Katherine Fowler Philips (1632-1664) was born and educated in London. At the age of sixteen, she married James Philips, whose family had prominent gentry connections throughout Pembrokeshire and Cardiganshire. James' positions in Cromwell's government often brought Katherine back to London where she and her friends socialized at the home and salon of Henry Lawes (former court musician and band leader). Her songs were performed at Lawes' concerts and found their way into editions of his songbooks printed in the 1650s. This inner circle of friends and family served as both the inspiration and audience for her early friendship poetry. When Charles II returned to England in 1661, James lost his government positions and was exiled to his family seat in Cardigan. During this time, Katherine appears to have worked her royalist connections to cultivate a strong friendship with courtier Sir Charles Cotterell. With his help, Katherine's verse became popular at White Hall, providing a spring board to a career as a print poet and translator. With the material aid of Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery, and other Irish courtiers, Katherine staged and printed her translation of Corneille's rhyming tragedy *Pompey* in Dublin and in London. After this success, Sir Charles Cotterell and Lady Mary Aubrey Montagu worked hard to find James a position in Charles II's government, so that Katherine could return to London to further her writing career. Katherine Philips, on the verge of great success, died in London of smallpox while at work on her translation of Corneille's *Horace*.


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Notes on Transcription: This edition's pagination differs from previous editions (1667 and 1678). However, there are few substantial differences.

i.
Conventions: Titles are those given in the text transcribed. Poems are numbered first by their order of placement in Patrick Thomas’s Volume I: The Poems vol. 1 of The Collected Poems of Katherine Philips, The Matchless Orinda. Stump Cross, Essex: Stump Cross Press, 1990. The second number in parentheses represents the order of the poems in the text transcribed. The pagination is that of the text transcribed.
Upon the double Murther of King CHARLES I.
in Answer to a Libellous Copy of Rhimes by
Vavasor 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; so this is a Cause
That will excuse the Breach of Nature's Laws.
Silence were now a Sin, nay Passion now
Wise Men themselves for Merit would allow.
What noble Eye could see (and careless pass)
The dying Lion kick'd by ev'ry Ass?
Has Charles so broke God’s Laws, he must not have
A quiet Crown, nor yet a quiet Grave?
Tombs have been Sanctuaries; Thieves lye 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 Right they had withstood.
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.
Tho’ you have seiz’d upon all our Defence,
Yet do not sequester our common Sense.
Christ will be King, but I ne’er understood
His Subjects built his Kingdom up with Blood,
Except their own; or that he would dispense
With his Commands, tho’ for his own Defence.
Oh! to what height of horrour are they come
Who dare pull down a Crown, tear up a Tomb?

2

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-e'er it mov'd, was Rome.
They that asserted thy Just Cause 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 Sand:
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 (tho' 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, (said he) to Egypt I
Will go, and see him once before I die.


Whom does this stately Navy bring?
O! '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 prophesie 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 engrost;
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 bow 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 Heav'n, his secret potent Friend,
Did him from Drugs and Stabs defend;
And, what’s more yet, kept him upright,  
’Midst flatt’ring Hope and bloody Fight.  
*Cromwell* his whole Right never gain’d,  
*Defender of the Faith* remain’d;  
For which his Predecessors sought,  
And writ, but none so dearly bought.  
Never was Prince so much besieg’d,  
At home provok’d, abroad oblig’d;  
Nor ever Man resisted thus,  
No not great *Athanasius.*  
No help of Friends could, or Foes spight,  
To fierce Invasion him invite.  
Revenge to him no Pleasure is,  
He spar’d their Blood who gap’d for his;  
Blush’d 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 Suff’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.  
Assistant Kings could but subdue  
Those Foes which he can Pardon too.
He thinks no Slaughter-Trophies good,
Nor Lawrels dipt in Subjects Blood;
But with a sweet resistless Art
Disarms 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 wonder, envy, and adore.
Discover’d Rome will hate your Crown,
But she shall tremble at your Frown.

For England shall (rul’d and restor’d by You)
The suppliant World Protect, or else Subdue.

4

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

So clear 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 a more bright Parenthesis 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 hast.
And Heav’n and Earth each other to outdo,
Vied both in Cannons and in Fire-works too.
So Israel pass’d through the divided Flood,
While in obedient heaps the Ocean stood:
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 and Winds so kind are grown,
For our Advantage to resign their own;
Now you have quitted the triumphant Fleet,
And suffer’d English Ground to kiss your Feet,
Whilst your glad Subjects with Impatience throng
To see a Blessing they have begg’d so long.
Whilst Nature (who in compliment to you
Kept back 'till now her Wealth and Beauty too)
Hath, to attend the Lustre your Eyes bring,
Sent forth her lov'd Ambassador the Spring;
Whilst in your Praise Fame's echo does conspire
With the soft Touches of the sacred Lyre;
Let an obscurer Muse, 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 should 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 desp'rate Debt hath paid,
Who such a Monarch hath your Trophy made.
A Prince whose Virtue did alone subdue
Armies of Men, and of Offences too.
So good, that from him all our Blessings flow,
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 defy’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 Charms.
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.

6

To the Queen-Mother’s Majesty, Jan. 1. 1660/1.

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 unwaried Spight
(0 glorious Criminal!) to take your flight.
Whence after you all that was Human 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 indur’d like you:
’Till Sorrow blush’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 Suff’rer’s still.
As from our Mischiefs all your Troubles grew,
’Tis your sad right to suffer for them too.
Else our Great Charles had not been hence so long,
Nor the Illustrious Glou’ster dy’d so young:
Nor had we lost a Princess all confest
To be the greatest, wisest, and the best;
Who leaving colder Parts, but less unkind,
(For it was here she set, and there she 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 unpurged 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 suffer’d more than you;
By the sad Guilt of all your Suff’rings 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 giv’n birth,
As are contended for by Heav’n and Earth.

7

Upon the Princess Royal her Return into
England.

Welcome sure Pledge of reconciled Pow’rs;
If Kingdoms have good Angels, you are ours:
For th’ ill ones, check’d by your bright Influence,
Could never strike ‘till you were hurried hence.
But then, as Streams withstood 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 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 Suff'ring's share;
So that he thought them in your Presence none,
And yet your Suff'ring's 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 't would 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 Storms are ceas'd,
Our Faults forgiven, and our Stars appeas'd.
Your Mercy, which no Malice could destroy,
Shall first bestow, and then instruct, our Joy.
For bounteous Heav'n hath in your Highness sent
Our great Example, Bliss, and Ornament.

8

On the Death of the Illustrious DUKE
of Gloucester.

Great Glou'ster's dead, and yet in this we must
Confess that angry Heav'n 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 stroak would all our Strength destroy,
Had we not known an Interval of Joy.
And yet perhaps this stroak had been excus'd,
If we this Interval had not abus'd.
But our Ingratitude and Discontent
Deserv'd to know our Mercies were but lent:
And those Complaints Heav'n 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, Foreigner'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' afflictive Changes thou didst know,
Thou hadst but too much Cause and Time to show.
For when Fate did thy Infancy expose
To the most barbarous and stupid Foes;
Yet thou didst 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 then his Look more grim,
Yet thy brave Innocence half soften'd him.
And he that Worth wherein thy Soul was drest
By his ill-favour'd Clemency confest;
Lessening 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 ceas'd.
Thou from rough Guardians to Seducers gone,
Those made thy Temper, these thy Judgment known;
Whil'st thou the noblest Champion wert for Truth,
Whether we view thy Courage or thy Youth.
If to foil Nature and Ambition claims
Greater Reward then to encounter Flames,
All that shall know the Story must allow
A Martyr's Crown prepared for thy Brow.
But yet thou wert suspended from thy Throne,
'Till thy Great Brother had regain'd his own:
Who though the bravest Suff'rer, yet even He
Could not at once have miss'd 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 future Splendor 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'st 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 some Things that I had written.*

To you whose Dignity strikes us with Awe,
And whose far greater Judgment gives us Law,
(Your Mind b'ing 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 pow'rful Word bid them appear;
In which such Majesty, such Sweetness dwells,
As in one act 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 Implicite 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 Muse at least more nobly dies,
And falls by that a truer Sacrifice.

10

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 she rules still, though dispossest 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 less
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 sight:
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 subdu’d them all.
’Till Fortune weary of her Malice grew,
Became her Captive and her Trophy 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 Funeral Pile, and then in triumph dies:
So fell this Royal Dame, with conqu’ring spent,
And left in ev’ry 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 sad Illustrious Life recite,
And after all her Wrongs may do her Right.

11

On the Third of September, 1651.

As when the glorious Magazine of Light
Approaches to his Canopy of Night,
He with new Splendor cloaths 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,
Drest in such Terror as to make us all
Be Anti-Persians, and adore his Fall;
Then quits the World depriving it of Day,
While ev’ry 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 setting 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 attended with a Multitude.
Who’d 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 Heroes 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 Palæmon, on his Incomparable Discourse of Friendship.

We had been still undone, wrapt in disguise,
Secure, not happy; cunning, and not wise;
War had been our design, Int’rest our trade;
We had not dwelt in safety, but in shade,
Hadst thou not hung out Light, more welcome far
Than wand’ring Sea-men think the Northern-star;
To shew, lest 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 Soldier stormed, and the Gallant scoff’d;
Or worn not as a Passion, but a Plot,
At first pretended, and at last forgot;
Hadst 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 august 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 amaz’d 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,
Then to protect a Virtue, save a World?
But while great Friendship thou hast copied out,
Thou’st drawn thy self so well, that we may doubt
Which most appears, thy Candor or thy Art,
Whether we owe more to thy Brain or Heart.
But this we know without thine own Consent,  
Thou'st rais'd thy self a glorious Monument;  
Temples and Statues Time with eat away,  
And Tombs (like their Inhabitants) decay;  
    But there Palæmon lives, and so he must  
When Marbles crumble to forgotten Dust.

To the Right Honourable Alice, Countess of Carbury,  
at Her coming into Wales.

I.

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  
Close-mourner in its own Obscurity,  
And in neglected Chaos so long lay)  
Was rescu'd by your Beams into a Day,  
Like Men into a sudden Lustre brought,  
We justly fear'd to gaze more than we ought.

II.

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 slights our Expence,  
And loves Devotion more then Eloquence:
So 'tis our Confidence you are Divine,
Makes us at distance thus approach your Shrine.
And thus secur'd, to you who need no Art,
I that speak least my Wit may speak my Heart.

III.

Then much above all zealous Injury,
Receive this Tribute of our Shades from me,
While your great Splendors, like eternal Spring,
To these sad Groves such a Refreshment bring,
That the despised Country may be grown,
And justly too, the Envy of the Town.
That so when all Mankind at length have lost
The virtuous Grandeur which they once did boast,
Of you like Pilgrims they may here obtain
Worth to recruit the dying World again.

