ISBN: 978-93-86243-47-2

Reader in Late Renaissance Poetry

Authors:

KURBAN B. SHADMANOV

Published by
Novateur Publication
466, Sadashiv Peth, M.S.India-411030
novateurpublication.org

Novateurpublication.org

Reader
in
Late Renaissance
Poetry

KURBAN B. SHADMANOV

Novateurpublication.org

Compiled and commented upon by
prof. **K. B. Shadmanov**[1]

English Language Department
Bukhara Institute of Psychology and Foreign Languages

A Reader on English poetry of the Queen Elizabeth and the Jacobean period (XYI-XYII centuries). For Institutes and faculties of foreign languages. - Bukhara, 2024. – 280 p.

The Reader is intended for students studying English. It contains excerpts from the poetry of the most prominent figures of the XYI-XYII centuries, the heyday of English literature and poetry.

The Reader is intended for students of foreign languages institutes and foreign language faculties (III-IY courses), and may be useful for students of English literature; the texts in it can also be recommended for stylistic analysis, translation, and text interpretation.

The Reader is recommended for publication by the decision of the Bukhara Institute of Psychology and Foreign Languages Council of August, 2024 (Protocol №1).

Foreword

This book is a collection of excerpts from the works of prominent English poets of the late Renaissance period poetry (XYI-XYII cc.). The purpose of the very Reader is to provide students with a selective canon of the range of English poetry of the XYI-XII cc. with introductory matter. A primary aim has been to avoid the isolation of any one section from the influence of others, and more positively, to allow both student and instructor to come to terms with the manner in which English poetry has generalized its own history.

The book presents a representative selection of a single outstanding poet. We tried to represent a comprehensive anthology on a special period – late Renaissance English poetry: a period of both greatness and vast change in English poetry. It began with the echoes of the mighty explosion of Elizabethan and Jacobean genius of Marlowe, Shakespeare, Spenser and Ben Jonson; it closed by with the polished couplets of Dryden ushering in the age of Reason; at its heart lay the metaphysical complexities of Donne. At once spiritual and sensuous, stark and ornate, the period produced poets as deeply religious as George Herbert, Richard Crashaw, and Henry Vaughan, and as elegantly worldly as Herrick and Andrew Marvell.

The extracts included in the volume are aimed at introducing to the reader English poets whose poetic creations made an outstanding contribution to the development of the English poetry.

This notable anthology fulfills several important purposes. It traces the varied influences of the major poetic figures of the period and illumines the cultural environment in which they flourished. It charts the course of an age rent by religious strife, torn by civil war, and radically transformed in sensibility. And most important of all, it gives a broad and brilliant sampling of a great galaxy of poetic talents fascinating in their own right. The choice of the authors is based on the requirements of the syllabus on the English literature for pedagogical institutes of foreign languages.

The volume comprises extracts from verses selecting with a view of illustrating the outlook, and the original manner and style of writing. The original poems are given in order to be able to compare spelling from a historical perspective. We have not tried to supply a thorough biographical data on the poets, although the dates of their births and deaths will be found with the poems. Therefore, the authors are presented with short biographical notes giving the main facts of their literary career. The book is preceded by a short historical overview of Elizabethan and Jacobean poets' period in order to provide the most complete background panorama on the foundation of which the anthology of the English poetry of the period under study is built.

It is essential reading for anyone who wishes to experience the full richness of the English poetic tradition. The book also gives a rich sense of the historical background of the period literature, as well as a generous selection of the key works of the major poets.

The "Reader" is designed for students in the 3rd and 4th year, and may prove helpful to those who study English literature. It may also be recommended for stylistic analysis, translation, and text interpretation.

CONTENTS

RENAISSANCE AND RENASCENCES*

by John Hollander and Frank Kermode

As a term, the "Renaissance" can mean a good many things, most of them having to do with what was happening to Europe half a millennium ago. Used purely to refer to a rebirth of interest in, and knowledge of, some of the ideas and discursive forms of classical antiquity which had been lost for a thousand years, it could, of course, be pushed back even farther. Some scholars have found in the design of some of the great Gothic architecture of the twelfth century the operation of principles on proportion and numerical order which we usually associate with the kind of neo-classical architecture called "humanist." An economic historian might be far more excited about what was happening to the production of woolen cloth in the fourteenth century than about some of the changes two centuries later in the ritualized behavior - religious, political, and linguistic - of the people who used and were enriched by that cloth.

The invention (1454) of movable-block printing … and the discovery (1492) of the New World across the western oceans were both crucial events in the history of the shaking-loose of European culture from the political and conceptual structures in which it had lived for so long. And yet, artists and thinkers in fourteenth and early fifteenth-century Italy were taking leaps of the eye, hand, and mind which would remain unexcelled in other realms of human activity for nearly a hundred years. The relation between discovery and invention is always a complex one: the discovery of certain properties of the ground lens leads to the invention of a telescope which leads to the discovery of Jupiter's moons, but the chain has no beginning and never ends. It is even harder a trace the links between the social and technological events during the period from 1450 to 1650, say, and the aspects of the human imagination which, if they are being born again, are appearing in a new form. Wherever one tries to pin down the life-span of the period - in Italy, earlier; in Northern Europe, later - whether in painting, sculpture and architecture, or in music, or in the technologies of exploration and economic expansion, it will begin and end differently. But there is trace of common self- awareness in the name itself, for the general rebirth which, by consensus, all historians of all fields continue, when talking generally, to use.

The word “Renaissance” was probably employed in this context by Giorgio Vasari (1511-74), the Italian painter and architect who is for the first time today best known for his “Lives of the Most Excellent Painters, Sculptors and Architects” (1568) in a passage in which he was arguing for the modern view, which was not necessarily that of the early Renaissance, that an artist is not a mere handicraftsman,

---

* Abridged form of the text is given from *The Literature of the Renaissance England* / ed. by John Hollander and Frank Kermode. - Oxford Univ. press, 1976. Pp.3-17.

but a learned and imaginative figure – a "creator" in our sense, rather than a "maker." The community of artists could feel this sense of itself, and its recent history.

A general sense, of newness and freshness, all over Europe and in every sphere of activity, however, is the literary dream respect of the nineteenth century. The unique problem of England's Renaissance with respect to the Continent is a result of her twofold alienation from sources of influence during the fifteenth century: she was Northern and she was insular. England had no "quattrocento" like Italy's, and no local traditions in the arts like those of the very great painters of Flanders in the fifteenth century, of like the Flemish musicians who were so to influence the Italian Renaissance composers. John Dunstable, who died in 1453, was the last English practitioner of the arts to have much of an impact on the Continent for more than a century and half.

The literary and intellectual culture of England during a period which overlapped complex product only at the beginning what is called the Renaissance in Italy, was of the energies and talents of individual men and of the institutions, conventions, and styles which were open to them as instruments for those energies. To try to understand Shakespeare's genius as a function of a historical moment seems hopeless; to try to understand why, from 1590 to around 1610, the genius of a middle-class, self-educated degree that man from Warwickshire might have flowered in the theater, to such a degree that some of the greatest wisdom of his age might be embodied in popular plays, is not. More than in any other period in recent history the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries represent the use of what would look to us like imprisoning conventions – linguistic and intellectual patterns – in order to escape from other conventions which had preceded their use, and for so long a time that they resembled Nature, that they were all there was. The radical, humanistic notion of originality involved going back to true sources, to origins (today we would call this being "derivative," but our view reflects an intervening cultural phase of Romantic elevation of the notion of the self). In contemplating this long historical moment, then, must try to understand the ways in which these new conventions – of everything from verse forms and rhyme schemes to ways of making sense out of something shown one – are used and transformed by major talents, and are beautifully exemplified by minor ones. (It is always instructive to learn how something which one truly admires in great writer is merely a phrase, turn, a strategy an element of style, which he shares with even his tedious contemporaries, and that what we have admired is simply what defines our distance from his historical period.). All these conventions would themselves have arisen by adaptation or strange outright that in the borrowing evolution of ancient, or contemporary European ones. It may seem strange that in the evolution of a great literary culture an important part might be played by the struggle, not totally successful, of courtier and diplomat to translate and paraphrase some Italian love poems written two hundred years before. But Sir Thomas Wyatt's getting Petrarch's Rime (or sonnets) into English was just the kind of act which, unlike the action of vast, impersonal forces massively taking place over decades, has observable, and traceable, consequences for the individual human imagination.

By the English Renaissance, historians of literature and culture mean the period from about 1509 to 1660, the reign of the Tudor Henry VIII and his children and the first two Stuarts, and the revolutionary government of the Commonwealth which was brought about by troubles boiling up in the reigns of the Stuarts. Culturally speaking, there is a great deal of continuity in English life after the restoration of Charles II to the throne until the end of the century, though the lives and careers of individual writers and thinkers stretch across its chronological boundaries. Literary history is always concerned with self-consciousness, or at least with self-awareness; what an age thinks of itself defines it as an age, and the Restoration, with its Frenchified court fashions, its irreversibly altered Parliament, its Royal Society, and its integration of the lives of Court and Town (London) is really a part of the Europe of the Enlightenment. But there are other continuities, like the one between the convictions of the earliest Tudor humanists, Bacon's visions of the Institution of Reason in the middle of that period, and Milton's final and total presentation of the humanist program in the broadest sense. (This might be called attempting to transform the future of man by refocusing the light of his past.). It is such traditions, too, which help to shape this century and a half of both evolution and violent change.

