
Bodleian MS Rawl. poet. 173

Transcribed April 2015.

This transcript of Philips’ work may be freely used by scholars and students interested in her poetry and life. Help me to provide as clean a copy for readers as I can by forwarding errors in transcription to me at ptrolander@berry.edu.

**Please cite as** Philips, Katherine. “Title of Poem.” *Title of Ms.* Date of Ms. Name of Library or Owner, city. Transcribed by Paul Trolander. Katherinephilips.org. Inclusive pages. Date of access. Web.

**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*.

**Editor Bio:** Paul Trolander, scholar of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century English literary culture, specializes in the history of criticism and small group interactions among literary networks. His monograph *Literary Sociability in Early Modern England, the Epistolary Record, 1620-1720*, examines early modern literary sociability from the perspective of letter exchange. *Sociable Criticism in England, 1625 to 1725* (Delaware, 2007), written with co-author Prof. Zeynep Tenger, explores how cultural modes of sociability impacted genres of print criticism in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. He is a professor in the English Department at Berry College.

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Adam Matthews description:

MS Rawl Poet 173 Dunton Ms 11 poems

In English, on paper: written about 1705. i +195ft. “The Muse's Magazine, or Poeticall Miscellanies, in two parts. The first consisting of choice translations and paraphrases selected from the Ancients, done by the best of our modem Poets, the second part consists wholly of originall poems, selected from many of the best of our own Poets ... 1705,” intended for publication. A complete list of the poems precedes it, but some (on ff1-3) were added in about 1715. Inscribed "John Dunton his book, for which Mr Corbet at the Addison's Head accepted one half guinea in full payment for it .... ” (about 1720?). Perhaps therefore Corbet was the compiler of the volume. John Dunton (1659-1733) was a publisher and bookseller. Thomas Corbett (?-1743) was also a publisher and bookseller. Contains 11 poems by Katherine Philips.

Beal CELM description:

http://www.celm-ms.org.uk/repositories/bodleian-rawlinson-150.html

Patrick Thomas sigla R173

Notes on Transcription: The copyist uses only two forms of punctuation: two stacked commas and one comma. Since the two stacked represent a full stop while the one comma represents a half stop, I have substituted a period for the first and a comma for the second. I have retained the parentheses the copyist used to mark poem titles.

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. Original folio pages in upper left-hand corner. Pages at the bottom of the page are provided for the reader’s convenience.
The Pleasing Virgin.

The things that make a Virgin please,
She that Seek’s shall 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 nor 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 mien.
The Virtue which do’s her adorn
By Honour guarded not by Scorn.
With such wise lowliness endu’d
As never can be mean or rude.
That Prudent negligence enrich,
And time’s her Silence and her Speech.
Whose Equal mind do’s allways move
Neither a Foe, nor Slave to Love,
And whose Religion’s strong and plain,
Not Superstitious, nor prophane.
Against Love.

Hence, Cupid with your Cheating Toyes,  
Your reall Griefs and panted joys,  
Your Pleasure which it selfe destroy’s.  
Lovers like men in Feavers burn & rave,  
And only what will injure them they crave.

Men’s weakness make’s Love so severe,  
They give him power by their Fear,  
And make the Shackles which they wear.  
Who to another doth his heart Submit,  
Make’s his own Idoll, and then worship’s it.

Him whose Heart is all his own  
Peace & Liberty do’s Crown,  
He apprehend’s no Killing frown:  
He feell’s no raptures, which are joy’s diseas’d,  
And is not much transported, but still pleas’d.
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Friendship.