14

To Sir Edward Deering (the noble Silvander) on
his Dream and Navy, personating Orinda's preferr'd 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
Discover'd in that Mind and Face,
Each Motion, Smile and Look from thee
Brings Pearls and Ophir-Gold to me.
Thus far 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 State
See all the Under-world stoop to its Fate;
To give the Law of Honour, and dispence
All that is Handsome, Great and Worthy thence;
Are Things at once your practice 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 so Divinity must take disguise,
Lest Mortals perish with the bright surprise.
And thus your Muse (which can enough reward
All Actions she vouchsafes but to regard,
And Honours gives, than Kings more permanent,
Above the reach of Acts 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, and found excuse;
But could not his great Orator refuse.
But for Rosania’s Int’rest I should fear
It would be hard t’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 steddy curious Agent in the whole,
The Art of Heav’n, the Order of this Frame,
Is only Number in another name.
For as some King conqu’ring what was his own,
Hath choice of sev’ral Titles to his Crown;
So Harmony on this score now, that then,
Yet still is all that takes and governs Men.
Beauty is but Composure, 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
Musick to th’ Ear, or to the Intellect.
If then each Man a Little World must be,
How many Worlds are copy’d out in thee,
Who art so richly formed, so compleat
T’ epitomize all that is Good and Great;
Whose Stars this brave Advantage did impart,
Thy Nature’s as Harmonious as thy Art?
Thou dost above the Poets Praises live,
Who fetch from thee th’ Eternity they give.
And as true Reason triumphs over Sense,
Yet is subjected to Intelligence:
So Poets on the lower World look down,
But Lawes on them; his Heighth 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 sullen Age.
Charm us to Sense; for though Experience fail
And Reason too, 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 new-create:
What built a World may sure repair a State.
A Sea-Voyage from Tenby to Bristol, begun Sept. 5. 1652. sent from Bristol to Lucasia, Sept. 8. 1652.

Hoise 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 Murther'd it;
For I (thanks to Saburra's Letters) knew
How to distinguish 'twixt the false and true.
But 't oppose these as mad a thing would be,
As 'tis to contradict a Presbyt'ry.
'Tis Spanish though, (quoth I) e'en what you please:
For him that spoke it, 't might be Bread and Cheese.
So softly moves the Bark which none controuls,
As are the Meetings of agreeing Souls:
And the Moon-beams did on the Water play,
As if at Midnight 't would create a Day.
The am'rous Wave that shar'd in such dispence
Exprefst at once Delight and Reverence.
Such Trepidation we in Lovers spy
Under th' Oppression of a Mistress 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 easie 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,
Toss’éd and retreated, ’till at last we see
She must be fast if e’er she should be free.
We gravely Anchor cast, and patiently
Lie Prisoners to the Weather’s Cruelty.
We had nor Wind nor Tide, 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’re 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 what most pleas’d my Mind upon the way,
Was the Ship’s Posture that in Harbour lay:
Which to a rocky Grove so close was 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 Tediumness.
In short, the Heav'ns must needs propitious be,
Because Lucasia was concern'd in me.

17

*Friendship's Mystery: To my dearest Lucasia.*

Come, my Lucasia, since we see
That Miracles Men's Faith do move,
By Wonders and by Prodigy
To the dull angry World let's prove
There's a Religion in our Love.

II.

For though we were design'd t' agree,
That Fate no Liberty destroys,
But our Election is as free
As Angels, who with greedy choice
Are yet determin'd to their Joys.

III.

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.

IV.

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

V.

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.

VI.

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

18

Content: To my dearest Lucasia.

I.

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 treach'rous Falshood for clear Truth had got,
Men think they have it when they have it not.

II.

For Courts Content would gladly own,
But she ne'er dwelt about a Throne:
And to be flatter'd, Rich, and Great,
Are Things which do Mens Senses cheat.
But grave Experience long since this did see,  
Ambition and Content would ne’er agree.

III.

Some vainer would Content expect  
From what their bright Outsides 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 glitt’ring Dress.

IV.

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.

V.

Others there are that place Content  
In Liberty from Government:  
But whomsoe’er 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.

VI.

Some think the Camp Content does know,  
And that she sits o’ th’ Victor’s Brow:
But in his Laurel there is seen
Often a Cypress-bow between.
Nor will Content her self in that place give,
Where Noise and Tumult and Destruction live.

VII.

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.

VIII.

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.

IX.

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.

X.

These far remov’d from all bold Noise,
And (what is worse) all hollow Joys,
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.

XI.

Then, my Lucasia, 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 fir’d,
By Virtue join’d, and by our Choice retir’d.

XII.

Whose Mirrors are the crystal Brooks,
Or else each others Hearts and Looks;
Who cannot wish for other things
Than Privacy and Friendship brings:
Whose Thoughts and Persons chang’d and mixt are one,
Enjoy Content, or else the World hath none.

A Dialogue of Absence 'twixt Lucasia and Orinda.

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,
Look’d 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. Religion’s so, but practick too,
And both by Niceties destroy’d.

Luc. But who ne’er parts can never meet,
And so that Happiness were lost.

Orin. Thus Pain and Death are sadly sweet,
Since Health and Heav’n 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.

I.

We will not like those Men our Off’rings pay
Who crown the Cup, then think they Crown the Day.
We make no Garlands, nor an Altar build,
Which help not Joy, but Ostentation yield.
Where Mirth is justly grounded, these wild Toys
Are but a troublesome and empty Noise.

II.

But these shall be my great Solemnities,
Orinda’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.

III.

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 engrost;
Whose Love is strongest, or whose Bliss is most.

IV.

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 ev'ry Day like this may sacred prove
To Friendship, Gratitude, and strictest Love.

21

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 to 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 dispence,
Truth cloath'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 gen'rously upbraids the World, that they
Should such a value for their Ruin pay.
But when thy sacred Muse diverts her Quill,
The Landskip to design of Leon's Hill;
As nothing else was worthy her or thee,
So we admire almost t' Idolatry.
What Savage Breast would not be wrap'd to find
Such Jewels in such Cabinets enshrin'd?
Thou (fill'd with Joys too great to see or count)
Descend'st from thence like Moses from the Mount,
And with a candid, yet unquestion'd Awe,
Restor'st the Golden Age when Verse was Law.
Instructing us thou who secur'st 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 disabused World consent,
All Truths of Use, 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.

22

A retir'd Friendship: To Ardelia.

I.

Come, my Ardelia, to this Bow'r,
   Where kindly mingling Souls awhile
Let's innocently spend an Hour,
   And at all serious Follies smile.

II.

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.
III.

Here’s no Disguise nor Treachery,
Nor any deep-conceal’d Design;
From Blood and Plots this Place is free,
And calm as are those Looks of thine.

IV.

Here let us sit and bless our Stars,
Who did such happy Quiet give,
As that remov’d from Noise of Wars
In one another’s Hearts we live.

V.

Why should we entertain a Fear?
Love cares not how the World is turn’d:
If crowds of Dangers shou’d appear,
Yet Friendship can be unconcern’d.

VI.

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.

VII.

Let’s mark how soon Apollo’s Beams
Command the Flocks to quit their Meat,
And not entreat the neighb’ring Streams
To quench their Thirst, but cool their Heat.
VIII.

In such a scorching Age as this
Who would not ever seek a Shade,
Deserve their Happiness to miss,
   As having their own Peace betray'd.

9.

But we (of one another's Mind
   Assur'd) the boist'rous World disdain;
With quiet Souls, and unconfin'd,
   Enjoy what Princes wish in vain.

23

To Mrs. Mary Carne, when Philaster Courted 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 Lawrel proud,
Thinking his dang'rous Valour well bestow'd;
But then retreats, and spending Hate no more,
Thinks Mercy now what Courage was before:
As Cowardise in Fight, so equally
He doth abhor a bloody Victory:
So, Madam, tho' your Beauty were allow'd
To be severe unto the yielding Crowd,
That were subdu'd e'er you an Object knew
Worthy your Conquest and your Mercy too;
Yet now 'tis gain'd, your Victory's compleat.
Only your Clemency shou'd 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 Trophies will grow less:
And with that Homage be you satsify'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 lest in the Story they peruse
A Murther which no Language can excuse:
But wisely spare the Trouble of one Frown;
Give him his Happiness, and know your own.
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 Philaster's 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’ Issues of thy Soul can ne’er be hid, 
And the Sun’s force may be as soon forbid 
As thine obscur’d; there is no Shade so great 
Thro’ 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 tho’ 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 cleareth Times and Things, before whose Eyes 
Nor Men nor Notions dare put on disguise. 
And were all Authors now as much forgot 
As prosp’rous 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 Learning's self is honour'd by thy Name.
Thou study'st not Belief to introduce
Of Novelties, more fit for shew than use;
But think'st it noble Charity t' uphold
The Credit and the Beauty of the Old:
And with one Hand canst 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 sight who stand extremely high,
These Forms will have one flat Equality:
So from a lower Soul I well might fear
A critick 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.

25

To the Excellent Mrs. Anne Owen, upon her receiving
the Name of Lucasia, 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 Lucasia's Name.
But as tho' through a Burning-glass
The Sun more vigorous doth pass,
Yet still with gen'ral Freedom shines;
For that contracts, but not confines:
So tho' by this her Beams are fixed here,
Yet she diffuses Glory ev'ry where.

Her Mind is so entirely bright.
The Splendor would but wound our Sight,
And must to some Disguise submit,
Or we could never worship it.
And we by this Relation are allow'd
Lustre enough to be *Lucasia'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.

26

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

Madam,

As in a Triumph Conquerors admit
Their meanest Captives to attend on it,
Who, tho' unworthy, have the Pow'r confest,
And justify'd the yielding of the rest:
So when the busie World (in hope t' excuse
Their own surprise) 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 worst 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 subdu'd 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.
For 'tis more Honour that the World should know
You made a Noble Soul, than found it so.

27

LUCASIA.

Not to oblige Lucasia by my Voice,
To boast my Fate, or justifie 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 it self reclaim
Th' apostate World like my Lucasia's Name:
Lucasia, 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 Lucasia, whose harmonious State
The Spheres and Muses only imitate.
But as then Musick is best understood,
When ev'ry 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 diff'rence in consid'ring it:
So she now Light, and then does Light dispence,
But is one shining Orb of Excellence:
And that so piercing when she Judgment takes,
She doth not search, but Intuition makes:
And her Discoveries more easie are
Than Cæsar’s Conquest in his Pontick War.
As bright and vigorous her Beams are pure,
And in their own rich Candour so secure,
That had she liv’d where Legends were devis’d,
Rome had been just, and she been canoniz’d.
Nay Innocence her self less clear must be,
If Innocence be any thing but she.
For Virtue’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 Virtue’s self had personated been.
Now as distilled Simples do agree,
And in th’ Alembick lose variety;
So Virtue, tho’ in pieces scatter’d ‘twas,
Is by her Mind made one rich useful Mass.
Nor doth Discretion put Religion down,
Nor hasty Zeal usurp the Judgment’s Crown.
Wisdom and Friendship have one single Throne,
And make another Friendship of their own.
Each sev’ral piece darts such fierce pleasing Rays,
Poetick Lovers would but wrong in Praise.
All hath Proportion, all hath Comeliness,
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 Sounds 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.

28

WISTON VAULT.