Just as the new science would need mathematical languages in which to express complicated relationships, the far more general problem of human discourse required new sort of language as well. The humanist program had started with Latin, and the Classics generally; it soon moved to a rebuilding of the vernacular. There are really two phases to this development in the sixteenth century: the first established the authority of antiquity, the second insisted that it could be fulfilled in the vernacular. Schoolmasters like Richard Mulcaster might have their boys play ball in Latin, and by the 1590's there were still debates going on among literary critics about whether English poetry should be written in classical meters or not, although Sir Philip Sidney had argued persuasively in his "Defence of Poesie" that the only way for English poets to be truly like the classical ones they so admired was by being themselves. The modes of eloquence were, of course, prose and verse, it is hard for a twentieth-century reader, with his built-in notion that prose is plain, universal, and ordinary and that verse is special, ornate, and idiosyncratic, to understand how this was not true, really, until the end of the seventeenth century. An ordinarily competent sonnet, for example, written as a dedicatory poem to some friend's book on anything from logic to gardening, would be truly anonymous in character-unless a considerable poet with a marked style were to put it to such a purpose, those verses would constitute the equivalent of a formal, common prose in our day and before. Any literate person might have learned in school to compose verses in Latin and, later on, in Greek. To do so in English was no indication of special poetic gifts.

ELIZABETHAN AND JACOBEAN POETS*

by W. H. Auden and N. H. Pearson

Revolutionary changes characterize the late sixteenth and seventeenth centuries - changes which are mirrored in and through the art of this vigorous period. An intense interest in words and verbal experiment flourished, producing theories about prosody, about poetry, about diction, and affectations of every kind. We see, for example, the development of the lyric and the simple ballad and, in addition, the emergence of a new kind of poem of concentrated reflection that reaches its apex in the sonnets of Shakespeare and Donne and the luminous verse of the Metaphysical poets. But it was in the field of the drama that "the Elizabethan achievement has never been equaled in the English language." Shakespeare, John Webster, Ben Jon son, and Fletcher and Beaumont are some of the stellar names in this field—all of them represented in this volume, along with such lyricists as Daniel, Drayton, Herbert, Crashaw, and Vaughan.

The Lyric

In medieval English poetry, the poems are usually either short lyrics in the strict sense (poems intended to be sung), or long poems (allegorical, narrative, or didactic), intended to be recited or read over more than one evening. In the sixteenth century the sung lyric develops to keep pace with the development of music, both in solos and madrigals. The simple ballad measures develop into complicated variable stanzas with studied rhythmical tricks which depend on the music for their effect.

In addition, a new kind of poem develops, the poem of concentrated reflection, lyric in length, but not for singing. Its archetype, both in manner and structure, is the Italian sonnet, which is then broken up into stanzas and extended. The development of the sonnet and the reflective lyric from Wyatt through Fulke Greville to Donne is an interesting example of the relation of poets to a convention. There can be no art without a convention which emphasizes certain aspects of experience as important and dismisses others to the background. A new convention is a revolution in sensibility. It appeals to and is adopted by a generation because it makes sense of experiences which previously had been ignored. Evely convention in its turn, when it has done its work, becomes reactionary and needs to be replaced. Its effects, however, do not disappear; its successor embodies them.

The Petrarchan love convention with which Tudor poetry begins, for instance, is not the same as the earlier Provencal convention. The Lady does not so much inspire noble actions in a warrior as be the cause of the emotions about which a poet writes. For such a convention, the most suitable kind of lady has a good character but says No, and the most suitable poet is one with a gentle and rather passive temperament but with the introvert's capacity for deep and sustained emotion. When, either by temperament or on occasion, the poet's feelings are frivolous or transient, the convention of seriousness leads to the most boring kind of rhetoric. Nor is it well suited to situations in which the behavior of the beloved is such that there is as much hatred as love in the relation or in which the feelings of the lover are consciously

---

* Abridged form of the text is given from *The Elizabethan and Jacobean Poets* / ed. by W. H. Auden and Norman Holmes Pearson. Penguin Books Ltd, England,1978. Pp. xv-xxxii.

and violently sensual. Shakespeare in his sonnets and Donne in his early love lyrics wrestle with the convention and break through it, but at the same time neither of them can write as if the Amor religion of fidelity and deification of the beloved had never existed. It is precisely the conflict between their natural situation - that is, one that can always occur to lovers-and a historical ideal of love unknown to antiquity that is the new experience which their poetry expresses.

The Metaphysical Poets

"Metaphysical" is a somewhat misleading term, for it suggests that the poets to whom it is applied had a unique interest in the science of Being, in contrast, say, to "Nature" poets. This is not the case: the subject matter of Donne and his followers is not essentially different from that of most poets. What characterizes them is, first, certain habits of metaphor: instead of drawing their images from mythology, imaginative literature of the past, or direct observation of nature, they take their analogies from technical and scientific fields of knowledge, from, cartography. Secondly, they are particularly intrigued by paradoxes, both of logic and emotion. Both the technical term and the paradox had appeared in poetry before Donne and were to continue after Traherne, but elsewhere they are peripheral, not central to the style.

It seems possible - it is not provable - that the disruption of traditional values, cosmological and political, which was occurring at the beginning of the seventeenth century encouraged this cast of minds and that metaphysical poetry is the reflection of a peculiar tension between faith and skepticism.

This would in part account for the rediscovery of these poets in our century after two centuries of neglect, a revival of popularity which has gone so far, indeed, that it is now not without its dangers. It has become necessary to remind readers that, great poets as Donne, Herbert, and Marvell are, their kind of poetry is not the only kind. The danger of thinking so has been increased by the development of certain methods of critical analysis which work particularly well with metaphysical poetry but perhaps not so well with other kinds. It is always wise to remember that, if a certain critical theory fails to do much with a certain kind of poetry, the fault may lie in the theory, not in the poetry. As one of the metaphysical himself has said,

Is all good structure in a winding stair?

Too exclusive a taste is always an indiscriminate taste. If a person asserts that he worships Donne but abhors Pope, or vice versa, one suspects that he does not really appreciate his favorite.

Thomas, Lord Vaux **George Chapman**

Nicholas Grimald **Christopher Marlowe**

Chidioch Tichborne **Samuel Daniel**

Robert Southwell **Michael Drayton**

Sir Thomas Wyatt **William Shakespeare**

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey **Thomas Campion**

Sir Philip Sidney **John Donne**

Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke **Ben Jonson**

Edmund Spenser **William Drummond of Hawthornden**

Sir Walter Raleigh **Henry Constable**

ELIZABETHAN AND JACOBEAN POETS

Richard Stanyhurst **John Ford**

Sir John Davies **Lord Herbert of Cherbury**

George Peele **James Shirley**

Thomas Lodge **William Strode**

Robert Greene **George Herbert**

Thomas Nashe **Richard Crashaw**

John Webster **Henry Vaughan**

Ben Jonson **Thomas Traherne**

John Fletcher and Francis Beaumont **Abraham Cowley**

Thomas Middleton **Andrew Marvell**

Thomas, Lord Vaux
1510-1556

Thomas Vaux, born on the 25th April 1509 in the Northamptonshire town of Harrowden. His father was Nicholas Vaux, the 1st Baron Vaux. Thomas Vaux was a XYI century poet and nobleman also known as the 2nd Baron Vaux of Harrowden. He had strong royal connections with the Tudor court. His mother, for example, was the maternal aunt of Queen Catherine Parr, the last wife of Henry VIII. His education included studying at Cambridge University and, at the age of 18, he was appointed as part of Wolsey's entourage on the delicate visit to France in 1527. It is believed that Vaux privately disapproved of the king's intention to get a divorce but, of course, if he valued his own life, he could not admit his true feelings. Despite these early misgivings his career as a royal courtier and diplomat flourished and he was clearly in favor with the king who made him a Knight of the Bath in June 1533.

Vaux shared his poetic talents with others of the same persuasion, such as Henry Howard, the Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt. It is hard to ascertain exactly how great an output of poetry that Vaux was responsible for but it is believed that at least two poems attributable to him were included in a 1557 publication called "Songs and Sonyette's of Surrey". Vaux's two best-known poems are "The aged lover renounced love" and "The assault of Cupid upon the fort where the lover's hart lay wounded, and how he was taken." The "Paradise of dainty devises" (1576) contains 13 poems signed by him.

Thomas Vaux died sometime during the month of October 1556. He was 47 years old.

The Aged Lover Renounceth Love

I loathe that I did love,
In youth that I thought sweet,
As time requires for my behove:
0 Methinks they are not meet.

My lusts they do me leave,
My fancies all be fled,
And tract of time begins to weave
Grey hairs upon my head.

For age with stealing steps
Hath clawed me with his crutch,
And lusty life away she leaps
As there had been none such.

My Muse doth not delight
Me as she did before,
My hand and pen are not in plight,
As they have been of yore.

For reason me denies
This youthly idle rhyme;
And day by day to me she cries:
'Leave off these toys in time.

The wrinkles in mv brow.
The furrows in mv face,
Sav limping age will lodge him now
Where youth must give him place.

The harbinger of death.
To me I see him ride.
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath
Doth bid me to provide

A pickaxe and a spade,
And eke a shrouding sheet,
A house of clay for to be made
For such a guest most meet.

Methinks I hear the clerk
That knolls the carefull knell,
And bids me leave my woeful wark,
Ere nature me compel.

My keepers knit the knot
That youth did laugh to scorn,
Of me that clean shall be forgot
As I had not been born.

Thus must I youth give up,
  Whose badge I long did wear;
To them I yield the wanton cup
  That better may it bear.

Lo, here the bared skull,
  By whose bald sign I know
That stooping age away shall pull
  Which youthful years did sow.

For beauty with her band
  These crooked cares hath
      wrought,
 And shipped me into the land
From whence I first was brought.

