so that flock imploie,
But finds more cause for Shame then Joy.

20.

We know so little and so dark,
And so extinguish our own spark,
That he who furthest here can go,
Knows nothing as he ought to know.
21.

It will with the most Learned fute
More to enquire then dispute:
But Vapours swell within a Cloud;
'Tis Ignorance that makes us proud.

22.

So whom their own vain Heart belies,
Like Inflammations quickly rise:
But that Soul which is truly great
Is lowest in its own conceit.

23.

Yet while we hug our own mistake,
We Censures, but not Judgments, make;
And thence 'tis we cannot see
Obedience stand with Liberty.

24.

Providence still keeps even state;
But he can best command his Fate,
Whole Art by adding his own Voice
Makes his Necessity his Choice.

25.

Rightly to rule ones self must be
The hardest, largest Monarchy:
Whole Passions are his Masters grown,
Will be a Captive in a Throne.

26. He
POEMS.

26.

He most the inward freedom gains,
Who just Submissions entertains:
For while in that his Reason sways,
It is himself that he obeys.

27.

But only in Eternity
We can these beauteous Unions see:
For even it self and Glory is
But one harmonious constant Bliss.

 Invitation to the Country.

Be kind, my dear Rosania, though 'tis true
Thy Friendship will become thy Penance too;
Though there be nothing can reward the pain,
Nothing to satisfie or entertain;
Though all be empty, wild, and like tombe,
Who make new Troubles in my Company:
Yet is the action more obliging great;
'Tis Hardship only makes Desert complete.
But yet to prove Mixtures all things compound,
There may in this be some advantage found;
For a Retirement from the noise of Towns,
Is that for which some Kings have left their Crowns:
And Conquerors, whose Laurel prest the brow,
Have chang'd it for the quiet Myrtle-bow.
For Titles, Honours, and the World's Address,
Are things too cheap to make up Happiness;
The easy Tribute of a giddy race,
And pay'd less to the Person then the place:
So false reflected and so short content
Is that which Fortune and Opinion lent,
That who most try'd it have of Fate complain'd,
With Titles burthen'd and to greatness chain'd.

For
POEMS.

For they alone enjoy'd what they possess,
Who relish most and understood it best.
And yet that understanding made them know
The empty swift dispatch of all below.
So that what most can outward things endear,
Is the best means to make them disappear:
And even that Tyrant (Sense) doth these destroy,
As more officious to our Grief then Joy.
Thus all the glittering World is but a cheat,
Obtruding on our Sense things Gross for Great.
But he that can enquire and undisclose,
Will soon perceive the fling that hidden lies;
And find no Joys merit esteem but those
Whose Scene lies only at our own dispose.
Man unconcern'd without himself may be
His own both Prosperity and Security.
Kings may be Slaves by their own Passions hurl'd,
But who commands himself commands the World.
A Country-life affords this study best,
Where no distractions do the Soul arrest:
There Heav'n and Earth lie open to our view,
There we search Nature and its Author too;
Possess with Freedom and a real State
Look down on Vice, and Vanity, and Fate.
There (my Rosania) will we, mingling Souls,
Pity the Folly which the World controuls;
And all those Grandeur's which the World do prize
We either can enjoy, or will despise.

In Memory of Mrs. E. H.

As some choice Plant cherish'd by Sun and Air,
And ready to requite the Gard'ner's care,
Blossoms and flourish, but then we find
Is made the Triumph of some Ruder Wind:
So thy untimely, Grave did both entomb
Thy Sweetness now, and wonders yet to come.
POEMS.

Hung full of hopes thou fell'st a lovely prize,
Just as thou didst attract all Hearts and Eyes.
Thus we might apprehend, for had thy years
Been lengthen'd to have paid those vast arrears
The World expected, we should then conclude,
The Age of Miracles had been renew'd.
For thou already hast with ease found out
What others study with such pains and doubt;
That frame of Soul which is content alone,
And needs no Entertainment but its own.
Thy even Mind, which made thee good and great,
Was to thee both a shelter and retreat.
Of all the Tumults which this World doth fill
Thou wert an unconcern'd Spectator still:
And, were thy duty punctually supply'd;
Indifferent to all the World beside.
Thou wert made up within refol'v'd and fix'd,
And wouldst not with a base Allay bemix'd;
Above the World, couldst equally despise
Both its Temptations and its Injuries;
Couldst summe up all, and find not worth desire
Those glittering Trifles which the most admire;
But with a nobler aim, and higher born,
Look down on Greatness with contempt and scorn.
Thou hadst no Arts that others this might see;
Nor lov'dst a Trumpet to thy Piety:
But silent and retir'd, calm and serene;
Stol'st to thy blessed Haven hardly seen.
It were vain to describe thee then, but now
Thy vast accession harder is to know;
How full of light, and sati'sfi'd thou art,
So early from this treach'rous World to part,
How pleas'd thou art reflections now to make,
And find thou didst not things below mislike;
In how abstracted converse thou dost live;
How much thy Knowledge is intuitive;
How great and bright a glory is enjoy'd
With Angels, and in Mysteries employ'd.
'Tis sin then to lament thy Fate, but we
Should help thee to a new Eternity;
And by successive Imitation strive,
Till Time shall die, to keep thee still alive;
And (by thy great Example furnish'd) be
More apt to live then write thy Elogy.

On Rosania's Apostasy, and Lucasia's Friendship.

Great Soul of Friendship whither art thou fled,
Where dost thou now choose to repose thy head?
Or art thou nothing but voice, air and name,
Found out to put Souls in pursuit of fame?
Thy flames being thought Immortal, we may doubt
Whether they ere did burn that see them out.

Go weary'd Soul find out thy wonted rest,
In the safe Harbour of Orinda's breast,
There all unknown Adventures thou hast found
In thy late transmigrations expound;
That so Rosania's darkness may be known
To be her want of Lustre, not thy own.

Then to the Great Lucasia have recourse,
There gather up new excellence and force,
Till by a free unbyass'd clear Commerce,
Endearments which no Tongue can e're rehearse,
Lucasia and Orinda shall thee give
Eternity, and make even Friendship live.

Hail Great Lucasia, thou shalt doubly shine,
What was Rosania's own is now twice thine;
Thou saw'rt Rosania's Chariot and her flight,
And to the double portion is thy right:
Though 'twas Rosania's Spirit be content,
Since 'twas at first from thy Orinda sent.

To
To my Lady Elizabeth Boyle, Singing now affairs &c.

S
ubduing fair! what will you win
To use a needle's Dart:
Why then so many to take in
One undefended heart?
I came expos'd to all your Charms,
'Gainst which the first half hour
I had no will to take up Armes;
And in the next no Power.

How can you chuse but win the Day;
Who can resist your Siege,
Who in one action know the way
To Vanquish and Oblige?

Your Voice which can in melting strains
Teach Beauty to be blind,
Confines me yet in stronger Chains,
By being soft and kind.

Whilst you my trivial fancy sing,
You it to wit refine,

As Leather once stamp'd by a King
Became a Current Coin.

By this my Verse is sure to gain
Eternity with men,
Which by your voice it will obtain;
Though never by my Pen.

I'd rather in your favour live
Then in a lasting name,
And much a greater rate would give
For Happiness then Fame.
Submission.

’Tis so, and humbly I my will resign,
Nor dare dispute with Providence Divine.
In vain, alas! we struggle with our chains,
But more entangled by the infinite pains.
For as’t th great Creation of this All,
Nothing by chance could in such order fall;
And what would single be deform’d confest,
Grows beauteous in its union with the rest:
So Providence like Wisdom we allow,
(For what created once does govern now)
And the same Fate that seems to one Reverse,
Is necessary to the Universe:
All these particular and various things,
Link’d to their Causes by such secret Springs,
Are held so fast, and govern’d by such Art,
That nothing can out of its order start.
The World’s God’s watch, where nothing is so small,
But makes a part of what composes all:
Could the least Pin be lost or else displac’d,
The World would be disorder’d and defac’d.
It bears no Pulse in vain, but keeps its time,
And undiscern’d to its own height doth climb;
Strung fast, and daily wound up by his hand
Who can its motions guide and understand.
No secret cunning then nor multitude
Can Providence divert, cross or delude.
And her just full decrees are hidden things,
Which harder are to find than Births of Springs.
Yet all in various Consorts fiely found,
And by their Discords Harmony compound.
Hence is that Order, Life and Energy,
Whereby Forms are preserv’d though Matters die;
And shifting dress keep their own living state:
So that what kills this, does that propagate.

This
This made the ancient Sage in Rapture cry,
That sure the world had full Eternity.
For though it fell to Time and Fate submit,
He's above both who made and governs it;
And to each Creature hath such Portion lent;
As Love and Wisdom sees convenient:
For he's no Tyrant, nor delights to grieve
The Beings which from him alone can live.
He's most concern'd, and hath the greatest share
In man, and therefore takes the greatest care
To make him happy, who alone can be
So by Submission and Conformity.
For why should Changes here below surprize,
When the whole World its revolution tries?
Where were our Springs, our Harvest's pleasant use,
Unless Vicissitude did them produce?
Nay, what can be so wearisome a pain
As when no Alterations entertain?
To lose, to suffer, to be sick and die,
Arrest us by the same Necessity.
Nor could they trouble us, but that our mind
Hath its own glory unto dross confin'd.
For outward things removed not from their place,
Till our Souls run to beg their mean embrace;
Then doting on the choice make it our own,
By placing Trifles in th' Opinion's Throne.
So when they are divorc'd by some new crost,
Our Souls seem widow'd by the fatal loss:
But could we keep our Grandeur and our state,
Nothing below would seem unfortunate;
But Grace and Reason, which best succours bring,
Would with advantage manage every thing;
And by right Judgment would prevent our moan
For losing that which never was our own.
For right Opinion's like a Marble grott,
In Summer cool, and in the Winter hot;
A Principle which in each Fortune lives,
Bestowing Catholick Preservatives.
POEMS.

'Tis this resolves; there are no losses where
Vertue and Reason are continued there.
The nearest Soul might such a Fortune share,
But no mean Soul could for that Fortune bear.
Thus I composed my thoughts grown insolent,
As th' Irish Harper doth his Instrument,
Which if once struck doth murmur and complain,
But the new touch will silence all again.

2 Cor. 5. 19. God was in Christ Reconciling the World to himself.

When God contractd to Humanity,
Could sigh and suffer, could be sick and die;
When all the heap of Miracles combine
To form the greatest, which was, save Mankind:
Then God took stand in Christ, studying a way
How to repair the Ruined World's decay.
His Love, Pow'r, Wisdom must some means procure
His Mercy no advance; Justice secure:
And since Man in such Miser was hurl'd,
It cost him more to save them make the World.
Oh! what a desperate load of sins had we,
When God must plot for our Felicity?
When God must beg us that he may forgive,
And dye himself before Mankind could live?
And what still are we, when our King in vain
Begs his lost Rebels to be Friends again?
What floods of Love proceed from Heavens smile,
At once to pardon and to reconcile?
What God himself hath made he cannot hate,
For 'tis one act to Love and to Create:
And he's too perfect full of Majesty,
To need additions from our Misery.
He hath a Father's, not a Tyrant's, joy;
Shews more his Pow'r to save, then to destroy.
Did there ten thousand Worlds ruine fall,
One
POEMS.

One God could save, one Christ redeem them all,
Be silent then, ye narrow. Souls, take heed
Left you refrain the Mercy you will need.
But O my Soul, from these be different,
Imitate thou a nobler Precedent:
As God with open Arms the World doth woo,
Learn thou like God to be enlarged too;
As he begs thy consent to pardon thee,
Learn to submit unto thy Enemy;
As he stands ready thee to entertain,
Be thou as forward to return again;
As he was Crucify'd for and by thee,
Crucify thou what caus'd his Agony;
And like to him be mortify'd to sin,
Die to the World as he dy'd for it then.

The World.

We falsely think it due unto our Friends,
That we should grieve for their untimely
He that surveys the World with serious eyes,
And strips her from her gross and weak disguise,
Shall find this Injury to mourn their Fate;
He only dies untimely who dies late.
For if we were told to Children in the Womb,
To what a Stage of Mischief they must come;
Could they foresee with how much toil and pain
Men court that gilded Nothing, being Great;
What pains they take not to be what they seem,
Rating their bliss by others false esteem,
And sacrificing their Content to be
Guilty of grave and serious Vanity;
How each Condition hath its proper thorns,
And what one man admires, another scorns;
How frequently their Happiness they miss,
So far from agreeing what it is,
That the same Person we can hardly find,
Who
POEMS.

Who is an hour together in one mind:
Sure they would, beg a Period of their breath,
And what we call their Birth would count their
Mankind is mad; for none can live alone. (Death,
Because their Joys stand by comparison:
And yet they quarrel at Society,
And strive to kill they know not whom, nor why.
We all live by Mistake, delight in Dreams,
Loft to ourselves, and dwelling in Extremes;
Rejecting what we have, though we're so good,
And prizing what we never understood.
Compar'd t'our boisterous Inconstancy
Tempests are calm, and Discords harmony,
Hence we reverse the World, and yet do find
The God that made can hardly please our Mind.
We live by chance, and slip into Events;
Have all of Beasts except their Innocence.
The Soul, which no man's power can reach, a thing
That makes each Woman Man, each Man a King,
Deth so much lost, and from its height so fall,
That some contend to have no Soul at all.
'Tis either not observ'd, or at the worst
By Passion fought withal, by Sin deprest.
Freedom of Will (God's Image) is forgot;
And if we know it, we improve it not.
Our Thoughts, though nothing can be more our own,
Are still unguided, very seldom known.
Time 'scapes our hands as Water in a Sieve,
We come to die ere we begin to live.
Truth, the most suitable and noble prize,
Food of our Spirits, yet neglected lies.
Error and Shadows are our choice, and we
Owe our perdition to our own decree.
If we search Truth, we make it more obscure:
And when it shines, cannot the light endure.
For most men now, who plod, and eat, and drink,
Have nothing lefts their business then to think.
And those few that enquire, how small a share

Of
Of Truth they find, how dark their Notions are!
That Serious Evenness that calms the Breast,
And in a Tempest can bestow a Rest,
We either not attempt, or else decline,
By ev'ry trifle snatch'd from our design.
(Others he must in his deceits involve,
Who is not true unto his own Resolve.)
We govern not our selves, but loose the Reins,
Counting our Bondage to a thousand chains;
And with as many Slaveries content
As there are Tyrants ready to torment,
We live upon a Rack extended still
To one Extreme or both, but always ill.
For since our Fortune is not understood,
We suffer less from bad then from the good.
The Sting is better dress'd and longer lais'd,
As Surfeits are more dangerous then Fasts.
And to complete the misery to us,
We see Extremes are still contiguous.
And as we run so fast from what we hate,
Like Squibs on Ropes, to know no middle state;
So outward Storms strengthened by us, we find
Our Fortune as disordered as our Mind.
But that's excuse'd by this, it doth its part;
A treach'rous World befits a treach'rous Heart.
All ill's our own, the outward Storms we loath
Receive from us their Birth, their Sting, or both.
And that our Vanity be past a doubt,
'Tis one new Vanity to find it out.
Happy are they to whom God gives a Grave,
And from themselves as from his wrath doth save.
'Tis good not to be born; but if we must,
The next good is, soon to return to dust.
When th' uncag'd Soul fled to Eternity
Shall rest, and live, and sing, and love, and see.
Here we but crawl and grovel, play and cry;
Are first our own, then others, enemy:
But there shall be defac'd both pain and score,
For Time, and Death, and Sin shall be no more.
The Soul.

How vain a thing is Man, whose noblest part,
That Soul which through the World doth move,
Traverses Heav'n, finds out the depth of Art,
Yet is so ignorant at home?

In every Brook or Mirror we can find
Reflections of our face to be;
But a true Optick to present our Mind
We hardly get, and darkly see.

Yet in the search after our selves we run,
Adious and Cause we survey;
And when the weary Chase is almost done,
Then from our Quest we slip away.

'Tis strange and sad, that since we do believe
We have a Soul must never die,
There are so few that can a Reason give
How it obtains that Life, or why.

I wonder not to find those that know most,
Profess so much their Ignorance;
Since in their own Souls greatest Wits are lost.
And of themselves have scarce a glance.

But
But somewhat sure doth here obscurely lie,
    That above Dross would fain advance.
And pants and catches at Eternity,
As 'twere its own Inheritance.

7.
A Soul self-mov'd which can dilate, contract,
    Pierces and judges things unseen:
But this gross heap of Matter cannot act,
    Unless impelled from within.

8.
Distance and Quantity, to Bodies due,
    The state of Souls cannot admit;
And all the Contraries which Nature knew
    Meet there, nor hurt themselves, nor it.

9.
God never made so bright and clean,
    Which Good and Evil could discern:
What these words Honesty and Honour mean,
    The Soul alone knows how to learn.

10.
And though 'tis true she is imprison'd here,
    Yet hath she Notions of her own,
Which Sense doth only jog, awake, and clear,
    But cannot at the first make known.

11. The
The Soul her own felicity hath laid,
And independent on the Sense,
Sees the weak terroors which the World invade
With pity or with negligence.

So unconcern'd she lives, so much above
The Rubbish of a sordid Jail,
That nothing doth her Energy improve
So much as when those structures fail.

She's then a substance subtile, strong and pure,
So immaterial and refin'd,
As speaks her from the Body's false secure,
And wholly of a different kind.

Religion for reward in vain would look,
Vertue were doom'd to misery,
All actions were like bubbles in a brook,
Weren't not for Immortality.

But as that Conquerour who Millions spent
Thought it too mean to give a Mite;
So the World's Judge can never be content
To bestow less than Infinite.
POEMS.

16.

Treason against Eternal Majesty
Must have eternal Justice too;
And since unbounded Love did satisfy,
He will unbounded Mercy shew.

17.

It is our narrow thoughts shorten these things,
By their companion Flesh inclin'd;
Which feeling its own weakness gladly brings
The same opinion to the Mind.

18.

We flisse our own Sun, and live in Shade;
But where its beams do once appear,
They make that person of himself afraid,
And to his own acts most severe.

19.

For ways, to sin close, and our breasts disguise
From outward search, we soon may find:
But who can his own Soul bribe or surprize,
Or sin without a sting behind?

20.

He that commands himself is more a Prince
Then he who Nations keeps in awe;
Who yield to all that does their Souls convince,
Shall never need another Law.

Hh

Happiness.
Happiness.

Nature courts Happiness, although it be

Unknown as the Athenian Deity.

It dwells not in Man's Sense, yet he supplies

That want by growing fond of its disguise.

The false appearances of Joy deceive,

And seeking her unto her like we cleave.

For linking Man hath scarce sense left to know

Whether the Flask he grasps will hold or no.

While all the business of the World is this,

To seek that Good which by mistake they miss.

And all the several Passions men express

Are but for Pleasure in a different dress.

They hope for Happiness in being Great,

Or Rich, or Lov'd, then hug their own conceit.

But the Good man can find this treasure out,

For which in vain others do dig and doubt;

And hath such secret full Content within,

Though all abroad be storms, yet he can sing.

His peace is made, all's quiet in that place,

Where Nature's cur'd and exercised by Grace.

This inward Calm prevents his Enemies,

For he can neither envy nor despise.

But in the beauty of his ordered Mind

Doth still a new rich satisfaction find.

Innocent Epicure! whose single breast

Can furnish him with a continual feast.

A Prince at home, and Scepters can refuse,

Valuing only what he cannot lose.

He studies to do good; ('a man may be

Harmless for want of Opportunity')

But he's industrious kindness to dispence,

And therein only covets eminence.

Others do court applause and fame, but he

Thinks all that giddy noise but Vanity.

He
POEMS.

He takes no pains to be observ'd or seen,
While all his acts are echoed from within.
He's still himself, when Company are gone,
Too well employ'd ever to be alone.
For studying God in all his volumes, he
Begins the business of Eternity.
And unconcern'd without, retains a power
To suck (like Bees) a sweet from ev'ry flower.
And as the Manna of the Israelites
Had several tastes to please all Appetites:
So his Contentment is that catholic food,
That makes all States seem fit as well as good.
He dares not wish, nor his own fate propound;
But, if God sends, reads Love in every wound:
And would not lose for all the joys of Sense
The glorious pleasures of Obedience.
His better part can neither change nor lose,
And all God's will can bear, can do, can choose.

Death.

1.

How weak a Star doth rule Mankind,
Which owes its ruine to the same
Causes which Nature had design'd
To cherish and preserve the frame!

2.

As Commonwealths may be secure,
And no remote Invasion dread;
Yet may a sadder fall endure
From Traitors in their bosom bred:

3. So
3.
So while we feel no violence,
   And on our active Health do trust,
A secret hand doth snatch us hence,
   And tumbles us into the dust.

4.
Yet carelessly we run our race,
   As if we could Death's summons save;
And think not on the narrow space
   Between a Table and a Grave.

5.
But since we cannot Death reprieve,
   Our Souls and Fame we ought to mind,
For they our Bodies will survive;
   That goes beyond, this stays behind.

6.
If I be sure my Soul is safe,
   And that my Actions will provide
My Tomb a nobler Epitaph,
   Then that I lonely liv'd and dy'd.

7.
So that in various accidents
   I Conscience may and Honour keep;
I with that ease and innocence
   Shall die, as Infants go to sleep.
To the Queen's Majesty, on her late Sickness and Recovery.

The publick Gladness that's to us restor'd,
For your escape from what we so deplor'd,
Will want as well resemblance as belief,
Unless our Joy be measur'd by our Grief.
When in your Fever we with terror saw
At once our Hopes and Happiness withdraw;
And every crisis did with jealous fear
Enquire the News we scarce durst stay to hear.
Some dying Princes have their Servants slain,
That after death they might not want a Train.
Such cruelty were here anodless sin;
For had our fatal Fears prophetick been,
Sorrow alone that service would have done,
And you by Nations had been waited on.
Your danger was in ev'ry Village seen,
And onely yours was quiet and serene.
But all our zealous Grief had been in vain,
Had not Great Charles's call'd you back again:
Who did your sufferings with such pain discern,
He lost three Kingdoms once with less concern.
Lab'ring your safety he neglected his,
Nor fear'd he Death in any shape but this.
His Georgie did the bold Distemper tame,
And his rich Tears quench'd the rebellious Flame.
At once the Thracian Hero lov'd and griev'd,
Till he his lost Felicity retrieve'd;
And with the moving accents of his wo
His Spouse recover'd from the shades below.
So the King's grief your threatened loss withstand'd,
Who mourn'd with the same fortune that he won'd:
And to his happy Passion we have been
Now twice oblig'd for so ador'd a Queen.
But how severe a Choice had you to make,

When
When you must Heav'n delay, or Him forfake?
Yet since those joys you made such haste to find
Had scarce been full if he were left behind,
How well did Fate decide your inward strife,
By making him a Preservat of your Life?
Which refus'd Blessing he must long enjoy,
Since our Offences could it not destroy.
For none but Death durst rival him in you;
And Death himself was baffled in it too.

Upon Mr. Abraham Cowley's Retirement.

ODE.

I.

No, no, unfaithful World, thou hast
Too long my base Heart betray'd,
And me too long thy Foot-ball made:
But I am wiser grown at last,
And will improve by all that I have past.
I know 'twas just I should be prachis'd on;
For I was told before,
And told in sober and instructive lore,
How little all that trusted thee have won:
And yet I would make haste to be undone.
Now by my suffering I am better taught,
And shall no more commit that stupid fault.
Co, get some other Fool,
Whom thou mayst next cajole:
On me thy frowns thou dost in vain bestow;
For I know how
To be as coy and as reserv'd as thou.

2.

In my remote and humble seat
Now I'm again poss'd.
POEMS.

Of that late fugitive, my Breast,
From all thy tumults and from all thy heart
I'll find a quiet and a cool retreat;
And on the fetters I have worn
Look with experienced and revengeful scorn
In this my lov'd and my Privacy.
'Tis true I cannot govern thee,
But yet my self I may subdue;
And that's the nobler Empire of the two.
If ev'ry Passion had got leave
Its satisfaction to receive,
Yet I would it a higher pleasure call,
To conquer one, then to indulge them all.

For thy inconstant Sea, no more
I'll leave that safe and solid Shore:
No, though to prosper in the heat,
Thou shouldst my Destiny defeat,
And make me be belov'd, or rich, or great:
Nor from my self shouldst me reclaim
With all the noise and all the pomp of Fame.
Jociously I'll these despise;
Too small the Bargain, and too great the Price,
For them to cozen twice.
At length this secret I have learn'd;
Who will be happy, must be unconcern'd,
Must all their Comfort in their Bosom wear,
And seek their treasure and their power there.

No other Wealth will I aspire,
But that of Nature to admire;
Nor envy on a Laurel will beflow,
Whilst I have any in my Garden grow.
And when I would be Great,

'Tis
POEMS.

'Tis but ascending to a Seat
Which Nature in a lofty Rock hath built;
A Throne as free from trouble as from guilt.

Where when my Soul her wings does raise
Above what Worldlings fear or praise,
With innocent and quiet pride I'll sit,
And see the humble waves pay tribute to my feet.
O Life Divine, when free from joys diseas'd,
Not always merry, but 'tis always pleas'd!

5.

A Heart, which is too great a thing
To be a Present for a Perfect King,
Which God himself would have to be his Court,
Where Angels would officiously retort,

From its own height should much decline,
If this Converse it should resign
(Ill-natur'd World!) for thine.
Thy unwife rigour hath thy Empire lost;
It hath not onely let me free,
But it hath made me free,
They onely can of thy possession boast,
Who do enjoy thee least, and understand thee most.
For lo, the Man whom all Mankind admir'd,
(By ev'ry Grace adorn'd, and ev'ry Mule inspir'd.)
Is now triumphantly retir'd.
The mighty Conqueror this hath done,
And over thee a Parthian Conquest won:
Which future Ages shall adore,
And which in this subdues thee more
Then either Greek or Roman ever could before.

The
The Irish Grey-bound.

Behold this Creature's Form and state,
Which Nature therefore did create;
That to the World might be express
What mean there can be in a Beast.
And that we in this shape may find
A Lion of another kind.
For this Heroick beast doth seem
In Majesty to Rival him.
And yet vouchsafe, to Man, to shew
Both service and submission too.
From whence we this distinction have,
That Beast is fierce, but this is brave.
This Dog hath so himself subdu'd,
That hunger cannot make him rude:
And his behaviour does confess
True Courage dwells with Gentleness.
With stern Wolves he dares engage
And acts on them successful rage.
Yet too much courtesie may chance
To put him out of countenance.
When in his opposers blood,
Fortune hath made his vertue good;
This Creature from an Act so brave
Grow's not more fullen, but more grave.
Mans Guard he would be, not his sport,
Believing he hath ventur'd for't;
But yet no blood or shed or spent
Can ever make him insolent.

Few Men of him, to do great things have learn'd,
And when th' are done, to be so unconcern'd.

K k

Sng.
SONG.

To the tune of Sommes nous pas trop heureux.

1.

How prodigious is my fate,
Since I can't determine clearly,
Whether you'll do more severely
Giving me your love or hate!
For if you with kindness bless me,
Since from you I soon must part;
Fortune will so disposess me,
That your Love will break my heart.

2.

But since Death all sorrow cures,
Might I chuse my way of dying,
I could with the arrow flying
From Fortunes Quiver, not from yours.
For in the sad unusual story
How my wretched heart was torn,
It will more concern your glory,
I by absence fell then scorn.

A Dialogue betwixt Lucassa, and Rosania, Imitating that of Gentle Theris.

Ros. M Y Lucassa, leave the Mountain tops,
And like a nearer air.
Luc. How shall I then for sake my Lovely Flocks
Bequeathed to my care?
Ros. Shepherdes, thy Flocks will not be less,
Although thou shouldst come hithe.
POEMS.

Luc. But I hear, the World will be severe,
    Should I leave them to go either.
Ros. O! my friend, if you on that depend,
    You'll never know content.
Luc. Rather I bear thee would live and dye,
    Would Fortune but consent.
Ros. But did you ask leave to love me too,
    That others should deprive me?
Luc. Not all Mankind, a Picturegmen can find
    Which from that heart should drive me.
Ros. Better 't had been, I thee had never seen,
    Then that content to lose.
Luc. Such are thy Charms, I'd dwell within thine arms
    Could I my station chuse.
Ros. When Life is done, the World to us is gone,
    And all our cares do end.
Luc. Nay I know there's nothing sweet below
    Unless it be a Friend.
Ros. Then whilst we live, this Joy lets take and give,
    Since death us soon will sever.
Luc. But I trust, when crumbled into dust,
    We shall meet and love for ever.

---

Song to the Tune of Adicu Phillis.

'Tis true, our Life is but a long disease
    Made up of real pain and seeming ease.
You Stars, who these entangled fortunes give,
    O tell me why
    It is so hard to dye;
    Yet such a task to live?

If with some pleasure we our griefs betray,
    It costs us dearer than it can repay.
For time or Fortune all things to devour;
    Our hopes are void,
    Or else the object lost,
    E're we can call it ours.

An
An Epitaph on my Honour'd Mother-in-Law
Mrs. Phillips of Portbeynon in Cardigan-shire,
who died Jan. i. Anno 1661

Reader stay, it is but just;
Thou dost not tread on common dust.
For underneath this stone does lye
One whose Name can never dye;
Who from an Honour'd Lineage sprung,
Was to another match'd Young;
Whose happiness she ever sought;
One blessing was, and many brought.
And to her Spouse her faith did prove
By fifteen pledges of their Love.
But when by Death of him deceased,
An honourable Widow liv'd
Full four and twenty years, wherein
Though she had much afflicted been,
Saw many of her Children fall,
And publick Ruine threaten all.
Yet from above afflicted, she
Both did and suffer'd worthily.
She to the Crown, and Church adher'd,
And in their Sorrows them receive'd,
With Piety, which knew no strife,
But was as sober as her life.
A furnish'd Table, open door,
That for her Friends, this for the Poor
She kept; yet did her fortune find,
Too narrow for her nobler Mind;
Which seeking objects to relieve,
Did food to many Orphans give,
Who in her Life no want did know,
But all the Poor are Orphans now.
Yet hold, her Fame is much too late,
To need a written Epitaph.

Her
POEMS.

Her Fame was so confess'd, that she
Can never here forgotten be,
Till Cardigan it self become,
To its own ruin'd heaps a Tomb.

Lucatia, Rosania, and Otinda parting at
a Fountain, July 1663.

1.

Here, here are our enjoyments done,
And since the Love and Grief we wear
Forbids us either word or tear,
And Art wants here expression,
See Nature furnish us with one.

2.

The kind and mournful Nymph which here
Inhabits in her humble Cells,
No longer her own sorrow tells,
Nor for it now concern'd appears,
But for our parting sheds these tears.

3.

Unless she may afflict be,
Left we should doubt her Innocence;
Since she hath loft her best pretence
Unto a matchless purity;
Our Love being clearer far then she.

4.

Cold as the streams that from her flow
Or (if her privater recess
A greater Coldness can express)

Then
Then cold as those dark beds of Snow
Our hearts are at this parting blow.

But Time that has both wings and feet,
Our Suffering Minutes being spent,
Will Visit us with new Content.
And sure, if kindness be so sweet,
'Tis harder to forget then meet.