And why this Vault and Tomb? alike we must  
Put off Distinction, and put on Dust.  
Nor can the stateliest Fabrick 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 Lucasia do, survive.
I quit these Pomp of Death, and am content,
Having her Heart to be my Monument:
Though ne’er 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.

29

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

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

II.
That means a mutual Knowledge too;
For what is’t either Heart can do,
Which by its panting Centinel
It does not to the other tell?

III.
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.
IV.

They flame, 'tis true, and sev'ral ways,
But still those Flames do so much raise,
That while to either they incline
They yet are Noble and Divine.

V.

From Smoke or Hurt those Flames are free,
From Grosness or Mortality:
The Heart (like Moses Bush presum'd)
Warm'd and enlighten'd, not consum'd.

VI.

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.

VII.

And in their Posture is exprest
Friendship's exalted Interest:
Each follows where the other leans,
And what each does, each other means.

VIII.

And as when one Foot does stand fast,
And t' other Circles seeks to cast,
The steddy part does regulate
And make the Wand'rer's Motion straight.

IX.

So Friends are only two in this,
T' reclaim each other when they miss:
For whosoe’er will grosly fall,
Can never be a Friend at all.

X.

And as that useful Instrument
For even Lines was ever meant;
So Friendship from good Angels springs,
To teach the World heroick Things.

XI.

As these are found out in design
To rule and measure ev’ry Line;
So Friendship governs Actions best,
Prescribing unto all the rest.

XII.

And as in Nature nothing’s set
So just as Lines in number met;
So Compasses for these b’ing made,
Do Friendship’s Harmony persuade.

XIII.

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

XIV.

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.
XV.

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.

XVI.

But as there are Degrees of Bliss,
So there's no Friendship meant by this,
But such as will transmit to Fame
Lucasia and Orinda's Name.

30

In Memory of F. P. who died at Acton the 24th of May
1660. at the Age of Twelve Years and a half.

If I could ever write a lasting Verse,
It should be laid, dear Saint, upon thy Herse.
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? ah whither is thy Sweetness fled?
Where are the Charms that always did arise
From the prevailing Language of thy Eyes?
Where is thy beauteous and lovely Meen,
And all the Wonders that in thee were seen?
Alas! in vain, in vain on thee I rave;
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 Floods in vain.
As well we might 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 one Moment to thy finish’d Years.
No, thou art gone, and thy presaging 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
Too 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 uncag’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, Fancy 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 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 chuse:
That what we most would keep we soonest lose.
The humble Greatness of thy pious Thought,
Sweetness unforc’d, and Bashfulness untaught,
The native Candor of thine open Breast,
And all the Beams wherein thy Worth was drest,
Thy Wit so bright, so piercing and immense,
Adorn’d with wise and lovely Innocence,
Might have foretold thou wert not so compleat,
But that our Joy might be as short as great.
So the poor Swain beholds his ripen’d Corn
By some rough Wind without a Sickle torn.
Never, ah! never let sad Parents guess
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 Mirror 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 Affection's sad excess,
Which will not yield to Nature's Tenderness,
Since 'twas through dearest Ties and highest Trust
Continu'd from thy Cradle to thy Dust;
And so rewarded and confirm'd by thine,
That (wo is me!) I thought thee too much mine.
But I'll resign, and follow thee as fast
As my unhappy Minutes will make hast.
'Zill 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.

31

In Memory of that excellent Person Mrs. Mary Lloyd
of Bodidrist in Denbighshire, who died Nov. 13.
1656. after she came thither from Pembrokeshire.

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 appear'd,
Whom all their Country lov'd, and yet they fear'd.
Match'd to another as good and great as they,
Who did their Country both oblige and sway.
Behold her self, who had without dispute
More then both Families could contribute.
What early Beauty Grief and Age had broke,
Her lovely Reliques and her Off-spring spoke.
She was by Nature and her Parents Care
A Woman long before most others are.
But yet that antedated Season 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;
Whilst 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 Commonwealthis must be
Patterns for ev'ry private Family,
Her House, rul'd by her Hand and by her Eye,
Might be a Pattern for a Monarchy.
Solomon's wisest Woman less 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 too;
She did believe, and pray, and read, and do.
A firm and equal Soul she had engrost,
Just ev'n to those that disoblig'd her most.
She grew to love those Wrongs she did receive
For giving her the Pow'r to forgive.
Her Alms I must 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.
Scarce for a Husband's loss her Eyes were dry'd,
And that loss by her Children half supply'd,
When Heav'n was pleas'd not these dear Props t'afford,
But tore most off by Sickness or by Sword.
She, who in them could still their Father boast,
Was a fresh Widow ev'ry Son she lost.
Litigious Hands did her of Right deprive,
That after all 'twas Penance to survive.
She still these Griefs had nobly undergone,
Which few support at all, but better none.
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 coarsly 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 accru'd.
Though none of Honour had a quicker Sense,
Never had Woman more of Complaisance;
Yet lost it not in empty Forms, but still
Her Nature noble was, her Soul gentile.
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 Majestical.
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 remov'd,
Marry his Ashes whom she ever lov'd)
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 less Advantage been.
   'Tis more to die a Saint than live a Queen.

32

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'd 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 Murther 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 Tenents are too 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 no 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 lye,
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 Splendor in the Dark:
So Honour is its own Reward and End,
And satisfy’d 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 it satisfaction.
Other things are below’t; for from a Clown
Would any Conqueror receive his Crown?
’Tis restless 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 Joys.
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 Alembick 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 tho' their Judgment I must still disclaim,
Who cannot give, nor take away a Fame:
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.

Must 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
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:
But Eve's Rebellion did not Adam 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 reckon'd 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 testifie 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 slander could invent
To make so dull a Rhime his Instrument,
Let Verse revenge the Quarrel. But he's worse
Than Wishes, and below a Poet's Curse;
And more than this, Wit knows not how to give,
Let him be still himself, and let him live.

34

Rosania shadowed, whilst Mrs. Mary Awbrey.

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 than I.
Love stifles 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 ev'ry Heart invade.
She hath a Face so eminently bright,
Would make a Lover of an Anchorite:
A Face whose 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 doth both kindle and refine our Flame.
If she doth smile, no Painter e’er would take
Another Rule when he would Mercy make.
And Heav’n to her such Splendor hath allow’d,
That no one posture can her Beauty cloud:
For if she frown, none but would fancy 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 reach,
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’er we saw before:
So when you with her Mind acquaintance get,
You’ll hardly think upon the Cabinet.
Her Soul, that Ray shot from the Deity,
Doth still preserve its native Purity;
Which Earth can neither threaten or 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 than is an Evening-show'r:
And in that Sweetness there is coucht a Pow'r,
Which scorning Pride, doth think it very hard
That Modesty should need so 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 safe, wise, 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, than make their Bodies fair;
Who (sick with too much leisure) Time do pass
With these two Books, Pride, and a Looking-glass:
Plot to surprise 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 Pow'r confess,
But wishes that her Monarchy were less.
And if she Love, it is not thrown away,
As many do, only to spend the Day;
But hers is serious, and enough alone
To make all Love become Religion.
And to her Friendship she so faithful is,
That 'tis her only Blot and Prejudice:
For Envy's-self could never Error 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.

I.

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

II.

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.

III.

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.

IV.

Live to that Day, my Innocence
Shall be my Friendship’s just Defence:
For this is all the World can find,
While thou wert Noble, I was Kind.

V.

The desp’rate Game that thou dost play
At private Ruins cannot stay;
The horrid Treach’ry of that Face
Will sure undo its native Place.

VI.

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.

36

To My Excellent Lucasia, 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 walk’d, 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 Bridegroom's nor Crown-conqu'ror's Mirth
   To mine compar'd can be:
They have but pieces of this Earth,
   I've all the World in thee.

Then let our Flame still light and shine,
   And no false Fear controul,
As innocent as our Design,
   Immortal as our Soul.

37

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 prophane 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-vy'd,
And with more Justice might be Deify'd;
Who if she had their Rites and Altars, we
Should hardly think it were Idolatry)
Had found a Breast that did deserve to be
Receptacle of her Divinity;
It was not fit the gazing World should know
When she convey'd her self 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 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, Virtue, Reason so dispence,
That all may owe them to her Influence:
And while this Age is thus imploy’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 compleat
As would be wrong’d by any Epithete,
Whose Splendor’s fix’d unto her chosen Sphere,
And fill’d with Love and Satisfaction there,
What can increase the Triumph, but to see
The World her Convert and her History?

38

Injuria Amicitiae.

Lovely Apostate! What was my Offence?
Or am I punish’d for Obedience?
Must thy strange Rigor find as strange a Time.
The Act and Season are an equal Crime.
Of what thy most ingenious Scorns could do
Must I be Subject and Spectator too?
Or were the Sufferings and Sins too few
To be sustai’d by me, perform’d by you?
Unless (with Nero) your uncurb’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 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 Ruin bent,
Your own Destruction gives you now Content:
For our twin-Spirits did so long agree,
You must undo your self to ruin me.
And, like some Frantick Goddess, you're inclin'd,
To raze the Temple where you are enshrin'd.
And, what's the Miracle of Cruelty,
Kill that which gave you Immortality.
While glorious Friendship, whence your Honour
springs,
Lies gasping in the Crowd of common Things;
And I'm so odious, that for being kind
Doubled and studied Murthers are design'd.
Thy Sin's all Paradox, for should'st thou be
Thy self again, th' would'st be severe to me.
For thy Repentance coming now so late,
Would only change, and not relieve thy 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 entertain,
To Rocks and Rivers, not to thee, complain.
And tho' 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 that I worship'd you.
But my worst Vows shall be your Happiness,
And not to be disturb'd by my Distress.
And tho' it would my sacred Flames pollute,
To make my Heart a scorned Prostitute;
Yet I'll adore the Author of my Death,
And kiss the Hand that robs me of my Breath.

39

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 ingenuous Rigour you do shew,
To break his Heart, you break his Image too;
And by a Tyranny that's strange and new,
You Murther him because he Worships you.
No Pride can raise you, or can make him start,
Since Love and Honour do enrich his Heart.
Be Wise and Good, lest when Fate will be just,
She should o'erthrow those Glories in the Dust,
Rifle 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 poison'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.

40

To Philaster, on his Melancholy for Regina.

Give over now thy Tears, thou vain
And double Murtherer;
For ev’ry 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.

41

Philoclea’s parting.

Kinder then a condemned Man’s Reprieve
Was your dear Company that bad me live.
When by Rosania’s Silence I had been
The wretched’st Martyr any Age hath seen.
But as when Traitors 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 raised to this glorious State,
To make my fall the more unfortunate.
But this I know, none ever dy’d before
Upon a sadder or a nobler score.
To Rosania, now Mrs. Mountague, being with her.

I
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:

II.
So since thou wert my Happiness,
I could not hope the rate was less;
And thus the Vision which I gain
Is short t' enjoy, and hard t' attain.

III.
Ah then! what a poor Trifle's all
That thing which here we Pleasure call,
Since what our very Souls hath cost
Is hardly got, and quickly lost?