And ye that bide behind,
   Have ye none other trust:
As ye of clay were cast by kind,
   So shall ye waste to dust.

He Renounceth All the Effects of Love

Like as the hart, that lifteth up his ears
To hear the hound that hath him in the chase,
Doth cast the wind in dangers and in fears
With flying foot to pass away apace,
So must I fly of love, the vain pursuit,
Whereof the gain is lesser than the fruit.

And I also must loathe those leering looks,
Where love doth lurk still with a subtle sleight,
With painted mocks, and inward hidden hooks,
To trap by trust that lieth not in wait—
The end whereof, assay it whoso shall,
Is sugared smart, and inward bitter gall.

And I also must fly such Circian songs
Wherewith that Circe, Ulysses did enchant;
These wily wits, I mean, with filëd tongues
That hearts of steel have power to daunt,
Whoso as hawk that stoopeth to their call
For most desert receiveth least of all.

But woe to me that first beheld those eyes,

The trap wherein I say that I was tane:
An outward salve which inward me destroys,
Whereto I run as rat unto her bane—
As to the fish sometime it doth befall
That with the bait doth swallow hook and all.

Within my breast, wherewith I daily fed
The vain repast of amorous hot desire,
With loitering lust so long that hath me fed
Till he hath brought me to the flaming fire.
In time, as Phoenix ends her care and carks,
I make the fire and burn myself with sparks.

Try before you trust

To counsel my estate, abandoned to the spoil
Of forged friends, whose grossest fraud is set with finest foil;
To verify true dealing wights, whose trust no treason dreads,
And all too dear th'acquaintance be, of such most harmful heads;
I am advised thus: who so doth friend, friend so,
As though tomorrow next he feared for to become a foe.

To have a feigned friend, no peril like I find;
Oft fleering face may mantle best a mischief in the mind.
A pair of angel's ears oft times doth hide a serpent's heart,
Under whose grips who so doth come, too late complains the smart.
Wherefore I do advise, who doth friend, friend so,
As though tomorrow next he should become a mortal foe.

Refuse respecting friends that courtly know to feign,
For gold that wins for gold shall lose the selfsame friends again.
The quail needs never fear in fowler's nets to fall,
If he would never bend his ear to listen to his call.
Therefore trust not too soon, but when you friend, friend so,
As though tomorrow next ye feared for to become a foe.

A Quiet Mind

When all is done and said,
In the end thus shall you find,
He most of all doth bathe in bliss
That hath a quiet mind:
And, clear from worldly cares,
To deem can be content,
The sweetest time in all his life
In thinking to be spent.

The body subject is
To fickle Fortune's power,
And to a million of mishaps
Is casual every hour;
And death in time doth change
It to a clod of clay;
Whereas the mind, which is divine,
Runs never to decay.

Companion none is like
Unto the mind alone;
For many have been harmed by speech,
Through thinking few or none.
Fear oftentimes restraineth words,
But makes not thought to cease;
And he speaks best, that hath the skill
When for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death;
Our kinsmen at the grave;
But virtues of the mind unto
The heavens with us we have.
Wherefore, for virtue's sake,
I can be well content,
The sweetest time in all my life
To deem in thinking spent.

Nicholas Grimald
1519/20 -1559

Nicholas Grimald, born 1519/20 in Huntingdonshire, England, was an English scholar and poet, best known as a contributor to "*Songes and Sonettes"* (1557), known as "*Tottel's Miscellany"*. When Nicholas Grimald was fifteen years old, he

started showing signs of poetic talent. His mother, who placed an emphasis on education, sent him to continue his education at Cambridge. In 1539–40, Grimald graduated from Christ's College with a Bachelor of Arts. A year later Grimald travelled to Oxford. In his first few years in Oxford, Grimald attended Brasenose College. When Grimald was unable to continue his school work because he lacked his books, Grimald received encouragement from the Matthew Smith, the president of the school. At twenty-three years old in 1542, Grimald was able to acquire his B.A. at Oxford. This degree allowed his admission into Merton College, where he received his M.A. in 1544. In that same year, Grimald travelled back to Cambridge to get his M.A. at Christ's College. Grimald chose to stay in Oxford after his degrees in 1544. He was appointed to a lectureship in theology at Christ Church College, Oxford, in 1547. He was licensed as a preacher in 1551–52 and named chaplain to Nicholas Ridley, bishop of London. In 1555 Grimald was imprisoned but was released, presumably because he recanted. In 1558 he is said to have returned to the Protestant belief. Grimald contributed forty poems to the original edition (June 1557) of "*Songes and Sonettes"*. Two of Grimald's poems printed in *Miscellany*, "*The Death of Zoroas"* and "*Marcus Tullius Ciceroes Death"*, are regarded as some of the first examples of English blank verse ever published. It is also possible that Grimald was an editor of the first edition of *Miscellany*. Grimald's "The Garden" is a paraphrase of a Latin poem in praise of gardens.

The Garden

The issue of great Jove, draw near you Muses nine:
Helps us to praise the blissful plot of garden ground so fine.
The garden gives good food, and aid for leeches' cure:
The garden, full of great delight, his master doth allure.
Sweet salad herbs be here, and herbs of every kind:
The ruddy grapes, the seemly fruits, be here at hand to find.
Here pleasance wanteth not, to make a man full fain:
Here marvellous the mixture is of solace and of gain.
To water sundrv seeds, the furrow by the way
A running river, trilling down with liquor, can convey.
Behold, with lively hue fair flowers that shine so bright:
With riches, like the orient0 gems, they paint the mould in sight.
Bees humming with soft sound (their murmur is so small),
Of blooms and blossoms suck the tops, on dewed leaves they fall.
The creeping vine holds down her own bewedded elms,
And, wandering out with branches thick, reeds folded overwhelms.
Trees spread their coverts wide with shadows fresh and gay:
Full well their branched boughs defend the fervent sun away.
Birds chatter, and some chirp, and some sweet tunes do yield:
All mirthful, with their songs so blithe, they make both air and field.
The garden, it allures; it feeds, it glads the sprite:

From heavy hearts all doleful dumps6 the garden chaseth quite.
Strength it restores to limbs, draws and fulfills the sight,
With cheer revives the senses all, and maketh labour light.
0, what delights to us the garden ground doth bring?
Seed, leaf, flower, fruit, herb, bee, and tree, and more, then I may sing.

The death of Zoroas, an Egiptian Astronomer,
in the first fight, that Alexander had with the Persians
The Memphite Zor [...]as, a cunning clarke:
To whom the heaven lay open, as his boke:
And in celestiall bodies he could tell
The movyng, metyng, light, aspect, eclips,
And influence, and constellacions all:
What earthly chances would betide: what yere
Of plenty, storde, what signe forwarned derth:
How winter gendreth snow, what temperature
In the primetide doth season well the soyl:
Why somer burns, why autumne hath ripe grapes:
Whether the circle, quadrate may become:
Whether our times heavens harmony can yelde:
Of four begins, among them selves how great
Proporcion is: what sway the erryng lightes
Doth send in course gayn that first movyng heaven:
What grees, one from another distant be:
what starre doth let the hurtfull sire to rage,
Or him more milde what opposition makes:
What fire doth [...] qualify Mavorses fire:
what house ech one doth seke: what planet raignes
Within this hemisphere, or that, small things
I speake, whole heaven he closeth in his brest.
This sage then, in the starres had spied: the fates
Threatned him death, without delay: and sithe
He saw, he could not fatall order change:
Forward he preast, in battayle that he might
Mete with the ruler of the Macedoins:
Of his right hand des [...]rous to be slayne,
The boldest beurn, and worthiest in the felde:
And, as a wight [...]ow weary of his life,
And sekyng death: in first front of his rage,

Comes desperatly to Alexanders face:
At him, with darts, one after other throwes:
With reckles wordes, and clamour him provokes:
And saith, Nectanabs bastard, shamefull stain
Of mothers bed: why losest thou thy strokes,
Cowards among? Turne thee to me, in case
Manhod there be so much left in thy hart:
Come fight with me: that on my helmet weare
Appolloes laurell, both for learnings laude,
And eke for martiall praise: that, in my shield,
The sevenfold sophie of Minerve contein:
A match, more meet, sir king, than any here.
The noble prince amoved, takes ruthe upon
The wilfull wight: and with soft wordes, ayen,
O monstrous man (quod he) what so thou art,
I pray the, lyve: ne do not, with thy death,
This lodge of lore, the Muses mansion marr.
That treasure house this hand shall never spoyl:
My sword shall never bruse that skilfull braine,
Long gatherd heapes of science sone to spyll.
O, how faire frutes may you to mortall men
From wisdomes garden geve? How many may
By you the wiser and the better prove?
what error, what mad moode, what phrensy thee
Perswades to be downe sent to depe Averne:
Where no arts florish, nor no knowledge vails?
For all these sawes, when thus the soverain sayd,
Alighted Zoroas: with sword unsheathed,
The careles king there smot, above the greve,
At thopenyng of his quishes: wounded him
So that the blood down reyled on the ground.
The Macedon perceivyng hurt, gan gnash:
But yet his minde he bent, in any wise,
Him to forbear: set spurs unto his st [...]de,
And turnde away: lest anger of his smart
Should cause revenger hand deale balefull blowes.
But of the Macedonian chieftains knights
One Meleager, could not beare this sight:
But ran upon the said Egyptian reuk:

And cut him in both knees: he fell to ground:
Wherwith a whole rout came of souldiers stern,
And all in pieces hewed the silly seg.
But happily the soule fled to the starre [...]:
Where under him, he hath full sight of all,
Wherat he gased here, with reaching looke.
The Persians wailde such sapience to forgo:
The very fone, the Macedonians wisht.
He wo [...]ld have lived: king Alexander self
Demde him a man, unmete to dye at all:
Who won like praise, for conquest of his yre,
As for stout men in field that day subdued:
Who princes taught, how to discerne a man,
That in his hed so rare a jewell beares.
But over all, those same Camenes, those same
Devine Camenes, whose honour he procurde,
As tender parent doth his daughters weal:
Lamented: and for thankes all that they can,
Do cherish'him deceast, and set him free,
From dark oblivion of devouring death.