Then though the sad adieu we say,
Yet as the wine we hither bring,
Revives, and then exalts the Spring;
So let our hopes to meet allay,
The fears and Sorrows of this day.

A Farewel to Rosania.

My Dear Rosania, sometimes be so kind,
To think upon the friend thou leav’st behind,
And wish Thee here, to make my joys compleat,
Or else me there, to share thy blest Retreat.
But to the Heart which for thy Lo’s doth mourn,
The kindlest thought is that of quick return.

To my Lady Anne Boyle, saying I look’d angrily
upon her.

Ah Dor’d Valeria, and can you conclude,
Orianda lost in such Ingratitude?
And to mis-spell the Language of my face,
When in my heart you have so great a Place?
POEMS.

Ah be affir'd I could no look direct
To you, not full of passion and respect.
Or if my looks have play'd that treach'rous part,
And so much mis-interpreted my heart,
I shall forgive them that one falsehood, less
Than all their folly, and their ugliness,
And had much rather chose they should appear
Always unhand'some, than once un sincere.
But I must thank your error, which procures
Me such obliging jealousy as yours.
For at that quarrel I can ne're repine,
Which shows your kindness, though it questions
To your concern I pardon your distrust,
And prize your Love, ev'n when it is unjust.

On the Welsh Language.

If Honour to an ancient name be due,
Or Riches: challenge it for one that's new,
The British Language claims in either sense,
Both for its Age, and for its opulence.
But all great things must be from us remov'd,
To be with higher reverence belov'd.
So landskip: which in prospects distant lie,
With greater wonder draw the pleased eye.
Is not great Troy to one dark ruin hurl'd?
Once the fam'd Scene of all the fighting world.
Where's Athens now, to whom Rome Learning owes,
And the same Lawrels that adorn'd her brows?
A strange reverse of Fate she did endure,
N'er once greater, than she's now obscure.
E've Rome herself can but some footsteps show
Of Scipio's times, or those of Cicero.
And as the Roman and the Grecian State,
The British fell, the spoil of Time and Fate.
But though the Language hath the beauty lost,
Yet she has still some great remains to boast.

For
POEMS.

For 'twas in that, the sacred Bards of old,
In deathless Numbers did their thoughts unfold
In Groves, by Rivers, and on fertile Plains,
They civilized and taught the list'ning Swains;
Whilst with high raptures, and as great succeess,
Virtue they cloath'd in Musick's charming dress.
This Merlin spoke, who in his gloomy Cave,
Ev'n Destiny her self seem'd to enslave.
For to his sight the future time was known,
Much better than to others is their own:
And with such state, Predictions from him fell,
As if he did Decree, and not Foretel.
This spoke King Arthur, who, if Fame be true,
Could have compell'd Mankind to speak it too.
In this once Boadicea valour taught,
And spoke more nobly than her Souldiers fought:
Tell me what Hero could do more than she,
Who fell at once for Fame and Liberty?
Nor could a greater Sacrifice belong,
Or to her Childrens, or her Countries wrong.
This spoke Caractacus, who was so brave,
That to the Roman Fortune check he gave:
And when their Yoke he could decline no more,
He it so decently and nobly wore,
That Rome herself with blushes did believe,
A Britain would the Law of Honour give;
And hastily his chains away she threw,
Left her own Captive else should her subdue.

To the Countess of Thanet, upon her marriage.

Since you who Credit to all wonders bring,
That Lovers can believe, or Poets sing;
Whose only shape and fashion does express,
Your Vertue is your nature not your dress;
In whom the most admir'd extremes appear,
Humble and Fair, Prudent and yet sincere:
Whose
POEMS

Whose matchless worth transmits such splendid ryes,
As those that envy it are forc'd to praise.
Since you have found such an illustrious sphere,
And are resolv'd to fix your glories there;
A heart whose bravery to his Sex secures
As much Renown as you have done to yours;
And whose perfections in obtaining you,
Are both discover'd and rewarded too;
'Twere almost equal boldness to invent
How to increase your Merit, or Content.
Yet sure the Mules somewhat have to say,
But they will send it you a better way:
The Court, which so much to your Lusire owes,
Must also pay you its officious vows.
But whilst this shews respect, and those their art,
Let me too speak the language of my heart;
Whose ruder Off' rings dare approach your shrine,
For you, who merit theirs, can pardon mine.
Fortune and Virtue with such heat contend
(As once for Rome) now to make you their friend:
And you so well can this prefer to that,
As you can neither fear, nor rend your Fate:
Yet since the vows of joy from all are due,
A love like mine, must find some wishes too.
May you in this bright Constellation set,
Still shew how much the Good outshine the Great:
May you be courted with all joys of sense,
Yet place the highest in your innocence;
Whose praise may you enjoy, but not regard,
Finding within both motive and reward.
May Fortune still to your commands be just,
Yet still beneath your kindness or your trust.
May you no trouble either feel or fear,
But from your pity for what others wear;
And may the happy owner of your breast,
Still find his passion with his joys encreas'd;
Whi't every moment your concern makes known,
And gives him too, fresh reason for his own:

M m
And
And from their Parents may your Off-spring have
All that is wise and lovely, soft and brave:
Or if all wishes we in one would give,
For him, and for the world, Long may you live.

EPITAPH.

On her Son H. P. at St. Syth's Church where her body
also lies Interred.

What on Earth deserves our truft?
Youth and Beauty both are dust.
Long we gathering are with pain,
What one moment calls again.
Seven years childless, marriage past,
A Son, a Son is born at last:
So exactly lim'd and fair,
Full of good Spirits, Meat, and Air,
As a long life promised,
Yet, in less than six weeks dead.
Too promising, too great a mind
In so small room to be confin'd:
Therefore, as fit in Heavn to dwell,
He quickly broke the Prison shell.
So the subtle Alchimist,
Can't with Hermes Seal resift
The powerful Spirit's subtler flight,
But 'twill bid him long good night.
And so the Sun if it arise
Half so glorious as his Eyes,
Like this Infant, takes a shroud,
Buried in a morning Cloud.
POEMS.

On the death of my Lord Rich, only Son to the Earl of Warwick, who dyed of the small Pox, 1664.

Have not so many lives of late
Suffis'd to quench the greedy thirst of Fate?
Though to encrease the mournful purple Flood,
As well as Noble, she drank Royal Blood;
That not content, against us to engage
Our own wild fury, and Usurpers rage;
By sickness now, when all that storm is past,
She strives to hew our Heros down as fast?
And by the Prey the chuses, she shews her Aim
Is to extinguish all the English Fame.
Else had this generous Youth we now have lost,
Been still his Friends delight, and Country's boast,
And higher rais'd the Illustrious Name he bore,
Than all our Chronicles had done before.
Had Death consider'd e're he struck this blow,
How many noble hopes 'twould overthrow;
The Genius of his House (who did complain
That all her Worthies now dy'd o're again)
His flourishing, and yet untainted years;
His Fathers anguish, and his Mothers tears;
Sure he had been perswaded to relent,
Nor had for so much early sweetness, sent
That fierce Disease, which knows not how to spare
The Young, the Great, the Knowing, or the Fair.
But we as well might flatter every wind,
And court the Tempests to be less unkind,
As hope from churlish Death to snatch his Prey,
Who is as furious and as deaf as they;
And who hath cruelly surpriz'd in him,
His Parents joy, and all the World's esteem.
Say treacherous hopes that whisper in our ear;
Still to expect some steady comfort here,
And
And though we oft discover all your Arts,
Would still betray our disappointed Hearts;
What new delusion can you now prepare;
Since this pale object shows how false you are?
'Twill fully answer all you have to plead,
If we reply, Great Warwick's Heir is dead:
Blush humane Hopes and Joies, and then be all
In solemn mourning at this Funeral.
For since such expectations brittle prove,
What can we safely either Hope or Love?

---

The Virgin.

The things that make a Virgin please,
She that seeks, will find them these;
A Beauty, not to Art in debt,
Rather agreeable than great;
An Eye, wherein at once do meet,
The beams of kindness, and of wit;
An undissembled Innocence,
Apt not to give, nor take offence:
A Conversation, at once, free
From Passion, and from Subtlety;
A Face that's modest, yet serene,
A sober, and yet lively Meen;
The virtue which does her adorn,
By honour guarded, not by scorn;
With such wise lowliness indu'd,
As never can be mean, or rude;
That prudent negligence enrich,
And Time's her silence, and her speech;
Whose equal mind, does always move,
Neither a foe, nor slave to Love;
And whose Religion's strong and plain,
Not superflitious, nor prophane.

Upon
Upon the graving of her Name upon a Tree in Barnelmes Walks.

As how barbarous are we,
Thus to reward the courteous Tree,
Who its broad shade affording us,
Deserves not to be wounded thus;
See how the Yielding Bark complies
With our ungrateful injuries.
And seeing this, say how much then
Trees are more generous then Men,
Who by a Nobleness so pure
Can first oblige and then endure:

To my dearest friend Mrs. A. Owen, upon her greatest loss.

As when two fitter rivelets who crept
From that dark bed of snow wherein they slept,
By private distant currents under ground
Have by Meanders eithers bosom found,
They sob aloud and break down what withstood,
Swoln by their own embraces to a flood:
So when my sympathy for thy dear grief
Had brought me near, in hope to give relief,
I found my sorrow heightened when so join'd,
And thine increas'd by being so combin'd,
Since to the bleeding hopes of many years,
I could contribute nothing but my tears;
Fears which to thy sad fate were justly due,
And to his loss, by all who that loss knew;
For thy Charitius was so much above
The Elocution of all our grief and love,
That it would be Injurious to his Hearse
To think to crowd his worth into a verse.

Could
POEMS.
Could I (by miracle) such praise indite,
Who with more ease and Justice weep then write,
He was all that which History can boast,
Or bolder Poetry had ere engross'd.
So pious, just, noble, discreet, and kind,
Their best Ideas knew not how to find.
His strong Religion not on trifles spent,
Was useful, firm, early, and eminent,
Never betray'd to indigested heat,
Nor yet entic'd from what was safely great.
And this so soon, as if he had foresight,
He must begin betimes whose noon is night.
His vertue was his choice, and not his chance,
Not mov'd by Age, nor born of Ignorance.
He well knew whom, and what he did believe,
And for his Faith did not dispute, but live,
And liv'd just like his infant Innocence,
But that was crown'd with free obedience.
How did he scorn design, and equally
How much abhor'd this Ages vanity!
He neither lik'd it's tumults, nor its Joys,
Slighted alike Earth's pleasures, and her noise.
But uncorrect'd in both, in his own mind
Alone could power and satisfaction find.
A treasury of merit there lay hid,
Which though he ne're confess'd, his actions did.
His modesty unto his vertue lent
At once a shadow and an ornament.
But what could hide those filial rites he paid;
How much he lov'd how prudently obey'd?
How as a Brother did he justly share
His kind concern betwixt respect and care?
And to a wife how fully did he prove
How wifely he could judge, how fondly love?
As Husbands serious, but as Lovers kind,
He valu'd all of her, but lov'd her mind;
And with a passion made this Riddle true,
'Twas ever perfect, and yet still it grew.

Such
POEMS.

Such handsome thoughts his Breast did ever fill,
He durst do any thing, but what was ill;
Unlike those Gallants who so use their time,
As opportunity to act their crime,
And lost in wine or vanity when young,
They dye too soon, because they liv'd too long;
But he has hallowed to his early death,
'Tis almost shame to draw a longer breath.
I can no more, they that can must have learn'd
To be more eloquent, and less concern'd.
But all that Noble Justice to his Name
His own good Angel will commit to Fame.
Could grief recall this happiness again,
Of thy dear sorrow I would nere complain,
But such an opportunity would take
To grieve an useless life out for thy sake.
But since it cannot, I must pray thee live;
That so much of Charitus may survive,
And that thou do no act so harsh to Love,
As that his glory should thy sorrow move:
Endure thy losstill Heaven shall it repay,
Upon thy last and glorious wedding-day,
When thou shalt know him more, and quickly find
The love increas'd by being so refin'd,
And there possess him without parting fears,
As I my friendship free from future tears.

Orinda to Lucasta parting October 1661. at London.

A

Dieu dear object of my Love's excess,
And with thee all my hopes of happiness,
With the same fervent and unchanged heart
Which did it's whole self once to thee impart,
(And which though fortune has so sorely bruist'd,
Would suffer more, to be from this excus'd.)
I to resign thy dear Converse submit,
Since I can neither keep, nor merit it.

Thou
Thou hast too long to me confined been,
Who ruine am without, passion within.
My mind is sunk below thy tenderness,
And my condition does deserve it less;
I'm so entangl'd and so lost a thing
By all the shocks my daily sorrow bring,
That would'st thou for thy old Orinda call
Thou hardly could'st unravel her at all.
And should I thy clear fortunes interline
With the incessant miseries of mine?
No, no, I never lov'd at such a rate
To rye thee to the rigours of my fate,
As from my obligations thou art free,
Sure thou shalt be so from my Injury,
Though every other worthiness I miss,
Yet I at least be generous in this.
I'd rather perish without sigh or groan,
Then thou shoul'dst be condemn'd to give me one;
Nay in my soul I rather could allow
Friendship should be a sufferer, then thou;
Go then, since my sad heart has set thee free,
Let all the loads and chains remain on me.
Though I be left the prey of sea and wind,
Thou being happy wilt in that be kind;
Nor shall I my undoing much deplore,
Since thou art safe, whom I must value more.
Oh! mayst thou ever be so, and as free
From all ill else, as from my company,
And may the torments thou hast had from it
Be all that heaven will to thy life permit.
And that they may thy virtue service do,
Mayest thou be able to forgive them too:
But though I must this sharp submission learn,
I cannot yet unwish thy dear concern.
Not one new comfort I expect to see,
I quit my joy, hope, life, and all but thee;
Nor seek I thence ought that may discompose
That mind where so serene a goodness grows.
POEMS.

I ask no inconvenient kindness now,
To move thy passion, or to cloud thy brow;
And thou wilt satisfy my boldest plea
By some few soft remembrances of me,
Which may present thee with this candid thought,
I meant not all the troubles that I brought.
Ow' not what Passion rules, and Fate does crush,
But wish thou could'st have don't without a blush,
And that I had been, ere it was too late,
Either more worthy, or more fortunate.
Ah who can love the thing they cannot prize?
But thou may'st pity though thou dost despise.
Yet I should think that pity bought too dear,
If it should cost those precious Eyes a tear.

Oh may no minutes trouble thee possesse,
But to endear the next hours happiness;
And maist thou when thou art from me remov'd,
Be better pleas'd, but never worse belov'd:
Oh pardon me for pou'ring out my woes
In Rhime now, that I dare not do't in Prose.
For I must lose whatever is call'd dear,
And thy assistance all that I lost to bear,
And have more cause than ere I had before,
To fear that I shall never see thee more.

On the 1. of January 1657.

Th' Eternal Centre of my life and me,
Who when I was not gave me room to be,
Hath since (my time preserving in his hands)
By moments numbred out the precious sand,
Till it is swell'd to six and twenty years,
Chequer'd by Providence with smiles and tears.
I have observ'd how vain all glories are,
The change of Empire, and the chance of War:
Seen Faction with its native venom burst,
And Treason struck, by what it self had nurs'd.

O o

Seen
TO EEMS.

Seen uselefs Crimes, whose Owners not made way,
For future Candidates to wear the Bay.

To my Lady M. Cavendish, whose the name of
Policrite.

That Nature in your frame has taken care,
As well your Birth as Beauty do declare,
Since we at once discover in your face,
The luster of your Eyes and of your Race:
And that your shape and fashion do attest,
So bright a form has yet a brighter guest,
To future times authentick fame shall bring,
Historians shall relate, and Poets sing.
But since your boundless mind upon my head,
Some rays of splendour is content to shed;
And least I suffer by the great surprize,
Since you submit to meet me in disguise,
Can lay aside what dazzles vulgar sight,
And to Orinda can be Policrite.
You must endure my vows and find the way
To entertain such Rites as I can pay:
For to the pow'r divine new praise acquires,
By scorning nothing that it once inspires:
I have no merits that your smile can win,
Nor offering to appease you when I sin;
Nor can my uselefs homage hope to raise,
When what I cannot serve, I strive to praise:
But I can love, and love at such a pitch,
As I dare boast it will ev'n you enrich;
For kindness is a Mine, when great and true,
Of nobler store than ever Indians knew,
'Tis all that mortals can on Heav'n befall,
And all that Heav'n can value here below.

Against
Against Love.

Hence Cupid with your cheating Toies,
Your real Griefs, and painted Joies,
Your Pleasure which it self destroys.
Lovers like men in Feavers burn and rave,
And only what will injure them do crave.
Mens weakness makes Love so severe,
They give him power by their fear,
And make the Shackles which they wear.
Who to another does his heart submit,
Makes his own Idol, and then worships it.
Him whose heart is all his own,
Peace and liberty does crown,
He apprehends no killing frown.
He feels no raptures which are joies diseas'd,
And is not much transported, but still pleas'd.

A Dialogue of Friendship multiplied.

Musidorus.

Will you unto one single sense
Confine a starry Influence?
Or when you do the raies combine,
To themselves only make them shine?
Love that's engross'd by one alone,
Is envy not affection.

Orinda.

No Musidorus, this would be
But Friendships prodigality,
Union in raies does not confine,
But doubles lustre when they shine,
And
And souls united live above
Envy, as much as scatter'd Lover
Friendship (like Rivers) as it multiplies,
In many streams, grows weaker still and dies.

Musidorus.

Rivers indeed may lose their force,
When they divide or break their course,
For they may want some hidden spring,
Which to their streams recruits may bring;
But Friendship's made of purest fire,
Which burns and keeps its flock entire.
Love, like the Sun, may shed his beams on all,
And grow more great by being general.

Orinda.

The purity of friendship's flame
Proves that from sympathy it came,
And that the hearts so close do knit
They no third partner can admit;
Love like the Sun does all inspire,
But burns most by contracted fire.
Then though I honour every worthy guest,
Yet my Lucasia only rules my breast.

Rofania to Lucasia on her Letters.

If strike outright, or else forbear,
Be more kind, or more severe;
For in this chequer'd mixture I
Cannot live, and would not die,
And must I neither? tell me why?

When thy Pen thy kindness tells,
My heart transported leaps and swells:

But
POEMS.

But when my greedy eye does stray
Thy threat'ned absence to survey,
That heart is struck and fainst away:

To give me title to rich land,
And the fruition to withstand,
Or solemnly to send the key
Of treasures I must never see,
Would it contemn or bounty be?

This is such res'n'd distress,
That thy sad Lovers sigh for less,
Though thou their hopes haft overthrown,
They lose but what they ne're have known,
But I am plunder'd from my own.

How canst thou thy Rosania prize,
And be so cruel and so wise?
For if such rigid policy
Must thy resolves dispute with me,
Where then is friendship's victory?

Kindness is so brave a make
'Twill rather death then bondage take,
So that if thine no power can have,
Give it and me one common grave,
But quickly either kill or save.

To my Antenor March 16. 1661

My dear Antenor now give ore,
For my sake talk of graves no more;
Death is not in our power to gain,
And is both wish'd and fear'd in vain.
Let's be as angry as we can will,
Grief sooner may distract then kill,
And the unhappy often prove

Pp

Death
Death is as coy a thing as Love,
Those whose own sword their death did give,
Afraid were or a sham’d to Live;
And by an act so desperate,
Did poorly run away from fate;
’Tis braver much to out-ride the storm,
Endure its rage and shun his harm;
Affliction nobly undergone,
Mere Greatness shews then having none.
But yet the wheel in turning round,
At last may lift us from the ground,
And when our fortune’s most severe,
The less we have, the less we fear.
And why should we that grief permit,
Which can nor mend nor shorten it?
Let’s wait for a succeeding good,
Woes have their Ebb as well as flood:
And since the Parliament have receiv’d you,
Believe that Providence will do so too.

A Triton to Lucania going to Sea, shortly after the Queen’s arrival.

I.

My Master Neptune took such pains of late
To quiet the Commotions of his state,
That he might give through his fierce winds and Seas,
Safe passage to the Royal Portugueze,
That he and since at home has kept,
And in his Chrysal pallace slept,
Till a swift wind told him to day
A stranger was to pass this way,
Whom he hath sent me out to view,
And I must tell him, Madam, it is you.

2. He
He knowes you by an Honourable name:
Who hath not heard Lucasia's worthy name?
But should he see you too, I doubt he will
Grow amorous and here detain you still:
I know his humor very well
So best can the event foretel,
But wishing you better success,
And that my Masters guilt be les,
I will say nothing of your form
Till you are past the danger of a storm.

Fear nothing else, for eyes so sweet as these,
No power that is Sea-born can displease;
You are much more then Nymph or Goddes bright;
I saw 'in all at supper' other Night:
They with far less attraction draw,
They give us Love, you give us Law.
Your Charms the winds and seas will move,
But 'tis to wonder not to Love.
Your only danger is, least they
Stiff with amazement should become your way.

But should they all want breath to make a gale,
What's sent in prayers for you will fill your saith;
What brought you hither will your way secure,
Courage and kindness can no ship endure;
The winds will do as much for you.

Yet since our birth the English Ocean boasts,
We hope sometimes to see you on these Coasts,
And we will order for you as you pass,
Winds soft as Lovers vows, waves smooth as glafs.

Each
POEMS.

Each Deity shall you befriend,
And all the Sea-Nymphs shall attend;
But if because a Ship's too straight,
Or else unworthy such a freight,
A Coach more useful would appear,
That and six Danish Steeds you know are here.

Orinda upon little Hector Philips.

1.

Twice forty months of Wedlock I did stay,
Then had my vows crown'd with a Lovely boy,
And yet in forty days he dropt away,
O swift Visiblitude of humane joy.

2.

I did but see him and he dis-appar'd,
I did but pluck the Rose-bud and it fell,
A sorrow unforeseen and scarcely fear'd,
For ill can mortals their afflictions spell.

3.

And now (sweet Babe,) what can my trembling heart
Suggest to right my doleful fate or thee,
Tears are my Muic and sorrow all my Art,
So piercing groans must be thy Elogy.

4.

Thus whilst no eye is witness of my mone,
I grieve thy los't (Ah boy too dear to live)
And let the unconcerned World alone,
Who neither will, nor can refreshment give.

5.

An Offering too for thy sad Tomb I have,
POEMS.

Too just a tribute to thy early Hesfe,
Receive these gasping numbers to thy grave,
The last of thy unhappy Mothers Verses.

To the Lady E. Boyle.

A

H lovely Celimese why
Are you so full of charms,
That neither Sex can from them fle,
Nor take against them arms.
Others in time may gain a part,
But you at once snatch all the heart.

Dear Tyrant why will you subdue
Orinda's trivial heart,
Which can no triumph add to you,
Not meriting your dart.
And sure you will not grant it one,
If not for my sake for your own.

For it has been by tenderness
Already so much bruis'd,
That at your Altars I may guess
It will be but refus'd.
For never Deity did prize
A torn and maimed Sacrifice.

But oh what madness can or dare
Dispute this noble chain,
Which 'tis a greater thing to wear,
Than Empires to obtain.
To be thy Slave I more design,
Than to have all the world be mine.

Those glorious Fetters will create
A merit fit for them,
Repair the breaches made by Fate,

And
And whom they own redeem.
What thus ennobles and thus cures,
Can be no influence but yours.

Pardon th' Ambition of my aim,
Who love you at that rate,
That flory cannot boast a flame
So lasting and so great.
I can be only kind and true,
But what else can be worthy you.

To my Lord Duke of Ormond, upon the late Plot.

Though you, great Sir, be Heav'n's immediate
Who shew'd you danger, and then broke the
And our first gratitude to that be due,
Yet there is much that must be paid to you:
For 'tis your Prudence Ireland's peace secures,
Gives her her safety, and (what's dearer) yours,
Whilst your prevailing genius does dispence,
At once its conduct, and its influence;
Less honour from a battel won is got,
Than to repel so dangerous a Plot;
Fortune with Courage may play booty there,
But single vertue is triumphant here;
In vain the bold ingrateful Rebels aim
To overturn when you support the same;
You who three potent Kingdoms late have seen
Tremble with fury, and yet stedfast been;
Who on afflicted Majesty could wait,
When it was seemingly forsaken by Fate;
Whose settled loyalty no storms dismayd,
Nor the more flattering mischiefs could dissuade:
And having scap'd so dangerous a coast,
Could you now fall expiring Treasons boast?
Or was it hop'd by this contemned crew,
That you could Foretaine, and not them, subdue.

But
POEMS.

But whilst these wretches at this impious rate,
Will buy the knowledge of your mighty fate;
You shall preserve your King's entwined Crown,
Assisted by his fortune and your own.
And whilst his Sword Kingdoms abroad beflown,
You with the next renown shall this dispose.

To the Countess of Roscomon, with a Coppy
of Pompey.

Great Pompey's Fame from Egypt made escape,
And flies to you for succour in this shape
A shape, which, I asur'd him, would appear,
Nor fit for you to see, nor him to wear,
Yet he says, Madam, he's resolv'd to come,
And run a hazard of a second doom:
But still he hopes to bribe you, by that trust
You may be kind, but cannot be unjust;
Each of whose favours will delight him more,
Than all the Laurel's that his temples wore;
Yet if his Name and his misfortunes fail,
He thinks my Intercession will prevail;
And whilst my Numbers would relate his end,
Not like a Judge, you'll listen, but a friend;
For how can either of us fear your frown,
Since he and I are both so much your own.

But when you wonder at my bold design,
Remember who did that high task enjoin;
Th' Illustrious Orrery, whose least command,
You would more wonder if I could withstand:
Of him I cannot which is hardest tell,
Or to praise him, or to praise him well;
Who on that height from whence true glory came,
Does there posses, and thence distribute fame;
Where all their Lyres the willing Muses bring,
To learn of him whatever they shall sing;
Since all must yield, whilst there are Books or Men,
The
POEMS.

The Universal Empire to his Pen;
Oh! had that powerful genius but inspir'd
The seeble hand, whose service he requir'd,
It had your justice then, not mercy pray'd,
Had pleas'd your more, and better him obey'd.

On the death of the truly honourable Sir Walter Lloyd Knight.

A
T Obsequies where so much grief is due,
The Muses are in solemn mourning too,
And by their dead astonishment confess,
They can lament this loss, though not express:
Nay if those ancient Bards had seen this Herse,
Who once in British shades spoke living Verse,
Their high concern for him had made them be,
Apter to weep, than write his Elogy:
When on our Land that flood of woes was sent,
Which swallow'd all things sacred as it went,
The injur'd Arts and Vertues made his breast:
The Ark wherein they did securely rest:
For as that old one was toss'd up and down,
And yet the angry billows could not drown;
So Heav'n did him in this worse deluge save,
And made him triumph o'er the unquiet wave:
Who while he did with that wild storm contest,
Such real magnanimity express'd:
That he dared to be loyal in a time
When 'twas a danger made, and thought a crime:
Duty; and not ambition, was his aim,
Who studi'd Conscience ever more than Fame.
And thought it so desirable a thing,
To be prefer'd to suffer for his King,
That he all Fortunes spight had pardon'd her,
Had she not made his Prince a sufferer:
For whose love's cause he did both act and grieve,
And for it only did endure to live,

To
POEMS.

To teach the world what man can be and do,
Arm'd by Allegiance and Religion too.
His head and heart mutual assistance gave,
That being still so wise, and this so brave,
That 'twas acknowledged all he said and did,
From judgment, and from honour did proceed:
Such was the useful mixture of his mind,
'Twas at once meek and knowing, stout and kind;
For he was civil, bountiful, and learn'd,
And for his friends so generously concern'd,
That both his heart and house, his hand and tongue,
To them, more than himself he seem'd to belong;
As if to his wrong'd party he would be
Both an Example and Apology:
For when both Swords and Pens ceas'd the dispute,
His life alone Rebellion did confute:
But when his Vows propitious Heaven had heard,
And our unequal'd King at length appear'd,
As aged Simeon did his spirits yield,
When he had seen his dearest hopes fulfill'd;
He gladly saw the morning of that day,
Which Charles his growing splendour did display;
Then to Eternal joies made greater haste,
Because his present ones grow'd in so fast;
From which he fled out of a pious fear.
Left he by them should be rewarded here;
While his sad Country by his death have lost
Their noblest Pattern, and their greatest boast.

Orinda to Lucasta:

1.

Observe the weary birds e're night be done;
How they would fain call up the tardy Sun,
With Feathers hung with dew,
And trembling voices too.

Rv

They
POEMS.

They court their glorious Planet to appear,
That they may find recruits of spirits there.
The drooping Flowers hang their heads,
And languish down into their beds:
While Brooks more bold and fierce than they,
Wanting those beams, from whence
All things drink influence,
Openly murmur and demand the day.

2.

Thou my Lucasta art far more to me,
Than he to all the under-world can be;
From thee I've heat and light,
Thy absence makes my night.
But ah! my Friend, it now grows very long,
The sadness weighty, and the darkens strong:
My tears (its dew) dwell on my cheeks,
And still my heart thy dawning seeks,
And to the mournfully it cries,
That if too long I wait,
Even thou mayst come too late,
And not restore my life, but close my eyes.

To Celimena.

Forbear fond heart (say I) torment no more
That Celimena whom thou dost adore,
For since so many of her Chains are proud,
How canst thou be distinguish'd in the crowd:
But say, bold trisser, what dost thou pretend?
Would'st thou depose thy Saint into thy Friend?
Equality in friendship is requir'd,
Which here were criminal to be desir'd.
An Answer to another persuading a Lady to Marriage.

1.

Forbear bold Youth, all's Heaven here,
And what you do aver,
To others Courtship may appear,
'Tis Sacrilege to her.

2.

She is a publick Deity,
And were't not very odd
She Should depose her self to be
A petty Household God?

3.

First make the Sun in private shine,
And bid the World adieu,
That so he may his beams confine
In complement to you.

4.

But if of that you do despair,
Think how you did amiss,
To strive to fix her beams which are
More bright and large than this.

Lucasfia
Lucasta and Oriinda parting with Pastora and Phillis at Ipswich.

1.

In your converse we best can read,
   How constant we should be,
But, 'tis in losing that we need
   All your Philosophy.

2.

How perish'd is the joy that's past,
   The present how unsteady?
What comfort can be great, and last,
   When this is gone already?

3.

Yet that it subtly may torment,
   The memory does remain;
For what was, when enjoy'd, content,
   Is, in its absence, pain.

4.

If you'll restore it, we'll not grieve
   That Fate does now us fever;
'Tis better by your gift to live,
   Than by our own endeavour.

Epitaph on my truly honoured Publius Scipio.