IV.
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.

V.
If this so sad a Doom can quit
Me for the Follies I commit;
Let no Estrangement on thy part
Add a new Ruin to my Heart.
VI.
When on my self I do reflect,
I can no Smile from thee expect:
But if thy Kindness hath no Plea,
Some Freedom grant for Charity.

VII.
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.

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

IX.
Thy absence I could easier find,
Provided thou wert well and kind,
Than such a Presence as is this,
Made up of snatches of my Bliss.

X.
So when the Earth long gasps for Rain,
If she at last some new Drops gain,
She is more parched than at first;
That small Recruit increas'd the Thirst.
Let dull Philosophers enquire no more
In Nature’s Womb, or Causes strive t’ explore,
By what strange Harmony and course of things
Each Body to the whole a Tribute brings;
What secret Unions secret Neighb’ring make,
And of each other how they do partake.
These are but low Experiments: but he
That Nature’s Harmony intire 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 he that knew my unimproved Soul,
Would say I meant all Friendship to controul.
But Bodies move in time, and so must Minds;
And though th’ Attempt no easie Progress finds,
Yet quit me not, lest I should desp'rate grow,
And to such Friendship add some Patience now.
O may good Heav'n but so much Virtue lend,
To make me fit to be \textit{Lucasia}'s Friend!
But I'll forsake my self, and seek a new
Self in her Breast, that's far more rich and true.
Thus the poor Bee unmark'd doth hum and flye,
And droan'd with Age would unregarded dye,
Unless some lucky drop of precious Gum
Do bless the Insect with an Amber Tomb.
Then glorious in its Funeral the Bee
Gets Eminence, and gets Eternity.

\textit{On Controversies in Religion.}

Religion, which true Policy befriended,
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 Eagle's Destiny, whose Breast
Felt the same shaft which his own Feathers drest.
For that great Enemy of Souls perceiv'd,
The notion of a Deity was weav'd
So closely in Man's Soul; to ruin 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.
As in the Moon's Eclipse some Pagans thought
Their barb'rous Clamours her Deliv'rance wrought:
So we suppose that Truth oppressed lies,
And needs a Rescue by our Enmities.
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 lye
At some Remoteness from a common Eye;
Yet 'tis not in a Thunder or a Noise,
But in soft Whispers and the stiller 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 contracted too.
Chimæra'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 resists 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 sordid Things, which by mistake we prize,
And absent covet, but enjoy'd despise.)
But scorning these hath robb'd them of their Art,
Either to swell or to subdue the Heart;
And learn'd that gen'rous Frame to be above
The World in hopes, below it all in love:
Touch'd with Divine and Inward Life doth run,
Not resting 'till it hath its Centre won;
Moves steadily until it safe doth lye
I'th Root of all its Immortality;
And resting here hath yet activity
To grow more like unto the Deity;
Good, Universal, Wise and Just as he,
(The same in kind, though diff'ring 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, i'th' whole is lost,
And Generals have Particulars engros'd.
That dark contracted Personality,
Like Mists before the Sun, will from it flie.
And then the Soul, one shining Sphere, at length
With true Love’s Wisdom fill’d and purged Strength,
Beholds her highest Good with open Face,
And like him all the World she can embrace.

45

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 majestick Ray
What Greatness Ancestors could e’er convey;
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 our Toil.
A Court to you were but a handsom 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 Splendor 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 th’ admitted few,
Lustre receiv’d and Inspiration too:
So tho’ your Glories in your Face be seen,
And so much bright Instruction in your Meen;
You are not known but where you will impart
The Treasures of your most 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 Casuist;
’Till you by great Example did convince
Us of her Nature and her Residence,
And chose to shew her Face, and ease her Grief,
Less 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 confess.
And as by you Knowledge has thus obtain’d
To be refin’d, and then to be explain’d:
So in return she useful is to you,
In Practice and in Contemplation too.
For by the various Succours she hath lent,
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 drest by your subduing Charms,
She Conquers more than did the Roman Arms.
We see in you how much that Malice ly’d
That stuck on Goodness any sullen Pride;
And that the harshness some Professors wear
Falls 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 beauteous 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 unty'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;
Acts things so generous and bravely hard,
And in obliging finds so much Reward;
So Self-denying great, so firmly just,
Apt to confer, strict to preserve a Trust;
That all whose Honour would be justify'd,
Must by your Standards have it stamp'd and try'd.
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 so poor a foil as others Ill,
And are Protector 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 stooping 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 save whom they can but destroy)
An Empire have where different mixtures kiss;
You're grave, not sour, and kind, but not remiss.
Such sweetned Majesty, such humble State,
Do Love and Reverence at once create.
Pardon (dear Madam) these untaught Essays,
I can admire more fitly 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 so secure your Fame;
Whose Beauty’s such as captivates the Wise,
Yet you only of all the World despise;
That have so vast a Knowledge so subdu’d,
Religion so adorn’d, and so pursu’d;
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 still’s 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,
T’ 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 ev’ry wonder tho’ it fills and shines,
It never to an ill Excess declines;
But all are found so sweetly opposite,
As are in Titian’s Pieces Shade and Light:
That he that would your great Description try,
Tho’ 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 consume.
Parting with Lucasia. A Song.

I.
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 other’s Heart.

II.
And when our Sense is dispossest,
Our labouring Souls will heave and pant,
And grasp for one another’s Breast,
Since their Conveyances they want.

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

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

V.
By this we shall be truly great,
If having other things o’ercome,
To make our Victory compleat
We can be Conquerors at home.
VI.

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

Against Pleasure. Set by Dr. Coleman.

I.

There’s no such thing as Pleasure here,
’Tis all a perfect Cheat,
Which do's but shine and disappear,
Whose Charm is but Deceit:
The empty Bribe of yielding Souls,
Which first betrays, and then controuls.

II.

’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 then possess.

III.

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.

IV.

We covet Pleasure easily,
   But it not so possess;
For many things must make it be,
   But one way makes it less.
Nay, were our State as we could chuse it,  
"T would be consum'd by fear to lose it.

V.

What art thou then, thou winged Air,  
   More weak and swift than Fame?
Whose next Successor is Despair,  
   And its Attendant Shame.
Th' Experience - Prince then Reason had,  
Who said of Pleasure, It is mad.

48

A PRAYER.

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,  
Than Heav'n thy Throne be grasped within a Span.
Yet if this great Creation was design'd  
To several ends fitted to ev'ry 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 sum’d 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 swallow’d up and daily 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,
Besieging round to find some gap in it,
Which will a new Infusion admit:
So dost thou covet that thou mayst dispence
Upon the empty World thy Influence;
Lov’st 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 wouldst fain impart.
Nor let that Soul, by several Titles thine,
And most capacious form'd for things Divine,
(So nobly meant, that when it most doth miss,
'Tis in mistaken Pantings after Bliss)
Degrade it self in sordid things delight,
Or by prophaner Mixtures lose its right.
Oh! that with fixt unbroken Thoughts it may
Admire the Light which does obscure the day.
And since 'tis Angels work it hath to do,
May its composure be like Angels too.
When shall those clogs of Sense and Fancy 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 scatt'ring thought;
With such distinctions all things here behold,
And so to separate each Dross from Gold,
That nothing my free Soul may satisfie,
But t' imitate, enjoy, and study thee.
To Mrs. M. A. upon Absence.

I.
'Tis now since I began to die
Four Months, yet still I gasping live;
Wrapp'd up in Sorrow do I lie,
   Hoping, yet doubting, a Reprieve.
Adam from Paradise expell'd
Just such a wretched Being held.

II.
'Tis not thy Love I fear to lose,
   That will in spight of absence hold;
But 'tis the benefit and use
   Is lost, as in imprison'd Gold:
Which though the Sum be ne'er so great,
   Enriches nothing but Conceit.

III.
What angry Star then governs me
   That I must feel a double smart,
Prisoner to Fate 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 Awbrey.

Soul 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:
Whose 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 shed'st no Tear but what my Moisture lent,
And if I sigh, it is thy Breath is spent.
United thus, what Horror 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 engrost
Which they and all the factious World have lost.

51

In Memory of Mr. Cartwright.

Stay, Prince of Fancy, 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'rs that guard thy Dust
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 descry
The Splendor of restored Poetry.
'Till when let no bold Hand profane thy Shrine,
'Tis high Wit - Treason to debase thy Coin.

52

Mr. Francis Finch, the Excellent Palæmon.

This is confest Presumption, for had I
All that rich Stock of Ingenuity
Which I could wish for this, yet would it be
Palæmon's Blot, a pious Injury.
But as no Votaries are scorn'd, when they
The meanest Victim in Religion pay;
Not 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 Palæmon's Servants call,
I know that Zeal is more than Sacrifice,
(For God did not the Widow's Mite despise,) And that Palæmon 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 Lustre which doth Rays dispence,
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 gentiler Error which does take
Offence at Learning for her Habit's sake: 
Palæmon 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 compleated 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 Fate in awe.  
Nor was this wrought in him by Time and Growth,  
His Genius had anticipated both.

Had all been Palæmons, Pride had ne’er  
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 Palæmon’s Soul that hath engrost  
Th’ingenuous Candor that the World hath lost;  
Whose one Mind seats him quiet, safe and high,  
Above the reach of Time or Destiny.

’Twas he that rescu’d gasping Friendship, when  
The Bell toll’d for her Funeral with Men:  
’Twas he that made Friends more then Lovers burn,  
And then made Love to sacred Friendship turn:

’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 Witness’d and Rewarded 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 Posterity shall all consent,  
And less dispute than 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 Palæmon, not express.

53

To Mrs. M. A. at Parting.

I.

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.

II.

But neither Chance nor Compliment
   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.
III.

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 so engrost,
That each is in the Union lost.

IV.

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.

V.

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

VI.

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.
VII.

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.

VIII.

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

IX.

Thus our Twin-souls in one shall grow,
    And teach the World new Love,
Redeem the Age and Sex, and shew
    A Flame Fate dares not move:
And courting Death to be our Friend,
    Our Lives together too shall end.

X.

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 encrease, our Flame.
Unlike to those who distant Joys admire,
But slight them when possest of their Desire:
Each of our Souls did its own Temper fit,
And in the other’s Mould so fashion’d it,
That now our Inclinations both are grown,
Like to our Interests and Persons, one;
And Souls whom such an Union fortifies,
Passion can ne’er 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 didst impart.
For though that Treasure I have ne’er 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 Arts 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 Magick 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.

55

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

Here what remains of him doth lye,
Who was the World’s Epitome,
Religion’s Darling, Merchants Glory,
Mens true Delight, and Virtue’s Story;
Who, though a Pris’ner 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.

Virtue’s Blossom, Beauty’s Bud,
The Pride of all that’s fair and good,
By Death’s fierce Hand was snatched 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 Heav’n 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 Heav'n'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 when two Souls are chang'd and mixed so,
It is what they and none but they can do.
This, this is Friendship, that abstracted Flame
Which groveling Mortals know not how to name.

All Love is sacred, and the Marriage-tie
Hath much of Honour and Divinity.