A True Love

What sweet relief the showers to thirsty plants we see,
What dear delight the blooms to bees, my true love is to me!
As fresh and lusty Ver foul Winter doth exceed—
As morning bright, with scarlet sky, doth pass the evening's weed—
As mellow pears above the crabs esteemed be—
So doth my love surmount them all, whom yet I hap to see!
The oak shall olives bear, the lamb the lion fray,
The owl shall match the nightingale in tuning of her lay,
Or I my love let slip out of mine entire heart,
So deep reposed in my breast is she for her desart!
For many blessed gifts, O happy, happy land!
Where Mars and Pallas strive to make their glory most to stand!
Yet, land, more is thy bliss that, in this cruel age,
A Venus' imp thou hast brought forth, so steadfast and so sage.
Among the Muses Nine a tenth if Jove would make,
And to the Graces Three a fourth, her would Apollo take.
Let some for honour hunt, and hoard the massy gold:
With her so I may live and die, my weal cannot be told.

Chidiock Tichborne
1558?-1586

Chidiock Tichborne was born in Southampton, Hampshire, England, to Roman Catholic parents. He had lived a short life in the 16th century practicing Catholicism at a time when to do so was becoming increasingly dangerous. In 1583, Chidiock Tichborne was interrogated about relics he had gathered while traveling abroad; three years later, he joined the Babington conspirators who were plotting to kill the queen. He was apprehended and held in the Tower of London where he composed a letter to his wife with the stanzas - known as "Tichborne's Elegy" - concerning his impending death.

He was known to be a poet, although only three poems appear to have survived. His most famous one was written on the night before his execution and is sometimes called "*Tichborne's Elegy"*. The other two are called "*To His Friend"* and *"The Housedove".*

On the 19th September Tichborne was allowed to write a letter to his wife, Agnes and he included a poem of three stanzas which has become his most famous piece of work. Sometimes called his *Elegy*, here is the poem. It's a mournful, resigned statement that says he knows that his life is over, but what a pity it had to be so short. He seems to be acknowledging, though, that he has brought about his own downfall due his unwavering faith. Chidiock Tichborne died on the 20th September 1586 at the age of 23 or 24; he was executed in a manner reserved for traitors to the Crown.

Tichborne's Elegy

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,
My crop of corn is but a field of tares,
And all my good is but vain hope of gain;
The day is past, and yet I saw no sun,

And now I live, and now my life is done.
My tale was heard and yet it was not told,
My fruit is fallen and yet my leaves are green,
My youth is spent and yet I am not old,
I saw the world and yet I was not seen;
My thread is cut and yet it is not spun,
And now I live, and now my life is done.
I sought my death and I found it my womb,
I looked for life and saw it was a shade,
I trod the earth and knew it was my tomb,
And now I die, and now I was but made:
My glass is full, and now my glass is run,
And now I live, and now my life is done.

Robert Southwell
1561-1595

Robert Southwell is an English poet and martyr renowned for his saintly life as a Jesuit priest and missionary, and for his religious poetry. He was born in1561, Horsham St. Faith, Norfolk, England. He spent his adolescence and early manhood in Italy. His brief literary career flourished d uring the years when he was an underground Jesuit priest in Protestant England. It is agreed that Southwell brought with him from Italy the themes and the aesthetics of militant Counter-Reformation piety. There is as well disagreement over Southwell's literary achievement and the extent and significance of his influence. Contemporary writers seem to have been impressed by his clear, precise English, by the beauty of its rhythms, and by his gift for combining passion with moral and intellectual analysis. Southwell was educated at Jesuit colleges in France and in Rome. In 1585 he was ordained priest and made prefect of studies at the English College at Rome. He returned to England in 1586 and lived in concealment at Arundel House, writing letters of consolation to persecuted Roman Catholics and making pastoral journeys. His "*An Epistle of Comfort"* was printed secretly in 1587. Southwell was arrested in 1592: he was

tortured in an attempt to make him reveal the whereabouts of his fellow priests and imprisoned in the Tower of London. In 1595 he was tried for treason under the anti-Catholic penal laws of 1585 and executed.

Southwell's devotional lyrics and prose treatises and epistles reflect the ardent piety of his life. His best works achieve an unusual directness and simplicity, and his use of paradox and striking imagery is akin to that of the later Metaphysical poets. The constant themes of Southwell's poetry are the absolute beauty and truth revealed in Christ and his mother and a correspondingly absolute necessity that humanity respond to revelation with contrition, repentance, and love. The best-known poem of Robert Southwell "**The Burning Babe**" presents, as the prelude to Christmas, a vision of absolute love constant in rejection. "The Burning Babe" printed variously in the rhymed "fourteeners" of mid-century verse, admitted by Ben Jonson and Dylan Thomas alike [Anthology, p.112].

The Burning Babe

As I in hoarie Winters night
Stood shivering in the snow,
Surpriz'd I was with sudden heat,
Which made my heart to glow;
And lifting up a fearefull eye
To view what fire was neere,
A pretie Babe all burning bright
Did in the aire appeare;
Who, scorched with excessive heat,
Such fiouds of teares did shed,
As though his fiouds should quench his flames,
Which with his teares were bred:
Alas, (quoth he) but newly borne,
In fierie heats I frie,
Yet none approach to warme their hearts,
Or feele my fire but I;
My faultlesse brest the furnace is,
The fuell wounding thornes'
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke,
The ashes shames and scornes;
The fuell justice layeth on,
And mercy blowes the coales,
The metall in this Furnace wrought,
Are mens defiled soules:
For which, as now on fire I am,
To workc them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath,
To wash them in my blood,
With this he vanisht out of sight,
And swiftly shrunke away,

And straight I called unto minde,
That it was Christmasse day.

At Fotheringay

The pounded spise both tast and sent doth please;
In fadinge smoke the force doth incense showe;
The perisht kernell springeth with increase;
The lopped tree doth best and soonest growe.

Gods spice I was, and poundinge was my due;
In fadinge breath my incense favoured best;
Death was my meane my kernell to renewe;
By loppinge shott I upp to heavenly rest.

Some thinges more perfit are in their decaye,
Like sparke that going out geeves clerest light:
Such was my happe, whose dolefull dying daye
Begane my joye and termed fortunes spight .

Alive a Queene, now dead I am a Saint;
Once *Mary* cald, my name now Martyr is;
From earthly raigne debarred by restrainte,
In liew wherof I raigne in heavenly blis.

My life, my griefe, my death, hath wrought my joy
My freendes, my foyle, my foes, my weale procurd,
My speedie death hath scorned longe annoye,
And losse of life ah endles life assurd.

Mv scaffolde was the bedd where ense I fownde;
The blocke a pillowe of eternall rest.
My headman cast nice in in blesfull sownde;
His axe cult *of* my cares from coinbred brest.
Rue not my death, rejoyce at my repose;
It was no death to nice but to my woo,
The budd was opened to let owl the rose,
The cheynes unloosed to let the captive goe.

A Prince by birth, a prisoner by mishappe,
From crowne to crosse from throne to thrall I fell.
Mv right my ruth, my tytles wrought my trapp;
My weale my woo, my worldly heaven my hell.
Bv death from prisoner to a prince enhaunced;
From crosse to crowne from thrall to throne againe,

My ruth my rights, my trappe my styll advaunced
From woe to weals, from hell to heavenly raigne.

Times Goe by Turnes

The lopped tree
In time may grow againe,
Most naked plants
Renew both fruit and flowre:
The sorriest wight
May finde release of paine,
The dryest soils
Suck in some moistning showre.
Times goe by turnes,
And chances chaunge by course,
From foule to fairs,
From belter hap to worse
The Sea of Fortune
Doth not ever flow,
She drawes her favours
To the lowest ebbe;
Her tides have equal! times
To cornc and goe,
Her Loome doth weave
The fine and coursest webbe;
No joy so great,
But runneth to an end:
No hap so hard,
But may in fine amend.
Not alwayes Fall of leafe,
Nor ever Spring,
No endlesse night,
Nor yet eternal! day:
The saddest Birds
A season finde to sing,
The roughest storme
A calme m ay soone allay.
Thus with succeeding turns
God tem pereth all;
That man may hope to rise,
Yet feare to fall.
A chance may winne
That by mischaunce was lost,
That net that holds no great,
Takes little fish;
In some things all,

In all things none are crost:
Few all they need,
But none have all they wish.
Unmedled joyes
Here to no man befall:
Who least, hath some,
Who most, hath never all.

Ensamples of Our Saviour

Our Saviour
(Paterne of true holinesse)
Continuall praid
Us by ensample teaching,
When he was baptized
In the wildernesse,
In working miracles
And in his preaching,
Upon the mount
In garden grones of death,
At his last Supper
At his parting breath.
O fortresse of the faitlifull,
Sure defence,
In which doth Christians
Cognizance consist:
Their victories, their triumph
Comes from thence,
So forcible, hellgates
Cannot resist:
A thing whereby
Both Angels, clouds, and starres,
At mans request
Fight Gods revengefull wanes.
Nothing more grateful
In the Highest eyes,
Nothing more firme
In danger to protect us,
Nothing more forcible
To pierce the skies,
And not depart
Till mercy doe respect us:
And as the soule
Life to the body gives,
So prayer revives
The soule, by prayer it lives.