To the officious Marble we commit
   A Name, above the art of time or wit;
   'Tis
'Tis righteous, Valiant Scipio, whose life we
Found the best Sermon, and best History:
Whose Courage was no Aguish, brutish heat,
But such as spoke him good, as well as great;
Which first Engaged his Arms to prop the State
Of the almost undone Palatinate,
And help the Nether-Lands to stem the ride
Of Rome's ambition, and the Austrian Pride;
Which shall in every History be fam'd,
Wherein Breda or Frankendael are nam'd.
And when forced by his Country's angry Stars
To be a Party in her Civil Wars,
He so much conduct by his Valour taught,
So wisely govern'd, and so bravely fought,
That the English Annals shall this Record bear,
None better could direct or further dare.
Form'd both for War and Peace, was brave in fight,
And in Debate, judicious and upright:
Religion was his first and highest care,
Which ruled his Heart in Peace, his Hand in War:
Which at the least Sin made him tremble still,
And rather stand a Breach, than act an Ill;
For his great Heart did such a temper shew,
Stout as Rock, yet soft as melting Snow.
In him so prudent, and yet so sinfere,
The Serpent much, the Dove did more appear:
He was above the little arts of state,
And scorn'd to sell his peace to mend his Fate,
Anxious of nothing, but an inward spot,
His hand was open, but his Conscience not;
Just to his Word, to all Religions kind,
In duty strict, in Bounty unconfined;
And yet so modest; 'twas to him less pain
To do great things, then hear them told again;
Perform sad Stone thy honourable trust,
Unto his memory and thy self be just,
For his immortal name shall thee befriend,
And pay thee back more fame then thou canst lend.

S's

To
To Mr. Sam. Cooper, having taken Lucasta's Picture given December 14, 1660.

1.

If noble things can noble thoughts infuse,
Your Art might even in me create a Mule,
And what you did inspire, you would Excuse.

2.

But if such a Miracle could do,
That Mule would not return you half your due;
Since 'twould my thanks, but not the praise pursue.

3.

To praise your Art is then it self more hard,
Nor would it the Endeavour much regard,
Since it and Vertue, are their own reward.

4.

A Pencil from an Angel newly caught,
And Colours in the Morning's bosom sought,
Would make no Picture, if by you not wrought.

5.

But done by you it does no more admit
Of an Encomium from the highest Wit,
Then that another hand should equal it.
Yet whilst you with creating power vye,
Command the very spirit of the Eye,
And then reward it with Eternity.

Whilst your each touch does Life and Air convey,
Fetch the Soul out, like overcoming Day,
And I my friend repeated here Survey.

I by a Passive way may do you right,
Wearing in that what none could ere endite,
Your Panegyrick, and my own delight.

---

Parting with a Friend.

Whoever thinks that Joyes below,
Can lasting be and great,
Let him behold this parting blow,
And cure his own deceit.

Alas! how soon are pleasures done
Where Fortune has a Power?
How like to the declining Sun,
Or to the Withered Flower?

A thousand unconcerned Eyes
She'll suffer us to see,

But
But of those we chiefly prize,
We must deprived be.

4.

But we may conquer if we will,
The wanton Tyrant teach,
That we have something left us still
Which grows not in her reach.

5.

That unseen string which fastens Hearts,
Nor time, nor chance e’re ty’d,
Nor can it be in either’s Arts
Their unions to divide.

6.

Where sympathy does Love convey,
It braves all other Powers ;
Lucania, and Raisinia, say,
Has it not formed ours?

7.

If forty Weeks converse has not
Been able yet to tye
Your Souls in that Mysterious Knot,
How Wretched then am I.

8.

But if I read in either’s Mind,
As sure I hope I do,
That each to other is combin’d,
Absence will make it true.

9. No
POEMS.

9.
No accident will e're surprize;
Or make your kindness start;
Although you lose each others Eyes,
You'll satter keep the Heart.

10.
Letters as kind as Turtle-Doves,
And undisguis'd as thought;
Will entertain those fervent Loves
Which have each other bought.

11.
Till Fortune vexed with the sight
Of Faith so free fromRain,
Shall then grow weary of her Spight,
And let you meet again.

12.
Wherein may you that Rapture find,
That sister Chorals have;
When I am in my Rocks confin'd,
Or seal'd up in my Grave.

To my dearest Friend, upon her stunning Grandeur.

Shine out rich Soul! to greatness be,
What it can never be to thee,
An ornament; thou canst restore
The lustre which it had before
These ruins, own it and 'twill live,
Thy favour's more than Kings can give.

Tt
Haft
Haft more above all titles then
The bearers are above common men;
And so heroick art within,
Thou must descend to be a Queen.
Yet honour may convenient prove,
By giving thy Soul room to move;
Affording scene unto that mind,
Which is too great to be confin'd.
Wert thou with single virtue stor'd,
To be approv'd, but not ador'd;
Thou mightst retire, but who e're meant
A Palace for a Tenement?
Heaven has so built thee, that we find
Thee buried when thou art confin'd:
If thou in privacy wouldn't live,
Yet lastre to thy virtues give;
To file them for want of air,
Injurious is to Heavens care.
If thou wilt be immur'd, where
Shall thy obliging soul appear?
Where shall thy generous prudence be,
And where thy magnanimity?
Nay thy own Darling thou dost hide,
Thy self-denial is deny'd;
For he that never greatness tries,
Can never safely it despise.
That Antonius writ well, when
He held a Scepter and Pen;
Least credit Solomons does bring
As a Philosopher than King;
So much advantage flows from hence,
To write by our Experience.
Diogenes I must suspec't
Of envy, more than wise neglect,
When he his Prince so ill did treat,
And so much spurned at the great:
A censure is not clear from those
Whom Fate subjests, or does depos:

Not
POEMS.

Nor can we greatness understand
From an oppress'd or fallen hand:
But 'tis some Prince must that define,
Or one that freely did resign.
A great Almainor teaches thus,
Or else a Dunciad.
For to know Grandeur we must live
In that, and not in perspective;
Vouchsafe the tryal then, that thou
May'lt fairly wield, yet disallow
The World's temptations, and be still
Above whatever would thee fill.
Convince mankind, there's somewhat more
Great than the titles they adore:
Stand near them, and 'twill soon be known
Thou hast more splendour of thy own;
Yield to the wanting Age, and be
Channel of true Nobility:
For from thy Womb such Heros need must rise,
Who Honours will deserve, and can despise.

To Pastora being with her Friend.

1.

While you the double joy obtain
Of what you give, and what you gain:
Friendship who owes you so much Fame,
Commands my Tribute to your Name.

2.

Friendship that was almost forlorn,
Sunk under every Critick's scorn;
But that your genius her protects,
Had fled the World, at least the Sex.

3.

You have restored them and us,
Whence both are happy; Cesar thus

Owd
Ow'd Rome the glories of his Reign,
And Rome ow'd him as much again.

You in your friend those Joys have found
Which all Relations can propound;
What Nature does 'mong them disperse,
You multiply in her Converse.

You her Enjoyment have 'pursu'd
In Company, and Solitude;
And whereas ever she'd retire,
There's the Diversion you desire.

Your Joys by this are more immense;
And heat contracted grows intense;
And friendship to be such to you,
Will make these Pleasures, Honours too.

Be to each other that Content,
As to your Sex you're Ornament;
And may your hearts by mixture lost,
Be still each others Blifs and Boast.

Impossible your Parting be
As that you e're should disagree;
And then even Death your friend will prove,
And both at once (though late) remove.

But that you may severely live,
You must th'offending World forgive,
And to employ your Charity,
You have an Object now in me.

My Pen so much for you unsh
Presents my Heart, though not my Wit;
Which Heart admires what you express,
More than what Monarchs do possess.
POEMS.  

11.
Fear not infection from my face,  
Though I must be unfortunate,  
For having paid my vows due, I  
Shall soon withdraw, wicher and die.

To my Lord and Lady Dungannon on their Marriage 11. May 1662.

To you, who, in your selves, do comprehend  
All you can wish, and all we can commend;  
Whom worth does guide and destiny obey,  
What Offerings can the useless Muses pay?  
Each must at once suspend her charming Lyre,  
Till she hath learnt from you what to inspire:  
Well may they wonder to observe a Knot,  
So curiously by Love and Fortune wrought,  
To which propitious Heaven did decree,  
All things on earth should tributary be;  
By gentle, sure, but unperceiv'd degrees,  
As the Sun's motion, or the growth of Trees;  
Does Providence our wills to hers incline,  
And makes all accidents serve her design:  
Her Pencil (Sir,) within your breast did draw  
The Picture of a Face you never saw,  
With touches, which so sweet were and so true,  
By them alone th' original you knew;  
And at that sight with satisfaction yield  
Your freedom which till then maintain'd the field.  
'Twas by the same mysterious power too,  
That she has been so long reserv'd for you;  
Whose noble passion, with submissive art,  
Disarm'd her scruples, and subdu'd her heart  
And now that at the last your Souls are ty'd,  
Whom floods nor difficulties could divide,  
Ev'n you that beauteous Union may admire,  
Which was at once Heaven's care, and your desire.

[Signatures]

You
POEMS.

You are so happy in each others love,
And in a sur'd protection from above,
That we no wish can add unto your bliss,
But that it should continue as it is.
O! may it so, and may the wheel of Fate
In you no more change than she feels, create;
And may you still your happiness find,
Not on your Fortune growing, but your mind,
Whereby the shafts of Chance as vain will prove,
As all things else did that oppos'd your Love.
Be kind and happy to that great degree,
As may instruct late: Poesery,
From so rever'd a President to frame
Rules to their duty, to their wishes aim.
May the vast Sea for your sake quit his pride,
And grow so smooth, while on his breast you ride,
As may not only bring you to your Port,
But shew how all things do your vertues court.
May every object give you new delight,
May Time forget his Sythe, and Fate his Spight;
And may you never other sorrow know,
But what your pity feels for others woe;
May your compassion be like that Divine,
Which relieves all on whom it does but shine,
Whilst you produce a Race that may inherit
All your great flock of Beauty, Fame, and Merit.

To his Grace Gilbert Lord Arch-Bishop of
Canterbury, July 10, 1664.

That private shade, wherein my Mule was bred,
She always hop'd might hide her humble head;
Believing the retirement she had chose
Might yield her, if not pardon, yet repose;
Nor other repetitions did expect,
Than what our Echoes from the Rocks reflect.
But hurry'd from her Cave with wild affright.

And
And dragg'd maliciously into the Light.
(Which makes her like the Hebrew Virgin mourn
When from her face her Veil was rudely torn)
To you (my Lord) she now forlorn calls,
And at your feet, with just Confusion falls.
But she will thank the wrong deserv'd her Hate,
If it procure her that auspicious Fate,
That the same wing may over her be cast,
Where the best Church of all the World is plac'd,
And under which, when she is once ren'd,
She really may come to be inspir'd.
And by the Wonders which the there shall view,
May raise her self to such a Theme as you,
Who were prefer'd to Govern and Rule
That Church whose Confessor you were before,
And shew by your unweary'd Prefence Care;
Your sufferings are not ended, though hers are
For whilst your Crofter her defence secures,
You purchase her Rest with the Loss of yours,
And Heav'n who first refin'd your worth, and then,
Gave it so large and eminent a Scene,
Hath paid you what was many ways your due,
And done it self a greater Right then you.
For after such a rough and tedious Storm
Had torn the Church, and done her so much harm;
And (though at length rebuk'd, yet) left behind
Such angry relics, in the Wave and Wind;
No Pilot could, whose skill and Faith were leas,
Manage the shatter'd Vessel with Success.
The Piety of the Apostles Times,
And Courage to resist this Ages Crimes;
Majestic sweetness, temper'd and refin'd,
In a Polite, and Comprehensive Mind,
Were all required her Ruins to repair,
And all united in her Prime are.
In your aspect so Candid and Serene,
The Conscience of such Virtue may be seen,
As makes the full len Schilmarick content,
POEMS.

A Church-man may be Great and Innocent.  
This shall those men reprove, if not reduce,  
And take away their fault or their excuse,  
Whilst in your Life and Government appear  
All that the Pious wish and Fadious fear.  
Since the prevailing Cross her Ensigns spread,  
And Pagan Gods from Christian Bishops fled,  
Times curious Eye till now hath never spy'd  
The Churches Helm so happily supply'd.  
Merit and Providence so fitly met,  
The Worthiest Prelate in the highest Seat.  
If Noble things can Noble Thoughts infuse,  
Your Life (my Lord) may, ev'n in me, produce  
Such Raptures, that of their rich Fury proud,  
I may, perhaps, dare to proclaim aloud;  
Assur'd, the World that adours will excuse,  
Applaud the Subject, and forgive the Mule.

Trans
Translations.

BY R. PHILIPS.
La Solitude de St. Amant.

1.

O que j'aime la Solitude,
Que ces lieux sacres a la nuit,
Eloignez du monde de bruit,
Plaisent a mon inquiétude.
Mon Dieu! qu'a mes yeux sont contraires,
De voir ces Bois qui s'adoucirent
A la nascence du Temps,
Et que tous les Siecles reverent,
Et on encore aussi beaux ou vers,
Que aux premiers fous de l'Univers.

2.

Un gay Zephire les caresse,
D'un mouvement doux et flatteur,
Rien que leur extense hauteur,
Ne fait remarquer leur vgalement.
Jadis Pan, et ses demi-dieux
Y virent chercher du refuge,
Quand Jupiter ouvrit les Cieux
Pour nous envoyer le deluge,
Et se sauver sur leurs Rameaux,
A peine visirent ils les Eaux.

3.

Que sur cette Espine fleurie,
Dont le printemps est amoureux,
Philomèle au chant langoureux,
Entretient bien ma reverie.
Que je pren plassir a voir
Ces Monts pendant en precipices,
POEMS.

English.

1.

O! Solitude my sweetest choice,
Places devoted to the night,
Remote from tumult, and from noise,
How you my restless thoughts delight!
O Heavens! what content is mine
To see those Trees which have appear'd
From the nativity of Time,
And which all Ages have rever'd,
To look to day as fresh and green
As when their beauties first were seen!

2.

A cheerful wind does court them so,
And with such amorous breath enfold,
That we by nothing else can know,
But by their height that they are old.
Hither the devious gods did flee
To seek a Sanctuary, when
Displeased Jove once pierc'd the skie,
To pour a deluge upon men,
And on these boughs themselves did save,
Whence they could hardly see a wave.

3.

Sad Philomel upon this Thorn,
So curiously by Flora drest,
In melting notes, her cage forlorn,
To entertain me, hath confess'd;
O! how agreeable a sight
These hanging Mountains do appear,
Which
POEMS.

Qui pour les coups de désespoir,
Sont aux Malheureux se propices,
Quand la cruauté de leur sort
Les forçait à rechercher la Mort.

4.

Que je trouve deux la sauvage
De ces fiers torrens vagabonds,
Qui se précipitent par bonds,
Dans ce vallon vert & sauvage ;
Puis glissent sous les arbres fantastiques
Ainsi que des Serpents sur l'herbe ;
Se changeant en plaisants milleaux,
On quelque Nymphéa superbe
Regne comme en son lieu natal,
Dessus un Throsine de Christal.

5.

Que j'aime ces Marsie's paisibles,
II est tout bordé délicieux,
D'Aulnes, de Souches, & d'Oisiers,
A qui le sort n'est point nuisible.
Les Nymphes y cherchent le frais,
S'y viennent souvent de quenouilles,
de piqueaux, de lance, & de glais,
Où l'on voit souter les serpilles,
Qui de frayeur s'y vont cacher,
Si tost qu'on veut s'en approcher.

6.

La cent mille oiseaux aquatiques,
Vivent sans tristesse en leur repos,
Le Gibier fin & dispos,
Aussi sortes mortelles pursines.
Which the unhappy would invite
To finish all their sorrows here,
When their hard fate makes them endure
Such woes, as only death can cure.

What pretty desolations make
These torrents vagabond and fierce,
Who in vast leaps their springs forake,
This solitary vale to pierce,
Then sliding just as Serpents do
Under the foot of every Tree,
Themselves are changed to Rivers too,
Wherein some Nymphs Nymphs, Nayads,
As in her native bed, is grown
A Queen upon a Crystal throne.

This Fen beset with River-Plants,
(O! how it does my senses charm!)
Nor Elders, Reeds, nor Willows want,
Which the sharp Steel did never harm.
Here Nymphs which come to take the air,
May with such Ditties furnish’d be,
As Flags and Rushes can prepare,
Where we the nimble Frogs may see.
Who frighted to retreat do fly,
If an approaching man they seize.

Here Water-fowl repose enjoy,
Without the interrupting care,
Left Fortune should their bills destroy,
By the malicious Fowlers share.

Some
174

POEMS.

L'en tant joyeux, d'un si beau jour,
S'amuse a becquetter sa plume,
L'autre allent le feu d'amour,
Qui dans l'eau mésme se consume,
Et prennent tous innocemment
Leur plaisir en cet Elément.

7.

Jamais l'Esté, ny la froidure,
N'ont rien passé dessus cette Eau,
Nulle charrette, ny bateau
Depuis qui l'on, & l'autre auro:
Jamais voyageur altéré,
N'y fit servir sa main de tasse,
Jamais chevreuil desespéré
N'y fit sa vie à la chasse:
Et jamais le Traître hamecon
N'en fit sortir aucun poisson.

8.

Que j'aime avoir la decadence
D'es ces vieux chasteaux ruiné,
Contre qui les murs Mutines;
Où déploient leur insolence,
Les Sorcières y font leur Sabat,
Les Diables follets s'y retiennent,
Qui d'un malicieux etat,
Trampent nos sens, & nos martirent;
La se nichent en mille troux
Les Couleuvres & les Hyboux.

9.

L'Orage avec ses cri funèbres,
Mortelles aigres des destins.
POEMS.

Some ravisht with so bright a day,
their Feathers finely prune and deck,
Others their amorous heats allay,
Which yet the waters could not check,
All take their innocent content
In this their lovely Element.

7.

Summer's, nor Winter's bold approach,
This Stream did never entertain,
Nor ever felt a Boat or Coach
Whilst either season did remain,
No thirsty Traveller came near,
And rudely made his hand his cup,
Nor any hunted Hind hath here
Her hopeless life resigned up,
Nor ever did the treacherous Hook
Intrude to empty any Brook.

8.

What beauty is there in the sight
Of these old ruin'd Castle walls,
On which the utmost rage and spight
Of times most infamous falls.
The Witches keep their Sabbath here,
And wanton Devils make retreat,
Who in malicious sport appear,
Our sence both to affright and cheat,
And here within a thousand holes
Are nests of Adders and of Owles.

9.

The Raven with his dismal cries,
That mortal augury of Fate,
POEMS.

10.

Aussi le Ciel juge équitable,
Qui maintient les loix en vigueur,
Promoncée contre sa rigueur
Une sentence épouvanteable.
Autour de ces vieux offensants
Son ombre aux peines condamnées,
Lamence en longgemissemens
Sa malheureuse destinée;
Ayant pour croitre son affroy,
Tous jours son crime devant soy.

11.

Là se trouvent sur quelques maîtres,
Des devises du temps passée,
Icy l'âge a presque efface
Des chiffres taillés sur les astres.
La plancher du lieu le plus haut,
Est tombe jusque dans la Carse,
Que la timace, ô! la crapouze
Sonivent de venin & de bace,
La lierre y croîst au foyer,
À l'ombre d'un grand Noyer.
POEMS.

Those ghastly Goblins graifies,
Which in these gloomy places wait.
On a curs'd Tree the wind does move
A Carcase which did once belong
To one that hang'd himself for love
Of a fair Nymph that did him wrong,
Who though she saw his love and truth,
With one look would not save the Youth.

10.

But Heaven which judges equally,
And its own Laws will still maintain,
Rewarded soon her cruelty
With a deserv'd and mighty pain:
About this squallid heap of bones,
Her wandring & condemned shade,
Laments in long and piercing groans
The destiny her rigour made,
And the more to augment her fright
Her crime is ever in her sight.

11.

There upon Antique Marbles trace'd,
Devices of past times we see,
Here age hath almost quite defac'd
What Lovers car'd on every Tree.
The Cellar, here, the highest Room,
Receives when its old rafters fail,
Soil'd with the venom and the foam
Of the Spider and the Snail:
And th' Ivy in the Chimney we
Find shaded by a Wall-nut Tree.
12.

La déesse s'est rendue une vounte,
Si fumbe en un certain endroit,
Que quand Phébus y descendroit,
Le pense qu'il n'y verroit goute.
Le sommetaux pesans sourcest,
Enchanté d'un nom silencieux,
T doit bien loin de tous sonois,
Dans les bras de la moucheblance,
Lafchemeur couché sur le clos,
Desir des gertes de pruots.

13.

Au creux de cette grotte fresche,
Où l'amour se pourroit geler,
Echo ne cesse de brasser
Pour son Amant, froid, & revanche.
J'en'y conue sans faire bruit,
Et par la céleste harmonie
D'un doux Lut, aux charmes insirrnat,
Le frit en sa teinte manie,
Faisant repeter mes accords,
A la voix qui lui fera de corps.

14.

Tamost sortant de ces ruines,
Je monte au haut de ce rocher,
Dont le sommet semble chercher
En quel lieu se sont les bruines :
Pays je descendis tout a loisir
Sous un falaise escarpée,
D'on je regardé avec plaisir
L'onde qui l'a presque sappée
Jusqu'aux feiges de Palémon,
Fait d'esponges & de Limon.
POEMS.

12.

Below there does a Cave extend,
Wherein there is so dark a Grot,
That should the Sun himself descend,
I think he could not see a jot.
Here sleep within a heavy lid
In quiet sadness locks up sense,
And every care he does forbid,
Whilst in the arms of negligence,
Lazily on his back he's spread,
And sheaves of Poppy are his Bed.

13.

Within this cool and hollow Cave,
Where Love itself might turn to ice,
Poor Echo ceases not to rave
On her Narcissus wild and nice:
Hither I solely steal a thought,
And by the softer Musick made
With a sweet Lute in charms well taught,
Sometimes I flatter her sad shade,
Whilst of my Chords I make such choice,
They serve as body to her voice.

14.

When from these ruins I retire,
This horrid Rock I do invade,
Whose lofty brow seems to enquire
Of what materials mists are made;
From thence descending leisurely
Under the brow of this steep hill,
It with great pleasure I descry
By Waters undermirth'd, until
They to Palemon's seat did climb,
Compos'd of Spunges and of Slime.

How
POEMS.

15.

Que c'est une chose agréable
D'être sur le bord de la Mer,
Quand elle vient à se calmer,
Après quelque orage affroyable ;
Et que les cheveux Tritons,
Haut sur les vagues secouées,
Trapent les airs d'étranges tons,
Avec leurs trompes enrouées,
D'où l'éclat rend respectueux
Le vents les plus impétueux.

16.

Tantôt bronissant l'arène
Murmure et fremit de courroux,
Se roulant dessous les Cailloux,
Qu'elle apporte et qu'elle l'entraîne ;
Tantôt elle effile en ses bords
Que l'ire de Neptune outrage,
Des gens noyés, des monstres noirs,
Des vaisseaux brisés du naufrage,
Des Dianais, de l'ambre Gris,
Et mille autres choses de prix.

17.

Tantôt le plus clair de Monde,
Elle semble un miroir flottant,
Et nous représente à l'instant
Encore d'autres Cieux sous l'onde,
Le soleil s'y fait bien voir,
X contemplant son beau visage,
Qu'on est quelque temps à se savoir
Ses est lui même ou son image,
Et d'abord il semble à nos yeux,
Qu'il se laisse tomber des cieux.
POEMS.

15.

How highly is the fancy pleas'd
To be upon the Oceans shore,
When she begins to be appeas'd,
And her fierce billow cease to roar!
And when the hairy Tritons are
Riding upon the shaken wave;
With what strange sounds they strike the air
Of their Trumpets hoarse and brave,
Whose shrill report, does every wind
Unto his due submission bind!

16.

Sometimes the Sea dispels the Sand;
Trembling and murmuring in the Bay,
And rowles it self upon the shells
Which it both brings and takes away.
Sometimes exposed on the Strand,
The effects of Neptune's rage and scorn,
Drown'd Men, dead Monsters cast on Land,
And Ships that were in Tempests torn,
With Diamonds and Ambergreece,
And many more such things as these.

17.

Sometimes so sweetly she does smile,
A floating mirror she might be,
And you would fancy all that while
New Heavens in her face to see:
The Sun himself is drawn so well,
When there he would his Picture view,
That our eye can hardly tell
Which is the false Sun, which the true;
And lest we give our sense the lyce,
We think he's fallen from the skye.

A a a
POEMS.

18.

Bernières pour qui je me vante,
De ne rien faire que de beau,
Reçois ce fantasque tableau
Fait d'une peinture vivante:
Je ne cherché que les défers,
Où refuânt tout seul je m'amuse,
A des discours assez divers,
De mon Genie avec la Muse,
Mais mon plus aimable entretien,
C'est le ressouvenir du tien.

19.

Tu vois dans cette Poésie,
Pleine de licence & d'ardeur,
Les beaux rayons de la splendeur
Qui m'esclaire la Fantasie,
Tantôt chagrin, tantôt joyeux,
Selon que la fureur m'enflame,
Et que l'objet s'offre a mes yeux,
Les propos me naiffent en l'ame,
Sans contraindre la liberté
Du Demon, qui m'a transporté.

20.

O ! que j'aime la Solitude,
C'est l'Element des bons esprits,
C'est par elle que j'ay compris,
L'art d'Apollon sans nulle étude :
Je l'aime pour l'amour de toy
Connoissant que ton humeur l'aime,
Mais quand je pensa bien a moy,
Je la hay pour la raison mesme,
Car elle pourroit me raver
L'heure de te voir, & de te servir.
18.

Bernieres! for whose beloved sake
My thoughts are at a noble strike,
This my fantastick Landskip take,
Which I have copied from the Life.
I only seek the Desarts rough,
Where all alone I love to walk,
And with discourse refin'd enough,
My Genius and the Muses talk;
But the converse most truly mine,
Is the dear memory of thine.

19.

Thou may'rt in this Poem find,
So full of liberty and heat,
What illustrious rays have shin'd
To enlighten my conceit:
Sometimes pensive, sometimes gay,
Just as that fury does controul,
And as the object I survey,
The notions grow up in my Soul,
And are as unconcern'd and free
As the flame which transported me.

20.

O! how I Solitude adore,
That Element of noblest wit,
Where I have learnt Apollo's lore,
Without the pains to study it:
For thy sake I in love am grown
With what thy fancy does pursue;
But when I think upon my own,
I hate it for that reason too,
Because it needs must hinder me
From seeing, and from serving thee.
Tendres defers out of a French prose.

Go soft desires, Love's gentle Progeny,
And on the Heart of charming Sylvia sheze,
Then quickly back again return to me,
Since that's the only cure for my disease;
But if you miss her breast whom I adore,
Then take your flight, and visit mine no more.

Amanti ci' in pian\i \&c.

Overs who in complaints your selves consume,
And to be happy once perhaps presume;
Your Love and hopes, alike are vain,
Nor will they ever cure your pain,
They that in Love would joy attain,
Their passion to their power must frame;
Let them enjoy what they can gain,
And never higher aim.

Complaints and Sorrows, from me now depart,
You think to soften an ungentle Heart,
When it not only wards such blows,
But from your sufferance prouder grows;
They that in Love would joy \&c.

A Pastoral of Mons. de Scudery's in the first volume
of Alcibiade, Enlished.

Lothful deceiver, come away,
With me again the fields survey;
And sleep no more, unless it be
My Fortune thou shouldst a dream of me.

The
POEMS.

The Sky, from which the Night is fled,
Is painted with a matchless Red,
'Tis day; the morning greets my Eyes:
Thou art my Sun, wilt thou not rise?

Now the black Shadows of the Night
From Heav'n and Earth, are put to Flight:
Come and dispel each lingering shade,
With that Light which thy Eyes have made.

That Planet, which so like thee seems,
In his long and piercing beams,
At once illuminates and Guides,
All these valleys, and these Fields.

The Winds do rather sigh than blow,
And Rivers murmur as they go,
And all things seem to thee to say,
Rise Fair one, 'tis a Lovely Day.

Come and the liquid Pearls descry,
Which glittering 'mong the flowers lye;
Day finds them wet, when it appears,
And 'tis too often with my Tears.

Hearken, and thou wilt much approve
The Warbling Consort of this Grove;
Complete the pleasure of our Ears,
Mixing thy harmony with theirs.

Feather'd Musician step aside,
Thy self within these bushes hide,
While my Aminta's Voice affords
Her charming Notes to clothe my words.

Hasten to sing them, then my fair,
And put this proud one to despair.

Whole
Whole Voice, the Base and Trebles part,
With so marvellous an Art.

Come Philemon, and now make use
Of all, thy practice can produce,
All the harmonious Secrets, thou
Canst try, will do no service now.

Thou must to her this Glory give,
For nothing can thy Fame relieve.
Then e're thou dost the Conquest try,
Chuse to be silent here or dye.

Come my Shepherdess, survey
(While a hundred pipes do play,)
From every Fold, from every Shed,
How the Herds and Flocks are fed.

Hear the pleasing, harmless voice,
Of thy Lambs, now they rejoice,
While with their bleating notes are mix'd,
Their pretty bounds, and leaps betwixt.

See, see, how from the Thatched Rooms
Of these our artless Cabbins, comes
A Rustick troop of Jolly Swains,
From every side, unto the Plains.

Their Sheep-hooks sheel, so bright and clear,
How it shines, both far and near;
A Bag-pipe here, and there a Flute,
With merryer whistles do dispute.

Hear thy flocks, which for thee bleat
In Language Innocent, and sweet;
See here thy Shepherd who attends 'em,
And from the Ravenous Wolf defends 'em.

Thy
POEMS.

Thy Melampus, him endears,
And leaps, and sports, when he appears,
He complains that thy flocks is such;
And my poor heart does that as much.

Among the rest here's a Ram, we
So white so blith, so merry see,
In all our Flocks, there is not one,
Deserves such praise, as he alone.

On the grass he burts and leaps,
Flatters, and then away he skips;
So gentle, and yet proud is he,
That surely he hath learn'd of thee.

The fairest Garlands we can find,
Unworthy are, his horns to bind;
But Flowers that death can never know,
Are fittest to adorn his Brow.

He is full of modest shame,
And as full of amorous flame;
Astrologers in heaven see,
A Beast leis beautiful than he.

I have for thee a Shear-hook brought,
On which thy Shepherd hard hath wrought;
Here he thy character hath trac'd;
Is it not neatly interlac'd?

To that a Scrip is ty'd for thee,
Which woven is so curiously,
That the Art does the stuff excel,
And Gold it self looks not so well.

Here's in a Cage that he did make,
All the Birds that he could take.
How glorious is their slavery,
If they be not despis'd by thee!
A Garland too for thee hath staid;  
And 'tis of fairest flowers made:  
Aurora had this offering kept,  
And for its loss hath newly wept.

A lovely Fawn he brings along,  
Nimble, as thy self, and young,  
And greater presents he would bring,  
But that a Shepherd is no King.

Come away my Lovely Bess,  
To such divertisement as this,  
And bring none to these lovely places,  
But only Venus, and the Graces.

Whatever company were nigh,  
Would tedious be, when thou art by;  
Venus and Fortune would to me  
Be troublesome, if I had thee.

She comes! from far, the Lovely Maid  
Is by her shining charms betray'd;  
See how the Flowers sprout up, to meet  
A Noble ruine from her feet.

How sprightly, and how Fair is she!  
How much undone then must I be?  
My torment is, I know, severe,  
But who can think on't when she's near?

My heart leaps up within my breast,  
And sinks again with Joy opprest;  
But in her sight to yield my breath,  
Would be an acceptable Death.