But Lust, Design, or some unworthy ends
May mingle there, which are despis'd by Friends.

Passion hath violent Extreams, and thus
All Oppositions are contiguous.

So when the end is serv'd their Love will bate,
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 earthly Fires (which will decay
If the material Fuel be away)
Is with offensive Smoke accompany'd,
And by resistance only is supply'd:
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.

58

The ENQUIRY

I.

If we no old Historian’s Name
Authentick will admit,
But think all said of Friendship’s Fame
But Poetry or Wit:
Yet what’s rever’d by Minds so pure
Must be a bright Idea sure.

II.

But as our Immortality
By inward Sense we find,

101.
Judging that if it cou'd not be,
   It wou'd not be design'd:
So here how cou'd such Copies fall,
If there were no Original?

III.

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.

IV.

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

V.

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 ev'ry Heart?
VI.

Why are the Bands of Friendship ty'd
With so remiss a Knot,
That by the most it is defy'd,
And by the most forgot?
Why do we step with so light Sense
From Friendship to Indifference?

VII.

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?

VIII.

Had Friendship ne'er been known to Men,
(The Ghost at last confest)
The World had been a Stranger then
To all that Heav'n posset.
But could it all be here acquir'd,
Not Heav'n it self would be desir'd.

59

To my Lucasia, in Defence of declar'd Friendship.

I.

O my Lucasia, 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.

II.
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.

III.
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.

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

V.
If this be all our Friendship does Design,
  We covet not Enjoyment then, but Pow'r:
To our Opinion we our Bliss confine,
  And love to have, but not to smell, the Flow'r.

VI.
Ah! then let Misers bury thus their Gold,
  Who, tho' they starve, no Farthing will produce:
But we lov'd to enjoy and to behold,
  And sure we cannot spend our Stock by use.
VII.
Think not 'tis needless to repeat Desires;
The fervent Turtles always Court and Bill,
And yet their spotless Passion never tires,
But does encrease by Repetition still.

VIII.
Altho' 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 thro' the Ear.

IX.
Nay, tho' 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.

X.
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.

XI.
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.

XII.
So the Soul's Motion does not end in Bliss,
But on her self she scatters and dilates,
And on the Object doubles, 'till by this
She finds new Joys which that Reflux creates.

XIII.
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.

XIV.
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?

XV.
'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.

XVI.
If I disturst, 'tis my own Worth for thee,
'Tis my own fitness for a Love like thine;
And therefore still new Evidence would see,
'T' assure my Wonder that thou canst be mine.

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

But when that Look is drest in Words, 'tis like
The mystick Pow'r of Musick’s Unison;
Which when the Finger doth one Viol strike,
The other’s String heaves to Reflection.

XIX.

Be kind to me, and just then to your Love,
To which we owe our free and dear Converse;
And let no Tract of Time wear or remove
It from the Privilege of that Commerce.

XX.

Tyrants do banish what they can’t requite:
But let us never know such mean Desires;
But to be grateful to that Love delight
Which all our Joys and noble Thoughts inspires.

60

A RESVERY.

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 sobb’d aloud and ran away,
Invited my Repose, and then conspir’d
To entertain my Fancy thus retir’d.
As Lucian’s Ferry-man aloft did view
The angry World, and then laugh’d at it too:
So all its sullen Follies seem to me
But as a too-well acted Tragedy.
One dangerous Ambition doth befool,
Another envies to see that Man Rule:
One makes his Love the Parent of his Rage,
For private Friendship publickly t' engage:
And some for Conscience, some for Honour die;
And some are meanly kill'd they know not why.
More diff'rent than Mens Faces are their Ends,
Whom yet one common Ruin 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 glorious 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 Greatness are such slipp'ry Things,
Who'd pity Cottages, or envy Kings?
Now least of all, when, weary of deceit,
The World no longer flatters with the Great.
Tho' such Confusions here below we find,
As Providence were wanton with Mankind:
Yet in this Chaos some Things do send 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, than 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 other Ties and Titles here do end,
Or bury’d or compleated 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;
Whose 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 scorns to envy Wealth where-e’er it be,
But pities such a Golden Slavery;
With no mean fawnings can the People court,
Nor wholly slight a popular Report;
Whose 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 Surprise;
Who with the same august and even State
Can entertain the best and worst of Fate;
Whose Suff’ring’s sweet, if Honour once adorn it;
Who slights Revenge, yet does not fear, but scorn it;
Whose 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 thro’ 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 Virtuous is the great Immortal Man.

61

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;
The Brave they here with Honour fir'd,
And civiliz'd the Rude.
That Golden Age did entertain
No Passion but of Love;
The thoughts of Ruling and of Gain
Did ne'er 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;
Tho' some are pleas'd to call thee rude,
   Thou art not so, but we.
Them that do covet only Rest,
   A Cottage will suffice:
1st it not brave to be possest
   Of Earth, but to despise.
Opinion is the rate of Things,
   From hence our Peace doth flow;
I have a better Fate than 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.
Secur'd in these unenvy'd Walls
   I think not on the State,
And pity no Man's Case that falls
   From his Ambition's height.
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 it in State,
Here I'll contented sit,
And think I have as good a Fate
As Wealth and Pomp admit.
Let some in Courtship take Delight,
And to th' Exchange resort;
Then Revel out a Winter's Night,
Not making Love, but Sport.
These never know 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-Park let them go;
And, hasting thence, be full of Fears
To lose Spring-Garden Show.
Let others (nobler) 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 Toys,
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,
I am not forc'd to make Retreat,
But chuse to spend my Life.

62

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.
It is no private Loss when such Men fall,
The World's concern'd, and Grief is general.
But tho' of our Misfortune we complain,
To him it is injurious and vain.
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 Disguise or meainer Arts,
But with a Native Honour conquer'd Hearts;
We must conclude he was a Treasure lent,
Soon weary of this sordid 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 less.
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 shine forth at length,
And gathers Beauty, Purity, and Strength:
But never yet doth this Immortal Ray
Put on full Splendor till it put off Clay:
So Infant Love is, in the worthiest Breast,
By Sense and Passion fetter'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.

63

_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 Centre staid.
And since none stript of Infancy complain,
'Cause '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 Dye; 
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’er 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 Requitals, Thanks, or Vanity. 
How oft did she what all the World adore, 
Make the Poor Happy with her useful Store? 
So gen’ral was her Bounty, that she gave 
Equality to all, before the Grave. 
By sev’ral Means she diff’rent Persons ty’d, 
Who by her Goodness only were ally’d.
Her Virtue 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 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 prophane her Ashes now appear:
For her best Obsequies, are that we be
Prudent and Good, Noble and Sweet, as she.

64

A FRIEND.

I.

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, whitest, blessedst Times did draw  
From her alone their universal Law.

II.

Friendship's an Abstract of this noble Flame,  
'Tis Love refin'd, and purg'd from all its Dross,
The next to Angels Love, if not the same,
  As strong as Passion is, tho’ not so gross:
It antedates a glad Eternity,
And is an Heaven in Epitome.

III.

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

IV.

If Souls no Sexes have, for Men t’ exlude
  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.

V.

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.

VI.

Essential Honour must I be in a Friend,
  Not such as ev’ry Breath fans to and fro;
But born within, is its own Judge and End,  
And dares not Sin, tho' sure that none should know.  
Where Friendship's spoke, Honesty's understood;  
For none can be a Friend that is not Good.

VII.  
Friendship doth carry more than 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.

VIII.  
A Breast too open Friendship does not love,  
For that the other's 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.

IX.  
Wisdom and Knowledge Friendship does require,  
The first for Counsel, this for Company;  
And tho' not mainly, yet we may desire  
For Complaisance and Ingenuity.  
Tho' ev'ry Thing may love, yet 'tis a Rule,  
He cannot be a Friend that is a Fool.

X.  
Discretion uses Parts, and best knows 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.

XI.

Thick Waters shew no Images of things;
Friends are each others Mirrors, and should be
Clearer than 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.

XII.

Friends should observe and chide each others Faults,
To be severe then is most just and kind;
Nothing can 'scape their search who know the
Thoughts:
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 ty'd.

XIII.

A Friend should find out each Necessity,
And then unask'd reliev't at any rate:
It is not Friendship, but Formality,
To be desir'd; for Kindness keeps no State.
Of Friends he doth the Benefactor prove,
That gives his Friend the means t' express his Love.

XIV.

Absence doth not from Friendship's right excuse:
Them who preserve each others Heart and Fame,
Parting can ne’er divide, it may diffuse;
   As a far stretch’d out River’s still the same.
Though Presence help’d them at the first to greet,
   Their Souls know now without those Aids to meet.

XV.

Constant and Solid, whom no Storms can shake,
   Nor Death unfix, a right Friend ought to be;
And if 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.

65

L’Accord du Bien.

I.
Order, by which all things were made,
   And this great World’s Foundation laid,
Is nothing else but Harmony,
   Where diff’rent Parts are brought t’ agree.

II.
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.

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

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

V.  
Man, the whole World's Epitome,  
Is, by Creation, Harmony.  
'Twas Sin first quarrell'd in his Breast,  
Then made him angry with the rest.

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

VII.  
And hence it is we Friendship call  
Not by one Virtue's Name, but all.  
Nor is it, when bad Things agree,  
Thought Union, but Conspiracy.

VIII.  
Nature and Grace, such Enemies  
That when one fell t'other did rise,  
Are now by Mercy even set,  
As Stars in Constellations met.
IX.
If Nature were it self a Sin,
Her Author (God) had guilty been;
But Man by Sin contracting stain,
Shall, purg’d from that, be clear again.

X.
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.

XI.
And Grace destroys not, but refines,
Unveils our Reason, then it shines;
Restores what was deprest by Sin,
The fainting Beam of God within.

XII.
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.

XIII.
’Tis Fancy lost, Wit thrown away,
In Trifles to imploy that Ray,
Which then doth in full Lustre shine,
When both Ingenuous and Divine.

XIV.
To Eyes by Humours vitiated
All things seem falsly coloured:
So 'tis our prejudicial Thought
That makes clear Objects seem in fault.

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

XVI.
We hunt Extreams, and run so fast,
We can no steady Judgment cast:
He best surveys the Circuit round
Who stands i’th’ middle of the Ground.

XVII.
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.

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

XIX.
For by that search it will be known
There’s nothing but our Will our own:
And who doth so that Stock imploy,
But finds more cause for Shame than Joy.
XX.
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.

XXI.
It will with the most Learned suite
More to enquire than dispute:
But Vapours swell within a Cloud;
’Tis Ignorance that makes us proud.

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

XIII.
Yet while we hug our own Mistake,
We Censures, but not Judgments, make;
And thence it is we cannot see
Obedience stand with Liberty.