Sir Thomas Wyatt
1503-1542

Thomas Wyatt was born around 1503 at Allington Castle in Kent, England. He was the son of Sir Henry Wyatt of Yorkshire and Anne Skinner Wyatt of Surrey. It is stated that Wyatt attended Cambridge. It is assumed that in 1516 he entered Saint John's College, Cambridge. After marriage to Elizabeth Brooke, daughter of Thomas, Lord Cobham, in 1520 Wyatt progressed in his career at court, as esquire of the king's body and clerk of the king's jewels (1524. No poet represents the complexities of the British court of Henry VIII better than Sir Thomas Wyatt. Skilled in international diplomacy, imprisoned without charges, at ease jousting in tournaments, and adept at writing courtly poetry, Wyatt was admired and envied by his contemporaries. The distinction between his public and private life was not always clearly marked, for he spent his life at various courts, where he wrote for a predominantly aristocratic audience.

Wyatt's poems are of two sorts. The first – lyrics in short written in an earlier tradition of song continued from the later XY century – represents the poetry of the "courtly makers". The second sort not only brought the sonnet form to English but also sought to work out, from the Italian eleven-syllable line, a viable English equivalent. Wyatt's sonnets are written in a peculiar mixture of syllabic and accentual lines [1, p.716]. He created a new English poetics by experimenting with meter and voice and by grafting Continental and classical forms and ideas to English traditions. Wyatt wrote the first English sonnets and true satires, projecting through them the most important political issues of the period: the Protestant Reformation and the centralization of state power under the reigns of the Tudors. For this combination of formalistic innovation and historical reflection, he is today considered the most important poet of the first half of the sixteenth century.

I Find No Peace

I find no peace and all mv war is done;
I tear and hope, I burn and freeze like ice;
I fly above the wind, vet can I not arise,
And naught I have and all the world I seize on;
That looseth nor locketh holdelh me in prison,
And holdeth me not vet can I scape nowise;

Noi letteth me live nor die at mv devise,
And vet of death it giveth none occasion.
Without eyen I see, and without longue I plain;
I desire to perish, and yet I ask health;
I love another, and thus 1 hate myself;
I feed me in sorrow, and laugh in nil my pain.
Likewise displeaseth me both death and life,
And my delight is causer of this strife.

My Galley Charged with Forgetfulness

My galley charged with forgetfulness
Through sharp seas, in winter night doth pass
Tween rock and rock; and eke mine enemy, alas,
That is my lord steereth with cruelness.
And every oar a thought in readiness,
As though that death were light in such a case.
An endless wind doth tear the sail apace
Of forced sighs and trusty fearfulness.
A rain of tears, a cloud of dark disdain,
Hath done the wearied cords great hinderance,
Wreathed with error and eke with ignorance.
The stars be hid that led me to this pain
Drowned is reason that should me consort,
And I remain despairing of the port.

Farewell, Love

Farewell, Love, and all thy laws forever, -
Thy baited hooks shall tangle me no more;
Senec and Plato call me from thy lore,
To perfect wealth my wit for to endeavour.
In blind error when I did persever,
Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so sore,
Hath taught me to set in trifles no store
And scape forth since liberty is lever.
Therefore farewell-go trouble younger hearts,
And in me claim no more authority;
With idle youth go use thy property,
And I thereon spend thy many brittle darts.
For hitherto though I have lost all my time,
Me lusteth no longer rotten boughs to climb.

(from ms.1913)

The Long Love That in My Thought Doth Harbour

The long love that in my thought doth harbour,

And in my heart doth keep his residence,
Into my face presseth with bold pretence
And there encampeth, spreading his banner.
She that me learns to love and suffer
And wills that my trust and lust's negligence
Be reined by reason, shame and reverence
With his hardiness takes displeasure.
Wherewithal unto the heart's forest he flieth,
Leaving his enterprise with pain and cry,
And there him hideth, and not appeareth.
What may I do, when my master feareth,
But in the field with him to live and die?
For good is the life ending faithfully.

(from ms.1913)

Blame Not My Lute

Blame not my lute, for he must sound
Of this or that as liketh me,
For lack of wit the lute is bound
To give such tunes as pleaseth me.
Though my songs be somewhat strange
And speaks such words as touch thy change,
Blame not my lute.

My lute, alas, doth not offend,
Through that perforce he must agree
To sound such tunes as I intend,
To sing to them than heareth me.
Then, though my songs be somewhat plain,
Blame not my lute.

My lute and strings may not deny
But as I strike they must obey:
Break not them then so wrongfully,
But wreak thyself some wiser way,
And though the songs which I indite
Do quit thy change with rightful spite,
Blame not my lute.

Spite asketh spite and changing change
And falsed faith must needs be known.
The fault so great, the case so strange,
Of right it must abroad be blown.
Then since that by thine own desert
My songs do tell how true thou art,
Blame not my lute.

Blame but thyself that hast misdone
And well deserved to have blame.
Change thou thy way so evil begun
And then my lute shall sound that same.
But if till then my fingers play,
By thy desert, their wonted way,
Blame not my lute.

Farewell, unknown, for though thou brake
My strings in spite, with great disdain,
Yet have I found out for thy sake
Strings for to string my lute again.
And if perchance this foolish rhyme
Do make thee blush at any time, Blame not my lute.

(from ms. 1913)

My Lute, Awake!

My lute, awake! Perform the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And end that I have now begun:
For when this song is sung and past,
My lute, be still, for I have done.

As to be heard where ear is none,
As lead to grave in marble stone,
My song may pierce her heart as soon.
Should we then sigh or sing or moan?
No, no, my lute, for I have done.

The rocks do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually
As she my suit and affection,
So that I am past remedy,
Whereby my lute and I have done.

Proud of the spoil that thou hast got
Of simple hearts, thorough0 love's shot,
By whom, unkind,0 thou hast them won -
Think not he hath his bow forgot,
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain
That makest but game on earnest pain.
Think not alone under the sun,
Unquit, to cause thy lovers plain,
Although my lute and I have done.

Perchance thee lie withered and old
The winter nights that are so cold,
Plaining in vain unto the moon.
Thy wishes then dare not be told.
Care then who list, for I have done.
And then may chance thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent
To cause thy lovers sigh and swoon.
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want as I have done.

Now cease, my lute. This is the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And ended is that we begun.
Now is this song both sung and past;
My lute, be still, for I have done.
(from ms.1913)

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey
1517 - 1547

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey was born in1517, Hunsdon, England. He was a poet who introduced the styles and meters of the Italian humanist poets (blank verse) and so laid the foundation of a great age of English poetry.

Henry was the eldest son of Lord Thomas Howard, and took the courtesy title of Earl of Surrey in 1524. In 1532, after talk of marriage with the princess Mary (daughter of Henry VIII and Catherine of Aragon), he married Lady Frances de Vere, the 14-year-old daughter of the Earl of Oxford. Surrey was confined at

Windsor (1537–39) after being charged with having secretly favored the Roman Catholics in the rebellion of 1536. Returning to England in 1546, he found the king dying. The Seymours, alarmed, accused Surrey and his father of treason and called his sister, the Duchess of Richmond, to witness against him. She made the disastrous admission that he was still a close adherent to the Roman Catholic faith. Surrey defended himself unavailingly and at the age of 30 was executed on Tower Hill.

Most of Surrey's poetry was probably written during his confinement at Windsor; it was nearly all first published in 1557, 10 years after his death. He acknowledged Wyatt as a master and followed him in adapting Italian forms to English verse. He translated a number of Petrarch's sonnets. Surrey achieved a greater smoothness and firmness, qualities that were to be important in the evolution of the English sonnet. As a major poet of the 16th century Surrey was the first to develop the sonnet form used by William Shakespeare. In his short poems he wrote not only on the usual themes of love and death but also of life in London, of friendship, and of youth [Encyclopedia Britannica].

Surrey's poetry is often associated with that of Thomas Wyatt. He wrote love poems and elegies and translated Books 2 and 4 of Virgil's *Aeneid* as well as Psalms and Ecclesiastes from the Bible. He also introduced blank verse to English - a form that he used in his translations of Virgil [Poetry Foundation,2024].

Alas, So All Things Now Do Hold Their Peace

Alas, so all things now do hold their peace,
Heaven and earth disturbed in no-thing;
The beasts, the air, the birds their song do cease,
The nightes chair the stars about do bring.
Calm is the sea: the waves work less and less;
So am not I, whom love, alas, doth wring,
Bringing before my face the great increase
Of my desires, whereat I weep and sing
In joy and woe as in a doubtful ease;
For my sweet thoughts sometime do pleasure bring,
But by and by the cause of my disease
Gives me a pang that inwardly doth sting,
When that 1 think what grief it is again
To live and lack the thing should rid my pain.

From Virgil's Aeneid

[The Night-Piece]

It was then night: the sound and quiet sleep
Had through the earth the wearied bodies caught;
The woods, the raging seas were fallen to rest;
When that the stars had half their course declined
The fields whist; beasts and fowls of divers hue,
And what so that in the broad lakes remained,

Or yet among the bushy thicks of briar
Laid down to sleep by silence of the night,
Gan 'suage their cares, mindless of travels past.
Not so the sprite of this Phoenician:
Unhappy she, that on no sleep could chance,
Nor vet night's rest enter in eye or breast.
Her cares redouble; love doth rise and rage again,
And overflows with swelling storms of wrath.