Let the dull brutish world that Know not Love
Continue Hereticks, and disapprove
That noble Flame; but the refined Know
'Tis all the Heaven we have here below.
Nature subsists by Love, and they do tie
Things to their Causes but by Sympathy.
Love chains the different Elements in one,
Great Harmony link't to the Heav'nly Throne.
And as on Earth, So the blest Choir above
Of Saints and Angells 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 Know's how to love.
Those Kind Impressions which Fate can't controul
Are Heaven's mintage on a worthy Soul.
For Love is all the Art's Epitome,
And is the Sum of all Divinity.
He's worse than beast that cannot love, and yet
It is not bought by money, Pains, or Wit.
For no Chance or Designe can spirit move,
But the Eternall 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 Mortalls Know not how to name.
All Love is Sacred, and the marriage-tye
Hath much of honour and Divinity:
But Lust, design, or some unworthy Ends
May mingle there, which are despised by Friends.
Passion hath violent Extreams, and thus
All oppositions are contiguous.
To whom their End is serv'd, their Love will 'bate,
If Friendship make it not more fortunate.
Friendship, that Love's Elixar, that pure Fire
Which burn's the Clearer 'cause it burn's ye high'r.
For Love, like Earthy Fires, (which will decay
If the materiall fewell be away)
Is with offensive smoak accompany'd,
And by resistance only is Supply'd:
But Friendship, like the Fiery Element,
With it's own heat and nourishment Content,
Where neither hurt, nor Smoak, nor noise is made
Scorn's the assistance of a Foreign Aid.
Part 2, page 80

Friendship, like Heraldrie, is hereby Known,
Richest when plainest, bravest when alone.
Calm as a Virgin, and more innocent
Then 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 Spirit’s Faculties,
Higher in thought than are the Eagle's Eyes.
What shall I say? how we true Friends are grown,
W’re like, ------- alas, w’are like our selves alone.

A Friend. by the Same.

1. Love, nature’s Plot this great Creation’s Soul,
   The Being and the Harmony of things,
   Doth still preserve and propagate the whole,
   From whence man’s Happyness and safety springs,
   The Early’st, whitest, the blessed’st Times did draw
   From her alone their Universall Law.

2. Friendship, an Abstract of this noble Flame,
   ‘Tis Love refin’d & purg’d from all its dross;
   The next to Angell’s Love; if not the same;
   As strong as Passion is, tho’ not so gross.
   It antedate’s a glad Eternity,
   And is a Heaven in Epitome.

3. Nobler then Kindred or then marriage Band,
   Because more free; Wedlock-Felicity
   It self doth only by this Union stand,
   And turn’s to Friendship or to misery.
   Force or Designe matches to pass may bring,
   But Friendship doth from Love & Honour spring.

4. If Souls no sexes have; For men 't’exlude
   Women from Friendship’s vast Capacity
   Is a Design injurious and rude;
   Only maintain’d by partiall Tyranny:
   Love is allow’d to us and Innocence:
   And noblest Friendships do proceed from thence.

5. The Chiefest thing in Friends is Sympathy,
   There is a Secret which doth Friendship guide,
Part 2, page 81

Which make's two Souls before they Know agree,
Who by a thousand mixtures are ally'd,
And chang'd and lost, so that it is not Known
Within which Breast doth now reside their own.

6. Essential Honour must be in a Friend,
   Not such as every Breath fan's to & fro,
   But born within, is it's own Judge & End,
   And dare's not Sin tho' Sure yt none shou'd Know.
   Where Friendship's spoke, Honesty's understood,
   For none can be a Friend that is not good.

7. Friendship doth carry more than Common trust,
   And Treachery is n'ere the greatest Sin;
   Secrets deposed then none ever must
   Presume to open, but who put them in.
   They that in one Chest lay up all their stock
   Had need be sure that none can pick the Lock.

8. A Breast too open Friendship doth 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.

9. Wisdome and Knowledge Friendship do's require,
   The first for Counsell, this for Company:
   And tho' not mainly, yet we may desire
   Both Complaisance & Ingenuity:
   Tho' every thing may love; yet 'tis a Rule,
   He cannot be a Friend that is a Fooll.

10. Discretion use's parts, and best Know's how,
    And Patience will all Qualitie's Commend;
    That serve's a need best, but this doth allow
    The Weaknesses and Passions of a Friend.
    We are not yet come to the Choir above,
    Who cannot pardon here, can never love.

11. Thick waters shew no Images of things;
    Friends are each other's mirrors, & shou'd be
    Clearer than Chrystall or the mountain-Springs,
    And free from Clouds, Designe or Flattery.
Part 2, page 82

For vulgar Souls no part of Friendship share.
Poets and Friends are born to what they are.

12. Friends should observe and chide each other’s Faults,
   To be severe then is most just and Kind;
Nothing can ‘scape their search who Know the thoughts,
   This they should take and give with equal mind.
For Friendship, when this Freedom is deny’d,
Is like a Painter when his Hands are ty’d.