Come then, and in this shade, be sure,  
That thy fair skin shall be secure;  
For else the Sun would wrong, I fear,  
The Colours which do flourish there.
POEMS.

His flaming seeds do climb to flax,
While they to our Horizon haste,
That by this time his Radiant Coach,
Does to his highest house approach.

His fiercer Rays in heat, and length,
Begin to rob us of our strength;
Directly on the Earth they dart,
And all the shadows are grown short.

This Valley hath a private seat,
Which is a cool, and moist retreat,
Where the angry Planet which we spy,
Can ne'er invade us with his Eye.

Behold this fresh and florid Gras,
Where never yet a foot did pass,
A Carpet spreads for us to sit,
And to thy Beauty offers it.

This delicate apartment is
Roof'd o're with Aged Flooping Trees,
Whose verdant shadow does secure
This Place a native furniture.

The Courts of Naiades are such,
In shades like these, ador'd so much,
Where thousand Fountains round about,
Perpetually gush water out.

How finely this thick moss doth look,
Which limits this transparent brook;
Whose sportful wave doth swell, and spread,
And is on flags and rushes shed!

Within this liquid Crystal, see
The cause of all my Misery,
And judge by that, (fair Murtherefs)
If I could love thy beauty less.

C c c

Thy
POEMS.

Thy either Eye does Rain dispence
Of modesty and Innocence;
And with thy seriousness we find
The gladness of an Infant joy'd.

Thy frowns delight, though they torment;
From thy looks Life and Death is sent;
And thy whole air does us throw
Arrows, which curseless wounds beflow.

The nature of a Mountain Pine,
Is crooked, when compar'd to thine:
Which does thy sex to envy move;
As much as it does ours to love.

From thy dividing lips do flye,
Those pointed shafts that make us dye:
Nor have our Gardens e'er a Rose,
That to thy cheeks we dare oppose.

When by a happy liberty,
We may thy lovely bosom see,
The whiteest Cards, nor falling Snow,
Can any such complexion show.

Thyme and Majoram, whose scent,
Of all perfumes, most Innocent,
Let's Fragrancy than thy breath have,
Which all our senses does enslave.

Even when thou scornest, thou canst please,
And make us love our own disease.
The blushes that our cherrys wear,
Do hardly to thy lips come near.

When upon the smoother Plains,
Thou to dance wilt take the pairs,
No Hind, when she employs her feet,
Is half so graceful, or so fleet.
POEMS.

Of thy garments fair and white,
The neatness gives us most delight,
And I had rather them behold,
Then clothes embroidered with Gold.

Nothing in the World can see
So rare as unadorned thee,
Who art (as it must be confess'd)
Not by thy clothes, but Beauty dress'd.

Thy lovely hair thou up hast ty'd,
And in an unwrought Veil dost hide:
In the mean time thy single Face,
All other beauties does disgrace.

Yes, yes, thy negligence alone,
Does more than all their care hath done:
The Nymphs, in all their pompous dress,
Do entertain my fancy less.

A Nosegay all thy Jewels is,
And all thy Art consists in this;
And what from this pure Spring does pass
Is all thy paint, and all thy Clash.

Adored beauty, here may we
Our selves in lovely glaases see:
Come then, I pray thee, let us look,
In thy Eyes, thou in the Brook.

Within this faithful Mirrour see
The object which hath conquer'd me,
Which though the stream does well impart,
'Tis better form'd here in my heart.

In the entertainment of thy Mind,
When 'tis to pensiveness inclin'd,
Count if thou canst these Flowers, and thou
The sum of my desires wilt know.
POEMS.

Observe these Turtles, kind and true,
Hearken how frequently they woo:
They faithful Lovers are, and who
That sees thee, would not be so too?

Oft them my fair Aminta learn,
At length to grant me thy concern;
Follow what thou in them do' est see,
And thou wilt soon be kind to me.

Those mighty Bulls are worth thy sight,
Who on the plains so stoutly fight;
Fiercely each others brow they hit,
Where Beauty does with anger meet.

Love is the quarrel they maintain,
As 't was the reason of their pain.
So would thy faithful Shepherd do,
If he should meet his Rival too.

Thy Shepherd, fair, and cruel one,
In all these Villages is known:
Such is his Father's herd and flock,
The Plain is cover'd with the flock.

He the convenient pastures knows,
And where the wholesome water flows;
Knows where the coolest shadows are,
And well hath learn'd a Shepherd's care.

Astrology he studies too,
As much as Shepherds ought to do;
Nay Magick nothing hath so dim,
That can be long conceal'd from him.

When any do these Secrets dread,
He for himself hath this to plead;
That he by them such herbs can pick,
As cure his sheep when they are sick.
He can foresee the coming storm,
Nor Hail, nor Clouds, can do him harm,
And from their injuries can keep,
Safely enough his Lambs and Sheep.

He knows the season of the year,
When Shepherds think it fit to shear
Such inoffensive Sheep as these,
And strip them of their Silver fleece.

He knows the scorching time of day,
When he must lead his flock away
To Valleys which are cool and near,
To chew the Cud, and rest them there.

He dares the Fiercest Wolves engage,
When ’tis their hunger makes them rage;
The frightened dogs, when they retire,
He with new courage can inspire.

He sings and dances passingly well,
And does in wrestling too excel,
Yet fair Maid, and few that know him,
But these advantages allow him.

At our Feast, he gets the Praise,
For his enchanting Roundelayes,
And on his head have oftentimes been
The Garlands, and the Prizes keen.

When the Skrip, and Crook he quits,
And free from all disturbance sits,
He can make the Bag-pipes swell,
And Oaten Reeds his passion tell.

When his flame does him excite,
In amorous songs to do thee right,
He makes the Verses which he uses,
And borrows none of other Muses.
He neglects his own affairs,
To serve thee with greater care,
And many Shepherdesse would
Deprive thee of him if they could.

Of Alcest he could tell
And Silvia's Eye, thou know'st it well:
But as his modesty is great,
He blushes if he them repeat.

When in the Chrysal Stream he looks,
If there be any truth in Brooks,
He finds, thy frown can never be
Excus'd by his deformity.

His Passion is so high for thee,
As 'twill admit no new degree.
Why wilt not thou his love requite,
Since Kindness gives so much delight?

Antioch hearkned all this while,
Then with a dext'rous, charming smile,
Against her will, she let him see,
That she would change his destiny.

I promise nothing, then said she,
With an obliging air, and free;
But I think, if you will try,
The Wolves are crueler than I.

When my Sheep unhealthy are,
I have compassion, I have care;
Nor pains, nor journeys then I grudge;
By which you may my Nature judge.

When any of them goes astray,
All the hamlets near us may
Perceive me, all in grief and fear,
Run and search it every where.
POEMS.

And when I happen once to find,
The object of my troubled mind,
As soon as ever I spy,
O! how over-joy'd am I!

I flatter her, and I cares,
And let her ruffle all my dress;
The vagabond I kindly treat,
And Mint and Thyme, I make her eat:

When my Sparrow does me quit,
My throbbing heart makes after it;
And nothing can relief afford,
For my fair inconstant bird.

When my Dog hath me displeas'd,
I am presently appeas'd;
And a tear is in my Eye,
If I have but made him cry.

I never could a hatred keep,
But to the Wolf that kills my Sheep:
Gentle and kind, and soft I am,
And just as harmless as a Lamb.

Dispel thy fear, cease thy complaint,
O Shepherd timorous, and faint!
For I'm a Mildress very good,
If you'll but serve me as you should.

Words of a favourable strain,
(Cry'd out that now transported wain,
Which do in thy Leonitus fate,
So glad and swift a change create.

But look about, for now I mark
The fields already growing dark,
And with these shadows cover'd all,
Which from the neighbouring Mountains fall.

The
The winged Quire on every tree
By Caroling melodiously,
Do the declining Sun pursue,
With their last homage, and adieu.

From the next Cottages, I hear
Voices well known unto my Ear,
They are of our Domesticks who
Do pipe, and hollow for us too.

The Flocks and Heards do homwards go,
I hear them hither bleat and low,
Thy Eyes which mine so much admire,
Tell me 'tis time we should retire.

Go then destroying, faire one go,
Since I perceive it must be so,
Sleep sweetly all the night, but be,
At least, so kind to dream of me.

Translation of Thomas a Kempis into Verse, out of
Mons. Corneille's lib. 3, Cap. 2. Englished.

Speak, Gracious Lord, thy servant hears,
For I both am and will be so,
And in thy pleasant path will go
When the Sun shines, or disappears.

Give me thy Spirit, that I may perceive,
What by my Soul thou would'st have done,
Let me have no desire but one,
Thy will to practice and believe.

But yet thy Eloquence disarm,
And as a whisper to my heart,
Let it like dew, plenty impart,
And like that let it freely charm.

The
**POEMS.**

The Jews fear'd Thunder-bolts would fall,
And that thy words would Death procure,
Nor in the Desert could endure
To hear their Maker speak at all.

They court Moses to declare thy will,
And begg'd to hear no more thy voice,
They could not stand the dreadful noise,
Left it should both surprise and kill.

Without those terrors, I implore,
And other favours I entreat,
With confident, though humble heart,
I beg what Samuel did of yore.

Though thou art all that I can dread,
Thy voice is musick to my ears,
Speak Lord then, for thy Servant hears,
And will obey what thou hast said.

I ask no Moses that for thee should speak,
Nor Prophet to enlighten me,
They all are taught and sent by thee,
And 'tis thy voice I only seek.

Those beams proceed from thee alone,
Which through their words on us do flow;
Thou without them canst all bestow
But they without thee can give none.

They may repeat the sound of words,
But not confer their hidden force,
And without thee, their best discourse,
Nothing but scorn to men affords.

Let them thy Miracles impart,
And vigorously thy will declare;
Their voice, perhaps, may strike the Ear,
But it can never move the heart.

E e e  Th'
Th' obscure and naked Word they sOW,
    But thou dost open our dim Eye,
    And the dead letter to supply,
The Living Spirit dost bestow,

Mysterious truth's to us they brought,
    But thou expound'st the Riddle too,
    And thou alone, canst make us do
All the great things that they have taught

They may indeed the way direct,
    But thou inablest us to walk;
I'st ear alone sticks all they talk,
    But thou dost even the Heart deflect.

They wash the surface of the mind,
    But all her fruit, thy Goodness claims,
    All that e're enlightens, or enflames,
Must be to that alone align'd.
POMPEY.
A
Tragedy.

LONDON,
Printed for H. Heringman, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the Blew-Anchor in the lower walk of the new Exchange, 1667.
TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
Countess of Cork.

Madam,

As some untimely Flower, whose balsful head
(Ready to drop into her humble Bed)
Is touch'd by the Sun's prevailing Ray,
To share that Light with which he gilds the Day;
So this Translation of strict Eyes afraid,
With conscious blushes, would have sought a shade,
When your restless Power did Orders give,
Thus to recall the timorous Fugitive,
Which, to your breath, must all her being own,
Thrive when you smile, and wither if you frown.

Yet from submission this assurance grows,
That you'll protect the Person you expose,
Who more delight from such a Shelter draws,
Than to obtain, or to desire applause,
And your indulgence, would, much rather, chuse,
Than to be Favorite to every Muse.
For even they request to wait on you,
Who can best judge, and best reward them too;
You, who are more than Poets can invent,
Of most illustrious and most innocent,
Under your beams their faint Ideas sink,
And you more nobly live than they could think.
In you, the humble, and the brave, are met
To shew what's truly, and what's only great;
And all the Clifford's Fame in you does shine.
The greatest Honour of the Nobleft Line:

F f f

To
To whom your debt of splendour you have paid,
And that (and more) to after times convey'd,
In such a Race, as must those wonders do,
That none could act but they, inspire but you.
But as your Merit does all Praise excel,
So does your Mercy all injurious zeal;
And you in that ador'd advantage live,
That nothing else is left you to forgive:
But ev'n your goodness will itself outshine,
If it can pardon this Address of mine.
So Altars once did Fire from Heaven enjoy,
Sent but to kindle what it might destroy.
The Printer to the Reader.

I hope you expect no Eloquence from a Printer, nor Regularity in a Preface, which hath nothing to say to you, but that Pompey being a Translation out of the French of Monsieur Corneille, the Hand that did it is responsible for nothing but the English, and the Songs between the Acts, which were added only to lengthen the Play, and make it fitter for the Stage, when those that could not be resifted were resolved to have it acted; and that no abuses of Transcribers (though they were numerous) could have prevailed to send it to the Press, if the Person most concern'd had not fear'd to disobey an excellent Lady, who commanded this publication, more than the severity of the Censorious World.
The Persons of the Play.

Julius Cesar.
Marcus Antoniust.
Lepidus.
Ptolomy, King of Egypt.
Cleopatra, His Sister.
Phoebus, His Governour.
Achillius, His Lieutenant General.
Septimius, A Romane Tribune in the Egyptian Kings Army.
Achoreus, Cleopatra's Gentleman Usher.
Charmon, Cleopatra's Maid of Honour.
Corvilia, Pompey's Widdow.
Philip, Pompey's Freedman.
Romans and Egyptians.

The Scene Ptolomy's Pallace in Alexandria.
PROLOGUE

For the Theatre at Dublin, written by the Earl of Roscommon.

The mighty Rivals, whose destructive Rage
Did the whole World in Civil Arms engage:
Are now agreed, and make it both their Choice,
To have their Fates determin'd by your Voice.
Cæsar from none but You, will hear his Doom,
He hates th'o' obsequious Flatteries of Rome:
He scorns, where once he rul'd, now to be try'd,
And he hath rul'd in all the World beside.
When he the Thames, the Danube, and the Nile
Had stain'd with Blood, Peace flourisht in this Isle;
And you alone may Boast, you never saw
Cæsar 'till now, and now can give him Law.

Great Pompey too, comes as a suppliant here,
But says He cannot now begin to fear.
He knows your equal Justice, and (to tell
A Roman Truth) He knows himself too well.
Success, 'tis true, waited on Cæsar's side,
But Pompey thinks he conquer'd when he dy'd.
His Fortune when she prov'd the most unkind,
Chang'd his Condition, but not Cato's Mind.
Then of what Doubt can Pompey's Cause admit,
Since here so many Cato's Judging sit?

But you bright Nymphs, give Cæsar leave to woo,
The greatest Wonder of the World but you.
And hear a Man, who has that Hero taught
To speak as generously, as e'er he fought.

G g g    Whose
Whose Eloquence from such a Theme deter
All Tongues but English, and all Pens but Hers.
By the just Fates your Sex is doubly blest,
You Conquer'd Caesar, and you praise him best.
To the And Ton (Illustrious Sir) receive as due,
Lord A present Destiny reserv'd for You.
Lieute- Rome, France, and England join their Forces
nant. To make a Poem worthy of your Ear.
Accept it then, and on that Pompey's Brow
Who gave so many Crowns, bestow one now.
ACT I. SCENE I.

Ptolemy, Achillas, Photinus, Septimius.

PTOLEMY.

Ate hath declar'd her self; and we may see
The intrigue of the great Rivals Destiny:
That quarrel which did all the Gods divide,
Pharsalia hath the Honour to decide.
Whose Rivers swelling with new bloody Tides
(Sent thicker from so many Parricides)
The Horror of torn Ensigns, Chariots, Shields,
Spread in Confusion o'er the infected fields;
Those slaughter'd heaps whose shades no rest obtain’d
By Nature to their own revenge constrain’d;
(Their Putrefactions seeming to revive
The War, with those that do remain alive,)
Are dreadful rules by which the Sword thinks fit,
Pompey to cast, and Caesar to acquit.
That distress’d Leader of the Juster Side,
Whose wearied Fortune hath all Help deny’d,
A terrible Example will create
To future times, of the Extremes of Fate:
He flies, whose happy Courage had, till now,
Confin’d the Bay to his Victorious Brow:
He in our Ports chuses his last Retreat;
And wanting Refuge from a Foe so great,
His bold Misfortune seeks it in abodes,
Which from the Titans once preserv’d the Gods
And from so fam’d a Climate, doth expect
That it should Earth as well as Heaven protect;
And lending his Despair a kind Effort,
It should the flattering Universe support:
Yes, the World's Fortune Pompey with him brings,
And hopes a Land whose Fame such Wonders sings,
A Prop or Tomb might to her Freedom give,
And Pompey's Fall attend, if not relieve.

This, Friends, the Subject is of our debate;
Our Triumphs he, or Ruine will create:
He hazards me, who did my Father save,
And does expose that Memphis which he gave:
We must now haften, or prevent his Fate,
His Ruine hinder, or precipitate:
That is unsafe, and this ignoble is;
I dread injustice, or unhappiness;
And angry fortune each way offers me
Either much danger, or much infamy.
It is my part to chuse, yours to advise
What you believe to be most safe and wise:
Pompey's concern'd; nay, we the same shall get,
Cesars Success to trouble or compleat;
And never Monarchs Fortune did afford
So great a Subject for a Counsell Board.

PHOTINUS.

When things, Sir, are determin'd by the Sword,
Justice is nothing but an empty word;
And he who these Affairs would rightly weigh,
Must not his Reasons, but his power obey:
View your own strengthing; let Pompey be survey'd,
Whole Fortune Droops, and Valour is betray'd;
Who not from Cesars only takes his flight,
But from the Senate just reproach and flight,
(Whose greater part were cheaply left a Prey
To the keen Vultures of Pharsalia)
He flies lost Rome, and every Roman now;
Who must to his defeat their Fetters owe.
He flies chose Kings who would chastise his Guilt,
Of all the blood that in this cause was spilt.

Their
Their Kingdoms now of Men and Money void,
Their broken Scepters and their Thrones destroyed,
As Author of all Woes, abhor'd by all,
He flies the whole World, shatter'd by his Fall.
Can you alone resist so many Foés?
His safety he did in himself Repose:
He falls, and you may yield without a Blush
To such a weight as Rome herself does crush;
A weight which hath the Universe press'd down,
And the yet greater Pompey overthrown.
He that will save, whom Heaven will have wrack'd,
By too much Justice may a Guilt Contract.
And a fidelity so indiscreet
May a short Fame, but long Repentance meet:
He but a more illustrious wound will have,
Which will not smart the less for being brave:
Do not for Egypt Thunderbolts provide,
But chuse with Fortune and the Gods to side.
Believe not they can an Injustice do,
But where they favour, pay your Homage too.
Whatever they decree for them declare,
And think it impious where they sworn to spare;
With Divine Anger, Pompey now beset,
Comes to involve you too in his Defeat.
His Head, for which both Gods and Men do call,
Already shakes, and seeks but where to fall:
His coming hither an Offence does seem,
And shews his hatred rather than esteem.
He would his safety with your ruine buy,
And can you doubt, if he deserve to die?
Had he fulfill'd what we both wisht and thought,
And a victorious Navy hither brought,
We then should him a joyful welcome shew,
Who must the gods blame for his usage now.
I of his Fortune, not of him complain,
But with regret; Act what the Gods Ordain,
And the same Ponyard, once for Cesar meant;
Shall with a sight to Pompey's Heart be lent.

H h h
Nor can you at a less rate than his Head
Secure your own, and shun the storm you dread,
Let this be thought a Crime, if so it must,
'Tis not a States-man's Virtue to be Just.
When Right and Wrong are in the Ballance laid,
The Interest of Kingdoms is betray'd,
Extremest Rigour is the Right of Kings,
When Timorous Equity their Ruine brings,
Who fears a Crime shall ever be afraid,
But he'll rule all, who all things dares invade,
Who dangerous virtue, as disgrace, does shun,
And to an useful Crime as swiftly run.
This is my 'Thought Sir, but Achillas may,
Or else Septimius chuse some other way.
But this I know, whatsoever others like,
They fear no Conqueror, who the conquer'd strik.

ACHILLAS.

Photius lastestru Sir, but though Pompée we
Devasted of his former Grandeur see,
Yet that Blood Precious does to me appear
Which the Gods did in Thessaly revere,
Not that a crime of State should be refrain'd,
But 'tis not lawful, till it be constrain'd:
And what need is there of such Rigour here?
Who quits the conquer'd, needs no Conqueror fear.
You may be Neuter, as you were before:
And Cæsar may, if him you must adore;
But though you treat him as a Power Divine,
This is too great an Off'ring for his Shrine.
To Mars himself should this head offer'd be,
'Twould fix on youstoo black an infamy :
Let him not be assist'd nor destroy'd,
And such a Conduit will all blame avoid.
You owe him much Sir, for Rome, mov'd by him,
Help'd our last King his Scepter to redeem,
But Gratitude and Hospitality,
In Monarchs Breasts must regulated be,
Nor can a King Contract so great a debt,
But that his Subjects claim a greater yet.
And all Engagements are to Princes void,
To cancel which, their blood must be employ'd
Consider too, what Pompey did expose,
When he your Father help'd against his Foes:
By that he made his Power the greater seem,
And rais'd his own Fame, by restoring him:
He did in serving him but language spend;
But Caesar's Purse appear'd the better Friend,
Had we not Caesar's thousand Talents seen,
Pompey's Orations had small succours been.
Let him not then his verbal merits boast,
For Caesar's Actions have oblig'd you most.
But if a benefit to him be due,
Speak now for him, as he did once for you:
His kindness safely thus requite you may:
But here receiv'd, he will your Scepter sway:
This conquer'd Roman yet a King will brave,
And in your own Dominions you enslave,
Refuse him welcome then, but spare his Head;
But if't must fall, this arm shall strike him dead:
I can obey (Sir) and should Jealous grow,
If any Hand but mine should strike the blow.

SEPTIMIUS.

Sir, I'm a Roman, and these Hero's know
Pompey needs aid, and from you seeks it now;
You are his fate, may his lost hopes revive,
Banish, or kill, or give him up alive:
The first would cost you much too dear a rate,
I'll only then the other three debate.
His exile draws on you enraged Pow'r,
And does but half oblige the Conqueror:
Since to a long suspension you will him leave,
What fate his future battles shall receive;
(6)
And both on you Revenge, when weary grown
The ills, which but for you they had not known.
To render him to Caesar were the same,
Who must forgive him to augment his Fame:
He will a brav'ry on himself impose,
And swell in that false mercy he beflows;
Glad if that way, be Pompey can o'recome,
And in the same Aet a please subjected Rome:
But whilst you him to this necessitate,
You'll purchase his, as well as Pompey's hate.
His danger and dishonour then prevent,
Both make him great, and keep him innocent;
Whilst Pompey's Faction you in him destroy,
Let Caesar, at your cost, the fruit enjoy:
By this advice, which you'll, I hope, allow,
You'll gain a Friend, and need not fear a Foeman.
But if Achilles unsafe course you choose,
You neither gain, but both their Friendships lose.

PTOLUMY.

Let us no more debate what's Jut and fit,
But to the World's vicissitude submit.
Your Major votes do with my thoughts agree,
Who in so great a change would advance be,
Rome hath too long made an injurious Claim.
That all men should adore the Roman Name:
Her lofty Freedom let us now throw down,
And all her scorn in Pompey's Blood let's drown.
Cutting the Root by which that Pride does live,
To the World's Tyrants, let's a Tyrant give;
Now Fate would chain an Arrogance so fierce,
Let's help her to revenge, the Universe.
Rome, thou shalt serve, and Kings which always yet,
Th'hast dar'd with so much insolence to treat,
Will Caesar now, with less Regret obey,
Since thou shalt be enlaved as well as they.

Achilles
Achilles and Septimus lose no time,
But make us Deceivers by this glorious Chance,
Of Heaven's Resentment the hazard run,
Who sent him hither sure to be undone.

ACHILLAS.

A King's Command must no dispute endure.

PTOLOMY.

Go then, the Sceptre with I bear, secure;
For you by this Commission are become
The Destinies of Egypt and of Rome.

SCEN. II.

PTOLOMY, PHOTINUS.

PTOLOMY.

I am mistaken Photin, or by this
My Sister will her expectation miss,
Pompey my Father's Will having it cur'd,
Her Coronation she believes surr'd,
And she her self the Mistress does esteem,
Of that divided Scepter left by him.
Their Ancient Friendship she depends upon,
And inwardly already shares my Throne.
Whence her Ambition is become so vain,
That from its Ashes it revives again.

PHOTINUS.

Sir, 'Twas a motive I did not debate,
And yet which ought to hasten Pompey's Fate.
He your Pretensions doublets will decide,
And by your Father's Will your Claims Divide.
To which great Tract of Friendship being true,
You know how much he disobliges you.
Nor that by this Discourse, I would remove
The Sacred Ciment of a Brothers Love.

i i i
I banish her not from your Heart, but Throne,
For he Reigns not, that does not resign along,
Divided Empire all-wise Kings avoid.
For Pow'r Communicated is Destroy'd.
And Policy—But, Sir, let's appear.

SCEN. I.

Prologue, Cleopatra, Phidias;

CLEOPATRA.
Pompey is come (Sir), and can you be here?
PTOLEMY.
That mighty Warriour I at home attend,
And him Achilles and Septimius send.
CLEOPATRA.
What? Such Embassadors as those to him?
PTOLEMY.
You may go too, if; they too little seem:
CLEOPATRA.
Is your own meeting him, too great a thing?
PTOLEMY.
I must remember, that I am at King.
CLEOPATRA.
Can you reflect on that, and yet be slow
To kiss the hand of him, that made you so?
And pay you homage to a Man so great?
PTOLEMY.
Did he that Title in Pharsalia get?
CLEOPATRA.
Though none did his misfortunes help afford,
He's still that Pompey who your Crown restored.
PTOLEMY.
Rather his shade, and but my Father Crown'd,
By whose Ghost, not by me, it should be own'd.
Let him, attend his Dust and be content
To receive Thanks from his cold Monument.
CLEO.
Cleopatra.

Hath such a Benefit such usage met?

Ptolemy.

I both remember it and his Defeat.

Cleopatra.

You, do indeed but with a scornful Pride.

Ptolemy.

Time is the Standard by which things are Try'd;

You, that so prize him may his greatness Court,

But know, he yet may perish in the Port.

Cleopatra.

What, may his Shipwreck in the Port arrive?

And have dared his Ruine to contive.

Ptolemy.

I have done only what the Godsinspir'd,

And what the safety of my State requir'd,

Cleopatra.

I know but too much; Photinus, and his Crew

Have with their wicked Counsels poisond you;

Souls that are but of Nature's Rubbish fram'd.

Photinus.

The Counsel, Madam, will not be disclaim'd.

Cleopatra.

'Tis the King, Photinus, I discourse with now;

Stay then, till I descend to take to you.

Ptolemy.

You must a little with her corn dispense,

I know her hatred, and your innocence;

But she's my Sister, give her humour ven.

Cleopatra.

Sir, if too late it be not to repent,

Shake off at length, a Yoke that is so vile.

And call your Virtue back from her exile:

That magnanimity so great, and good,

Which is convey'd to Princes, with their Blood.

Ptolemy.

Swell'd with a hope ni vain by you foreseen,

You speak to me of Pompey, like a Queen:

Through
Through your false zeal, flashes of Pride escape;
And Interest does act in Virtue's shape:
Confess it then, you had been silent still,
Were it not for the King our Father's Will;
You know who keep'st it?

**CLEOPATRA.**

And you shall know too;
Virtue alone prompts me to what I do.
For if I did my own advantage seek,
I should for Cesar, not for Pompey speak:
Receive a secret I conceal'd before,
And after that, never reproach me more.
When none that bold Rebellion could withstand,
Which rob'd our Father of his Crown and Land,
The injur'd King forsook his Native shore,
And Rome's great Senate did for Aid Implore.
With him we went, their pity to engage,
You very Young; but I was in an Age,
When Nature had supply'd my Eyes with Darts,
Already Active in subduing hearts.
Cesar receiv'd, or else pretended love,
And by his Actions, would his Passion prove,
But since the Senat's Pique to him he knew,
He their lov'd Pompey, to our party drew.
Whose high concern for us, on Cesar's score,
Was the last fruit their Friendship ever bore.
Of this you do inherit the event,
But such a Lover nor with it content,
When by th' assistance of so great a Man,
In our behalf the Roman suffrage ran,
Resolving further Kindness to impart,
He gave his Treasure to attend his Heart:
And from the bounty of his growing flame,
Those finews both of War and Power came:
Those thousand talents which we owe him yet,
Fore'd our revolted Egypt to submit.
On this the King reflecting, when he dy'd
Betwixt us did his Dignity divide;
(11)

And by his Sovereign Right, on me bestow'd
A part of what, he to my Beauty ow'd:
Whilst you, who this great reason never knew,
Thought that his Favour, which was but my due;
And Your dread Father, partial dar'd to call,
Who gave me half, when yet he ow'd me all.

PTOLOMY.

This Story, you with Art enough contrive.

CLEOPATRA.

I am affir'd, Cæsar will soon arrive.
And a few hours will such a change effect,
As your Dark Policy did least expect.
And shew you why I spoke so like a Queen,
Whoe the loth'd Object of your scorn have been.
You in the Throne, usurp'd my equal seat,
And as a Slave you did your Sister Treat;
Till I was forc'd to shun a ruder Fate,
To stoop and Court your Ministers of State.
Whose seat or pyson, I still fear'd: but Know
Pompey or Cæsar will secure me now;
And whatfor're your Sycophants Ordain,
I now am sure my Sceptre to obtain:
Till when my Pride shall leave you, to divine
In this Contest, what could be my design.

PTOLOMY, Photis.

PTOLOMY.

What think you Photis, of this lofty Mind?

PHOTIS.

My spirit, Sir, to wonder is resign'd,
And nothing but amazement can express;
At such a secret as I here could guess,
My thoughts are so unquiet and confus'd,
I scarce know what expedient should be us'd.

PTOLOMY.

Shall we save Pompey?

K k k

?HO?
PHOTIN.

Had you that decree'd,
Yet it were now convenient he should bleed.
Your Sister hates you, she is fair and fierce,
And if the such Victorious Charms disperse;
The head of Pompey only can suffice
To win the heart of Caesar from her Eyes.

PTOLOMY.

This dangerous Woman hath a base wit.
PHOTIN.
But such a service will out-balance it.
PTOLOMY.
But what if Caesar still her Pow'r obey?
PHOTIN.

Then flatter her, yet mind not what I say,
Till first you ask, in an affair so Nice,
Achillas and Septimius best advice.
PTOLOMY.

Let's from the Tow'r see them act Pompey's doom,
And this Debate at their return, resume.

After the first Act of Pompey, the King and Photin
should be discovered, sitting and hearing to
this SONG.

Since affairs of the State, are already decreed,
Make room for Affairs of the Court,
Employment and Plesure each other succeed,
Because they each other support.
Were Princes confin'd
From slackening their Mind,
When by Care it is rustled and Curl'd.
A Crown would appear
Too heavy to wear
And no Man would govern the World.

If the Gods themselves who have power enough,
In diversions are various, and oft
Since
Since the business of Kings is angry and rough,
Their intervals ought to be soft.
Were Princes confin'd, &c.

To our Monarch we owe, whatsoever we enjoy:
And no grateful Subjects were those,
Who would not the safty, he gives them, employ
To contribute to his repose.
Were Princes confin'd, &c.

After which an Antick dance of Gypies is presented.

Act II. Scen. I.

Cleopatra, Charmion.

CLEOPATRA.