[**The Trojan Horse**]

'The Greeks' chieftains, all irked with the war
Wherein they wasted had so many years
And oft repulsed by fatal destiny,
By the divine science of Minerva
A huge horse made, high raised like a hill,
For their return a feigned sacrifice:
The fame whereof so wandered it at point.
Of cloven fir compacted were his ribs;
In the dark bulk they closed bodies of men
Chosen by lot, and did enstuff by stealth
The hollow womb with armed soldiers.
There stands in sight an isle, hight Tenedon,
Rich, and of fame, while Priam's kingdom stood;
Now but a bay, and road unsure for ship.
Hither them secretly the Greeks withdrew,
Shrouding themselves under the desert shore.
And, weening we they had been fled and gone
And with that wind had fet the land of Greece,
Troye discharged her long continued dole.
The gates cast up, we issued out to play,
The Greekish camp desirous to behold,
The places void, and the forsaken coasts.

Here Pyrrhus' band; there fierce Achilles pight;
Here rode their ships; there did their battles join.
Astonied, some the scatheful gift beheld,
Behight by vow unto the chaste Minerve,
All wondering at the hugeness of the horse.
The first of all Timoetes gan advise
Within the walls to lead and draw the same,
And place it eke amid the palace court:
Whether of guile, or Troyes fate it would.
Capys, with some of judgment more discreet,
Willed it to drown, or underset with flame

The suspect present of the Greeks' deceit,
Or bore and gauge the hollow caves uncouth:
So diverse ran the giddy people's mind.
    Lo, foremost of a rout that followed him,
Kindled Laocoon hasted from the tower,
Crying far off: "0 wretched citizens!
What so great kind of frenzy fretteth you?
Deem ye the Greeks our enemies to be gone?
Or any Greekish gifts can you suppose
Devoid of guile? Is so Ulysses known?
Either the Greeks are in this timber hid,
Or this an engine is to annoy our walls,
To view our towers, and overwhelm our town.
Here lurks some craft. Good Troyans, give no trust
Unto this horse, for whatsoever it be,
I dread the Greeks-yea, when they offer gifts!"
And with that word, with all his force a dart
He lanced then into that crooked womb
Which trembling stuck, and shook within the side:
Wherewith the caves gan hollowly resound.
And, but for Fates, and for our blind forecast,
The Greeks' device and guile had he descried:
Troy yet had stood, and Priam's towers so high.'

Love That Doth Reign and Live Within My Thought

Love, that doth reign and live within my thought,
And built his seat within my captive breast,
Clad in the arms wherein with me he fought,
Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.
But she that taught me love and suffer pain,
Mv doubtful hope and eke my hot desire
With shamefast look to shadow and refrain,
Her smiling grace converteth straight to ire.
And coward Love, then, to the heart apace
Taketh his flight, where he doth lurk and plain,
His purpose lost, and dare not show his face.
For my lord's guilt thus faultless bide I pain,
Yet from my lord shall not my foot remove:
Sweet is the death that taketh end by love.

Sir Philip Sidney
1554 - 1586

Sir Philip Sidney, born in November 30, 1554, Penshurst, Kent, England, was an Elizabethan courtier, statesman, soldier, poet, and patron of scholars and poets, considered the ideal gentleman of his day. After Shakespeare's sonnets, Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* is considered the finest Elizabethan sonnet cycle, and which created a model not only for what would become a national literary fashion in the last decade of the century but also for an association of form, mythological and narrative elements, and tone of personal voice which would continue to influence English lyric poetry in the century after his death.

Philip Sidney was the eldest son of Sir Henry Sidney and his wife, Lady Mary Dudley, daughter of the duke of Northumberland, and godson of King Philip II of Spain. At age 10 he entered Shrewsbury School. In February 1568 he began a three-year period of studies at Christ Church, Oxford, afterward traveling in Europe between May 1572 and June 1575, perfecting his knowledge of Latin, French, and Italian. He also gained firsthand knowledge of European politics and became acquainted with many of Europe's leading statesmen. Sidney was a member of Parliament for Kent in 1581 and 1584-85. He was among the few Englishmen of his time with any interest in the newly discovered Americas, and he supported maritime explorations; he had wide-ranging intellectual and artistic interests, and was a great patron of scholars and men of letters. More than 40 works by English and European authors were dedicated to him - works of divinity, ancient and modern history, geography, military affairs, law, logic, medicine, and poetry - indicating the breadth of his interests. In January 1583 he was knighted. He had turned to literature as an outlet for his energies. In 1578 he composed a pastoral playlet, "*The Lady of May"*, for the queen. By 1580 he had completed a version of his heroic prose romance, the "*Arcadia"*. During the summer of 1582 he composed a sonnet sequence called "*Astrophel and Stella"* that recounts a courtier's passion in delicately fictionalized terms. These sonnets, witty and impassioned, brought Elizabethan poetry at once of age. About the same time, he wrote "*The Defence of Poesie"*, an urbane and eloquent plea for the social value of imaginative fiction, which remains the

finest work of Elizabethan literary criticism. In 1584 he began a radical revision of his "*Arcadia"*, transforming its linear dramatic plot into a many-stranded, interlaced narrative; it remains the most important work of prose fiction in English of the 16th century. "Sidney's use not only of Petrarchan imagery but also of patterning of linguistic surface and depth which he had learned from Renaissance study of rhetoric, is reinforced in these poems by a constant sense of personal presence, of a tone of voice of a speaker in a situation, which will lay the groundwork for the new kind of lyric of speech" [1,p.127].

Sidney was buried at St. Paul's Cathedral in London on February 16, 1587. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge and scholars throughout Europe issued memorial volumes in his honor, almost every English poet composed verses in his praise. He won this adulation even though he had accomplished no action of consequence. It is not what he did but what he was that made him so widely admired: the embodiment of the Elizabethan ideal of gentlemanly virtue [Encyclopedia Brittanica].

From **Astrophel and Stella**

I

Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to show,
That she, dear she, might take some pleasure of my pain, -
Pleasure might cause her read, reading might make her know,
Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain, -
I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe;
Studying inventions fine her wits to entertain,
Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would flow
Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sunburn'd brain.
But words came halting forth, wanting invention's stay;
Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame Study's blows;
And others' feet still seem'd but strangers in my way.
Thus great with child to speak and helpless in my throes,
Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite,
"Fool," said my Muse to me, "look in thy heart, and write."

II

Not at the first sight, nor with a dribbed shot,
Loue gaue the wound, which, while I breathe, will bleede;
But knowne worth did in tract of time proceed,
Till by degrees, it had full conquest got.
I saw and lik'd; I lik'd but loued not;
I lou'd, but straight did not what Loue decreed:
At length, to Loues decrees I, forc'd, agreed,
Yet with repining at so partiall lot.
Now, euen that footstep of lost libertie
Is gone; and now, like slaue-borne *Muscouite*,

I call it praise to suffer tyrannie;
And nowe imploy the remnant of my wit
To make myselfe beleeue that all is well,
While, with a feeling skill, I paint my hell.

III

Let dainty wits crie on the Sisters nine,
That, brauely maskt, their fancies may be told;
Or, *Pindars* apes, flaunt they in phrases fine,
Enam'ling with pied flowers their thoughts of gold;
Or else let them in statlier glorie shine,
Ennobling new-found tropes with problemes old;
Or with strange similes enrich each line,
Of herbes or beasts which *Inde* or *Affrick* hold.
For me, in sooth, no Muse but one I know,
Phrases and problems from my reach do grow;
And strange things cost too deare for my poor sprites.
How then? euen thus: in *Stellaes* face I reed
What Loue and Beautie be; then all my deed
But copying is, what in her Nature writes.

IV

Vertue, alas, now let me take some rest;
Thou setst a bate betweene my will and wit;
If vaine Loue haue my simple soule opprest,
Leaue what thou lik'st not, deale thou not with it.
Thy scepter vse in some old *Catoes* brest,
Churches or Schooles are for thy seat more fit;
I do confesse (pardon a fault confest)
My mouth too tender is for thy hard bit.
But if that needes thou wilt vsurping be
The little reason that is left in me,
And still th'effect of thy perswasions prooue,
I sweare, my heart such one shall show to thee,
That shrines in flesh so true a deitie,
That, Virtue, thou thyself shalt be in loue.

V

It is most true that eyes are form'd to serue
The inward light, and that the heauenly part
Ought to be King, from whose rules who do swerue,
Rebels to nature, striue for their owne smart.
It is most true, what we call *Cupids* dart

An image is, which for ourselues we carue,
And, foolse, adore in temple of our hart,
Till that good god make church and churchmen starue.
True, that true beautie virtue is indeed,
Whereof this beautie can be but a shade,
Which, elements with mortal mixture breed.
True, that on earth we are but pilgrims made,
And should in soule up to our countrey moue:
True, and yet true that I must *Stella* loue.

XIV

Alas, haue I not pain enough, my friend,
Vpon whose breast a fiecer Gripe doth tire
Than did on him who first stale down the fire,
While Loue on me doth all his quiuer spend,
But with your rhubarbe words ye must contend
To grieue me worse, in saying that Desire
Doth plunge my wel-form'd soul euen in the mire
Of sinfull thoughts, which do in ruin end?
If that be sinne which doth the manners frame,
Well staid with truth in word and faith of deede,
Ready of wit, and fearing nought but shame;
If that be sin which in fixt hearts doth breed
A loathing of all loose vnchastitie,
Then loue is sin, and let me sinfull be.