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

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

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

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

66

*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 to me,  
Who make new Troubles in my Company:  
Yet is the Action more obliging great;  
'Tis Hardship only makes Desert compleat.  
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 easie Tribute of a giddy race,
And pay’d less to the Person than 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 they alone enjoy’d what they possest,
Who relish’d 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 than Joy.
Thus all the glitt’ring World is but a Cheat,
Obtruding on our Sense things Gross for Great.
But he that can enquire and undisguise,
Will soon perceive the Sting 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 Prospect and Security.
Kings may be Slaves by their own Passions hurl’d,
But who commands himself commands the World.
A Country-life assists 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;  
Possest 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 Grandeurs 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 flourishes, 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.  
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 the World do 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 resolv'd and fix'd,
And wouldst not with a base Allay be mix'd;
Above the World, couldst equally despise
Both its Temptations and its Injuries;
Couldst sum up all, and find not worth Desire
Those glitt'ring 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 satisfy'd thou art,
So early from this treach'rous World to part;
How pleas'd thou art Reflexions now to make,
And find thou didst not things below mistake;
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 than write this Elogy.

68

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

Great Soul of Friendship, whither art thou fled,
Where dost thou now chuse 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 e'er 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'er 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'st Rosania's Chariot and her flight,
And so the double Portion is thy right:
Though 'twas Rosania's Spirit, be content,
Since 'twas at first from thy Orinda sent.

69

To my Lady Elizabeth Boyle, Singing Now Affairs, &c.

Subduing Fair! what will you win
   To use a needless 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 Arms,
   And in the next no Pow'r.
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 the 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
Than in a lasting Name,
And much a greater rate would give
For Happiness than Fame.

70

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 entangl'd by the fruitless Pains.
For as 'i'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 beats no Pulse in vain, but keeps its time,
And undiscern’d to its own height doth climb;
Strung first, and daily wound up by his Hand
Who can its Motions guide or 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 fitly sound,
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 made the ancient Sage in Rapture cry,
That sure the World had full Eternity.
For though it self 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 Harvests 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 remove 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 cross,
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 ev’ry 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.

’Tis this resolves, there are no Losses where
Virtue and Reason are continu’d there.
The meanest Soul might such a Fortune share,
But no mean Soul could so that Fortune bear.

Thus I compose my Thoughts grown insolent,
As th’ Irish Harper doth his Instrument;
Which if once struck doth Murmur and Complain,
But the next Touch will silence all again.

71

2 Cor. V. xix. God was in Christ reconciling the
World to himself.

When God, contracted to Humanity,
Could sigh and suffer, could be sick and die;
When all the heap of Miracles combin’d
To form the greatest, which was, save Mankind:
Then God took stand in Christ, studying a way
How to repair the ruin’d World’s decay.
His Love, Pow’r, Wisdom, must some means procure
His Mercy to advance, Justice secure:
And since Man in such Misery was hurl'd,
It cost him more to save then make the World.
Oh! what a desp'rate 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 Heav'n's 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, than to destroy.
Did there ten thousand Worlds to ruin fall,
One God could Save, one Christ Redeem them all.
Be silent then, ye narrow Souls, take heed
Lest you restrain 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 does 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,
Crucifie 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.

72

_The WORLD._

We falsely think it due unto our Friends,
That we should grieve for their untimely Ends.
He that surveys the World with serious Eyes,
And stirs her from her gross and weak Disguise,
Shall find 'tis Injury to mourn their Fate;
He only dies untimely who dies late.
For if 'twere told to Children in the Womb,
To what a Stage of Mischief they must come;
Could they foresee with how much Toil and Sweat
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 even from agreeing what it is,
That the same Person we can hardly find,
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 Death.
Mankind is Mad; for none can live alone,
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,
Lost to our selves, and dwelling in Extreams;
Rejecting what we have, tho' ne'er 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 Pow'r can reach, a Thing
That makes each Woman Man, each Man a King,
Doth so much lose, and from its height so fall,
That some contend to have no Soul at all.
'Tis either not observ'd, or at the best
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, tho' nothing can be more our own,
Are still unguided, very seldom known.
Time 'scape's our Hands as Water in a Sieve,
We come to die e'er 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 less their Bus'ness than to think.
And those few that enquire, how small a share
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 Extream or both, but always ill.
For since our Fortune is not understood,
We suffer less from bad than from the good.
The Sting is better drest and longer lasts,
As Surfeits are more dangerous than Fasts.
And to complete the Misery to us,
We see Extrems 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 disorder'd as our Mind.
But that's excus'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 stain and score,
For Time, and Death, and Sin shall be no more.

73

The SOUL.

I.

How vain a thing is Man, whose noblest Part,
That Soul which thro' the World doth rome,
Traverses Heav'n, finds out the Depth of Art,
Yet is so ignorant at home?
II.
In ev'ry Brook or Mirrour we can find
  Reflections of our Face to be;
But a true Optick to present our Mind
  We hardly get, and darkly see.

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

IV.
'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.

V.
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.

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

VII.
A Soul self-mov'd which can dilate, contract,
  Pierces and judges Things unseen:
But this gross Heap of Matter cannot act,
    Unless impulsed from within.

VIII.
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.

IX.
God never Body 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.

X.
And tho’ ’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.

XI.
The Soul her own Felicity hath laid,
    And independent on the Sense,
Sees the weak Terrors which the World invade
    With Pity or with Negligence.

XII.
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.
XIII.
She's then a Substance subtile, strong and pure,
    So immaterial and refin'd,
As speaks her from the Body's Fate secure,
    As wholly of a diff'rent Kind.

XIV.
Religion for Reward in vain would look,
    Virtue were doom'd to Misery,
All Actions were like Bubbles in a Brook,
    Were't not for Immortality.

XV.
But as that Conqueror 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.

XVI.
Treason against Eternal Majesty
    Must have Eternal Justice too;
And since unbounded Love did satisfie
    He will unbounded Mercy shew.

XVII.
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.

XVIII.
We stifle 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.

   XIX.
For ways to sin close, and our Breasts disguise
   From outward Search, we soon may find:
But who can his own Soul bribe or surprise,
   Or Sin without a Sting behind?

   XX.
He that Commands himself, is more a Prince
   Than he who Nations keep in Awe;
Who yield to all that does their Souls convince,
   Shall never need another Law.

74

HAPPINESS.

Nature courts Happiness, altho’ 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 sinking Man hath scarce Sense left to know
Whether the Plank 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,
Tho’ all abroad be Storms, yet he can Sing.
His Peace is made, all's Quiet in that Place,
Where Nature’s cur'd and exercis’d by Grace.
This inward Calm prevents his Enemies,
For he can neither Envy nor Despise:
But in the Beauty of his order’d 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 takes no Pains to be observ’d or seen,
While all his Acts are echo’d 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 Pow'r
To suck (like Bees) a Sweet from ev'ry Flow'r,
And as the Manna of the Israelites
Had sev'ral Tastes to please all Appetites:
So his Contentment is that Catholick 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 ev'ry 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 chuse.

DEATH.

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

II.
As Common-wealths may be secure,
And no remote Invasion dread;
Yet may a sadder Fall endure
From Traitors in their Bosom bred:

III.
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.

IV.
Yet carelesly we run our Race,
As if we could Death's Summons wave;
And think not on the narrow Space
Between a Table and a Grave.

V.
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.

VI.
If I be sure my Soul is safe,
And that my Actions will provide
My Tomb another Epitaph,
Then that I only liv'd and dy'd:

VII.
So that in various Accidents
I Conscience may and Honour keep;
I with that Ease and Innocence
Shall dye, as Infants go to sleep.

76

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 your Grief.
When in your Fever we with Terror saw
At once our Hopes and Happiness withdraw;
And ev’ry 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 a needless 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 Visage seen;
And only 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 Suff’rings 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 Genius 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 retriev’d;
And with the moving Accents of his Woe,
His Spouse recover’d from the Shades below.
So the King’s Grief your threatned Loss withstood,
Who mourn’d with the same Fortune that he woo’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 you must Heav’n delay, or Him forsake?
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 Present of your Life?
Which rescu’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.

77

Upon Mr. Abraham Cowley’s Retirement.
ODE.

I.

No, no, unfaithful World, thou hast
Too long my easie 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 practis’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 Suff’ring I am better taught,
And shall no more commit that stupid Fault.
    Go, get some other Fool,
    Whom thou may’st 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.

II.

In my remote and humble Seat
    Now I’m again possesst
Of that late Fugitive, my Breast,
From all thy Tumults and from all thy Heat
I’ll find a quiet and a cool Retreat;
    And on the Fetters I have worn
Look with experienc’d and revengeful Scorn
    In this my sov’raign 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, than to indulge them all.

III.

For thy inconstant Sea, no more
I’ll leave that safe and solid Shore:
No, tho’ to prosper in the Cheat,
Thou would’st my Destiny defeat,
And make me be Belov'd, or Rich, or Great:
   Nor from my self should'st me reclaim
With all the Noise and all the Pomp of Fame.
   Judiciously 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 Pow'r there.

IV.

No other Wealth will I aspire,
   But that of Nature to admire;
Nor Envy on a Lawrel will bestow,
Whilst I have any in my Garden grow.
   And when I would be Great,
'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 doth raise
Above what Worldling 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!

V.

A Heart, which is too great a Thing
To be a Present for a Persian King,
Which God himself would have to be his Court,
Where Angels would officiously resort,
   From its own height should much decline,
      If this Converse it should resign
         (Ill-natur'd World!) for thine.
Thy unwise rigor hath thy Empire lost;
   It hath not only set me free,
      But it hath made me see,
They only 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 Muse inspir'd)
      Is now Triumphantly retir'd.
   The mighty Cowley this hath done,
And over thee a Parthian Conquest won:
   Which future Ages shall adore,
      And which in this subdues thee more
Than either Greek or Roman ever could before.

78

*The Irish Grey-hound*

Behold this Creature's Form and State;
Which Nature therefore did Create,
That to the World might be exprest
What Mein there can be in a Beast.
And that we in this Shape may find
A Lion of another Kind.
For this Heroick Beast does seem
In Majesty to Rival him.
And yet vouchsafes, 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 sternest 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 Opposer's Blood,
Fortune hath made his Virtue good;
This Creature from an Act so brave
Grows not more Sullen, but more Grave.
Man's 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 they're done, to be so unconcern'd.
SONG.

To the Tune of Sommes nous pas trop heureux.

I.

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 dispossess me,
That your Love will break my Heart.

II.

But since Death all Sorrow cures,
    Might I chuse my way of dying,
    I could wish the Arrow flying
From Fortune’s 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 than Scorn.

A Dialogue between Lucasia and Rosania, Imitating that of Gentle Thrisis.

Ros. My Lucasia, leave the Mountain Tops,
    And like a nearer Air.
Luc. How shall I then forsake my Lovely Flocks
    Bequeathed to my Care?
Ros. Shepherdess, thy Flocks will not be less,
    Although thou should'st come hither.
Luc. But I fear the World will be severe,
    Should I leave them to go thither.
Ros. O! my Friend, if you on that depend,
    You'll never know Content.
Luc. Rather I near 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 Stratagem can find,
    Which from that Heart should drive me.
Ros. Better't had been I thee had never seen,
    Than 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 let's 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* Adieu 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 so devours;
  Our hopes are crost,
  Or else the Object lost,
  E'er we can call it ours.