I love him, but a Flame so much refin'd,
How bright severer, dazzles not my mind:
For Virtue makes my inclination know,
What Cæsar's Misfortunes does to Pompey owe:
And none dares own a passion so sublime,
But the that scorn's the shadow of a crime.
I should but final Respect to Cæsar pay,
To seek his love in an unhandsom way.

CHARMION.

Can you love Cæsar, Madam, and advise
That Egypt should in Arms against him rise?
That they should Pompey against him Proteck,
And his Pharsalian Triumph be check'd,
Sure Love in you does little Empire shew,

CLEOPATRA.

This to their high extracion Princes owe,
That by th' Assistance, of their Royal Blood,
Their Passions are more easily subdu'd.
Their honour still the Victory will have,
And whilst they trust themselves, they still are brave.

All
All the Disorders, which in Kings we see,
To others Councils must imputed be.
This I the cause of Pompey's ruine Deem;
The King would help, but Photis murthers him.
Whose Council hath his Masters faith o'rethrown,
Which still had sway'd, had he observ'd his owne.

CHARMION.

You then who Caesar love, and yet oppose,
CLEOPATRA.

The Love I cherish no dishonour knows,
But worthy him.

CHARMION.

Are you of his feare?'d?
CLEOPATRA.

I think I am.
CHARMION.

But are you well assur'd?
CLEOPATRA.

Know then a Prince's by her glory mov'd,
No Love confesses till the be belov'd.
Nor the most noble passion ever shows,
When it shall her to a Contempt expose.
At Rome, I first did Caesar's Heart invade,
Where he the first expression of it made;
And ever since, he did to me renew,
The Tribute of his Vows and Laurels too.
He march'd through Italy, through Gaul, and Spain,
With Love in's Breast, and fortune in his Train:
Nor did he ever make so brave a Prize,
But he pay'd Homage for it to these Eyes.
With the same hand, which did that weapon quit
With her Blood of Pompey's party seeking yet,
He writ complaints, and put my letters on,
Ev'n in the Field, which he had newly won.
Yea from Pharalts his Submissions came,
And if his speed be equal to his flame,
Or rather, if the Sea befriend his Fleet,
Egypt shall see him shortly at my feet.

He
(15)

He comes my Charmion, and from me alone,
Seeks the reward of all that he hath done.
And all his glory to my Shrine he brings,
With the same hand that gives the law to Kings,
So that ev'n in his Triumphs, my disdain
Can make the Man, that rules the World, complain.

CHARMION.

Yet I dare swear, your charms a pow'r enjoy,
Which though they boast of, they will ne're employ.
And the great Cesar shall no trouble know,
If it can only from your rigour grow.
But what can you expect from Cesar's flames,
Wher'in such right another Woman claims.
His freedom he by marriage hath resign'd,
And only to Calphurnia is confin'd.

CLEOPATRA.

But a Divorce, at Rome so common now,
May remove her, and my desires allow:
Cesar's Experience him to that may lead,
Since 'twas Calphurnia's passage to his bed.

CHARMION.

But the same way may you at length remove.

CLEOPATRA.

Perhaps I better shall secure his love,
Perhaps my passion may find out an Art
Better to manage that illusrious Heart.
But let's to Heaven leave what may arrive,
And this Alliance (if we can) contrive.
Were it but one day, 'twere enough for me,
One day, the Mistress of the World to be.
I have Ambition, and be't good or ill,
It is the only Sovereign of my Will.
And 'tis this noble passion sure, or none,
A Prince's may without a blemish own.
But yet with Glory I would it enflame,
Nor would buy Greatness with the loss of Fame,
For I the brightest Crown can scorn to touch,
When 'tis attended with the least Reproach.

LII Wonder
Wonder not then, that so much pursues
Pompey's defence, and would my Duty do.
His injur'd virtue, since I cannot right,
My secret wishes must invoke his flight:
That some kind storm may to his Ships disperse,
As may preserve him from his Murthers.
But faithful Achoreus comes, and he
Will quickly tell us Pompey's Destiny.

SCENE II.

CLEOPATRA, Charmion, Achoreus.

CLEOPATRA.

What, is it done, and hath some Treacherous hand
With that Rich blood stain'd our unhappy Strand?

ACHOREUS.

By your commands, I to the shore did run,
And saw this Treason in its honour done:
I saw the greatest Mortal lose his breath,
And though a sad, I saw a glorious death.
And since a story you require from me,
So much his Honour, and our Infamy:
Hear now his Fate; and wonder and bewail,
His three Ships in the Harbour striking fail,
When to our readiness Gallics he approach'd,
He thought the King, with his misfortunes touch'd,
By noble sense of Honour, did intend
With all his Court to meet to brave a friend,
But when he only saw a Squiff prepar'd,
And that too fill'd with Russians of his guard:
Th' ingrateful Treachery did then appear,
And gave him some approaches of a fear:
But seeing arm'd Men on our Ships and Shore,
He blum'd his apprehensions were so Poor;
And when the Danger was so near him brought,
He only on Cornelia's safety thought.

"Let's
Let's but expose, saies he, this single head
To a Reception we may so much dread.
But whilst I only do the shock sustain,
Hasten thy flight, and my revenge obtain.
King Juba is more generously inclin'd,
Where thou thy Father, and my Sons shall find:
But if their Deaths should thee of them deprive,
Never despair while Cato is alive.
While their contest on this was sad and kind,
Achilla's fatal boat their Vessel join'd:
Septimus then, to get him in his Pow'r,
The Roman Language call'd him Emperor;
And as deputed from th' Egyptian Prince,
Let, Sir, says he, this Bark convey you hence;
The Shells and Sands which under water lye,
To greater Vessels an access deny.
The Heros saw, and smil'd at this abuse;
He then receiv'd his Wives and Friends adieu;
Their stay commanded, and to death did go
With the same look, as he did Crowns below
With the same Majesty writ in his Brow,
He far unmov'd among his Murthurers now:
His steadfast Courage did his Conduit seem,
Philip his Freed-man only follow'd him,
Of whom, what I have told you, I did learn,
But saw the rest my self with sad concern.
And think (so mournful it to me appears)
Cesar himself could not refuse it Tears.

CLEOPATRA.
But spare not mine, nor let them intercept
A story, which I have already wept.

ACHOREUS.
Whilst toward Land they brought him, not a word
To the unhappy Pompey they afford:
In which contempt, he did foresee his end.
At length arriv'd, they ask him to descend,
He rising, as Achilles stood behind
Drawing his sword, for what they had design'd,
Septiminus, and three Romans more embrow'd,
Their guilty hands in that heroic blood:
Till even Achilles was with horror struck,
Upon a rage so barbarous to look.

CLEOPATRA.

You gods, who Nations do chat with War,
When you revenge this death, our Cities spare!
And not the place, but Aspors look upon,
The crime of Egypt was by Romans done.
But tell me what this Worthy said, and did.

ACHORAEUS.

With his robes border he his village hid,
Blindly his cruel destiny obey'd;
And would not see that Heaven which him betray'd:
Left any look of his, in such a stroke,
Should its affl witnessed, or revenge invoke.
Not the least poor complaint fell from his tongue,
Or ought that spoke him worthy of his wrong:
But that desp'ling, made his last retreat
To all that in his life was good or great:
And held the treason, which the king had wrought,
Too much below him to employ his thought.
His Virtue, by their crime more brightly shone,
And his last galp, was an illustrious one.
This great soul fled, his body did expose
To the greedy eyes of his inhumane foes:
His head, which tumbling on the blushing deck,
(By vile Septiminus sever'd from his neck)
Upon Achilles lance we fix'd see;
As after Battels trophies use to be:
And to conclude a destiny so sad,
The sea was all the Sepulchre he had.
To fortune now, his slaughtered corps resign'd,
Floats at the pleasure of the wave and wind,
The poor Cornelia at the dreadful view.

CLEO.
O Gods! What could she either say or do!

ACHOREUS.

By woful shrieks, she try'd his life to shield,
Then hopeles up to Heav'n her hands she held
And by her mighty sorrow overthrown,
Fell either dead, or in a deadly swoon.
In this distress her Ships employ their Oars
To gain the Sea, and quit those horrid shores.
But infamous Septimus having thought
Cornelia's flight, rob'd him of half his fault:
Has with six Ships hasten'd to her pursuit,
And the dead Pompae still does persecute.
But whilst to th' King Achillas brings the Prize,
The trembling People turn'd away their eyes.
One does with horror on the guilt reflect,
And a revenging Earthquake does expect:
This hears it thunder, and that does believe
Nature a Revolution must receive.
Their Reason, troubled by the Crimes extent,
Cannot but dread as vast a punishment.
Phillip mean while shews on the River side,
That his mean fortune a brave soul did hide:
He curiously examines every wave,
For that rich Pledge, which Treason to them gave:
That those lov'd bones he pitifully might burn,
And give him one, though an inglorious Urn.
And with a little Dust a Tomb erect
To him who did the Universe subdue.
But whilst Cornelia they one way pursue,
Another we might Cesar's coming view,
A Navy which can hardly reckon'd be.

CLEOPATRA.

Ne're doubt it, Acheoreus, it is he;
Tremble bad men, at your approaching Doom,
My Breath is now your Destiny become.
Cesar's come, I'm a Queen, Pompey's reveng'd,
Tyranny ruin'd, and the times are chang'd.

"But"
"But let's with wonder on the Great reflect;
"Pity their Fortune, and our own suspect:
He who we thought ev'n Fate her self had sway'd,
Who rul'd a Senate which the World obey'd:
Whom his own Rome saw (almost Deify'd)
Over the World's three Parts in Triumph ride;
And who in the last hazards of his Fate,
Saw both the Consuls on his Standards wait:
As soon as Fortune one unkindness shows,
Egyptian Monsters of his life dispoze:
And a Phœnix, or Septimus, can
 Govern the Destiny of such a Man.
A King who owes him, ev'n the Crown he wears,
Exposing him to those base Flatterers.
So fell the mighty Pompey, and so may
Cæsar himself perhaps another day.
O may the Gods the Augury disprove!
And make his Fortune constant as my Love.
CHARMION.
The King comes Madam, who may overhear.

SCEN. III.

PTOLOMY, Cleopatra.

PTOLOMY.
Know you what happiness is drawing near?
CLEOPATRA.
Yes I have heard it, the great Cæsar's come:
And Phœnix shall no more pronounce my Doom:
PTOLOMY.
That faithful Subject you could not endure.
CLEOPATRA.
No, but am from his Projects now secure.
PTOLOMY.
Which of his Plots could you so much offend?

CLEO-
(21)

CLEOPATRA.

I've much endur'd, and more may apprehen:
For such a Politian is not Nice,
And you are alwaies steer'd by his advice.
PTOLOMY.

If I believe him, I his prudence see.
CLEOPATRA.

And I who fear him, know his cruelty.
PTOLOMY.

For a Crown's safety all things just appear.
CLEOPATRA.

That kind of equity creates my fear,
My share of Power hath been by it lost,
And now it has the head of Pompey cost.
PTOLOMY.

Never a game of State was more advis'd,
For else by Caesar we had been surpris'd:
You see his speed, and we had been subdu'd,
Before we could in our defence have stood.
But now 1 to a Conquerour so great,
Your Heart may offer, and my Royal seat.
CLEOPATRA.

Make your own Presents, I'll dispose of mine;
Nor others Interests with yours combine.
PTOLOMY.

Our Blood's the same, uniting me and you.
CLEOPATRA.

You might have said, our Rank unites us too.
We both are Sovereigns, yet 'twill be confess'd,
There is some difference in our interest.
PTOLOMY.

Yes, Sister, for my Heart is well content
Only with Egypt's narrow Continent.
But now your Beauty, Caesar's heart does wound,
Tagus and Ganges must your Empire bound.
CLEOPATRA.

I have ambition, but it is confin'd,
It may surprize, my Soul, but never blind.
T’upbraid me with those bounds there is no need
I know my reach, and shall not that exceed.
Ptolemy,
Your Fortune smiles and you th’advantage use.
Cleopatra.
You may revile me, if I that abuse.
Ptolemy.
I hope the best, Love no ill Fruit can bear.
Cleopatra.
You seem to hope, what really you fear.
But though the gods my just pretensions Crown,
You need not doubt, I’ll ask but what’s my own.
You ne’re shall anger from your Sisiter find,
Though you’re a cruel Brother, I’ll be kind.
Ptolemy.
But yet methinks you do discover pride.
Cleopatra.
Time is the Standard whereby things are try’d.
Ptolemy.
Your present caviage that doth plainly shew.
Cleopatra.
Cesar is come and you’ve a Master now.
Ptolemy.
I made him mine who the World’s Master is.
Cleopatra.
Pay him your homage, while I look for him.
In this Address you may your self be seen,
But I’ll remember that I am a Queen.
Phoibin will help you to receive him now,
Advise with him, he’ll tell you what’s to do.

Act.
PTOLOMY.
I have observ'd thy Counsel, but find since
To flatter her, but swells her insolence,
Of with her Pride she did affront me so,
That I at last fell into Passion too.
This Arm enraged by her, could scarce forbear
(Without a Thought that Caesar was so near)
Dispatching her (as safe as she does seem)
To have complain'd to Pompey, not to him.
She talks already at that haughty rate,
That if great Caesar please her Pride and Hate,
And she's him her boasted Empire have.
Her Brother and her King must be her Slave.
No, no, we needs must frustrate that intent,
Not poorly wait the ills we may prevent.
Let's spoil her of her Power to disdain,
And break those Charms whereby she hopes to
Nor after such indignities let's brook,
That she should buy my Sceptre with a look.

PHOTINUS.
Do not for Caesar, Sir, pretence provide
That Egypt should be to his Triumphs't d:
For this Ambitious Man which through the world,
Hath War and Slavery together hurl'd;
Swell'd with his Conquest, and a Rage so smart,
As such a los' writes in a Lovers Heart:
Though you but act, what Equity approves,
Will thence ground his revenge for what he loves:
As for a crime, Hee'l you to Bondage bring,
Though you did only what became a King.

PTOLOMY.
If Cleopatra sees him she's a Queen.

PHOTO-
PHOTINUS.

But if she dye your Ruine is foreseen.

PTOLOMY.

Who ruines me shoulde on my fall attend.

PHOTINUS.

To ruine her you must your self besfriend.

PTOLOMY.

What? must my Crown upon her Temples shine?
No, if my Scepter I must needs resign,
The Conquercour shall rather it command.

PHOTINUS.

You'll sooner force it from a Sifters hand.
How great soever now his flames appear,
He must be gone, and leave You Master here.
Love in such Men, seldom that room can find,
Which to their Interest will not be resign'd.
With Juba, Scipio, and with Pompey's Sons.
Spain, to Revenge, he knows, with Affrick runs:
And while that Party are not yet o'rethrown,
He cannot safely call the World his own.
Cesar's too great a Captain, to o'resee
The Pursuit of Pharsalia's Victory:
And leave such fierce Hearts on revenge intent,
To rise from their so late Atonishment.
If he his ends Obtain, and them o'recome,
He his gain'd Empire must secure at Rome:
And there the fruit of his success enjoy,
Whilst he at pleasure does her laws Destroy.
Judge in that time, what great things you may do,
See Cesar then, and strive to please him too.
Resign him all, but yet this Rule intend,
That future things on accidents Depend.
Your Throne and Scepter give into his hand,
And without murmur yield to his Command:
He will believe that Justice he shall do
If he your Father's Testament pursue;
Besides this signal service you have done;
Will give you still some Title to your Throne.

Entire
Entire submission to his Orders they,
Applaud his Judgment, but then let him go.
That time for our Revenge will be most fit
When we can Act, as well as think of it.
With temper let these Passions then be born,
Which were excited by your Sires born.
Boasts are but Air, and he revenges best,
Who Acts his braver Thoughts, yet talks the least.

PT OL O MY.

O thy Advice my greatest Comfort brings,
A Prudent Counsellour's the bliss of Kings.
Come dear Supporter of my Throne, let's go,
And to save all, on Cæsar all bestow.
His Pride let's flatter with an empty State,
And with our whole Fleet on him hither Wait.

After the second Act, this Song is to be sung by two
Egyptian Priests on the Stage.

1.

S EEHOW Victorious Cæsar's Pride
Does Neptune's Bosom sweep!
And with Thessalian Fortune ride
In Triumph o're the Deep.

What Rival of the Gods is this
Who dare's do more than they?
Whose Feet the Fates themselves do kis
And Sea and Land obey.

1.

What can the Fortunate withstand?
For this restless He,
River of Blood brings on the Land,
And Bulwarks on the Sea.

2.

Since Gods as well as Men submit,
And Cæsar's favour save;

Virtue
(26)

Virtue her self may think it fit
That Egypt court him too.

1.
But Pompey's Head's a rate too dear,
For by that impious price
The God his Noble will appear
Then do's the Sacrifice.

2.
If justice be a thing divine,
The Gods should it maintain,
For us't attempt what they decline,
Would be as rash as vain.

Chorus.
How desperate is our Prince's Fate?
What hazard do's he run?
He must be wicked to be great,
Or to be just, undone.

Act. III. Scen. I.

Charmion, Achoreus.

CHARMION.

Yes, whilst the King himself is gone to meet
Cesar, and lay his Scepter at his Feet,
To her Appartment Cleopatra went,
And there unmov'd expects his Complement.
What words have you to cleath this Humour in?

ACHOREUS.

'Tis Noble Pride and worthy of a Queen.
Who with Heroick courage does make good
The Honour of her Rank, and of her Blood.
May I speak to Her?
CHARMIAN.
No, but she hath sent
Me to enquire this meeting's great event.
How Cæsar on this Gift himself explain'd,
Whether it were acknowledg'd or disdain'd.
If he the fiercest takes, or the gentler way,
And what to our Murthers could say.

ACHORUS.
The head of Pompey hath already cost,
More than they will have any cause to boast:
For whether Cæsar be or seem severe,
Yet I for them have ground enough to fear.
If they lov'd Ptolomy, they serv'd him ill,
You saw him part, and I pursu'd him still.
When from the City his well order'd Fleet
Advance'd a League, that they might Cæsar meet,
He with spread Sails arriv'd, and as in Wars
He still had been the Favourite of Mars:
So Neptune to his Navy was so kind,
His Fortune was not fairer than his Wind.
Our Prince was so astonish'd when they met,
As if he did his Crowned head forget.
Through his false joy his terror he confess'd,
And all his Actions his low Thoughts express'd.
I myself blush'd as at a shameful thing,
There to see Ptolomy, but not the King!
Cæsar who saw his Courage thus expire,
In pity flatter'd him to raise it higher.
He with low voice offering his fatal gift,
"Now Sir, says he, you have no Rival left.
"What in Thessalia, not the gods could do,
"I give you Pompey and Cornelia too."
"Here's one, and though the other flight did take,
"Six Ships of mine will quickly bring her back.
Achilles then the great Head did expose,
Which still to speak it self seem'd to dispose.
At this new injury some warm remain
Did in imperfect groans seem to complain.

O o o
I thought his open mouth and ghastly look,
Recall'd the Soul which scarce her leave had took;
And his last anger seem'd with dying breath,
To charge the gods with his Defeat and Death.
Cæsar seem'd Thunder-stricken at this view,
As not resolv'd what to believe or do.
Immoveably on that sad Object ty'd;
He long from us his inward thought did hide,
And I would say, if I durst make a guess,
By what our Nature uses to express:
Some such malignant pleasure he enjoy'd,
As his offended honour scarce destroy'd.
That the whole World now in his power lies,
Could not but bring some flattering surprize.
But though a While this conflict he endur'd,
Yet his great Soul it self soon re-affur'd.
Though he loves Power, yet he Treason hates.
Himself he judges, on himself debates.
Each joy and grief at Reason's Bar appears,
At length resolv'd, he first let fall some Tears.
His Virtues Empire he by force regains,
And noblest thoughts by that weak sign explains.
The horrid present from his sight expell'd,
His Eyes and Hands he up to Heaven held.
In a few words their insolence repress'd,
And after did in pensive silence rest.
Nor even to his Romans could reply,
But with a heavy sigh and furious eye.
At last with thirty Cohorts come to Land,
To seiz the Gates and Ports he does command.
The Guards he set, and secret Orders sent,
Shew'd his distrust as well as discontent.
Egypt he speaks of as a Province won,
And now calls Pompey not a Foe, but Son.
This I observ'd.

CHARMION.

By which the Queen may find
The just Ofris to her Vows inclin'd:

Whilst
(29)

Whilst with this happy News to her I fly,
Do you prefer her your Fidelity.

ACHEOUS.

We're doubt; but here Cesar comes, go then
Describe the Consternation of our Men:
And whatsoever proves to be their Fate;
I'll first observe, and then to her relate.

SCEN. II.

Cesar, Ptolomy, Lepidus, Phoebus, Acheous, Roman
and Egyptian Soldiers.

PTOLOMY.

Great Sir, ascend the Throne, and govern Us.

CAESAR.

Do you know Cesar, and speak to him thus?
What worse could envious Fortune offer me?
Who alike hate a Crown and Infamy.
This to accept, would all my boast confute,
That Rome did me unjustly persecute;
Rome, who both scorcs, & gives Crowns every where,
And nothing fees in Kings to love or fear;
Nay, at our Birth did all our Souls enflame,
To shun the Rank, and to abhor the Name.
This truth you might have learnt from Pompey, who
If he such Offers lik'd, could shun them too.
Both Throne and King had honour'd been, conferred
Service to him who had them both restor'd:
So glorious had been even ill success,
In such a Cause, that Triumphs had been less
And if your Fortune safety had deny'd,
To have bestow'd it, had been Cesar's pride:
But though you would not own to brave a strife,
What right had you to that Illustrious Life?
Who that rich blood to wash your hands allow'd,
That to the nearest Roman should have bow'd &

Was
Was it for you Pharsalia's Field I won,
Wherein so many Nations were undone?
And did I purchase at so high a rate,
That you should be the Arbiters of Fate?
If in Pompey that could not be admit,
Shall you escape o're him assuming it?
How much is my success abus'd by you,
Who attempt more than ever I durst do?
What Name, think you, will such a blow become,
Which has usurp'd the Soveraignty of Rome?
And in one Person did affront her more,
Than could the Asian Massacre before.
Do you imagine I shall e're agree
You would have been more scrupulous for me?
No, had you Pompey here Victorious seen,
My Head to him had such a Present been:
I to my Conquest your Submissions owe,
When all wrongs had pursu'd my Overthrow.
You do adore the Conqueror, not me;
I but enjoy it by Felicity.
Dangerous Friendship! Kindness to be fear'd!
Which turns with Fortune, and by her is steer'd.
But speak; this silence does encrease your sin.

Ptolomy.

Never hath my Confusion greater been;
And I believe, Sir, you'll allow it me.
Since I, a King born, now a Master see:
Where at my frown, each man did trembling stand,
And every word of mine was a Command;
I see a new Court, and another sway,
And I have nothing left, but to obey:
Your very look abates my spirits force,
And can it be regain'd by your Discourse?
Judge how I can from such a Trouble escate,
Which my Respects create, and Fears encrease:
And what can an astonish'd Prince express,
Who anger sees in that Majestick Dress?
And whose Amazements do his Soul subdue,

That
That Pompey's Death should be reveng'd by You.
Yet I must say, whatever he bestow'd,
We owe you more, then ever him we ow'd:
Your favour was the first to us express'd,
And all he did, was done at your Request;
He did the Senate move for injur'd Kings,
And them that Prayer to our Assistance brings:
But all that he for Egypt could obtain,
Without your Mony, Sir, had been in vain:
By that his Rebels our late King subdu'd,
And you have Right to all our Gratitude:
We Pompey as your Friend and Son rever'd,
But when he your Competitor appear'd,
When of your Fortune he suspicous grew,
Tyranny fought and dared to fight with you—

Cæsar.

Forbear, your hatreds Thirst his Blood supplies,
Touch not his Glory, let his Life suffice;
Say nothing here that Rome still dares deny,
But plead your Cause without a Calumny.

Pтоломей.

Then let the Gods be Judges of his Thought;
I only say, that in the Wars last fought,
To which so many Wrongs did you perswade,
Our Vows for your success were only made:
And since he ever fought your Blood to spill,
I thought his Death a necessary ill.
For as his groundless Hatred daily grew,
He would, by all ways, the Dispute renew;
Or if at length, he fell into your Hand,
We fear'd your Mercy would your Right withstand:
For to that Pitch your sense of Honour flies,
As would to Fame your Safety sacrifice;
Which made me Judge, in so extrem an ill,
We ought to serve you, Sir, against your will;
My forward Zeal th' occasion did embrace,
Without your leave, and to my own disgrace:
And this you as a Crime in me disclaim,

P p p

But
But nothing done for you deserves that Name:
I stain'd my Hands, your Danger to remove,
Which & you may enjoy, and disapprove;
Nay by my Guilt, my Merit higher grows;
Since my Glory gave for your Repose,
And by that greatest Victim have procur'd
Your Glory and your Power to be assur'd.

Cæsar.

You employ, Ptolemy, such Crafty Words,
And weak Excuses as your Cause affords;
Your Zeal was false, if 'twere afraid to see
What all Mankind beg'd of the Gods should be:
And did to you such subtleties Convey,
As stole the Fruit of all my Wars away;
Where Honour me engag'd, and where the end
Was of a Foe subdu'd, to make a Friend;
Where the worst Enemies that I have met,
When they are conquer'd I as Brothers treat:
And my Ambition only this Design'd,
To Kill their Hate, and force them to be kind;
How blest a Period of the War't had been,
If the glad World had in one Chariot seen
Pompey and Cæsar at once to have fate
Triumphant over all their former Hate!
These were the Dangers you fear'd should befall;
Of fear Ridiculous, and Criminal!
You fear'd my Mercy, but that trouble quit,
And wish it rather; you have need of it.
For I am sure strict Justice would content
I should appease Rome with your punishment.
Not your Respects, nor your Repentance now,
No nor your Rank, preserves you from that Blow:
Ev'n on your Throne I would revenge your Guilt,
But Cæsar's Blood must not be spilt:
Wherefore your Flatterers only I condemn:
And must expect you'll do me Right on them:
For what in this I shall observe you do,
Must be the Rule of my Esteem for you:

To
To the great Pompey Altars now erect,
And to him pay, as to the Gods, Respect.
By Sacrifices your Offence expel,
But have a Care you choose your Victims well.
Go then, and whilst you do for this prepare,
I must stay here about another Care.

SCEN. III.

Cæsar, Antonius, Lepidas.

CÆSAR.

Antonius, have you this bright Princess seen?

ANTONIUS.

Yes, Sir, I have, and she's a matchless Queen;
With such proportion Heaven never yet
All Beauties both of Mind and Body join;
So sweet a Greatness in her Face does shine.
The Noblest Courage must to it resign;
Her Looks and Language with such ease subdue,
If I were Cæsar, I should love her too.

CÆSAR.

How was theOffer of my Love receiv'd?

ANTONIUS.

As doubted, and yet inwardly believ'd:
She modestly declin'd her highest aims,
And thinks she merits, what she most disclaims.

CÆSAR.

But can I hope her love?

ANTONIUS.

Can she have yours?

As that your Joys, so this her Crown secures.
To gain that Heart can you believe it hard,
Whose kindness you with Empire can reward?
Then let your Passion all its Doubts disband,
For what can Pompey's Conqueror withstand?
But yet her Fear to her remembrance brings,

How
How little, Rome hath ever valued Kings;
And more than that, she dreads Calphurnia's Love;
But both these Rubs your presence will remove,
And your successful Hope all Misils will break,
If you vouchsafe but for your Self to speak.

Caesar.

Let's go then, and these needless scruples quit,
Shewing my Heart to Her that wounded it:
Come let us stay no longer.

Antonius.

But first know,
Cornelia is within your Power now:
Septimius brings her, boastling of his Fault,
And thinks by that he hath your Favour bought;
But once ashore your Guards (by Orders taught)
No notice took, but hither both have brought.

Caesar.

Then let her enter: Ah unwelcome News!
Which my Impatience does so roughly use!
O Heaven! and am I not allow'd to pay
My Love this small remainder of one day?

Scen. IV.

Caesar, Cornelia, Antonius, Lepidus, Septimius.

Septimius.

Sir.—

Caesar.

Go Septimius for your Master look,
Caesar a Traytor's presence cannot brook;
A Roman, who to serve a King could be
Content, when he had Pompey serv'd, and me.

[Exit Septimius.

Cornelia.

Caesar, that envious Fate which I can brave,
Makes me thy Prisoner, but not thy Slave.

Exeunt.
Expect not then my Heart should ere afford
To pay thee Homage, or to call thee Lord;
How rude for ever Fortune makes her blow,
I Gaffius Widow once, and Pompey's now;
Great Scipio's Daughter, (and what's higher yet)
A Roman, have a Courage still muches great;
And of all strokes her cruelty can give,
Nothing can make me blush, but that I live,
And have not follow'd Pompey when he dy'd;
For though the means to do it were deny'd,
And cruel Pity would not let me have
The quick assistance of a Steel or Wave,
Yet I'm ashamed, that after such a woe,
Grief had not done as much as they could do;
Death had been glorious, and had let me free,
As from my Sorrow then, so now from thee.
Yet I must thank the Gods, though so severe,
That since I must come hither, thou art here:
That Caesar reigns here, and not Philomel;
And yet, O Heaven! what Stars do govern me?
That some faint kind of satisfaction is,
To meet here with my greatest Enemies;
And into their hands that I rather fall,
Than into his that ow'd my Husband all.
But of thy Conquest, Caesar, make no boast,
Which to my Sinner Destiny thou ow'st;
I both my Husband's Fortunes have defac'd,
And twice have caus'd the whole World to be dif-
My Nuptial Knot twice ominously ty'd, (tay'd;)
Banish'd the Gods from the uprighter side;
Happy in misery I had been, if it
For Rome's advantage, had with thee been knit;
And on thy House that I could so dispense
All my own Stars' malignant influence:
For never think my hatred can grow less,
Since I the Roman Constancy profes'd;
And though thy Captive, yet a heart like mine,
Can never stoop to hope for ought from thine:
Command, but think not to subject my will,
Remember this, I am Cornelis Huy.

CAESAR.

O Worthy Widow of a Man so brave!
Whose Courage, Wonder, Fate does pity crave;
Your generous Thoughts do quickly make us know
To whom your Birth, to whom your Love you owe;
And we may find by your heart's glorious frame,
Both to, and from what Families you came;
Young Cæsar's Soul, and noble Pompey's too,
Whole Virtues Fortune cheated of their due:
The Scipio's Blood, who sav'd our Deities,
Speak in your Tongue, and sparkle in your Eyes;
And Rome her self hath not an ancient Stem,
Whole Wife or Daughter hath more honour'd them;
Would to those Gods your Ancestors once sav'd,
When Hannibal them at their Altars sav'd,
That your dear Hero had declin'd this Port,
And better known a false Barbarians Court;
And had not his uncertain Honour try'd,
But rather on our ancient lovely'd;
That he had suffer'd my successful Arms,
Only to vanquish his unjust Arms;
Then he without distrusting me, had stay'd
Till he had heard what Cæsar could have said;
And I, in spight of all our former strife,
Would then have beg'd him to accept of life;
Forget my Conquests, and that rival love,
Who fought, but that I might his Equal prove:
Then I, with a content entirely great,
Had pray'd the gods to pardon his Defeat;
And giving me his Friendship to possess;
He had pray'd Rome to pardon my success.
But since Fate, so ambitious to destroy,
Hath rob'd the World and Us, of so much joy,
Cæsar must strive to acquit himself to you,
Of what was your illustrious Husbands due;
Enjoy your self then with all freedom here.