13. A Friend should find out each necessity,
   And then unaskt reliev’t at any rate:
It is not Friendship but Formality
   To be desir’d, for Kindness keep’s no State.
Of Friends he doth the Benefactor prove,
That give’s his Friend the means t’express his Love.

14. Absence doth not from Friendship’s Right excuse
   Them who preserve each other’s Heart and Fame,
Parting can ne’re divide, it may diffuse;
   As a far-Stretcht out River is the same.
Tho’ Presence help’t them at the first to greet,
Their Souls Know now without those Helps to meet.

15. 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 Griefe and memory:
But Friendship’s best Fate is, when it can spend
A Life, a Fortune, all, to serve a Friend.
Against Pleasure.

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 betray’s, and then controul’s.

2. ’Tis true, it look’s at distance fair;
But if we do approach,
The Fruit of Sodom will impair,
And perish at a Touch;
In being then in Fancy less,
And we expect more than possess.

3. For by our Pleasures we are Cloy’d,
    And so Desire is done;
Or els, like Rivers they make wide
    The Channells where they run.
And either way true Bliss destroy’s,
Makeing us narrow, or our Joys.

4. We covet Pleasure easily,
    But it not so possess;
For many things must make it be,
    But one may make it less.
Nay were our State as we Cou’d Choose it
 ’Twou’d be consum’d by Fear to loose it

5. What art thou then, thou winged Air,
    More weak and Swift than Fame,
Whose next Successor is Despair,
    And it’s attendant Shame?
Th’experienc’d Prince then Reason had,
Who said of Pleasure, It is Mad.
Death

1. How weak a Star doth rule mankind,
   Which ow’s it’s ruine to the Same
   Causes, which nature had design’d
   To cherish and preserve the frame.

2. As Common-wealths may be secure,
   And no remote Invasion dread,
   Yet may a Sadder Fall endure
   From Traytors in their Bosom bred:
Part 3, page 181

3. So while we feell no violence
   And on our active health do trust,
   A Secret hand doth snatch us hence,
   And humbles us into the Dust.

4. Yet carelessly we run our Race
   As if we could Death's Summons wave,
   And think not on the narrow Space
   Betwixt a Table and a Grave.

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

6. So that in various accidents
   I conscience may and honour Keep,
   I with that ease and Innocence
   Shall dye, as Infants go to Sleep.
To Mrs. Wogan, on the Death of her Husband, a Good man.

    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 generall:
    But tho’ of our misfortunes we complain,
    To him it is injurious and vain;
    For since we Know his rich Integrity,
    His reall Sweetness, and full Harmony,
    How free his Heart and House were to his Friends,
    Whom he oblig'd without design or ends,
    How universall was his Courtesy,
    How clear a Soul, how even, and how high;
    How much he scorn'd disguise and meaner 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 hee
    Was Kindly snatch't from future misery.
    We can scarce say he's dead, but gone to rest,
    And left a monument in every 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 Eternall, and divine as it,
    The soul is hid in mortall Flesh (we Know)
    And all it's weaknesses must undergo,
    ‘Till by Degrees it must shine forth at length,
    And gather Beauty Purity and Strength;
    But never doth this Immortall Ray
Part 3, 187

Put on full splendour ‘till it put off Clay.
So Infant Love is in the worthyest Breast
By Sense and Passion fetter’d and opprest,
But by degrees it grow’s still more refin’d,
And scorning Clogs, only concern’s the mind.
Now, as the Soul you lov’d is here set free
From it’s material gross Capacity,
Your Love shou’d follow him now he is gone,
And quitting Passion, put perfection on.
Such Love as this will it’s own good deny,
If it’s dear Object have Felicity:
And since we cannot his great Loss reprieve,
Let's not loose you in whom he still doth live:
For while you are by grief Secluded thus,
It doth appear your Funerall to us.