XV

You that do search for euery purling spring
Which from the ribs of old *Parnassus* flowes,
And euery flower, not sweet perhaps, which growes
Neere thereabouts, into your poesie wring;
Ye that do dictionaries methode bring
Into your rimes, running in rattling rowes;
You that poore *Petrarchs* long deceased woes
With new-borne sighes and denisen'd wit do sing;
You take wrong wayes; those far-fet helps be such
As do bewray a want of inward tuch,
And sure, at length stol'n goods doe come to light:
But if, both for your loue and skill, your name
You seek to nurse at fullest breasts of Fame,
Stella behold, and then begin to indite.

XX

Fly, fly, my friends; I haue my deaths wound, fly;
See there that Boy, that murthring Boy I say,
Who like a theefe hid in dark bush doth ly,
Till bloudy bullet get him wrongfull pray.
So, tyran he no fitter place could spie,
Nor so faire leuell in so secret stay,
As that sweet black which veils the heau'nly eye;
There with his shot himself he close doth lay.
Poore passenger, pass now thereby I did,
And staid, pleas'd with the prospect of the place,
While that black hue from me the the bad guest hid:
But straight I saw the motions of lightning grace,
And then descried the glistrings of his dart:
But ere I could flie thence, it pierc'd my heart.

XXV

The wisest scholler of the wight most wise
By *Phoebus* doom, with sugred sentence sayes,
That vertue, if it once met with our eyes,
Strange flames of loue it in our souls would raise;
But for that man with paine this truth descries,
Whiles he each thing in Senses balance wayes,
And so nor will nor can behold those skies
Which inward sunne to heroick mind displaies
Vertue of late, with vertuous care to ster
Loue of herself, tooke *Stellas* shape, that she
To mortall eyes might sweetly shine in her.
It is most true; for since I her did see,
Vertues great beauty in that face I proue,
And find th' effect, for I do burn in loue.

XXVI

Though dustie wits dare scorne Astrologie,
And fooles can thinke those lampes of purest light
Whose numbers, waies, greatnesse, eternity,
Promising wonders, wonder do inuite
To haue for no cause birthright in the sky
But for to spangle the black weeds of Night;
Or for some brawl which in that chamber hie,
They should still dance to please a gazers sight.
For me, I do Nature vnidle know,
And know great causes great effects procure;
And know those bodies high raigne on the low.

And if these rules did fail, proof makes me sure,
Who oft fore-see my after-following race,
By only those two starres in *Stellaes* face.

XXVIII

You that with Allegories curious frame
Of others children changelings vse to make,
With me those pains, for Gods sake, do not take:
I list not dig so deep for brazen fame,
When I say *Stella* I do meane the same
Princesse of beauty for whose only sake
The raines of Loue I loue, though neuer slake,
And ioy therein, though nations count it shame.
I beg no subiect to vse eloquence,
Nor in hid wayes to guide philosophy:
Looke at my hands for no such quintessence;
But know that I in pure simplicitie
Breathe out the flames which burn within my heart,
Loue onely reading vnto me this arte.

XXXIII

I might (vnhappy word!) O me, I might,
And then I would not, or could not, see my blisse,
Till now wrapt in a most infernall night,
I find how heau'nly day, wretch! I did misse.
Hart, rend thyself, thou dost thyself but right;
No louely *Paris* made thy *Hellen* his;
No force, no fraud robd thee of thy delight,
Nor Fortune of thy fortune author is,
But to my selfe my selfe did giue the blow,
While too much wit, forsooth, so troubled me
That I respects for both our sakes must show:
And yet could not, by rysing morne fore-see
How fair a day was near: O punisht eyes,
That I had bene more foolish, or more wise!

XXXIV

Come, let me write. And to what end? To ease
A burthen'd heart. How can words ease, which are
The glasses of thy dayly-vexing care?
Oft cruel fights well pictur'd-forth do please.
Art not asham'd to publish thy disease?
Nay, that may breed my fame, it is so rare.

But will not wise men thinke thy words fond ware?
Then be they close, and so none shall displease.
What idler thing then speake and not be hard?
What harder thing then smart and not to speake?
Peace, foolish wit! with wit my wit is mard.
Thus write I, while I doubt to write, and wreake
My harmes in inks poor losse. Perhaps some find
Stellas great pow'rs, that so confuse my mind.

XXXV

What may words say, or what may words not say,
Where Truth itself must speake like Flatterie?
Within what bounds can one his liking stay,
Where Nature doth with infinite agree?
What *Nestors* counsell can my flames alay,
Since Reasons self doth blow the coale in me?
And, ah, what hope that Hope should once see day,
Where *Cupid* is sworn page to Chastity?
Honour is honour'd that thou dost possesse
Him as thy slaue, and now long-needy Fame
Doth euen grow rich, meaning my *Stellaes* name.
Wit learnes in thee perfection to expresse:
Not thou by praise, but praise in thee is raisde:
It is a praise to praise, when thou art praisde.

XLIX

I on my horse, and Loue on me, doth trie
Our horsemanships, while by strange worke I proue
A horsman to my horse, a horse to Loue,
And now mans wrongs in me, poor beast! descrie.
The raines wherewith my rider doth me tie
Are humbled thoughts, which bit of reuerence moue,
Curb'd-in with feare, but with gilt bosse aboue
Of hope, which makes it seem fair to the eye:
The wand is will; thou, Fancie, saddle art,
Girt fast by Memorie; and while I spurre
My horse, he spurres with sharpe desire my hart.
He sits me fast, howeuer I do sturre,
And now hath made me to his hand so right,
That in the manage my selfe take delight.

LXXI

Who will in fairest booke of Nature know
How vertue may best lodg'd in Beautie be,
Let him but learne of Loue to reade in thee,
Stella, those faire lines which true goodnesse show.
There shall he find all vices ouerthrow,
Not by rude force, but sweetest soueraigntie
Of reason, from whose light those night-birds flie,
That inward sunne in thine eyes shineth so.
And, not content to be Perfections heire
Thy selfe, doest striue all minds that way to moue,
Who marke in thee what is in thee most faire:
So while thy beautie drawes the heart to loue,
As fast thy vertue bends that loue to good:
But, ah, Desire still cries, Giue me some food.

CX

Leaue, me, O loue which reachest but to dust,
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things.
Grow rich in that which neuer taketh rust;
Whateuer fades, but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beames, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedomes be;
Which breakes the clowdes, and opens forth the light,
That doth both shine and giue us sight to see.
O take fast hold; let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth drawes out to death,
And thinke how euill becommeth him to slide,
Who seeketh heau'n, and comes of heau'nly breath.
Then farewell world; thy vttermost I see:
Eternall Loue, maintaine thy life in me.

SONGS

First Song

Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes entendeth,
Which now my breast, surcharg'd, to musick lendeth!
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only in you my song begins and endeth.
Who hath the eyes which marrie state with pleasure!
Who keeps the key of Natures cheifest treasure!
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only for you the heau'n forgate all measure.
Who hath the lips, where wit in fairnesse raigneth!
Who womankind at once both deckes and stayneth!

To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Onely by you *Cupid* his crowne maintaineth.
Who hath the feet, whose step all sweetnesse planteth!
Who else, for whom Fame worthy trumpets wanteth!
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Onely to you her scepter *Venus* granteth.
Who hath the breast, whose milk doth patience nourish!
Whose grace is such, that when it chides doth cherish!
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Onelie through you the tree of life doth flourish.
Who hath the hand which, without stroke, subdueth!
Who long-dead beautie with increase reneueth!
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Onely at you all enuie hopelesse rueth.
Who hath the haire, which, loosest, fastest tieth!
Who makes a man liue, then glad when he dieth!
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only of you the flatterer neuer lieth.
Who hath the voyce, which soule from sences thunders!
Whose force, but yours, the bolts of beautie thunders!
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only with you not miracles are wonders.
Doubt you, to whome my Muse these notes intendeth,
Which now my breast, oercharg'd, to musicke lendeth!
To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Only in you my song begins and endeth.

Second Song

Haue I caught my heau'nly iewell,
Teaching Sleepe most faire to be!
Now will I teach her that she,
When she wakes, is too-too cruell.
Since sweet Sleep her eyes hath charmed,
The two only darts of Loue,
Now will I, with that Boy, proue,
Some play, while he is disamed.
Her tongue, waking, still refuseth,
Giuing frankly niggard no:
Now will I attempt to know
What no her tongue, sleeping, vseth.
See the hand that, waking, gardeth,
Sleeping, grants a free resort:
Now I will inuade the fort,
Cowards Loue with losse rewardeth.

But, O foole, thinke of the danger
Of her iust and high disdaine;
Now will I, alas, refraine;
Loue feares nothing else but anger.
Yet those lips, so sweetly swelling,
Do inuite a stealing kisse.
Now will I but venture this;
Who will reade, must first learne spelling.
Oh, sweet kisse! but ah, shes waking!
Lowring beautie chastens me:
Now will I for feare hence flee;
Foole, more Foole for no more taking.

Fourth Song

Onely Ioy, now here you are,
Fit to heare and ease my care,
Let my whispering voyce obtaine
Sweete reward for sharpest paine;
Take me to thee, and thee to mee:
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let bee.
Night hath closde all in her cloke,
Twinkling starres loue-thoughts prouoke,
Danger hence, good care doth keepe,
Iealouzie hemselfe doth sleepe;
Take me to thee, and thee to mee:
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let bee.
Better place no wit can finde,
Cupids knot to loose or binde;
These sweet flowers our fine bed too,
Vs in their best language woo:
Take me to thee, and thee to mee:
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let bee.
This small light the moone bestowes
Serues thy beames but to disclose;
So to raise my hap more hie,
Feare not else, none vs can spie;
Take me to thee, and thee to mee:
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let bee.
That you heard was but a mouse,
Dumbe Sleepe holdeth all the house:
Yet asleepe, me thinkes they say,
Yong fooles take time while you may;
Take me to thee, and thee to mee:
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let bee.