Only
Only two days my Prisoner appear;
And witness, how after our debate,
I shall revere his Name, revenge his Fate;
You this account to Italy may yield,
What Pride I borrow from Thessalia's Field.
I leave you to your self, and shall retire;
Lepidus, furnish her to her desire;
As Roman Ladies have respected been,
So honour her; (that is) above a Queen.
Madam, command; all shall your Orders wait.

CORNELIA.

O Gods! how many Virtues must I hate!

After the third Act, to Cornelia asleep on a Couch,
Pompey's Ghost sings this in Recitative Air.

From lasting and unclouded Day,
From joys ren宁'd above all joy,
And from a spring without decay.

I come, by Cynthia's borrow'd dreams,
To visit my Cornelia's Dreams,
And give them yet sublimer Themes.

Behold the Man thou lov'dst before,
Pure streams have wash'd away his Guire,
And Pompey now shall bleed no more.

By Death my Glory I resume;
For 'twould have been a baser thou
To outrage the Liberty of Rome.

By me her doubtful fortune try'd,
Falling, bequeaths my Fame this Pride,
I for it liv'd, and with it Dy'd.

Nor shall my vengeance be withstood
Or unattended with a Flood,
Of Roman and Egyptian Blood.

Caesar
Cæsar himself it shall pursue,
His dares shall trouble be and few,
And he shall fall by Treason too.

He, by sev'ry Divine
Shall be an offering at my Shrine;
As I was his, he must be mine.

Thy stormy Life regret no more,
For Fate shall waft thee soon a shore,
And to thy Pompey thee restore.

Where past the fears of sad removes
We'll entertain our spotless Loves,
In beauteous and immortal Groves.

There none a guilty Crown shall wear,
Nor Cæsar be Dictator there,
Nor shall Cornelia shed a Tear.

After this a Military Dance, as the continuance
of her Dream, and then Cornelia starts up, as wak-
er'd in amazement, saying,

What have I seen? and whither is it gone?
How great the Vision! and how quickly done!
Tell if in Dreams we future things can see,
There's still some joy laid up in Fate for me.

Exit.

ACT.
ACT IV. SCEN. I.

PTOLOMY, Achillas, Photinus.

PTOLOMY.

What? with that Hand, and with that Sword
A Victim of th'unhappy Pompey made,
Saw you Septimius, fled from Caesar's hate,
Give such a bloody period to his Fate?

ACHILLAS.
He's dead, Sir, and by that you may collect,
What shame (foreseen by him) you must expect:
Caesar you may by this show anger know,
The violent does quickly come and go:
But the consider'd indignation grows:
Stronger by age, and gives the fiercer blows:
In vain you hope his fury to assuage,
Who now secure, does politickly rage:
He safely for his Fame concern'd appears,
Pompey alive abhor'd, he dead revered:
And of his Slaughter by this Art doth chuse,
To set the vengeance, and yet make the use.

PTOLOMY.

Had I believ'd thee, I had never known
A Master here, nor been without a Throne:
"But still with this imprudence Kings are curb,
"To hear too much Advice and chuse the worst;
"At the Pits brink Fate does their Reason blind;
"Or if some hint they of their danger find,
"Yet that false light amiss their Judgment steals
"Plunges them in, and then it disappears.

PHOTINUS.

I must confess I Caesar did mistake,
Since such a Service he a Crime does make:
But yet his side hath streams, and those alone
Can expiate your fault, and fix your Throne.
I no more say, you silently should hear,
And your Revenge, till he be gone, defer:
No, I a better Remedy esteem,
To justifie his Rivals death on him.
When you the first Act by the last make good,
And Cæsar's shed, as well as Pompey's Blood,
Rome will no difference in her Tyrants know,
But will to you, from both, her Freedom owe.

PTOLOMY.

Yes, yes, to this all Reasons do persuade;
Let's fear no more the greatness we have made:
Cæsar shall still from Us receive his Doom,
And twice in one day we'll dispose of Rome;
As Bondage first, let's Freedom next bestow:
Let not thy Actions, Cæsar, swell thee so;
But call to mind what thou hast seen me do,
Pompey was mortal, and so thou art too:
Thou envy'dst him, for his exceeding thee,
And I think thou hast no more lives than he;
The own compassion for his Fate, does shew
That thy heart may be penetrable too:
Then let thy Justice threaten as it please,
'Tis I, must with thy Ruine, Rome appease;
And of that cruel mercy vengeance take,
Which spares a King, but for his Sisters sake.

My Life and Power shall not exposed be
To her Resentment, or thy Levity;
Left thou, to morrow, should'st at such a rate
Reward her Love, or else revenge her Hate:
More noble Maximes shall my fears expel;
Thou bad'st me once to chuse my Victims well,
And my Obedience thou in this shalt see,
Who know no Victim worthier than thee,
North Immaculation of whose Blood will draw,
Better acceptance from thy Son in law.
But vainly, friends, we thus foment our Rage,
Unless we knew, what strength we could engage;
All this may be unprofitable heat,

The
The Tyrants Forces being here so great;
But of our Power let us be first agreed;
And in what time and method to proceed.

ACHILLAS.

We may do much, Sir, in our present State,
Two miles from hence, six thousand Souldiers wait;
Which I, foreseeing some new Discontents,
Have kept in readiness for all Events;
Cæsar with all his Arts, could not foresee
That underneath this Town a Vault should be,
By which this night we to the Palace may
Our Men with Ease, and without noise convey;
To assault his life by open force alone,
Would be the only way to lose your own:
We must surprize him; and aft our design,
When he is Drunk with Pleasure, Love, and Wine.
The People are all ours, for when he made
His entry, honour did their Souls invade;
When with a Pomp so arrogantly grave,
His Faces did our Royal Ensigns brave;
I mark'd what Rage at that injurious view,
From their incensed Eyes, like sparkles, flew;
And they so much did with their fury strive,
That your least Countenance may it revive.
Septimius Souldiers fill'd with greater hate,
Struck with the terror of their Leader's Fate,
Seek nothing but revenge on him, who them
Did, in their Captains Person, so contempt.

PTOLOMY.

But what way to approach him can be found!
If at the Feast his Guards do him surround?

PHOTINUS.

Cornelius's Men, who have already known
Among your Romans Kindred of their own,
Seem to persuade us they would help afford
To sacrifice their Tyrant to their Lord;
Nay have assure'd it, and much better may
Than we, to Cæsar the first slaves convey;
(42)

His Clemency (not only false but vain)
Which courts Cornelia, that he Rome may gain,
Will to his Person, give them such access,
As may assure our Plot of success.

But Cleopatra comes; to her appear
Only posses'd with weakness, and with fear:
Let us withdraw, Sir, for you know that we
Are Objects she will much abhor to see.

PTOLOMY.

Go wait me.—

SCEN. II.

PTOLOMY, Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA.
Brother, I have Cesar seen,
And have to him your intercessior been.

PTOLOMY.
I never could expect an office kind
From you who bear so generous a Mind.
But your great Lover quickly from you went.

CLEOPATRA.
'Twas to the Town, t'appease some discontent,
Which he was told had newly raised been
Betwixt the Soldier and the Citizen;
Whilst I with joyful haste come to assure
You, that your life and Kingdom were secure;
Th'illustrious Cesar on the course you took,
Does with less anger than compassion look,
He pityes you, who such vile States-men heard,
As make their Kings not to be lov'd, but fear'd;
Whose Souls the baseness of their birth confess,
And who in vain great Dignities possess:
For Slavish Spirits cannot guide the Helm,
Those too much Power would quickly overwhelm.

That
That hand, whose Crimes alone do purchase Fear,  
Will soon let fall a Weight it cannot bear.  

PTOLOMY.

Those Truths, and my ill Fate do me persuade  
How bad a choice of Counsellors I made:
For had I asked Honourable things,
I had as Glorious been, as other Kings;
And better merited the Love you bear
A Brother, so unworthy of your Care;
Cæsar and Pompey had been here agreed,
And the World's Peace in Egypt been decreed;
Who her own Prince a friend to both had been;
Nay, he perhaps, an Arbitre had been.

But since to call this back is past our Art,
Let me discharge to you my Troubled heart;
You, that for all the Wrongs that I have done,
Could yet Preferre me both: my Life and Crown;
Be truly great and vanquish all your Hate,
By changing Phoebus' and Achilles' Fate.
For their offending you, their Death is due,
But that my Glory suffer in it too;
If for their Kings' Crimes they should punish'd be,
The Infamy would wholly light on me;
Cæsar through them wounds me, theirs is my Pain,
For my sake, therefore, your just Hate constrain:
Your heart is Noble, and what pleasure then
Is the abject Blood of two unhappy Men?

Let me owe all to you, who Cæsar charm.
And, with a Look, his Anger can disarm.

CLEOPATRA.

Were but their Life and Death in me to give,
My Scorn is great enough to let them live:
But I with Cæsar little can prevail,
When Pompey's Blood blesse in the other Scale;
I boast no Power to Dispose his will,
For I have spoke, and he hath shun'd it still,
And turning quickly to some new Affair,
He neither does refuse, nor grant my Prayer.
Yet I'm once more on that harsh Theme proceed,
In hope a New attempt may better speed;
And I believe.

P'TOLOMY.
He comes, let me be gone,
Left I should chance to draw his anger on;
My presence may enflame what 't would make less,
And you alone, may act with more success.

SCEN. III.

*Caesar, Cleopatra, Antonius, Lepidus, Charmion, Achobens, and Romans.*

CAESAR.
The City now is quiet, Beauteous Queen,
Which had alarm'd with little reason been,
Nor need they fear the troublesome event
Of Souldiers Pride, or Peoples Discontent:
But O great Gods! when absent from your Eyes,
A greater Tumult did within me rise;
When these unwelcom Cares snatch me from you,
My heart, ev'n with my Grandeur, angry grew;
And my own Renown began to hate,
Since it my parting did neceffitate:
But I forgave all to the single Thought
How much advantage to my Love it brought:
For 'tis to that, I owe the noble Hope
Which to my Flame does give so fair a scope,
And persuades Caesar that his Heart may prove
Not utterly unworthy of your Love,
And that he may pretend to that, since he
Nothing above him, but the Gods, can see.
Yes Queen; if in the World a Man there were
That with more glory could you letters bear;
Or if there were a Throne, wherein you might
By Conquering its King, appear more bright,

Lett
Lest for his Throne would I the Man pursue,
Than to dispute the Right of serving you.
'Twas to acquire that valuable Right,
That my Ambitious Arm did always fight;
And in Pharsalia rather my Sword drew
To preserve that, than Pompey to subdue.
I Conquer'd, and the God of Battles, left
Then your bright Eyes, afforded me success.
They rais'd my Courage, and my hand did sway,
And I owe them that memorable day.
As the effect of heat by them inspir'd,
For when you beauties had my passion stir'd,
That a return might your great Soul become,
They made me Master of the World and Rome.
I would enoble that high file I wear,
By the Addition of your Prisoner,
And shall most happy be, if you think fit
That Title to esteem, and this permit.

CLEOPATRA.

I know how much I to my fortune owe,
Which this excess of Honour does bestow,
Nor will from you my inward thoughts conceal,
Since I know both, you, and my self so well.
Your Love did in my earliest Youth appear,
And my Scepter as your Present wear:
I twice receiv'd my Kingdom from your Hand,
And after that, can I your Love withstand?
No, Sir, my Heart cannot resist your siege,
Who so much merit, and so much oblige.
But yet my Birth, my Rank, and the Command
Which I have now regain'd in Egypt's Land,
The Scepter, by your Hand restored to mine,
Do all against my innocent Hopes combine;
To my desires injurious they have been,
And lessen me, by making me a Queen:
For if Rome still be as she was before,
T'attend a Throne, will but debase me more;
These Marks of Honour will be but my Shame
And
And ruin my Pretences to your Flame:
But yet, methinks, the Power you enjoy,
Might all my Fears with ease enough destroy,
And I would hope, that such a Man as you,
May justly Rome's Capriciousness subdue,
And her unjust aversion for a Throne
She might see cause, for your sake, to disown:
I know that you can harder things effect,
And from your Promise Wonders I expect;
You in Pharsalia did much greater do,
And I invoke no other Gods but You.

CÆSAR.

There's nothing humane can my Love withstand;
’Tis but the over-running Africk's Land,
To shew my Standards to the rest of those,
Who did me with so ill a Fate oppose;
And when Rome can no more of them Advance,
She will be forc'd to study Complaisance:
And you shall see her with a solemn State,
At your Feet sacrifice her Pride and Hate:
Nay, I must have her, at your Royal Seat,
In my behalf, your Favour to entreat,
And with so much Respect these Beauties view,
That the young Cæsars shall request from you;
This is the only Fortune I desire,
And all to which my Laurels do aspire:
How blest were my Condition, if I might
Obtain those Wreaths, and still enjoy your sight!
But yet my Passion its own harm procures,
For I must quit you, if I will be yours;
While there are flying Foes, I must pursue,
That I may them defeat, and merit you.
To bear that Absence therefore, suffer me
To take such Courage from the Charms I see,
That Frighted Nations may, at Cæsar's name,
Say, He but came, and saw, and overcame.

CLEOPATRA.

This is too much; but if I this abuse,
(47)

The fault which you create you must excuse:
You did my Crown, and perhaps life restore,
And yet your love (I trust) will grant me more;
And I conjure you, by its strongest Charms,
By that great Fortune which attends your Arms,
By all my hopes, and all your high descent,
Dip not in Blood the bounties you impart;
Great Sir, forgive those that have guilty been,
Or else by that let me appear a Queen;
Achillas and Phraim's blood disdain,
For they endure enough to see me reign;
And their Offense—

CAESAR.

Ah! by some other way
Assure yourself how much my Will you sway,
As you rule me, if I might you request,
You better should employ your interest;
Govern your Cesar, as a lawful Queen,
And make him not partaker of their Sin;
For your sake only, I the King durst spare;
'Twas love alone that—

SCEN. IV.

To them Cornelia.

CORNELIA.

Cesar, have a care,
For Traitors have against thy life combin'd,
And sworn thy Head shall be to Pompey's join'd.
If to prevent them thou shouldst be remiss,
Thy blood will speedily be mixt with his.
If thou my Slaves examine, thou may'st know,
The Author, Order, and the Actors too.
I yield them thee.

CAESAR.

O truly Roman heart!

TTT

And
And worthy him of whom you were a part!
His Soul, which fees from its exalted State,
How I endeavour to revenge his fate,
Forgets his hate, and is become so kind,
To savemy life, by what he left behind.
Whatever Treason could to Pompey do,
Yet he does still subsist, and act in you:
And prompts you to a thing so brave, that he
May vanquish me in generosity.

CORNELIA.

Cesar, thou art deceiv'd in my intent,
If thou think'tt I hate yields to acknowledgment:
No, Pompey's blood must all commerce deny,
Betwixt his Widow and his Enemy.
And I thy offer'd Freedom would enjoy,
That to thy ruin I might it employ.
Nay, I shall make new business for thy sword,
If thou dar'st be so just to keep thy word.
But though so much on thy destruction bent,
Yet I thy Murther would as much prevent.
I have thy death with too much justice sought,
That it should now be with a Treason bought.
Who knows and sufferers does partake the guilt,
Nor should thy blood be infamously spilt.
But when my Husband's Sons, and Kindred do
Attemp thy death, then I shall with it too.
And that some brave Arm, which I shall excite,
May in the Field, and in thy Armies sight,
Offer thee nobly to that Hero's Ghost,
In whose revenge thou so much zeal bestowed.
My restless thirst for such a day as this,
By thy untimely fall its end would mis.
But what sole hopes from abroad I may
Receive, yet I am lack'd by their delay.
"For distant satisfaction is half lost:
"And long expected joys too dearly cost.
I shall not wander on the Affrick Strands;
To seek the vengeance ready in thy hands,

Which
Which does the head it threatens best best:
For I could think have had instead of it;
But that my hatred saw the difference great,
Bewixt my Husbands murther and defeat:
And I an earlier Punishment would see
On their presumption, than thy Victory.
This is Rovet with, Whose venerable brow
To this affront, too just a blush would owe:
If her two Nobelst heads should (after all
Her Triumphs) with so much dishonour fall.
She, upon whom thou never couldst impose,
Would sooner punish Criminals than Foes:
Her Liberty would a misfortune grow,
If upon Tiber Nile should it bestow.
None but a Roman could her Master be,
And but a Roman none should set her free.
Here thou wouldst fall to her unsacriof'd,
And wouldst be murder'd, but not chastis'd
Nor would succeeding Tyrants frighted be,
For the Example too would die with thee.
Revenge her thou, on Egypte wrong, and I
Will her revenge upon Pharsalia try.
Adieu, no time is this should wasted be,
Go then, and boast I once made vows for thee.

SCEN. V.

Caesar, Cleopatra, Antonius, Lepidus, Achorus,
Charmion.

CAESAR.
Her Vertue, and their Crime alike amaze,
Queen,you perceive for whom your goodness prays.

CLEOPATRA.
That, now, no more against your justice fights,
Go (Sir) revengeal violated rights:
My ruine, they much more than yours desire:

The
The Traytors do against my Right conspire.
As my support, against you they design,
And by your death, would make their way to mine:
But though all this be to my anger known,
Yet 'tis my Brother still that leads them on.
Do you know that Sir, and may I obtain,
Is your deserved fure may restrain?

CAESAR.

Yes, I remember, your heart is so great,
That for his Births sake, you his Crime forget.
Adieu, fear nothing, for these are not foes,
That can the fortune of my Arms oppose.
Them, and their Party, I shall quickly rout,
When I to them but Whips and Racks bring out:
They shall not Souldiers, but Tormentors see,
And now my Axes shall my Ensigns be. Exit Caesar.

CLEOPATRA.

Dear Achoreus, after Cesar go,
With him prevent my threatened overthrow:
And when he punishes our wretched Foes,
Make him remember what his promise owes.
Observe the King, when he in fight appears,
And spare his blood, that you may spare my tears.

ACHOREUS.

Madam, his fortune shall no sorrow need,
If all my care and service can succeed.

After the fourth Act, Cleopatra fits hearkening to
this SONG.

Proud Monuments of Royal Dust!
Do not your old Foundations shake,
And labour to resign their trust?
For sure your mighty Guests should wake,
Now their own Memphis lies at stake.

Alas! in vain our dangers call;
They care not for our Destiny.
Nor will they be concern'd at all
If Egypt now enslav'd, or free;
A Kingdom or a Province be.

What is become of all they did?
And what of all they had design'd,
Now death the busy Scene hath bid?
Where but in story shall we find
These great disturbers of Mankind?

When Men their quiet Minutes spent
Where Mirth and Fountains purled,
As safe as they were Innocent:
What angry God among them hurled
Ambition to undoe the World?

What is the charm of being Great?
Which oft is gained and left with Sin,
Or if we gain a Royal seat,
With Guiltless steps what do we win,
If Love and Honour fight within?

Honour the Brightness of the Mind!
And Love her noblest estate:
That does our selves, this others bind:
When you great Pair shall disagree
What Casuist can the Umpire be?

Though Love does all the heart subdue,
With gentle, but resolute sway;
Yet Honour must that govern too:
And when thus Honour wins the Day,
Love overcomes the bravest way.

V v v

Act 3.
Act V. Scene I.

Cornelia with a little Urne in her hand, and Philip.

Cornelia.

May I believe my Eyes? or does this sight
Delude me, with Chimeras of the Night?
Do I behold Thee Philip? and didst Thou
Funeral rites to my lov'd Lord allow?
His Ashes does this Urne contain? O view!
At once so terrible and tender too!
Eternal Food of Sorrow and of Hate,
All of Great Pompey that is spar'd by Fate.
Expect not a Tear to you should pay,
For Great Souls ease their Griefs another way.
Shallow Afflictions, by Complaints are fed:
And who laments, would fain be Comfort'd.
But I have sworn by all that we Adore;
And by yourself (sad Object) which is more:
(For my griev'd Heart does more to you submit,
Then to those Gods who so ill-guarded it.)
By you I swear it then (Mournful remain,
My only Deity, now he is slain.)
That no extinction or decay shall be
In that revenge which must enoble me.

To Cesar, Ptolomy, by base Surprize,
Rome, of thy Pompey, made a Sacrifice.
And I, thy injur'd walls will never see,
Till Priests, and God to him shall attend be.
Put me in mind, and my just hate sustain,
O Ashes! now my hope as well as Pain.
And to assist me in that great design,
Shed in all Hearts, what now is felt by mine.
But Thou, who on so infamous a shore,
Gav'st him a flame, to Pious, though to Poor:
Tell me, what God thy Fortune made so great,
To pay to such a Hero such a Debt?

Phil.
PHILIP.

Cover'd with Blood, and much more dead then he;
When I had curs'd the Royal Treachery,
My wandring Feet were by my grief convey'd,
Where yet the wind upon the Water plaid:
After long search, I on a Rock did stand,
And saw the Headless Trunk approach the Sand:
Whereas' angry Wave, a pleasure seem'd to take
To cast it off, and then to snatch it back:
I to it leap'd, and thrust it to the banks;
Then gathering a heap of Shipwreck'd Planks,
An halfe, ar I'm's Pile, I to him rais'd,
Such as I could, and such as Fortune pleas'd.
'Twas hardly kindled, when Heaven grew so kind
To send me help, in what I had design'd.
Cicero, an Ancient Roman, who lives here,
Returning from the City, spy'd me there.
And when he did a headless Carcass view,
By that sad mark alone he Pompey knew:
Then weeping said, O thou who're thou art,
To whom the Gods such honours do impart,
Thy fortune's greater then thou dost believe,
Thou shalt rewards, not Punishments receive.
Cesar's in Egypt and Revenge declares,
For him to whom thou pay'st these Pious Cars;
These Ashes to his Widow thou mayst bear
In Alexandria, for now she is there.
By Pompey's Conquerous to entertain'd,
As by a God it would not be disdain'd.
Go on till! I return: this said, he went,
And quickly brought me this small Monument:
Then we, betwixt us, into it convey'd;
That Hero's Ashes which the fire had made.

CORNELIA.

With what great Praises should this act be crown'd!

PHILIP.

Entering the Town I great disorders found.
A numerous People to the Fort did fly;
Which
Which they believ'd the King would forsee.
The eager Romans fiercely these pursu'd,
Rage in their eyes, their hands with blood imbrew'd.
When Caesar with brave Justice did Command,
Phoebus to perish by a Hangman's hand;
On me appearing, he vouch'd to look,
And with these words my Masters Athes took.
Remainders of a Demi-god! whose Name
I scarce can equal Conquerour as I am;
Behold guilt punish'd, and till Altars call
For other Victims, let these Traitors fall.
Greater shall follow. To the Court go thou,
On Pompey's Widow this from me bestow,
And whilst with it she makes with grief some truce,
Tell her how Caesar her Revenge pursues.
That great Man, fighting, then from me did turn,
And humbly kissing did restore the Urne.

CORNELIA.

O Formal Grief! how easie is that Tear,
That's shed for Foes whom we no longer fear!
How soon revenge for others fills that breast,
Which to it, is, by its own danger preft?
And when the Care we take to Right the dead
Secures our Life and does our glory spread.

Caesar is generous 'tis true; but he
By the King wrong'd, and from his Rival free,
Might in an envious mind a doubt revive,
What he would do were Pompey yet alive.
His courage, his own safety does provide,
Which does the Beauty of his actions hide.

Love is concern'd in too, and he does fight
In Pompey's Cause for Choristorus's Right.
So many Int'rests with my Husband's met,
Might to his Virtue take away my debt.
But as Great Hearts judge by themselves alone,
I chose to guess his honour by my own;
And think we only make his fury such,
Since in his Fortune I should do as much.

SCEN.
SCEN. II.

Cleopatra, Charmion, Cornelia, Philip.

CLEOPATRA.
I come not to disturb a grief so due
To that affliction which hath wounded you:
But those remains I adore, which from the wave,
A faithful freed-man did so lately save:
'To mourn your fortune, Madam, and to swear
You'd still enjoy'd a man so justly dear,
If Heaven which did persecute you still,
Had made my power equal to my will.
Yet if to what that Heaven sends you now,
Your grief can any room for joy allow:
If any sweetness in revenge there be,
Receive the certainty of yours from me.
The false Phainus—But you may have heard.

CORNELIA.
Yes, Princesse that he hath his just reward.

CLEOPATRA.
Have you no comfort in that news discern'd?

CORNELIA.
If there be any, you are most concern'd.

CLEOPATRA.
All hearts with joy receive a wish'd event.

CORNELIA.
Our thoughts are, as our interests, different.
Though Caesar add Achillas death, 'twill be
To you a satisfaction, not to me:
For nobler Rites to Pompey's Ghost belong,
These are too mean to expiate his wrong.
No reparation by such blood is made,
Either to my grief, or his imjur'd shade;
And the revenge which does my Soul enflame,
Till it hath Caesar, Ptolemy doth claim;
X x x

Who
(56)

Who though so much unfit to reign or live,
Caesar I know will for his safety strive.
But though his love hath dar'd to promise it,
Yet juster Heaven dares it not permit.
And if the Gods an Ear to me afford,
They shall both perish by each other's sword:
Such an event would my heart's grief destroy,
Which now is such a stranger gloom to joy.
But if ye gods think this too great a thing,
And but one fall, O let it be the King!

CLEOPATRA.

Heaven does not govern as our Wills direct.

CORNELIA.

But gods, what causes promise, will effect,
And do the guilty with revenge pursue.

CLEOPATRA.

As they have justice, they have mercy too.

CORNELIA.

But we may judge as here events have past,
They now the first will act, and not the last.

CLEOPATRA.

Their Mercy oft does through their Justice break.

CORNELIA.

Queen, you as Sister, I as Widow speak.
Each hath her cause of kindness and of hate,
And both concern'd are in this Prince's fate.
But by the blood which hath to day been shed,
We shall perceive whose vows have better sped.
Behold your Achorens.

SCEN.
SCEN. III.

To them _Achoreus._

**CLEOPATRA.**

But alas!

I read no good prefages in his face;
Speak _Achoreus, _let us freely hear
What yet deserves my sorrow, or my fear.

**ACHOREUS.**

As soon as _Cæsar_ did the treason know:

**CLEOPATRA.**

'Tis not his conduct I enquire of now,
I know he cut and stop’d that secret vault
Which to him should the murderers have brought,
That to secure the streets his men he sent,
Where _Phoebus_ did receive his punishment:
Whose sudden fall _Achilles_ so amaz’d,
That on ch’abandon’d Port he quickly seiz’d;
Whom the King follow’d, and that, to the land
_Antonius_ all his soldiers did command,
Where _Cæsar_ join’d him; and I thence do guess
_Achilles_ punishment, and his successes.

**ACHOREUS.**

His usual fortune her assistance gave.

**CLEOPATRA.**

But tell me if he did my brother save,
And kept his promise.

**ACHOREUS.**

Yes with all his might.

**CLEOPATRA.**

That’s all the news I wish’d you to receive.
Madam, you see the gods my prayers heard.

**CORNELIA.**

They only have his punishment defer’d.

**CLEOPATRA.**

You wish’d it now; but they have him secure’d.

**ACHO-**
ACHOREUS.

Or Cesar had, if he had life endure'd.

CLEOPATRA:

What said you last? Or did I rightly hear?
Oh! quickly your obscure Discourses clear.

ACHOREUS.

Neither your cares nor ours could save him, who
Would die in spite of Cesar, and of You:
But Madam, in the noblest way he dy'd,
That ever falling Monarch dignifi'd:
His restor'd Virtue did his Birth make good,
And to the Romans dearly fold his blood.
He fought Antonius with such noble heat,
That on him he did some advantage get:
But Cesar's coming alter'd the event;
Achillas there after Phoebus went:
But so as him did too much honour bring;
With Sword in hand he perils'd for his King,
Of spare the King, in vain the Conqueror cry'd;
To him no hope but terror it imply'd.
For frighted, he thought Cesar did intend
But to reserve him to a shameful end.
He charg'd, and broke our Ranks, bravely to shew
What Virtue armed by despair can do.
By this mistake his vex'd soul abused,
Still fought the death which still was him refus'd.
Breathless at last, with having fought and bled,
Encompass'd round, and his best Souldiers dead,
Into a Vessel which was near he leaps,
And follow'd was by such tumultuous heaps,
As by their number, overpress, the Ship
With all its fraught was swallow'd in the Deep.
This death recovers all his lost Renown;
Gives Cesar Fame, and You th' Egyptian Crown:
You were proclaim'd, and though no Roman Sword
Had touch'd the Life so much by you deplor'd,
Cesar extremly did concern'd appear;
He sighs, and he complains: but see him here,
Who better can then I his Grievs relate,
For the unhappy Kings restless fate.

SCENE IV.

To them Caesar, Antonius, Lepidus.

CORNELIA.
Cæsar be just, and my my Gallies yield,
Achillas and Phœbus both are kill’d;
Nor could thy solstic heart their Master save,
And Pompey here, no more revenge can have.
This fatal shore nothing does me present;
But th’ Image of their horrible Attempt,
And thy new Conquest, with the giddy noise
Of People who in change of Kings rejoice:
But what afflicts me most, is still to see
Such an obliging Enemy in Thee.
Release me then from this inglorious pain,
And set my Hate at liberty again.

But yet before I go I must request
The Head of Pompey with his Bones may rest:
Give it me then, as that alone, which yet
I can with Honour at thy hands intreat.

CÆSAR.
You may so justly that Remainder claim,
That to deny it would be Cæsar’s shame:
But it is fit, after so many Woes,
That we should give his wandering Shade repose,
And that a Pile which You and I enflame,
From the first mean one rescue Pompey’s name.
That he should be appeas’d our Grievs to view;
And that an Urn more worthy him and you
May (the Pomp done, and fire exting’ again)
His re-united Ashes entertain.
This Arm, which did so long with him debate,
Shall Altars to his Vertue dedicate,

Y y y

Offer
(60)
Offer him Vows, Incense and Victims too,
And yet shall give him nothing but his Due.
I but to morrow for these Rites require,
Refuse me not the Favour I desire;
But stay till these solemnities be past,
And then you may resume your eager haste.
Bring to our Rome a Treasury so great,
That Relique bear——

C O R N E L I A.
Not thither Caesar yet.
Till first thy ruine, granted me by Fate,
To these lov’d Ashes shall unlock the Gate;
And thither (though as Dear to Rome as me)
They come not till Triumphant over thee.
To Affrick, I must this rich burthen bear,
Where Pompey’s Sons, Cato and Scipio are.
Who’ll find, I hope, (with a brave King ally’d)
Fortune as well as Justice on their side:
And thou shalt see, there with new fury hurld,
Pharsalia’s Ruines arm another World.
From Rank to Rank these Ashes I’ll expose
Mixt with my Tears, t’ exasperate thy Foes.
My Hate shall guide them too, and they shall fight
With Urns, instead of Eagles in their sight;
That such sad Objects may make them intent
On his Revenge, and on thy Punishment.
Thou to this Hero now devout art grown,
But, raising his Name, do’st exalt thy own.
I must be Witness too! and I submit;
But thou canst never move my Heart with it.
My Loss can never be repair’d by Fate,
Nor is it possible t’ exhaust my Hate.
This Hate shall be my Pompey now, and I
In his Revenge will live, and with it die.
But as a Roman, though my Hate be such,
I must confess, I thee esteem as much.
Both thesextrums Justice can well allow;
This does my Virtue, that my Duty show.