Wee think it (falsely) due unto our Friends,
That we should grieve for their untimely ends.
He that Surveys the World with Serious Eyes,
And strip’s her from her gross and weak disguise,
Shall find ’tis injury to mourn their Fate;
He only dy’s untimely, who die’s late:
For if’t were told to Children in the womb
To what a Stage of mischief they must Come,
Could they but See with how much Toyle and Sweat
Men Court that guilded nothing, being Great;
What pains they take, not to be what they seem,
Rating their Bliss by other’s 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 admire’s, another Scorn’s;
How frequently their Happyness they miss;
So far from agreeing what it is,
That the Same Person we can hardly find
Who is one hour together in a mind:
Sure they wou’d beg a period of their breath,
And what we call their Birth, would count their death.
Man-Kind is mad, for none can live alone
Because their Joys stand by Comparison:
And yet they quarrell at Society,
And strive to Kill they know not whom, nor why.
We all live by mistake, delight in Dreams,
Lost to our selves, & dwelling in Extreams;
Rejecting what we have tho’ nere 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 we 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 make’s each Woman Man, each man a King,
Doth so much loose, and from it’s height so fall,
That some Contend to have no Soul at all;
’Tis either not observ’d, or at the best
By Passion sought withall, by Sin opprest,
Part 3, page 198

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 through a Sieve,
We come to die e’re we begin to live.
Truth, the most Suitable and noble Prize,
Food of our Spirits, yet neglected lie’s.
Errour and Shaddows 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 who plod and eat and drink
Have nothing less their business then to think;
And those few that enquire, how small a Share
Of Truth they find, how dark their notions are!
That serious evenness that Calm’s the Breast
And in a Tempest can bestow a Rest,
We either not attempt, or els decline,
By every trifle snatcht from our Designe,
(Others he must in his Deceits involve
Who is not true unto his own Resolve)
We govern not our Selves, but loose the Reins,
Courting 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 allways ill;
For since our Fortune is not understood,
We suffer less from bad, than from the good;
The sting is better drest and longer last’s,
As Surfeits are more dangerous than Fasts.
And to Compleat the misery to us,
We see Extreams 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 Strength’ned by us, we find
Our Fortune as disorder’d as our mind
But that’s excus’d by this, it doth it’s part,
A treach’rous World befits a treacherous Haert.  
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 give’s 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 grovell, play, and cry;  
Are first our own, then other’s Enemy.  
But there shall be defac’d both stain and Score,  
For time, and Sin, and Death, shall be no more.
Happyness

Nature Court’s Happyness, altho’ it be
Unknown as the Athenian Deity.
It dwell’s not in man’s Sense, yet he Supplie’s
The want, by being fond of it’s 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 grasp’s, 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 Severall Passions men express
Are but for Pleasure in a different Dress.
They hope for Happyness in being Great,
Or Rich, or Lov’d; then hugg their own Conceit.
But the Good man can find this Treasure out,
For which in vain others do digg and doubt;
And hath such secret full content within,
Tho’ all abroad be stormes, yet he can Sing.
His peace is made all’s quiet in that Place
Where nature’s Curb’d, and exercis’d by Grace.
His inward Calm prevent’s his Enemies,
For he can neither envy nor despise:
But in the beauty of his orderd mind
Doth still a new rich Satisfaction find.
Innocent Epicure! whose Single Breast
Can furnish him with a Continuall Feast.
A Prince at home, and Scepters can refuse,
Valuing only what he cannot loose.
He study’s to do good; a man may be
Harmless for want of opportunity,
But he’s industrious Kindness to dispence,
And therein only Covet’s Eminence:
Others do Court applause and Fame, but he
Think’s all that giddy noise but vanity,
He take’s 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 retain’s a power
To Suck, like Bees, a Sweet from every Flower.
And as the nanna of the Israelites
Had severall Tasts to please all appetites,
To his Contentment is that Catholick Food
That makes all States seem fit as well as good.
He dare’s not wish, nor his own Fate propound,
But if God send’s reads Love in every Wound.
And wou’d not lose for all the Joys of Sense
The Glorious Pleasures of Obedience.
Part 3, page 228

His better part can neither Change nor lose,
And all God’s will can bear, can do, can choose.
The Soul.

1. How vain a thing is man, whose noblest part,
   That Soul which through the World do’s rome,
   Traverse’s Heav’n, find’s out the Depth of Art,
   Yet is so ignorant at home!

2. In every Book 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.

3. Yet in the search after our Selves we run,
   Actions and Causes we Survey;
   And when the weary’d Chase is allmost done,
   Then from our own Quest we slip away.

4. '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 obtain’s that Life, or why.