*An Epitaph on my Honoured Mother-in-Law*
*Mrs. Phillips of Portheynon in Cardiganshire,*
*who dyed Jan. 1. Anno 1662/3.*

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 matched 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 depriv’d,
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 Ruin threaten all.
Yet from above assisted, she
Both did and suffer’d worthily.
She to the Crown and Church adher’d,
And in their Sorrows them rever’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 safe,
To need a written Epitaph.
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.
Lucasia, Rosania, and Orinda, parting at a Fountain, July 1663.

I.
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.

II.
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.

III.
Unless she may afflicted be,
   Lest we should doubt her Innocence;
   Since she hath lost her best Pretence
   Unto a matchless Purity;
Our Love being clearer far than she.

IV.
Cold as the Streams which from her flow
   Or (if her privater Recess
   A greater Coldness can express)
Then cold as those dark Beds of Snow
Our Hearts are at this parting Blow.
V.

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 than meet.

VI.

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.

84

A Farwel 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 Loss doth mourn,
The kindest Thought is that of quick Return.

85

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

Ador'd Valeria, and can you conclude
Orinda lost in such Ingratitude?

160.
And so mis-spell the Language of my Face,
When in my Heart you have so great a Place?
Ah be assur’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 Falshood, less
Than all their Folly, and their Ugliness,
And had much rather chuse they should appear
Always unhandsome, than once unsincere.
But I must thank your Error, which procures
Me such obliging Jealousie as yours.
For at that Quarrel I can ne’er repine,
Which shews your Kindness, tho’ it questions mine.
To your Concern I pardon your Distrust,
And prize your Love, ev’n when it is unjust.

86

On the WELCH 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 Landskips which in Prospects distant lye,
With great 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 safe Lawrels that adorn’d her Brows?
A strange reverse of Fate she did endure,
Never once greater, than she’s now obscure.
Ev’n *Rome* her self 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 tho’ the Language hath her Beauty lost,
Yet she has still some great Remains to boast.
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 civiliz’d and taught the list’ning Swains;
Whilst with high Raptures, and as great Success,
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 Foretell.
This spoke King *Arthur*, who, if Fame be true,
Could have compell’d Mankind to speak it too.
In this once *Boadicca* Valour taught,
And spoke more nobly than her Soldiers 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 her self with Blushes did believe,
A Britain would the Law of Honour give;
And hastily his Chains away she threw,
Lest her own Captive else should her subdue.

87

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 Virtue is your Nature not your Dress;
In whom the most admir'd Extreams appear
Humble and Fair, Prudent and yet Sincere:
Whose matchless Worth transmits such splendid Rays,
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 Muses somewhat have to say,
But they will send it you a better way:
The Court, which so much to your Lustre 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 mend your Fate:
Yet since the Votes 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;
Whilst ev’ry Moment your Concern makes known,
And gives him too, fresh Reason for his own:
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.

88

EPITAPH.

On her Son H. P. at St. Syth’s Church, where her Body
was Interred.

What on Earth deserves our trust?
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 Limb’d and Fair,
Full of good Spirits, Mein, 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 Heav’n to dwell,
He quickly broke the Prison Shell.
So the subtle *Alchimist*
Can't, with *Hermes* Seal, resist
The pow'rful Spirit's subtler flight,
But t'will bid him long good Night.
And so the Sun, if it arise
Half so glorious as his Eyes,
Like this Infant, takes a Shrowd,
Bury'd in a Morning Cloud.

89

*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
Suffic'd to quench the greedy Thirst of Fate?
Tho' to increase 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 Heroes down as fast?
And by the Prey she chuses, 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 th' Illustrious Name he bore,
Than all our Chronicles had done before.
Had Death consider'd e'er he struck this Blow,
How many noble Hopes t' would overthrow;
The Genius of his House (who did complain
That all her Worthies now dy’d o’er again).
His flourishing, and yet untainted Years;
His Father’s Anguish, and his Mother’s Tears;
Sure he had been persuaded 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 ev’ry 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 tho’ we oft discover all your Arts,
Would still betray our disappointed Hearts;
What new Delusion can you now prepare,
Since this pale Object shews how pale you are?
’Twill fully answer all you have to plead,
If we reply, Great Warwick’s Heir is dead:
Blush, human Hopes and Joys, 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 Subtilty;
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 superstitious, nor prophane.
Upon the Graving of her Name upon a Tree in Barnelmes-Walks.

Alas 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 than 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 Sister Rivulets, who crept
From that dark Bed of Snow wherein they slept
By private distant Currents under Ground
Have by Mæanders 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 heightned 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 Charistus was so much above
The Eloquence of all our Grief and Love,
That it would be injurious to his Hearse
To think to crowd his Worth into a Verse.
Could I (by Miracle) such Praise indite,
Who with more Ease and Justice weep than write,
He was all that which History can boast,
Or bolder Poetry had e’er 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 Virtue 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 Age’s Vanity!
He neither lik’d its Tumults, nor its Joys,
Slighted alike Earth’s Pleasure, and her Noise.
But unconcern’d in both, in his own Mind
Alone could Pow’r and Satisfaction find.
A Treasury of Merit there lay hid,
Which tho’ he ne’er confess’d, his Actions did.
His Modesty unto his Virtue 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 wisely 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 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 so 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 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 ne’er 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 Charistus may survive,
And that thou do no Act so harsh to Love,
As that his Glory should thy Sorrow move:
Endure thy loss ‘till Heav’n 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.

93

Orinda to Lucasia, parting, October 1661. at London.

Adieu dear Object of my Love’s excess,
And with thee all my hopes of Happiness,
With the same fervent and unchanged Heart
Which did its whole self once to thee impart,
    (And which tho’ Fortune has so sorely bruis’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 hast too long to me confined been,
Who Ruin am without, Passion within.
My Mind is sunk below thy Tenderness,
And my Condition does deserve it less;
I’m so entangled and so lost a Thing
By all the shocks my daily Sorrow bring,
That would’st thou for thy old Orinda call,
Thou hardly couldst 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 tye thee to the Rigours of my Fate,
As from my Obligations thou art free,
Sure thou shalt be so from my Injury,
Tho’ ev’ry other worthiness I miss,
Yet I’ll at least be generous in this.
I’d rather perish without Sigh or Groan,
Than thou should’st be condemn’d to give me one;
Nay in my Soul I rather could allow
Friendship should be a Sufferer, than thou;
Go then, since my sad Heart has set thee free,
Let all the Loads and Chains remain on me.
Tho’ 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! may’st thou ever be so, and as free
From all Ills else, as from my Company,
And may the Torments thou hast had from it
Be all that Heav’n will to thy Life permit.
And that they may thy Virtue service do,
May’st thou be able to forgive them too:
But tho’ 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.
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.
Own not what Passion rules, and Fate does crush,
But wish thou could’st have don’t without a Blush,
And that I had been, e’er it was too late,
Either more worthy, or more fortunate.
Ah who can love the Things they cannot prize?
But thou mayst pity tho’ 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 possess,
But to endear the next Hours Happiness;
And may’st thou when thou art from me remov’d,
Be better pleas’d, but never worse belov’d:
Oh pardon me, for pow’ring out my Woes
In Rhime now, that I dare not do in Prose.
For I must lose whatever is call’d dear,
And thy assistance all that Loss to bear,
And have more Cause than e’er I had before,
To fear that I shall never see thee more.

94

On the First of January, 1657.

Th’ Eternal Centre of my Life and me,
Who when I was gone gave me room to be,
Hath since (my time preserving in his Hands)
By Moments numbred on the precious Sands,
‘Till they are 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.
Seen useless Crimes, whose Owners but made way,
For future Candidates to wear the Bay.

95

To my Lady M. Cavendish, chusing 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 lustre of your Eyes and of your Race:
And that your Shape and Fashion does 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 Splendor is content to shed;
And lest I suffer by the great Surprize,
Since you submit to meet me in Disguise,
Can lay aside what dazles 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 so the Pow'r Divine new Praise acquires,
By scorning nothing that it once inspires:
I have no Merits that your Smile can win,
Nor off'ring to appease you when I Sin;
Nor can my useless 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 Ore than ever Indians knew,
’Tis all that Mortals can on Heav’n bestow,
And all that Heav’n can value here below.
Against LOVE.

Hence, Cupid, with your cheating Toys,
Your real Griefs, and painted Joys,
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 Joys diseas’d,
And is not much transported, but still pleas’d.

A Dialogue of FRIENDSHIP multiply’d.

MUSIDORUS.

Will you unto one single Sense
Confine a starry Influence?
Or when you do the Rays 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 Friendship's Prodigality,
Union in Rays does not confine,
But doubles Lustre when they shine,
And Souls united live above
Envy, as much as scatter'd Loves.
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 Stock 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 tho' I honour ev'ry worthy Guest,
Yet my Lucasia only rules my Breast.
Rosania to Lucasia, on her Letters.

Ah 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 when my greedy Eye does stray
Thy threaten'd Absence to survey,
That Heart is struck and faints 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 Contempt or Bounty be?

This is such refin'd Distress,
That thy sad Lovers sigh for less,
Tho' thou their Hopes hast overthrown,
They lose but what they ne'er 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 of so brave a make
’Twill rather Death than 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 16th, 1661/2.

My dear Antenor now give o’er,
For my sake talk of Graves no more,
Death is not in our Pow’r to gain,
And is both wish’d and fear’d in vain.
Let’s be as angry as we will,
Grief sooner may distract than kill,
And the Unhappy often prove
Death is as coy a Thing as Love.
Those whose own Sword their Death did give,
Afraid were or asham’d to Live;
And by an act so desperate,
Did poorly run away from Fate;
"'Tis braver much t' out-ride the Storm,
Endure its Rage, and shun his Harm;
Affliction nobly undergone,
More Greatness shews, than 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 rescu'd you,
Believe that Providence will do so too.

100

A Triton to Lucasia 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 Portuguez,
    That he e'er since at home has kept,
    And in his Chrystal Palace 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.

II.

He knows you by an honourable Fame:
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 Humour very well,
   So best can the Event foretel,
   But wishing you better Success,
   And that my Master’s Guilt be less,
   I will say nothing of your Form
’Till you are past the Danger of a Storm.

III.

Fear nothing else, for Eyes so sweet as these,
No Power that is Sea-born can displease;
You are much more than Nymph or Goddess bright;
I saw ’em all at Supper t’ 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, lest they
Stiff with Amazement should becalm your Way.

IV.

But should they all want Breath to make a Gale,
What’s sent in Prayers for you will fill your Sail;
What brought you hither will your way secure,
Courage and Kindness can no slip endure;
The Winds will do as much for you.

V.

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 Glass.
   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.

101

Orinda upon little Hector Philips.

I.

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 Vicissitude of human Joy!

II.

I did but see him and he disappear'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.
III.

And now (sweet Babe) what can my trembling Heart
Suggest, to right my doleful Fate or thee?
Tears are my Muse, and Sorrow all my Art,
So piercing Groans must be thy Elogy.

IV.

Thus whilst no Eye is witness of my Moan,
I grieve thy loss (Ah Boy too dear to live)
And let the unconcerned World alone,
Who neither will, nor can Refreshment give.