My
(61.)
My sense of Honour does the first command;
Concern, the last, and they are both constrain'd.
And as thy Virtue, whom none can betray,
Where I should hate, makes me such value pay:
My Duty to my Anger does create,
And Pompey's Widdow makes Cornelia hate.
But I from hence shall hasten, and know then,
I'll raise against the Gods, as well as Men.
Those Gods that flatter'd thee, and me abus'd,
And in Pharsalia Pompey's Caule refused;
Who at his Death could Thunder-bolts refrain,
To expiate that, will his Revenge maintain:
If not his Soul will give my Zeal such heat,
As without their help shall thee defeat.
But should all my Endeavours prosper ill,
What I cannot do, Cleopatra will.
I know thy flame, and that 't obey its force:
Thou from Cælphurnia study'd a Divorce:
Now blinded, thou wouldst this Alliance make,
And there's no Law of Rome thou dar'st not break.
But know, the Roman Youth think it no sin
To fight against the Husband of a Queen.
And thy offended Friends will at the Price
Of thy best Blood revenge their scorn'd Advice.
I check thy Ruine if I check thy Love;
Adieu; to morrow will thy Honour prove.

SCEN. V.

Cæsar, Cleopatra, Charmian, Antonius, Lepidus, Achoban.

CLEOPATRA.
Rather then You to this expos'd should be,
With my own Ruine I would set you free.
Sacrific me, Sir, to your Happines;
For that's the greatest that I can possesse;

Though
Though far unworthy to be Cæsar's Bride,
Yet He'll remember one that for him Dy'd.

CÆSAR.

Those empty projects, Queen, are all now left
To a great Heart of other Helper left;
Whole keen desires her want of Strength confess
Could she perform more, she would wish it less.
The Gods will these vain Auguries disprove,
Nor can they my Felicitie remove.
If your Love stronger then your Grief appears,
And will for Cæsar's sake dry up your Tears;
And that a Brother, who served them not,
May for a Faithful Lover be forgot.
You may have heard, with what Regret of mine
His Safety to Delpair he did resign;
How much I sought his Reason to redeem
From those vain Terrors that surrounded him,
Which he disputed to his latest Breath,
And cast away his Life for fear of Death.
O shame for Cæsar! Who so eminent!
And so solicitous for your Content!
Yet by the Cruel Fortune of this Day
Could not the First of your Commands Obey:
But vainly we resist the Gods, who will
Their Just Decrees on guilty men fulfil.
And yet his Fall your Happiness procures,
Since by his Death Egypt is wholly Yours.

CLEOPATRA.

I know I gain another Diadem,
For which none can be blam'd but Heav'n and Him;
But as the Fate of humane things is such,
That Joy and Trouble do each other touch,
Excuse me, if the Crown conferred by You
As it obliges, does afflict me too;
And if to see a Brother justly kill'd,
To Nature I as well as Reason yield.
No sooner on my Grandeur I reflect,
But my Ambition by my Blood is checkt.
I meet my Fortune with a secret Groan,
Nor dare without Regret ascend the Throne:
ACHOREUS.

The Court is full, Sir, People crowding in,
Who with great shouts demand to see their Queen,
And many signs of their Impatience give,
That such a Blessing they so late receive.
CASAR.

Let them so just a Happiness obtain,
And by that Goodness, Queen, commence your reign.
O may the Gods so favour my Desire,
That in their Joy your Sorrow may expire;
That no Idea in your Soul may be,
But of the Wounds which you have given me:
Whilst my Attendants and your Courtiers may
Prepare to morrow for a glorious day.
When all such Noble Offices may owne,
Pompey 't appease, and Cleopatra Crown.
To her a Throne, to him let's Altars Build,
And to them both Immortal Honours yield.

Exeunt.

After the Fifth Act by two Egyptian Priests as after
the second.

A

Second a Throne Great Queen! to you
By Nature, and by Fortune due;
And let the World adore

One who Ambition could withstand,
Subdue Revenge, and Love command,
On Honours single store.

Ye mighty Roman Shades, permit
That Pompey should above you sit,
He must be Deified.

For
(64)

For who like him, e're fought or fell?
What Hero ever liv'd so well,
Or who so greatly dy'd?

1.

What cannot Glorious Caesar do?
How nobly does he fight and woe!
On Crowns how does he tread!

What mercy to the weak he shows,
How fierce is he to living Foes,
How pious to the dead?

2.

Cornelia yet would challenge Tears,
But that the sorrow which she wears,
So charming is, and brave,

That it exalts her Honour more,
Then if she all the Scepters bore,
Her Generous Husband gave.

Chorus.

Then after all the Blood that's shed,
Let's fight the living and the dead:
Temples to Pompey raise;

Set Cleopatra on the Throne;
Let Caesar keep the World he's won;
And sing Cornelia's praise.

After which a Grand Masque is Danc'd before
Caesar and Cleopatra, made (as well as the other
Dances and the Tunes to them) by Mr. John Ogilby.

EPILOGUE
EPLOGUE

Written by Sir Edward Dering, Baronet.

Please'd or displeas'd, censure as you think fit,
The Action, Plot, the language or the wit:
But we're secure, no Bolder thought can tax
These Scenes of Blemish to the blushing Sex.
Nor Envy with her hundred Eyes of fire
One line severest Virtue need to fly:
As Chast the words, as harmless is the fence,
As the first smiles of Infant Innocence.

Yet at your Feet, Caesar's Content to bow,
And Pompey, never truly Great till now:
Who does your Praise and kinder Votes prefer
Before the applause of his own Theatre:
Where fifty Thousand Romans daily blest
The Gods and him, for all that they possest.

The sad Cornelia says, your gentler breath
Will force a Smile, ev'n after Pompey's Death.
She thought all Passions bury'd in his Urn,
But flattering hopes and trembling fears return:
Undone in Egypt, Thessaly and Rome,
She yet in Ireland hopes a milder Doom:
Not from Iberian Shores, or Libyan Sands
Expect relief, but only from your hands.

Ev'n Cleopatra, not content to have
The Universe, and Caesar too her Slave,
Forbears her Throne, till you her right allow;
'Tis left t' have rule'd the World, then pleased you.

HORACE
HORACE.
A
Tragedy.
Translated from
MONSIEUR CORNEILLE.

LONDON,
Printed for H. Herringman, and are to be sold at his
Shop, at the Blew-Anchor in the lower walk of
the new Exchange, 1667.
The Actors.

Tullus, King of Rome.
Old Horace, a Roman Knight.
Horace, his Son.
Curtius, a Gentleman of Alba in love with Camilla.
Valerius, a Roman Knight in love with Camilla.
Sabina, Wife of Horace and Sister of Curtius.
Camilla, Mistress of Curtius and Sister of Horace.
Julia, Roman Lady, confidant of Sabina and Camilla.
Flavian, an Alban Souldier.
Procillus, a Roman Souldier.

The Scene in the House of Horace at Rome.
HORACE.

ACT I. SCEN. I.

Sabina and Julia.

SABINA.

Excuse my weakness, and my grief permit
That distress, which so much merits it:
When such a storm does its approaches make,
It may become the strongest heart to shake
And Constancy, will now admit dispute,
Even in the breast that is most resolute:
But yet—how rude 'tis ere the shock appears,
Though not my sighs, I can command my tears;
Though so much sorrow may my heart surprise,
Yet, Virtue still is regent in my eyes:
If to my heart, I can confine my woe,
Though less than Man, I more than Woman do.
To stop my tears in an assault so rough,
For our weak Sex will sure be brave enough

JULIA.

It is for vulgar Souls I must confess,
Who create grief from every slight distress;
But a great Heart would blush at that defect,
And all things twice from doubtful Fate expect:
Under our Walls two Armies we survey,
But Rome we're yet knew how to lose the day
Applaud, not grief, we to not Fortune owe;
Who whilst she fights must needs the mightier grow:
Then let vain names from your breast depart,
And find out Virtue worthy a Roman heart.

S A.
(70)

SABINA.

My heart I gave to Horace, and 'tis true,
Since he's a Roman, I must be so too:
But yet that Knot a Fetter would be thought,
If my dear Country should be quite forgot.
Alba where I began to see the light,
Alba my native place, and first delight,
When I behold a War 'twixt us and thee,
As much as loss, I dread a Victory:
Rome if by this thy anger I create,
Find out a Foe whom I may justly hate;
When at thy Walls two Armies in thy sight,
Shew me my Brothers with my Husband fight,
What Prayers can I make? how can I be
Without impiety concern'd for thee?
I know thy growing Empire, yet so young,
By War alone must make her sinews strong;
Thy future grandeur is by Fate design'd,
Not to the Latins to be long confin'd:
The gods the suppliant World for thee intend,
And 'tis by Arms thou must attain that end:
Far from repining at that noble heat
Which serves thy Stars, and helps to make thee great;
I wish thy Troops may still new Triumphs claim,
And over-run Pyrenian Hills to Fame.
Go, Eastern Conquests for thy Sword design,
And settle thy Pavillons in the Rhine;
Let all Lands tremble where thy Ensigns go,
But her to whom thou Romulus dost owe;
Subdue the utmost Regions of the Earth,
But spare the Town where Romulus had birth;
Forget not her from whom thy City draws,
Her Name and all her Strength, but Walls and Laws:
Alba's thy Parent, let that thought arrest
Thy greedy Sword, not pierce thy Mother's breast,
For thy triumphant Arms make other choice,
And in her Children's Fortune they'll rejoice,
Nay, would with natural concern disown

All
All Enemies of thine, were she not one.

JULIA.

This Language much surprize to me affords,
For since these Cities first unheath'd their Swords,
You have so unconcern'd for Alba flood,
As if your birth had been of Roman blood;
I wonder'd at a Vertue so refin'd,
Which to your Husband, Alba had resign'd,
And therefore so proportion'd my relief,
As if our Rome alone had caus'd your grief.

SABINA.

Whilst such a shock my reason did affil,
As was too weak to weigh down either Scale;
Till all my flattering hopes of Peace were o'er,
To be entirely Roman was my boast.
If at Rome's Fortune I displease'd had been,
I quickly chid that mutiny within;
And when her destiny was not so kind,
If for my Brothers, joy seduce'd my mind,
By Reason's help that motion I suppress'd,
And wept for all the glory they possess'd.
But now these Cities must be lost or save'd,
That Rome must sink, or Alba be enslav'd;
And after battle there no hope remains
To the subdue'd, nor stop to her that gains:
I should too barbarously my Country treat,
If I could be a perfect Roman yet.
A little less to one man's love resign'd,
To neither City I will be confin'd;
I fear for both, and whilst their Fate is try'd,
I still will be on the afflicted side;
Equal to each, whilst they unequal are,
And must their Grief, but not their Glory share.
For I resolve in such a sharp debate,
To mourn the Conquer'd, and the Victor hate.

JULIA.

How oft does Fortune with an equal blow,
On different Souls different effects bestow!

B b b b
How distant is Camilla's way from this?
Your Brother loves her, her's your Husband is,
Yet in each Army with another eye,
She can a Lover and a Brother spie:
When in Rome's Fortunes you were most involved,
She was as much confus'd and unresolv'd:
She feared the Storm from every cloud would spread,
And the success of either side did dread:
The most unfortunate she did bemoan,
And whose are prevailed she was undone.
But when the day, she knew, was drawing nigh,
And one great Battel should the Quarrel try,
A sudden gladness breaking from her brow——

SABINA.

Ah Julia! how that joy alarms me now,
Valerius yesterday the smile'd upon,
And for his sake, she Curtius will disown;
A nearer Object snatches her esteem,
And two years absence hath deformed him.
But though my Brother be to me so dear,
By care of him, I must not injure her;
My groundless jealousy concludes amis,
Who can change love at such a time as this?
How can a heart receive a wound that's new,
When such great shocks give it so much to do?
Yet from joy too, this fatal day deters,
And from contentments which resemble hers.

JULIA.

In me it equal wonder does produce,
Nor do I know what can be her excuse;
'Tis Constancy enough, if we can wait
Without impatience to sever a Fate,
But 'tis too much, if we shall cheerful grow.

SABINA.

See some good Genius sends her hither now,
Her thoughts on this, engage her to reveal,
From you her Friendship nothing can conceal;
I'll leave you——Sister talk with Julia now,

For
For I'm afeard my weakness to avow;
And so much sorrow does my heart invade,
That I must hide it in some secret shade.  Exit.

SCEN. II.

Julia, Camilla.

Camilla.

Why does she wish I should with you converse,
Does she believe my trouble less than hers?
Or more insensible of this sad day,
Does she conclude I have no tears to pay?
With equal terror I am threatened too,
And I shall lose as much as she can do:
The man to whom I did my heart resign,
Must for his Country die, or mine mine:
And all that I can love (such is my fate!) Must now deserve my sorrow or my hate.
Alas!—

Julia.

Yet her affliction is more strange,
We may a Lover not a Husband change;
Receive Valerius love, Curius forget,
And you'll no more the other side regret;
But wholly Ours, and recomposed within,
You'll nothing have to lose, when Rome does win.

Camilla.

Ah give me Council more legitimate,
Not teach me with a Crime to shun my Fate;
For though my tide of Woes I scarce can stem,
I rather would endure than merit them.

Julia.

Can you believe a prudent change a fault?

Camilla.

And can you think a Perjury is not?

Julia.

What can engage us to our mortal foes?

Camil-
CAMILLA.

But what can disengage what honour owes?

JULIA.

You would in vain disguise a thing design'd,
And which Valerius yesterday did find;
For the reception you to him did give,
Hath made his late repining hope revive.

CAMILLA.

If to Valerius I then paid respect,
You nothing hence must for his hope collect;
Another subject did my joys produce,
But I your errour now will disabuse;
And for my Curiums keep a flame too sure,
Such a suspicion longer to endure.

You know his Sister was no sooner led,
By happy marriage, to my Brother's Bed,
But that my Father (pref't by him) desired,
I should reward the love I had inspir'd:
That time produce'd happy and fatal things;
At once our marriage, and the War resolv'd,
Our hopes created, and those hopes disolv'd;
It promis'd all, and then snatch'd all away,
It makes us Foes, and Lovers in a day.

How violent our grief did then appear,
How many blasphemies Heav'n then did hear,
And from my Eyes how many Rivers fell,
I tell you not, you saw our last farewell.

The trouble of my Soul, you since have seenn,
And of my vows for Peace have witness seen;
At every news in my distracted breast,
My Country and my Lover did content's.
Told's with uncertain thoughts, I fled for ease.
To the relief of sacred Oracles:
Judge if what yesterday I did obtain,
Might not assur'e my drooping heart again,
That famous Greek who at the Mounte dwells,
And Heav'n's dark purposes to men foretell,
He whom Apollo never yet betray'd,

By
By this reply my stormy thoughts allay'd.
"Alba and Reme to morrow changing face,
Shall to thy wish'd for peace at last give place,
And to thy Curtius then shall be thy'd,
So as no Fortune ever shall divide.
I wholly on this answer did depend,
And finding it my utmost hopes transcend,
My Soul to raptures of Contentment flew,
Beyond what happiest Lovers ever knew.
Judge of their height: Valerius then I met,
And could ev'n him behold without regret:
He spoke of Love too, and I that could hear,
And never thought Valerius had been there;
His Courtship could from me no anger draw;
For every thing seem'd Curtius that I saw.
I thought all sounds told me how he did burn,
And all my answers Echo'd my return.
The general Field which must to day be fought,
I yesterday had heard, but minded not;
My Soul those fatal Objects did reject,
And still on peace and marriage did reflect:
But Night those charming errors has expell'd,
And made my Soul to dreadful Visions yield,
Wherein vast heaps of Horrour, Floods of Gore
Did rob my Joy, and all my fear restore:
I saw men dying, and then lost the sight,
A Ghost appear'd, and then it took its flight;
The fatal Shades, each others shape suppress,
And by confusion terror did increase.

JULIA.

An opposite construction dreams require.

CAMILLA.

I would believe what I so much desire;
But I and all my hopes of good success
Find this a day of Battle, not of Peace.

JULIA.

'Twill end the War, and then a peace is sure.

Cecce

CAMILLA
CAMILLA.
The pain is left then such a guilty cure,
If Rome, or Alba must be defeated be,
Dear Curtius can have no pretence to me;
No it Camilla neyet can become
To wed the Conquerour, or Slave of Rome.
But what new Object does my sight surprize!
Is it thee Curtius? may I trust my Eyes?

SCEN. III.

CURTIUS, Camilla, Julia.

CAMILLA doubts it not, says Man is come
Neither the Conquerour, nor Slave of Rome;
Nor think he could before your face have stood
With Roman Fetters charg'd, or Roman blood.
Glory and Rome, you love at such a rate,
You would despise my chain, and Conquest hate;
And since alike in an extremity great
I hear'd a Victory, and a defeat——

CAMILLA.
'Tis enough Curtius, I can guess thy aim,
Though 'tis a Field so fatal to thy Flame;
Rather than me, thy amorous heart would lose,
It to thy Country does thy Sword refuse.
Let others make reflections on thy Fame,
And if they please, so great a passion blame;
I can no quarrel have to this design,
What most thy Love shews, most obliges mine:
And if to Alba succour that denies,
'Tis to make me the greater Sacrifice.
But hast thou seen my Father, and could he
Allow his house should thy retirement be?
Does Policy or Nature him o'recome?
And which is dearest to him, me, or Rome?

And
And to assure our Fortune let me know,
Did he appear a Father, or a Foe?

CURTIUS.

With as much Kindness my approach he saw
As could be challeng'd by a Son-in-Law:
But me, he hath not by a treason seen,
Which had unworthy his alliance been.
I quit not Albos, by adoring you,
But keep my passion and my honour too;
And all the War, your Curtius hath not been
A better Lover then a Citizen;
Nor to his Countries Cautle could Love prefer,
But whilst he sigh'd for you, he Fought for her.
And if we must that sad contest renew,
I still must fight for her, and sigh for you.
Yes, and in spite of all my passions charms,
Did the War last, I should be now in Arms.
But a new Peace gives me this free access,
And 'tis to that, we owe this happiness.

CAMILLA.

O! Who can faith to such a wonder give?

JULIA.

At least you may, your Oracle believe,
And may discover by this good success,
This day of battle has produced a peace.

CURTIUS.

Who could have thought it? the two Armies met,
And both to Fight releas'd with equal heart,
When our Dictator 'twixt both Armies stands,
And a short audience from your Prince demands.
"Romans (said he then) whence comes all this rage?"
"What fury makes us thus in Arms engage?"
"At least let Reason our Instructer be.
"Our daughters are your Wives, your Neighbors
"Hymen so much our union did pursue, (we)
"That our Sons challenge Grand-Fathers in you.
"We but one Kinded, and one People are,
"Why should we tear ourselves with Civil Wars?"
"Where
"Where he that Conquers loses too, and wears
His noblest Lame waist'd with his Tears,
Our common Foes expect this Bloody Day,
That they that win it, may become their Prey;
Nor can the Guilty Conqu'ror that avoid,
Having himself his own defence destroy'd.
They smile to see us thus our Force abuse,
Which against them we should more Nobly use:
Let us these little discords then forake,
Which so bad Kinsmen of good Souldiers make.
But if a thrift of Empire be the Cause
Which either People to this madness draws,
If with less Slaughter that may be supply'd,
It will unite us, rather then divide:
Let either City Combatants design,
And all her Fortune to their Swords resign,
And as of them the God shall then ordain,
Let the weak yield, and let the stronger Reign;
But so, as blushes to the Loser sav'd,
They may Subjected be, but not enslav'd,
And to no shame, or Tribute condescend,
But on the Victor's Standards to attend.
Thus our two States, we may one Empire call.
He said no more, but this affected all:
Each on the hostile Ranks casting his Eyes,
A Friend, a Kinsman, or a Brother spies;
They wonder how their greedy anger grew,
In their own blood their weapons to embrew;
And this reflection on each brow did write,
Heat for the choice, and horror for the Fight.
At length this offer through the Squadrons born,
On these conditions the wish'd peace was sworn;
Three fight for each, but the Commanderstake
More leisure this important choice to make:
Ours to the Camp, yours to the Senate went.

CAMILLA.

Oh God! how much you study my Content!
CURTIIUS.
'Tis the agreement, that within two hours
Our Champion's Fortune must determine Ours:
Till they are nam'd, we freely go and come,
Rome in our Camp is, and our Camp in Rome:
And since no Orders now access refuse,.
His old acquaintance every man renewes,
I (by my passion led) your Brothers found,
And my Love since with such success is Crown'd,
That now your Father's word my hope allows;
We shall to-morrow joyn our Marriage Vows;
You'll not, I trust, dispute what he commands.

CAMILLA.
A Daughter's duty in obedience stands,
CURTIIUS.
Come then that pleasing Order now receive,
Which must an end to all my sufferings give.
CAMILLA.
I go, in hope my Brothers there to see,
And know the Period of our Misery.

JULIA.
Be that your way, the Temple shall be mine,
Where for you both, I'll praise the powers divine.

Exeunt.

AII. SCEN. I.

Horace, and Curtius.

CURTIIUS.
This Rome hath not divided her esteem,
Another choice to her unjust would seem:
You, and your Brothers, this proud City calls,
The greatest Soldiers that are in her Walls;
And whilst before all, she you three preeters,
She all our Hous' es braves with one of hers;
And one may think as this Election runs,

Ddédd

Rome
Rome hath no Souldiers, but your Fathers Sons:
By this, three Families must raise their Name,
And nobly consecrate themselves to Fame:
Yes, by this choice we so much Honour see
Giv'n to one House, as might Eternize three;
And since in yours, my Fortune and my Flame
Hath plac'd a Sister, and a Wife does claim,
You justly may expect Concerns in me,
From what I am, and what I am to be:
But yet another reason does constrain
My Joy, and mingles with it much of pain;
For your fam'd courage to that pitch is flown,
That Alba's fall already I bemoan,
Her lost is certain now; and naming you,
Ev'n Destiny her self hath sworn it too.
In this Election I read Alba's doom,
And count my self a Subject now of Rome.

HORACE.
'Tis Rome, not Alba, your compassion claims,
Viewing whom she rejects, and whom she names;
Her partial favour may her Fortune lose,
Who having so much choice, so ill does chuse:
A thousand braver Sons she had then we,
Who might with more success her Champions be.
But though my ruine in this choice I find,
With noble Pride it elevates my Mind;
My Heart's assurance gathers mighty scope,
And from my little courage, much I hope:
Which howsoever fate intends to treat,
I cannot think my self your Subject yet:
Rome hopes too well of me, and therefore I
Will answer that great trust, or for it dye.
He yet will dye, or vanquish, seldom fails;
That brave despair most commonly prevails:
How e're it be, she never shall obey
Till my last gasp says, I have lost the Day.

CURTIUS.
Alas! my Fortune only calls for Tears,
Since
(81)

Since what my COUNTRY hopes, my friendship fears.
Cruel extremity! Alba must be subdued;
Or else her Triumph with your blood embrew'd,
And all the Glory for which she has fought;
Can onely with so dear a Life be bought!
What can I wish, or what event desire,
Since either so much sorrow will require?
And every way I see my hopes deny'd.

HORACE.

Would you regret me if for Rome I dy'd?
A Death so noble, lovely does appear,
And is too glorious to endure a Tear:
Nay I should court it, and my ruine be<br>
if Rome by my defeat would suffer less.

CURTIUS.

But yet you may allow your friends to fear
What will to them at least be so severe;
They suffer in your glory, and one fate
Makes you immortal, them unfortunate.
He loathes all, who such a friend must lose.

But hither Flavius comes, and brings us news.
Hath Alba's Council yet her Champions chose?

SCEN. II.

Horace, Curtius, Flavius.

FLAVIUS.

I come to tell you.

CURTIUS.

Well, and who are those?

FLAVIUS.

You, and your Brothers.

CURTIUS.

Who?

FLAVIUS.

Ev'n they, and you:

But
(82)

But why so stern, and so unpleas’d a brow?
Does this offend you?

CURTIUS.

No, but does surprize;
The honour much above my merit flies.

FLAVIUS.

Must the Dictator (who me hither sent)
Be told you hear it with this discontent?
This cold reception me too does surprize.

CURTIUS.

Tell him in spite of loves and friendships ties,
Yet Curtius, and his Brothers mean to fight
Against the Horaces, for Alba’s Right.

FLAVIUS.

Against them! ’tis too much I but tell me how.

CURTIUS.

Carry my answer back, and leave me now.

Exeunt Flavius

SCENE. III.

Horace, and Curtius.

CURTIUS.

Let Heaven, and Earth, and Hell, now all engage
To act against us their united rage;
Let Gods, and Men, and Fate, and Devil too,
Prepare against us all that they can do;
Yet to reduce us to a worse Estate,
I dare defy Heaven, Earth, and Hell, and Fate:
Honour itself, hath somewhat left to sever
Then this our dismal Honour does appear.

HORACE.

Fortune hath careful of our Glory been,
And gives a noble Scene to shew it in;
Laboriously she forms us a distress
Somewhat proportion’d to our Courage:
No vulgar thought she does in us survey,

And
(§)

And therefore treat us in no common way.
For publick safety to ataque a foe,
And singly fight a man we do not know,
is what a vulgar vertue may beget,
Thousands have done it, and may do it yet;
Who would not for their Country lose their breath?
Nay would not faction grow for such a death?
But to reign her all that can be dear,
And from our bosoms half our hearts to tear;
With a destructive fury to pursue
A Sitter's Lover, a Wife's Brother too,
And breaking all these knots to fight with him,
Whose life we would, without own blood redeem;
This is a vertue only fit for us,
And for which few will be solicitous:
Few men have hearts of that exalted frame,
That dare at such a rare pretend to Fame.

C U R T I U S.

'Tis true, time never shall our names deface,
And we the brave occasion must embrace;
Of a rare Vertue we shall mirrour be,
But yours seems somewhat barbarous to me:
There are not many Heros would grow vain
By thistharsh way, Eternity to gain.
How much soe'er you prize that empty node,
Obscurity were now the better choice:
I dare avow it, and you might have seen
I have not doubtful in my duty been:
Nor could my friendship, nor my love prevail,
To hold my Mind in an uncertain Scale.
But since my Country by her Vote does shew
She values me as much as yours does you:
I hope to do, what you, or dare, or can,
My Heart's as great, but I am still a man.
I see my death alone your Fame secures,
And that my honour lies in acing yours;
I must shed blood, with which I would combine,
So crosse are all my Country's Stars to mine:

E e e e

Though
Though no weak terror can my heart diswade,
Yet dismal horror does it now invade;
I mourn my fate, and envy theirs that are
Already swallow'd by this greedy War.
I would not call this fad, fierce honour back,
Which can't o'erthrow the heart it does attaque;
What I gain thence I like, mourn what I miss,
And if Rome calls for firmer thoughts than this,
I thank the Gods that I no Roman am,
Left all things humane I should then disclaim.

HORACE.

Though you're no Roman, yet deserve to be,
And better shew how much you equal me;
That solid Virtue which I make my boast,
By any weaker tincture would be lost:
His race of Honour is but ill design'd,
Who at first start begins to look behind;
Our suffering to the highest pitch is brought,
I can see through it, but I tremble not.
Where e'er my Country will my arm employ,
I must accept it with implicit joy;
The glory of receiving such Commands,
Every reflection but it self withstands;
He who room then for other thoughts can find,
Does what he ought with too remiss a mind;
That sacred tie, must others uncreate,
Rome arming me, Inothing must debate;
Nor did I wed thy Sister with more joy,
Than now I'll seek her Brother to destroy:
And this superfluous language to give o'er,
Y're Alba's choice, nor must I know you more.

Curtius.

Yet to my torment, I must still know you,
But this rough Virtue yet I never knew;
And in this sad extremity of Fate
Let me admire it, but not imitate.

HORACE.

No, no, embrace not Virtue by constraint;

And
And since you find such pleasure in complaint,
Freely enjoy it, and for your content,
My Sisiter comes to help you to lament:
I'll visit yours, and hope to make her know
What generous things becomes my Wife to do;
That if I fall, she may to you be kind,
And bear her sorrows with a Roman mind.

SCEN. IV.

Horace, Curious, Camilla.

Horace to Camilla.
Know you how glorious Curious is to be?

CAMILLA.
Alas! how treacherous is my Destiny!

HORACE.
Now by your constancy your birth confess,
And if my death allow him the success,
Let him not be your Brother's Murderer thought,
But a brave man that does but what he ought,
Who serves his Country nobly, and does show
By that great way how much he merits you;
Conclude your match as if I were alive:
But if this Sword shall him of life deprive,
My conquest then with equal candour use,
Nor of your Lover's death my hand accuise.
I see your grief by your approaching tears,
Exhale with him your sorrows and your fears;
Quarrel with Heaven and Earth, of Fate complain,
But the fight done, no more regret the slain.
You but a minute must with her bestow, (To Curious
And then where Honour calls us let us go.

SCEN.
SCEN. V.

Camilla, Curtius,

CAMILLA.
But wilt thou go, and this sad Fame possess
At the expense of all our happiness?

CURTIUS.
Alas! what 'ere I do, I find that I
Must by my grief, if not by Horace, die;
But as my Torture I this Honour see,
And curse the favour Alba does to me,
I hate that courage which the solemns,
Nay my despairing passion impious seems,
And dares accuse the gods for all this woe,
I mourn our Fortune, but yet I must go.

CAMILLA.
No, thou would'st have me all my interest use,
And thee to Alba by my power excuse:
Thy former Acts have thee so famous made,
That to thy Country all thy debts are paid;
None better hath than thou the War upheld,
Nor with more deaths cover'd the guilty field.
Thy Name can be no greater than it is,
Suffer some other now ennoble his.

CURTIUS.
What shall my Honour others Temples see
Bound with those Laws the Fame prepares for me:
Or by Posterity shall it be thought,
Alba had conquer'd, if I would have fought?
No, since to me she dares entrust her doom,
She shall by me or fall, or overcome:
A good account I'll of her Fortune give,
And die with honour, or with conquest live.

CAMILLA.
But to betray me then, thy love endures?