5. 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.

6. But somewhat here doth (sure) obscurely lye
   That above Dross wou’d faine advance,
   And pant’s and Catches at Eternity
   As ’twere it’s own Inheritance.

7. A Soul, selfe-mov’d, which can dilate Contract,
   Pierces and judge’s things unseen;
   But this gross heap of matter cannot act,
   Unless impulsed from within.

8. Distance and Quality to Bodies due,
   The State of Souls cannot admit;
   And all the Contrarys which Nature Knew
   Meet there, nor hurt themselves, nor it.
9. God never made Body made so bright and Clear,
   Which Good and Evil could discern;
   What these words [Honesty and Honour] mean
   The Soul alone Know’s how to learn.

10. And tho’ ’tis true she is imprison’d here,
   Yet hath she notions of her own,
   Which sense do’s only jog, awake, and Clear,
   But cannot at the first make Known.

11. The Soul her own Felicity hath laid;
   And independent on the Sense,
   See’s the weak Terrors which the world invade
   With Pity, or with negligence.

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

13. She’s then a Substance subtil, strong, and pure,
   So immaterial and refin’d,
   As speak’s her from the Body’s fate secure,
   And wholly of a different Kind.

14. Religion for Reward in vain wou’d look,
   Virtue were doom’d to misery,
   All Actions were like Bubbles in a Brook,
   Wer’t not for Immortality.

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

16. Treason against eternall Majesty
   Must have eternall Justice too,
   And since unbounded Love did Satisfye,
   He will unbounded mercy Show.

17. It is our narrow Thoughts Shorten these things,
   By their Companion, Flesh inclin’d;
   Which feeling it’s own weakness, gladly brings
   The same opinion to the mind.
18. We stifle our own Sun, and live in shade;
   But where it’s Beams do once appear,
   They make that person of him selfe afraid,
   And to his own Acts most severe.

19. For, ways to Sin Close and our Breasts disguise
   From outward Search, we soon may find;
   But who can his own Soul bribe or Surprise,
   Or Sin without a Sting behind?

20. He that Command’s himself is more a Prince
    Than he who nations Keep’s in awe:
    Who yield to all that doe’s their Souls convince,
    Shall never need another Law.
On Controversies in Religion.

Religion, which true Policy befriends,
Design'd by God to Serve man's noblest Ends,
Is by that old Deceiver's Subtill play
Made the Chief Party in it's 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:
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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 raise’s that to a bare useless height:
Or while we seek the Truth, he in the quest
Mixe’s a Passion or an Interest,
To make us loose it, that I Know not how,
’Tis not our Practise, but our Quarrell now.
As in the moon’s Eclipse Some Pagans thought
Their barbarous Clamours her Deliverance wroght,
So we Suppose that Truth oppressed lie’s
And need’s a rescue from 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 tho’ indeed Truth do’s delight to lye
At some remoteness from a Common eye,
Yet ’tis not in a Thunder or a Noise,
But in softe whispers, and the stiller voice.
Why shou’d we then Knowledge so rudely treat,
Making our Weapons, what was meant our meat?
’Tis Ignorance that make’s us quarrell so,
The Soul that’s dark, will be contracted too.
Chimaeras make a noise swelling and vain,
And soon resolve to their own Smoak again:
But a true Light the spirit doth dilate,
And rob’s it of it’s proud and Sullen State,
Make’s Love admir’d because ’tis understood,
And makes us wise because it make’s us good.
’Tis to a right prospect of things that wee
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,
Nor 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 it’s estimation from a Lye,
(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 generous 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 it’s Centre won;
Move’s Steadily untill it safe doth lie
I’th’ root of all it’s Immortality;
And resting here hath yet Activity
To grow more like unto the Deity:
Good, Universall, wise, and just as he,
(The same in Kind, tho’ diff’ring in degree)
Till at the last ’tis swallow’d up and grown
With God and with the whole Creation one;
Its self so small a part ith’whole is lost,
And Generalls have Particulars engross’t:
That dark contracted Personality
Like mists before the Sun will from it fly,
And then the Soul, one Shining Sphere, at length
With true Love’s wisedome fill’d, and purged Strength,
Behold’s her highest Good with open Face,
And, like him, all the world she can embrace.

End Miscellany.