V.

An Off'ring too for thy sad Tomb I have,
Too just a Tribute to thy early Herse,
Receive these gasping Numbers to thy Grave,
The last of thy unhappy Mother's Verse.

To the Lady E. BOYL.

Ah lovely Celimena, why
Are you so full of Charms,
That neither Sex can from them fly,
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 your 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 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 Story 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’ns immediate Care
Who shew’d you Danger, and then broke the Snare;
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 Virtue 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 forsook by Fate;
Whose settled Loyalty no Storms dismaid,
Nor the more flatt'ring 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 Fortune, and not them, subdue.
But whilst these Wretches at this impious rate,
Will buy the Knowledge of your mighty Fate;
You shall preserve your King's entrusted Crown,
Assisted by his Fortune and your own.
And whilst his Sword Kingdoms abroad bestows,
You with the next Renown shall this dispose.

104

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

Great Pompey's Fame from Egypt made escape,
And flies to you for Succour in this Shape:
A Shape, which, I assur'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 Lawrels 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 not to Praise him, or to Praise him well;
Who on that height from whence true Glory came,
Does there possess 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 universal Empire to his Pen;
Oh! had that pow’rful Genius but inspir’d
The feeble Hand, whose Service he requir’d,
It had your Justice then, not Mercy pray’d,
Had pleas’d you more, and better him obey’d.

105

On the DEATH of the truly Honourable Sir Walter Lloid, Knight.

At 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 Virtues 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 th’ unquiet Wave:
Who while he did with that wild Storm contest,
Such real Magnanimity express’d,
That he dar’d to be Loyal, in a time
When ’twas a Danger made, and thought a Crime:
Duty, and not Ambition, was his aim,
Who study’d Conscience ever more than Fame,
And thought it so desirable a Thing,
To be preferr’d to suffer for his King,
That he all Fortune’s Spight had pardon’d her,
Had she not made his Prince a Sufferer;
For whose lov’d Cause he did both act and grieve,
And for it only did endure to live,
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 acknowledg'd 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 gen'rously concern'd,
That both his Heart and House, his Hand and Tongue
To them, more than himself, 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 seem'd to dispute,
His Life alone Rebellion did confute.
But when his Vows propitious Heav'n 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's growing Splendor did display;
Then, to Eternal Joys made greater haste,
Because his present ones flow'd in so fast;
From which he fled, out of a pious Fear,
Lest 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 Lucasia.

I.

Observe the weary Birds, e’er Night be done,
How they wou’d fain call up the tardy Sun,
    With Feathers hung with Dew,
    And trembling Voices too,
They court their glorious Planet to appear,
That they may find recruits of Spirits there.
    The drooping Flow’rs 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.

II.

Thou my Lucasia 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 Darkness strong:
    My Tears (its Dew) dwell on my Cheeks,
    And still my Heart thy dawning seeks,
And to thee mournfully it cries,
    That if too long I wait,
Ev’n thou may’st 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 Trifler, what dost thou pretend?
Wou’dst 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.

I.

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

II.

She is a publick Deity,
And were’t not very odd
She shou’d depose her self, to be
A petty Houshold God?

III.

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.

109

Lucasia and Orinda parting with Pastora and Phillis,
   at Ipswich.

I.

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

II.

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?

III.

Yet that it subtly may torment,
   The Memory does remain;
For what was, when enjoy'd, Content,
   Is, in its absence, Pain.
IV.

If you'll restore it, we'll not grieve
That Fate does now us sever;
'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 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 engag’d his Arms to prop the State
Of the almost undone Palatinate,
And help the Netherlands to stem the Tide
Of Rome’s Ambition, and the Austrian Pride;
Which shall in ev’ry History be fam’d,
Wherein Breda or Frankendale be nam’d.
And when forc’d 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 th’ 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 rul'd 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 show,
Stout as Rock, yet soft as melting Snow.
In him so prudent, and yet so sincere,
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 unconfin'd;
And yet so modest, 'twas to him less Pain
To do great things, than hear them told again;
Perform, sad Stone, thy honourable trust,
Unto his Mem'ry and thy self be just,
For his Immortal Name shall thee befriend,
And pay thee back more Fame than thou canst lend.
To Mr. Samuel Cooper, having taken Lucasia's Picture, given December 14. 1660.

I.
If Noble Things can Noble Thoughts infuse,
Your Art might e’v’n in me create a Muse,
And what you did Inspire, you would Excuse.

II.
But if it such a Miracle could do,
That Muse would not return you half your due,
Since ’t would my Thanks, but not the Praise pursue.

III.
To praise your Art is than it self more hard,
Nor would it the Endeavour much regard,
Since it, and Virtue, are their own Reward.

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

V.
But done by you, it does no more admit
Of an Encomium from the highest Wit,
Than that another Hand should equal it.

VI.
Yet whilst you with creating Pow’r vye,
Command the very Spirit of the Eye,
And then reward it with Eternity.
VII.

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

VIII.

I by a passive Way may do you right,
Wearing in that what none could e'er endite,
Your Panegyrick, and my own Delight.

112

Parting with a FRIEND.

I.

Whoever thinks that Joys below
Can lasting be and great,
Let him behold this parting Blow,
   And cure his own Deceit.

II.

Alas! how soon are Pleasures done,
   Where Fortune has a Pow'r!
How like to the declining Sun,
   Or to the wither'd Flow'r!

III.

A thousand unconcerned Eyes
   She'll suffer us to see,
But of all those we chiefly prize,
   We must deprived be.
IV.

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

V.

The unseen String which fastens Hearts,
   Nor Time, nor Chance e'er ty'd;
Nor can it be in either's Arts
   Their Unions to divide.

VI.

Where Sympathy does Love convey,
   It braves all other Pow'rs;
Lucasia, and Rosania, say,
   Has it not formed ours?

VII.

If forty Weeks Converse has not
   Been able yet to tye
Your Souls in that mysterious Knot,
   How wretched then am I?

VIII.

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.
IX.

No Accident will e’er surprise,
Or make your Kindness start;
Although you lose each others Eyes,
You’ll faster keep the Heart.

X.

Letters as kind as Turtle Doves,
And undisguis’d as Thought,
Will entertain those fervent Loves
Which have each other bought,

XI.

’Till Fortune, vexed with the sight
Of Faith so free from stain,
Shall then grow weary of her spight,
And let you meet again.

XII.

Wherein may you that Rapture find,
That Sister Cherals have,
When I am in my Rocks confin’d,
Or seal’d up in my Grave.

113

To my dearest Friend, upon her shunning 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.
Hast more above all Titles, than
The Bearers are 'bove 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 might'st retire; but who e'er meant
A Palace for a Tenement?
Heav'n has so built thee, that we find
Thee buried when thou art confin'd:
If thou in Privacy would'st live,
Yet Lustre to thy Virtues give;
To stifle them for want of Air,
Injurious is to Heav'n's Care.
If thou wilt be immur'd, where
Shall thy obliging Soul appear?
Where shall thy gen'rous 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 *Antoninus* writ well, when
He held a Scepter and Pen:
Less Credit *Solomon* does bring
As a Philosopher than King:
So much Advantage flows from hence,
To write by our Experience.

*Diogenes* I must suspect
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 subjects, or does depose;
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 *Almanzor* teaches thus,
Or else a *Dionysius*.
For, to know Grandeur, we must live
In that, and not in Perspective;
Vouchsafe the Trial then, that thou
May’st safely wield, yet disallow
The World’s Temptations, and be still
Above whatever wou’d 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 Splendor of thy own;
Yield to the wanting Age, and be
Channel of true Nobility:
For from thy Womb such Heroes needs must rise,
Who Honours will deserve, and can despise.

114

To Pastora, being with her Friend.

I.

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.

II.

Friendship, that was almost forlorn,
Sunk under ev'ry Critick's Scorn;
But that your Genius her protects,
Had fled the World, at least the Sex.

III.

You have restored them and us,
Whence both are happy; Caesar thus
Ow'd Rome the Glories of his Reign,
And Rome ow'd him as much again.

IV.

You in your Friend those Joys have found
Which all Relations can propound;
What Nature does 'mong them disperse,
You multiply in her Converse.
V.
You her Enjoyment have pursu'd
In Company, and Solitude;
And wheresoever she'll retire,
There's the Diversion you desire.

IV.
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.

VII.
Be to each other that Content,
As to your Sex y'are Ornament;
And may your Hearts, by mixture lost,
Be still each others Bliss and Boast.

VIII.
Impossible your parting be
As that you e'er shou'd disagree;
And then even Death your Friend will prove,
And both at once (tho' late) remove.

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

X.
My Pen, so much for you unfit,
Presents my Heart, tho' not my Wit;
Which Heart admires what you express,
More than what Monarchs do possess.

XI.

Fear not Infection from my Fate,
Tho' I must be unfortunate,
For having paid my Vows due, I
Shall soon withdraw, wither and die.

115

To my Lord and Lady Dungannon on their Marriage,
May 11. 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 Off'ring can the useless Muses pay?
Each must at once suspend her charming Lyre,
Till she hath learn'd from you what to inspire:
Well may they wonder to observe a Knot,
So curiously by Love and Fortune wrought,
To which propitious Heav'n did decree,
All things on Earth shou'd 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 Pow'r 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 flood nor difficulties could divide,
Ev'n you that beauteous Union may admire,
Which was at once Heav'n's care, and your desire.
You are so happy in each others Love,
And in assur'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 Happinesse 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 latest Posterity,
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 Virtues court.
May ev'ry 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 stock of Beauty, Fame, and Merit.

To his Grace Gilbert Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, July 10. 1664.

That private Shade, wherein my Muse 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 Ecchoes from the Rocks reflect.
But hurry'd from her Cave with wild affright,
And drag'd maliciously into the Light,
(Which makes her like the Hebrew Virgin mourn
When from her face her Vail was rudely torn)
To you (my Lord) she now for Succour 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 retir’d,  
She really may come to be inspir’d.  
And by the Wonders which she there shall view,  
May raise her self to such a Theme as you,  
Who were preserv’d to Govern and Restore  
That Church, whose Confessor you were before;  
And shew, by your unweary’d present Care,  
Your Suff’rings are not ended, though hers are:  
For whilst your Crosier 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 than 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 reliques, in the Wave and Wind;  
No Pilot could, whose Skill and Faith were less,  
Manage the shatter’d Vessel with Success.  
The Piety of the Apostles Times,  
And Courage to resist this Ages Crimes,  
Majestick Sweetness, temper’d and refin’d,  
In a Polite and Comprehensive Mind,  
Were all requir’d, her Ruins to repair,  
And all united in her Primate are.
In your Aspect, so candid and serene,
The Conscience of such Virtue may be seen,
As makes the sullen Schismatick consent,
A Church-man may be Great and Innocent.
This shall those Men reproach, if not reduce,
And take away their Fault, or their Excuse,
Whilst in your Life and Government appear
All that the Pious wish, and Factious 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 Church's 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 Ardour will excuse,
Applaud the Subject, and forgive the Muse.