CURTIUS.
I was my Country's ere I could be yours.
CAMILLA.
Wilt thou thy Sisters misery create,
And widow her? —
CURTIUS.
Such is my cruel Fate:
Brother and Sister, names so sweet before,
By Alba's choice, and Rome's, are so no more.
CAMILLA.
Wilt thou present me with my Brother's head,
And on that step mount to the Bridal bed?
CURTIUS.
All I dare think (so dear my name will cost)
Is still to love, though all my hope be lost.
You weep my Dear —
CAMILLA.
How can I tears avoid,
Who by my cruel Lover am destroy'd?
When Hymen would his kindled Torch have lent,
He puts out that, to dig my Monument;
This savage heart, my ruine can decree,
And says he loves, when yet he murders me.
CURTIUS.
How eloquent are tears from eyes we love!
How strong does Beauty with that succour prove!
My heart dissolves at such a mournful sight,
Nor against that can all my vertue fight:
Strike not my Fame in this subduing shape,
But let my honour from your tears escape;
I feel it shake, and scarce defend the place;
For Curtius to the Lover yields space;
With Friendship it hath had enough to do,
And must it strive with Love, and Pity too?
Go, love me not, nor one tear more expose
For him that dares offend such charms as those;
I better with your anger should have fought,
And to deserve it all, I love you not:
Punish this treacherous, this ingrateful heart,
At such an injury do you not fret?
FFF
I do not love you, can you me endure?
Needs there more yet? my Faith I here abjure.
O! rigid Virtue! at whose shrine I fall,
Must thou a Crime to thy assistance call?

CAMILLA.

Commit no more, and I the gods attest,
My love shall not be les'd, but encreas'd,
My kindness shall ev'n in thy falsehood live,
All but a Brother's death I can forgive:
Why am I Roman? or why art thou none?
That I my self might put thy Laurels on;
I should thy valour heighten not forbid,
And treat thee just as I my Brother did:
But ah! how blind I now those vows esteem,
Since against thee were all I made for him!
But he returns, O! may Sabina be
More prevalent with him than I'm with thee.

SCEN. VI.

Curtius, Camilla, Horace, Sabina.

CURTIUS.

Sabina too! my heart to undermine,
And with Camilla must you Sifler join?
Leaving her tears her Brother to attack,
Hope you by yours to call my purpose back?

SABINA.

No Brother, no, I only visit you
To give you my embrace and last adieu;
Your blood's too good, nor need you apprehend
From me what can your great resolves offend;
If either were by this brave shock o'rethrown,
He that first yielded, I should first disown.
But may not I one favour beg of you,
Worthy this Brother, and this Husband too?
I wish your quarrel might let impious grow,
And would refine the glory of the blow;

That
That free from guilt, it might no splendour miss,
I would fain make you lawful Enemies:
The sole link am of your sacred knot,
Which will unty, as soon as I am not;
Break then the chain whereon that alliance grows,
And since your Honour now will have you Foes,
Buy by my death right to each others hate,
And Rome's and Albion's Vote legitimate;
Your hand destroying, his revenging me,
Your Combats will appear no Prodigy;
And one at last will justly make his life,
That he may right his Sister, or his Wife:
But what? you think our Fame would be lost bright,
If for another quarrel you should fight:
Your Country's cause will no new heats admit,
Did you love less, you would act less for it.
A Brother you must kill, a lov'd one too,
Well then, defer not what you ought to do,
But by his Sister him begin to kill,
Or by his Wife his blood begin to spill;
And Sabina's blood, if her you prize,
Make your own lives the braver sacrifice:
You are a Foe to Rome, to Albayou,
And my aversion to them both is due.
What must I live to such a Victory,
Whose highest triumph will but let me see
A Brother, or a Husband Lawrels wear,
Reeling with blood that is to me so dear?
How shall I then decide my inward strife,
Or well express the Sister and the Wife?
The Conqueror embrace, the conquer'd grieve?
No, no, Sabina's death shall her relieve,
From whomsoe'er my grief that blow procures,
And my hands must bestow it, if not yours.
Go then, what does your savage hearts restrain,
Against your will, I may desire shall gain,
For you no sooner shall begin your blows,
But you shall see this bondy interpose:

Nor
(90)

Nor shall your impious swords your rage pursue,
Unless through me they make their way to you.

HORACE.

O Wife!

CURTIUS.

O Sister!

CAMILLA.

Courage! they dissolve!

SABINA.

What can you figh? paleness your cheek involve?
What makes you shrink? are these the hearts so brave
Who in their bands the fates of Empire have?

HORACE.

Tell me Sabina what thy quarrel is,
That could deserve so sharp revenge as this.
Or against thee, what could my honour doe,
That thou shouldst it so cruelly pursue?
But be content I'have forc'd it to a Bay,
And let me finish this important day;
Thou hast o're me a strange advantage got,
But as thou lov'st thy Husband triumph not;
Go then, a doubtful Victory were here unfit,
'Tis shame enough to have dispatch'd it.
O let me bravely end my days at least.

SABINA.

Go, fear not me, thy party is encras'd.

SCEN.
SCEN. VII.

Old Horace, and all the rest.

Old HORACE.

How's this my Sons? trifling with Women's charms, When Rome and Albà call you to your Arms? You must shed blood, then why should tears surprise? But from th' infectious sorrow of their Eyes:
For if you play their cunning tenderness, Will on you both, obtain the first success; And in such Wars to flee is to subdue.

SABINA.

Fear nothing, Sir, they are too worthy you In spight of us, you in them both shall see, All that your Sons, and Son-in-law should be; If our tears could an impression give, We'll them to your severer virtue leave. Come Sister, come, let's no more sorrow lose, These Rocks will still resist such floods as these; 'Tis to despair alone that we must flee; Go Tygers fight, we'll find a way to die.

SCEN. VIII.

Old Horace, Young Horace, Cartius.

Young HORACE.

Sir, by your prudence their escape prevent, Or they'll pursue us with their discontent; And with a noise unwelcome and abrupt, Their love and grief our fight will interrupt, Which may give envy a pretence to fickle Upon our names, that poor and craggy rock.

Ggggg

And
(92)
And our great choice would be too dearly bought,
If we were charg'd with one unworthy thought.
   Old HORACE.
I shall be careful, go, your Brothers stay,
Think only what your Countries claim to day.
   CURTIUS.
How shall I bid adieu, or by what art—
   Old HORACE.
Ah! do not quite dissolve my trembling heart,
My tongue so sad a farewell does deny,
Nor can my heart thoughts strong enough supply:
See! ev'n my Eyes swell with unwilling tears,
Go, do your parts, and let the gods do theirs.

ACT III. SCEN. I.

Salina alone.

Must my party choose in this sad strife,
And either be all Sister, or all Wife;
I've no more vain divided cares express,
But somewhat wish, and fear a little less:
Yet ah! what party in this dismal Fate?
Can I a Husband, or a Brother hate?
Nature and love for each does intercede,
And sense of Honour for them both does plead:
Let their sublimer thoughts yet govern mine,
And so my different duties will combine:
Their Honour is the Object I adore,
Their Virtue imitate, and fear no more.
Since there's such beauty in the death they court,
I must unmoved encounter the report,
And no more think my Fate compassion wants,
But weigh the Cause, and not the Combatants:
The Conquerors I'll with that gladness view,
As will from all their Family be due;
And not reflecting at whose blood's expense,
Their Virtues raise them to that eminence,
I'll in their Houses fame concern'd appear;
Here I am Wife, and am a Daughter there;
And to each party am so strictly tied,
That I must be on the triumphant side:
Fortune though thou art audacious in thy spight,
Yet I have learn'd thence to extract delight;
And now can scarlet's fire the sight, the pain
Without despair, the Victor without pain.
Flattering delusion! sweet, but gross deceit;
My labouring Spirits, weak and flying, cheat;
By whose false light my dazzled Soul's misled,
Alas how quickly is my comfort fled!
A flash of Lightning thus relieves the sight,
Making that darker by its hasty flight;
As their faint beams of joy my Soul betray'd,
But to involve it in a thicker shade:
For Heav'n which saw my griefs, by this decrease,
Hath dearly told me this short minutes peace,
And my griev'd heart from no one wound is free'd,
At which a Husband, or a Brother bleed;
Which did reflection so much terror draw;
I only view the Actors, not the Cause;
Nor can the Conquerors fame suit my thought,
But to remember with whose Blood 'twas bought;
The vanquish'd Family claims all my care,
Here I'm a Wife, and am a Daughter there,
And to each party am so strictly tied,
That I must be on the unhappy side.
Is this the Peace I thought to long deferred?
And thus great Gods have you my Prayers heard?
What Thunder-bolts then can your anger find,
Since y' are thus cruel when you would be kind?

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SCEN. II.

Sabina and Julia.

SABINA.
Is it done Julia? and what fatal news?
Must I a Husband or a Brother lose?
Or to their impious Arms does this befall,
That angry Heav'n has sacrifice'd them all?
And left my honour for the conquering side
Should ease my woes, must that too be deny'd?

JULIA.
To what is past are you a stranger yet?

SABINA.
I am; and can you be surpriz'd at it?
Know you not Julia, that the House you see,
A Prison for Camilla is and me?
They here confine us both, and are afraid
Our pious tears their fury should dissipate,
And that the sorrows of our spotless love,
Should in both Armies some compassion move.

JULIA.
They needed not such Orators as you,
For they were hinder'd at their interview:
No sooner they appear'd prepar'd to fight,
But either Army murmur'd at the sight,
To see such friends, persons so dear ally'd,
Their Country's quarrel chosen to decide;
This man's with pity, that with honour stir'd,
Another highly their brave heart admir'd;
One with his prais'd imps their spacious Fame,
Another calls it by a guilty Name.
But yet their different thoughts have but one Voice,
To blame their Leaders, and detest the choice.
All did this barbarous Combat so condemn,
That with united hate they parted them.

SABINA.
(95)

S A B I N A.

O Gods! what Incense my Contentment owes!
JULIA.

Stay yet Sabina, ere you pay your Vows;
You may increase your hopes, abate your fears,
But there's enough still to deserve your Tears.
In vain, alas! the Champions they would save;
For they remain as obstinate as brave;
And their ambitious Souls were so much touch'd
With the great Glory which they now approach'd,
That what the Soldiers pity'd they adore'd,
And seem affronted, when they are deplo'rd:
They think that kindness does their fame no right,
And with both Armies they will rather fight,
And by the hands that sever'd them be stain,
Than give their Countreys honours back again.

S A B I N A.

Can so much cruelty their bosoms fill!

JULIA.

It did, but yet both Armies murmur'd still,
And universally their purpose held
To ask new Champions, or a general Field:
The Leaders presence they no longer fear'd,
Their power scarce valu'd, or their Voices heard.
Th' amazed King this mischief to oppose,
Since every one (says he) enraged grows,
Let us on this consult the powers above;
What impious man dare's their command disown;
When they in sacrifice have made it known?
He us'd no more words, but these were commands;
They snatch the Arms from the six Champions hands,
And that blind thirst of Fame they so intend,
Sence of Religion does a while suspend;
By some new scruple, or a great respect,
Our Princes Countrel they resolve to effect;
Which in both Camps so great a Reverence found,
As if both Nations had our Tullus Crown'd.
The Victims death will give us farther light.

Hhh h S A-
SABINA.
The Gods will never own that Guilty Fight:
From this delay some new hopes may be drawn,
And sure my happiness begins to dawn.

SCEN. III.
Camilla, Sabina, Julia.

SABINA.
I have news Sisiter, that will please you much.

CAMILLA.
I think I know it, if you call it such;
My Father heard it now, and so did I,
But nothing thence my hopes can fortify:
This delay'd mischief threatens further blows,
And does but lengthen our too certain woes;
And by the hinderance of this new Content,
Our tears are but suspended, not supprest.

SABINA.
This Tumult was not vainly Sisiter inspir'd.

CAMILLA.
But vainly they have of the Gods enquir'd:
For the same Gods guided our Princes choice,
Nor speak they often in the Peoples Voice;
Their counsel shines not in a Vulgar Breast,
But Kings that represent them know it best;
In whose Suprem Authority we see
A secret Ray of their Divinity.

JULIA.
You will contribute to your own distress
To seek their will, but in their Oracles;
And that which yesterday relied your Care,
May serve to day to banish your despair.

CAMILLA.
An Oracle is so wrap'd up in doubt,
The more we guess, the less we find it out:

There's
There's nothing certain in't but this remark,
Who thinks all clear, must know that all is dark.

S A B I N A.

Let's give our confidence a larger scope,
And entertain a reasonable hope;
When Heaven begins to grant what we have sought,
They that distrust its smiles deserve them not;
We hinder often what we so suspect,
And send back comfort by that rude neglect.

C A M I L L A.

Heaven governs us, without our own consents,
And we are passive in those great events.
J U L I A.

Hope then with me, that when we meet again,
A gentle theme our thoughts shall entertain,
And that this evening with a warm embrace,
We for your marriage only shall prepare.

S A B I N A.

I hope as much.

C A M I L L A.

'Tis more than I dare do.

J U L I A.

Th' event will shew us whose presage is true.

S C E N. IV.

Sabina, Camilla.

S A B I N A.

Sister, your sorrows I must needs condole,
Unless their causes did more warrant them;
What would you do, and at what rate lament,
Had you my reason for your discontent,
And if from what these fatal arts design,
Your losses could be thought as great as mine?

C A M I L L A.

Let both our sorrows equally be known,
(98)

For we are all too partial to our own;
But when compared to my distress'd extremities,
your griefs will seem but melancholy dreams:
A Husband's danger is your only care,
With whom your Brothers never can compare;
When to another Family ally'd,
From our own kinred we are quite unty'd:
Parents with Husbands no dispute admit,
To follow these, we those can gladly quit:
But love when by a Father's will made good,
Is less than marriage, yet not less than blood;
And so betwixt them our concern is tost,
Our choice suspended, and our wishes loft.
But you may find a way amidst your fears,
To raise your wishes, and restrain your tears:
When if Heav'n still its cruelty intend,
I can wish nothing, but all apprehend.

SABINA

Against each other when such foes are bent,
There's small conviction in your argument;
For blood as well as marriage is a knot,
We quit our kinred, but forget them not.
Never does Hymen Nature undermine,
Who loves her Husband, does not hate her Line.
Since neither tye will their pretensions lose,
When life's concern'd, one knows not what to chuse;
On this side, and on that, by turns we fall,
Extremity of sorrow equals all:
Whereas a Lover most esteem'd, is still
But a dependent on your sovereign will,
And a capricious or a jealous hour
May make your rigour equal to your power:
What fancie can, your reason may persuade,
So love no more will Nature's rights invade;
For'tis a crime to pay no more respect
To tye's born with us, than these we elect.
Thus if Heav'n's angry cloud will farther spread,
I nothing have to hope, but all to dread.

But
(99)
But duty offers, (to dry up your Tears)
Aim for your wishes, Limits for your fears
CAMILLA.
Ah! Sister, I perceive your settled Heart
Never knew Love, nor felt his venom'd Dart:
At first indeed we may the Boy resist,
Who once receiv'd, can never be dismiss'd;
When Duty to his flame does fuel bring,
He grows a Tyrant from a Lawful King;
He enters gently, but by force he reigns;
And when a heart once wears his golden chains,
To cast them off our wills too weak are grown;
Because that will no longer is our own:
The fetters glitter, but are fetters still—

SCENE V.

Old Horace, Sabina, Camilla:

Old HOR.
Daughters I bring you news that's very ill;
But it would be in vain now to forbear,
Since you the fatal story soon must hear.
Your Brothers fight—for so the Gods ordain.
S A B.
I must confess it horror does contain;
And the Divinity had once my trust
To be more kind at least, if not more just.
Comfort us not, for reason tedious grows,
When such a tide of sorrow 't would oppose:
In our own hands, our remedy we have;
For who dares dye, may all misfortunes brave.
Perhaps we our despair might seem to scorn,
And with false constancy our selves adorn;
But when without a blush we may admit
Of grief, 'twere weakness to dissemble it:

I ii

We
(100)

We to your Sex can such a cunning Spare,
And will pretend only to what we are;
Nor expect we a courage of your grain
Should sloop by our example to complain:
Receive this cruel News without a groan,
Behold our tears, and never mix your own;
And in a Fortune that is so forlorn,
Be still unmoved, but suffer us to mourn.

OLD HORACE.

I think your tears so due to your distress,
That all my Courage scarce can mine suppress;
And ev'n that Virtue might surrender too,
Were I as much concern'd in it, as you.
Not that the Alban choice makes me so firm,
To rob your Brothers of my first concern;
But friendship would in vain pretend to sway,
When Love and Nature will dispute the Day;
And my heart no such tenderness receives,
By which a Sister, or a Mistress grieves;
I can look on them as the publick Foes,
And give my Sons, my undivided Vows;
I thank the Gods their Country without shame
May assert them, as they have done their Fame;
I saw what Glory all their Bows adorn'd,
When the compassion of both Camps they scorn'd;
If any weakness had that pity sought,
Nay had they nor absolv'd so poor a thought,
My arm for such a wrong to Vengeance bent,
Had punish'd that degenerate content.
But when the Field would needs the choice renew,
I must confess, I then desir'd it too,
And if relenting Heav'n had heard my voice,
Alba had been reduc'd to other choice;
The Horaces had then triumphant stood
With Swords unblam'd in the Curtian Blood,
And by a Combat left to Nature's shame,
Had sav'd the Honour of the Roman name.
But otherwise the mighty Gods design,

And
And their high pleasure must determine mine.
With generous thoughts I build my great resolve,
And in the pub'iek Int'rest mine involve;
Take you that course to stop your forrows growth,
Rememb'ring this: that you are Romans both.
*You are by birth, what* you by vows became to Caus.
And there's a noble Fortune in that Name. *to Sab.
Rome shall hereafter to that Empire grow,
That the whole World shall to her Ensigns bow;
The trembling Universe her Yoke shall bear,
And Kings shall court the Title that you wear.
This our *Eneas* from the Gods obtain'd.

SC EN. VI.

Old Horace, Sabina, Camilla, *Julia*.

Old HOR.

Well, *Julia* know you, who the Day has gain'd?

*Julia.*

I know how Fatally it does conclude,
*Rome* now must stope to *Alba*'s servitude:
Two of your Sons are by the *Alban* slain,
*Sabina*'s Husband only doth remain;
Who startling at this too unequal flight,
Himself preserv'd hath by his speedy flight.

Old HOR.

Ah fearful Courge! heat without a flame!
Thou to thy house hast brought Eternal flame!
I those regret not who for their Country's slain,
But him whose fear sufferers to live; in vain
He hopes by this base act, his Life to save,
I'll quickly send him to his Brother's grave:
I to Revenge am now so fully bent.

My
My steady heart will never it relent.

JULIA.

Can you him blame, in this unequal strife,
When hope is gone, to flye to save his life?
Valour o'repower'd, who will of fear condemn,
To shun that tyde of woes he cannot stem?
What would you have had him done?

HORACE.

Have dy'd,
And spent his life by his brave Brothers side.
Ah treacherous Destiny! that thou shouldst give
A Son to me, Rome's freedom to outlive.
The right, true Courage never will forsake,
When his own Country's freedom lies at stake.

CAMILLA.

But has his hasty flight his life then sav'd?
Is famous Rome by Alba quite enslav'd?

JULIA.

After this passage I made no delay,
To tell you th' news I hastened away.

Old HORACE.

His fearful flight has to my honour stain'd,
That it by him can never be regain'd.

JULIA.

He fled not 'till all hopes were lost and vain,
His want of courage you need not complain.

Old HORACE.

He should have fought still,rouz'd his Valour now,
Trusting to what the Pows above might do;
If he had fallen, he'd had with honour dy'd,
And to his Name eternal Fame had ty'd.
But since he's fled, if I him ever see,
This hand his Execution shall be,
And by that deed shall to the world make known,
At what a rate his aotion I disown.

SABINA.

Ah Sir! a little check this generous heat,
And do not make our miseries compleat.

Old
Old HORACE.

Your grief Sabina can hope endure,
Since our afflications are no longer yours;
Heaven in our Sorrows yet excusing you,
Hath sav'd your Husband, and your Brothers too:
We are betray'd, but they have overcome,
And 'tis your Country hath subje&ed Rome;
And in the lustre of your Brothers fame,
You lose the sight of all our loss and shame:
But your concern for this unworthy Man shall give
You quickly cause as well as us to grieve;
Your tears for him will no protection prove,
For here I swear by all the powers above,
These very hands, ere night invade the day,
Shall in his Blood with Rome's disgrace away. Exi. SABINA.

Let's follow him, left rage his reason blind;
O Gods! and will you never more be kind.
Must every hour new blows to us impart,
And still from hands that much increase the smart?
Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCEN. I.

Old Horace, and Camilla.

Old HORACE.
Go, no more breath for such a Coward lose;
Let him fly me as he has done his foes;
To save that wretched Life he held so dear,
He has done little; if he now appear,
Sabina may prevent it, or I vow
By all the Powers to which we mortals bow----

CAMILLA.
Oh Sir! this cruel thought no more pursue,
Or Rome her self, will kinder be than you,

K k k k

And
And she as much as she by this does lose;
Valour oppress'd by number will excuse.

Old HORACE.

I'm not concern'd what mercy Rome confers,
I have a Father's rights distinct from hers;
And know what genuine Vertue would have done,
It might be wors'd, but not trampled on;
True valour never knows a base allay,
And though it lose, can never yield the day.
But let us hear what does Valerius bring.

SCEN. II.

Old Horace, Camilla, Valerius.

VALERIUS.
I'm sent to wait upon you from the King,
Who mourns your los'd—

Old HORACE.

That merits not his care,
And I the needle's complemt can spare;
My Sons deaths rather than shame would know,
And tears than blushes better can allow;
They that are slain, like men of honour dy'd,
And that's enough—

VAL.

But they are all supply'd
By him that lives, and his immortal Fame.

Old HOR.

Would he had perish'd too, and all my Name!

VAL.

Can only you his Virtue dis-eleem?

Old HOR.

'Tis I alone that ought to punish him.

VAL.

And what offence has in his conduct been?

Old HOR.

But what great Vertue in his flight was seen?

VAL.
Flight in this case wears an illustrious Name.

Old Hor.

Why do you cover my gray hairs with shame?
Th' example's rare indeed! and few would die,
If men could catch bright honour when they flie.

Val.

Do you a shame, and a confusion call,
T' have had a Son who has preserve'd us all;
Who with new triumphs did Rome's Empire save?
What greater honours could a Father have?

Old Hor.

What Honours and what Triumphs brings he home,
When Alba must dispose the Fate of Rome?

Val.

What great success of Alba has appear'd?
Or have you yet but half the story heard?

Old Hor.

Was not the Combat ended by his flight?

Val.

So Alba thought at that mistaken fight,
But she soon found, she fled but as became
A man entrusted with his Country's Fame.

Hor.

Does Rome triumph?

Val.

O! his great story hear;
To whom you so unjustly are leave.
When he against three Foes was left alone,
Each of them having wounds, he having none;
Too weak for all, too strong for either's rage,
He dextrously himself did dis-engage;
The stratagem of seeming flight he try'd,
And so th' abused Brothers does divide;
They all pursue, yet not with equal haste,
But as their wounds permit them, slow or fast:
Horace looks back his scatter'd Foes upon,
Whom he already thinks half overthrown:

He
(106)

He waits your Son-in-law, for he was first;
Who much incens'd to see that so he durst,
His utmost braving does in vain express,
For his loft Blood denies him the success;
Alba, whose hopes with Curtius Strength decay'd,
Soon his next Brother summons to his aid,
Who hastening to his rescue finds too late,
He was preceded by his Brother's fate.

C A M I L I A.

Alas!

V A L E R I U S.

Yet breathless his revenge begun,
But quickly gives new conquest to your son;
Who soon defeated all the Arts he try'd,
And laid him gasping by his Brothers side:
The Air resounds with noises thither sent
From Romam joy, and Alban discontent.
Our Hero, when so near his triumph drew,
Not only conquers now, but braves them too:
I to my Brothers shades give what is past,
But to thee Rome I sacrifice this last;
Accept dear Country, this so noble Blood,
(Says he,) and strive to make his promise good.
The victory did scarce admit suspense,
The wounded Alban making small defence,
But as a Victim to the Altar goes,
And his Throat offers to the deadly blows;
So he gave up his undefended breath,
Securing Rome's Dominion by his Death.

Old H O R A C E.

O! my brave Son! true heir of all renown,
Onely supporter of a falling Crown!
O Virtue worthy of Rome's boast and mine!
Thy Country's success, glory of thy Line!
When into tenderness shall I convert,
All my injustice to thy great defect?
When shall I my repeating kindness shew,
And with glad tears bathe thy victorious Brow!

V A L.
VA L.

That your Endearments may soon find a place,
The King will hasten him to your Embrace;
And therefore till to morrow is delay’d
The Sacrifice which must to heav’n be paid;
This day no other Gratitude allows,
But Songs of Triumph, and the publick Vows;
Where Horace waits the King, by whom I’m lent
To ease your Grief, and heighten your content:
But this is not enough for him to pay,
He’ll come himself, and that perhaps to day.
"This noble action does oblige him so,
That his own thanks he will on you bestow,
Who have resign’d your Sons to save his Throne.

Old H O R.

That honour is too great for me to own;
And I’m requited, by what you have said,
For all the Blood my Sons have spilt or shed.

VA L.

The King, who no imperfect bounty knows,
His ren’d Scepter from insulting Foes
Values so much, that all that he can do,
He thinks below either your Son or You:
But I shall tell him with what noble fire
Heroick Vertue does your Soul inspire;
And how much Loyal Zeal to him you bear.

Old H O R.

You’ll much oblige me by so kind a care.

---

SC E N. III.

Old Horace, Camilla.

Old H O R.

Daughter, your Tears are out of season now,
And misbecome the place where Honours grow;

L I I I

Do-
Domestick losses we may well excuse,
When they do publick Victories produce:
It is enough, Rome does one Albas way,
And all our sufferings that one word must pay:
You but a man lost when your Love fell;
Whom you may quickly now repair as well.
What noble Roman after this success,
But would be proud to make you an address?
But to Sibilla this news must bear,
Whose blow must needs be very rude to her;
And her three Brothers by her Husband slain,
Will give her much more reason to complain:
But I despair not to appease her yet,
And she who is so brave, and so sincere,
Will without pain her generous Soul dispose
To that submission which her honour owes.
Till when suppress your grief you now relent,
Nor entertain him with this discontent:
In brief, let him a Sister meet, and find
In the same blood, the same heroick mind.

SCEN. IV.
CAMILLA.

Yes, I shall quickly to that Brother prove,
That none can fear to die, who dares to love;
Nor can submit to those stern Parents I lay,
Whom cruel Heav’n condemns us to obey.
You blame my grief, you call it mean and poor,
But in revenge I’ll cherish it the more.
Relentless Father! and my tears shall flow,
Till their streams rapid as their causes grow;
Never did Fortune hit her treacherous part
So many times to break a single heart;
Sometimes she flatter’d, and sometimes did fright;
Never in one day, did one heart appear.

So
So toss’d, from grief to joy, from hope to fear:
An Oracle affur’d, a Dream torments,
The Battel threatens, and the Peace contents.
Just on my Marriage Eve, the Cities chioe
My Lover and my Brother to be Foes:
The Soldiers murmur, and revoke the choice,
The gods again confirm it by their voice;
Rome seems subdu’d, and with my Brothers blood,
My Curtius only unpollured flood.
But did my Heart too little grief contain,
To see my Country floop, and Brothers slain?
Or did my Fancy give too large a scope,
To love yet guiltless, and yet living hope?
His death revenges on me that abuse,
With the sad way wherein I heard the news:
Valerius tells it, and to brave my Fate,
The sad event does odiously relate:
An open gladness did his village dress,
Left by Rome’s glory caus’d than my distress;
Since by his Rival’s death his hopes renew,
He seems to share my Brother’s triumph too.
But this is nothing to my present woe,
I am requir’d, with joy, to meet the blow:
Into the Conqueror must my praise impart,
And kis a hand that flabre me to the heart:
And when my grief so justly great appears,
They place an infamy upon my tears:
I must rejoice at what afflicts me thus,
And to be noble, must be barbarous.
But from this Father I’ll degenerate,
And will deserve this gallant Brother’s hate:
For humane frailty sure illustrious grows,
When brutishness, for vertue they impose.
Appear my griefs, why should you now forbear,
When all is lost, what hath one left to fear?
This savage Conqueror I will not flye,
But will upbraid him with his Victory;
Offend his Conquest, irritate his rage,
And if ould can, let that my grief asswage:
He comes, let my just sorrow now disclose,
What to a Lover slain a Mistrel's owes.

SCEN. V.

Horace, Camilla.

HORACE.
Sirter, this arm our Brothers has reveng'd,
And Rome's declining Destiny has chang'd;
Has to Rome's Iway subjenctd Allia's Fate,
And in one day dispos'd of either State.
Behold what Trophies I have won, and pay
What's due from you to such a glorious day.

CAMILLA.
Receive my tears then, which are all I owe.

HORACE.
Rome in her Triumphs will not those allow:
Bloud hath too well appeas'd our Brothers slaine,
For you by tears to wash away their slaine.
A loss that is reveng'd, should be forgot.

CAMILLA.
Since then our hapless Brothers need them not,
I shall not think my tears to them are due,
Who are so fully satisfied by you.
But who will make my happiness return?
Or call that Lover back for whom I mourn?

HORACE.

How's that?

CAMILLA.
My Currins, ah too brave! too dear!

HORACE.

Ha! what are those audacious words I hear?
Can my degenerate Sitter then retain
Love for a publick Foe, whom I have slain?
Thy guilty passion to revenge aspires,
But govern better thy unjust desires;
Remove my blushes, and thy flame suppress,
And be in love only with my success:
Let these great Trophies thy delight confine.

CAMILLA.

Give me, Barbarian, then, a heart like thine;
And since my thoughts I cannot more disclaim,
Restore my Curtius, or excuse my flame;
All my delight, with his dear life is fled,
I lov'd him living, and lament him dead.
If thou the Sifer seekst thou left'st behind,
An injur'd Mistress only thou wilt find,
Who like a Fury still must thee pursue,
And still reproach thee with his murd'ring too.
Inhumane Brother! who forbid'st my tears,
To whom my ruine such a joy appears:
Who of thy cruel slaughters growing vain,
Wouldst have me kill my Curtius o'er again:
May such incessant forrows follow thee,
That thou may'st be reduc'd to envy me,
And by some wretched action soon deface,
Thy so ador'd, and yet so brutish Name.

HORACE.

O Heavens! who ever saw such raging love!
Believ'st thou nothing can my temper move?
And in my blood can this flame permit?
Love, love that blow which so ennobles it;
And the remembrance of one man resign,
To th' interests of Rome, if not to mine.

CAMILLA.

To Rome! the only object of my hate!
To Rome! whose quarrel caus'd my Lover's fate!
To Rome! where thou was born, to thee so dear,
Whom I abhor, 'cause she does thee revere.
May all her neighbours, in one knot combine,
Her yet unsure foundations undermine;
And if Italian forces seem too small,

Mmmm

May
May East and West conspire to make her fall;
And all the Nations of the barbarous World,
To ruin her, o' re Hills and Seas be hurl'd:
Nor these loath'd Walls may her own fury spare,
But with her own hands her own bowels tear;
And may Heaven's anger kindled by my wo,
Whole deluges of fire upon her throw;
May my eyes see her Temples overturn'd,
These Houses ashes, and thy Lawrels burn'd;
See the last gasp which the last Roman draws,
And die with joy for having been the cause.

HORACE.

CAMILLA.
Ah Traitor! —

HORACE.
Perish, and be that their doom,
Who dare lament an Enemy of Rome.

SCEN. VI.

Horace, Proculus.

PROCLUS.
What have you done?

HORACE.
An honourable act,
Such an offence does such revenge exact.

FINIS.