Niggard time threates, if we misse
This large offer of our blisse,
Long stay, ere he graunt the same:
Sweet, then, while ech thing doth frame,
Take me to thee, and thee to mee:
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let bee.
Your faire Mother is abed,
Candles out and curtaines spred;
She thinkes you do letters write;
Write, but first let me endite;
Take me to thee, and thee to mee:
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let bee.
Sweete, alas, why striue you thus?
Concord better fitteth vs;
Leaue to *Mars* the force of hands,
Your power in your beautie stands;
Take me to thee, and thee to mee:
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let bee.
Wo to mee, and do you sweare
Me to hate, but I forbeare?
Cursed be my destines all,
That brought me so high to fall;
Soone with my death I will please thee:
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let bee.

Tenth Song

O deare Life, when shall it bee
That mine eyes thine eyes shall see,
And in them thy mind discouer
Whether absence haue had force
thy remembrance to diuorce
From the image of thy louer?
Or if I my self find not,
After parting aught forgot,
Nor debar'd from Beauties treasure,
Let not tongue aspire to tell
In what high ioyes I shall dwell;
Only thought aymes at the pleasure.
Thought, therefore, I will send thee
To take vp the place for me:
Long I will not after tary,
There vnseene, thou mayst be bold,
Those faire wonders to behold,
Which in them my hopes do cary.

Thought, see thou no place forbeare,
Enter brauely euerywhere,
Seize on all to her belonging;
But if thou wouldst garded be,
Fearing her beames, take with thee
Strength of liking, rage of longing.
Thinke of that most gratefull time
When my leaping heart will climb,
In thy lips to haue his biding,
There those roses for to kisse,
Which do breathe a sugred blisse,
Opening rubies, pearles diuiding.
Thinke of my most princely pow'r,
Which I blessed shall deuow'r
With my greedy licorous sences,
Beauty, musicke, sweetnesse, loue,
While she doth against me proue
Her strong darts but weake defences.
Thinke, thinke of those dalyings,
When with doue-like murmurings,
With glad moning, passed anguish,
We change eyes, and hart for hart,
Each to other do depart,
Ioying till ioy makes vs languish.
O my Thoughts, my Thoughts surcease,
Thy delights my woes increse,
My life melts with too much thinking;
Thinke no more, but die in me,
Till thou shalt reuiued be,
At her lips my Nectar drinking.

From The Old Arcadia

Song LXXII

STREPHON Ye goatherd gods, that love the grassy mountains,
Ye nymphs that haunt the springs in pleasant valleys,
Ye satyrs joyed with free and quiet forests,
Vouchsafe your silent ears to plaining music,
Which to my woes gives still an early morning,
And draws the dolour on till weary evening.

KLAIUS 0 Mercury, foregoer to the evening,
0 heavenly huntress0 of the savage mountains,
0 lovely star, entitled of the morning,

0 While that my voice doth fill these woeful valleys,
Vouchsafe your silent ears to plaining music,
Which oft hath Echo tired in secret forests.

STREPHON I, that was once free burgess of the forests,
Where shade from sun, and sport I sought at evening,
I, that was once esteemed for pleasant music.
Am banished now among the monstrous mountains
Of huge despair, and foul afflictions valley s,
Am grown a screech owl to myself each morning.

KLAIUS I, that was once delighted every morning.
Hunting the wild inhabiters of forests,
I, that was once the music of these valley,
So darkened am that all my day is evening,
Heartbroken so that molehills seem high mountains
And fill the vales with cries instead of music.

STREPHON Long since, alas, my deadly swannish music
Hath made itself a crier of the morning,
And hath with wailing strength climbed highest mountains
Long since mv thoughts more desert be than forests,
Long since I see my joys come to their evening,
And state thrown down to overtrodden valleys.
Long since the happy dwellers of these valleys
Have prayed me leave my strange exclaiming music
Which troubles their day's work and joys of evening;
Long since I hate the night, more hate the morning
Long since my thoughts chase me like beasts in forests
And make me wish myself laid under mountains.

STREPHON Meseems 1 see the high and stately mountains
Transform themselves to low dejected0 valleys;
Meseems I hear in these ill-changed forests
The nightingales do learn of owls their music;
Meseems I feel the comfort of the morning
Turned to the mortal serene0 of an evening.

Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke
1554-1628

Fulke Greville, 1st Baron Brooke, born October 3, 1554, Beauchamp Court, Warwickshire, England, was an English writer who is best remembered as a powerful philosophical poet and exponent of a plain style of writing. Greville's "*Life of the Renowned Sir Philip Sidney"* (1652) is a valuable commentary on Elizabethan politics. His sonnet collection "*Caelica"* (1633) differed in tone from most Elizabethan cycles, its treatment being realistic and ironic. His mind was melancholy and Calvinistic, emphasizing the "wearisome condition of humanity," torn between this world and God's commands. His tragedies on Oriental themes traced the political results of this division, and his verse treatises showed how statesmen can best keep order in a naughty world. His poem "Humane Learning" was skeptical about the instruments and aims of earthly knowledge and, in stressing practical improvements, probably owed something to his friend Francis Bacon.

After matriculating at the University of Cambridge in 1568, he was given a post in the Court of the Welsh Marches in 1576 but the next year went on an embassy to Europe and later visited the Low Countries, Ireland, and France. In 1598 he became treasurer of the navy. He forfeited immediate promotion to high office at James I's accession. He later restored Warwick Castle (bestowed on him in 1605 by James) and wrote verse treatises and plays. His tact and business ability were finally rewarded: he was made chancellor of the Exchequer in 1614 and a baron in 1621.

Works definitely by Greville are "*Certaine learned and elegant works"* (1633) and "*Remains"* (1670), and some songs were set to music.

He never married but was "a constant courtier of the ladies." He died of stab wounds inflicted by a disgruntled manservant [Encyclopedia Brittanica].

Cupid, thou naughty boy

Cupid, thou naughty boy, when thou wert loathed,
Naked and blind, for vagabonding noted,

Thy nakedness I in my reason clothed,
Mine eyes I gave thee, so was I devoted.
Fie, wanton, fie! who would show children kindness?
No sooner he into mine eyes was gotten
But straight he clouds them with a seeing blindness,
Makes reason wish that reason were forgotten.
From thence to Myra's eyes the wanton strayeth,
Where while I charge him with ungrateful measure,
So with fair wonders he mine eyes betrayeth,
That my wounds and his wrongs become my pleasure;
Till for more spite to Myra's heart he flyeth,
Where living to the world, to me he dieth.

Mura

I, with whose colours Myra dress'd her head,
I, that ware posies of her own hand-making,
I, that mine own name in the chimneys read
By Myra finely wrought ere I was waking:
Must I look on, in hope time coming may
With change bring back my turn again to play?

I, that on Sunday at the church-stile found
A garland sweet, with true-love knots in flowers,
Which I to wear about mine arm was bound,
That each of us might know that all was ours:
Must I now lead an idle life in wishes,
And follow Cupid for his loaves and fishes?

I, that did wear the ring her mother left,
I, for whose love she gloried to be blamed,
I, with whose eyes her eyes committed theft,
I, who did make her blush when I was named:
Must I lose ring, flowers, blush, theft, and go naked,
Watching with sighs till dead love be awaked?

I, that, when drowsy Argus fell asleep,
Like jealousy o'erwatched with desire,
Was even warned modesty to keep,
While her breath, speaking, kindled Nature's fire:
Must I look on a-cold, while others warm them?
Do Vulcan's brothers in such fine nets arm them?

Was it for this that I might Myra see
Washing the water with her beauties white?
Yet would she never write her love to me.

Thinks wit of change, while thoughts are in delight?
Mad girls must safely love as they may leave;
No man can print a kiss: lines may deceive.

Fie, foolish earth

Fie, foolish earth, think you the heaven wants glory
Because your shadows do yourself benight?
All's dark unto the blind, let them be sorry;
But love still in herself finds her delight.
Fie, fond desire, think you that love wants glory
Because your shadows do yourself benight?
The hopes and fears of lust may make men sorry,
The heavens in themselves are ever bright.
Then earth, stand fast, the sky that you benight
Will turn again and so restore your glory;
Desire, be steady, hope is your delight,
An orb wherein no creature can be sorry,
Love being placed above these middle regions
Where every passion wars itself with legions.

Mustapha

Oh, wearisome condition of humanity,
Born under one law, to another bound;
Vainly begot, and yet forbidden vanity,
Created sick, commanded to be sound.
What meaneth nature by these diverse laws?
Passion and reason self-division cause.
It is the mark or majesty of power
To make offences that it may forgive;
Nature herself doth her own self deflower,
To hate those errors she herself doth give.
For how should man think that he may not do,
If nature did not fail and punish too?
Tyrant to others, to herself unjust,
Only commands things difficult and hard,
Forbids us all things which it knows is lust,
Makes easy pains, unpossible reward.
If nature did not take delight in blood,
She would have made more easy ways to good.
We that are bound by vows and by promotion,
With pomp of holy sacrifice and rites,
To teach belief in good and still devotion,
To preach of heaven's wonders and delights:
Yet when each of us in his own heart looks
He finds the God there far unlike his books.

Chorus Sacerdotum: from Mustapha

O wearisome condition of humanity!
Born under one law, to another bound;
Vainly begot and yet forbidden vanity;
Created sick, commanded to be sound.
What meaneth nature by these diverse laws?
Passion and reason, self-division cause.
Is it the mark or majesty of power
To make offenses that it may forgive?
Nature herself doth her own self deflower
To hate those errors she herself doth give.
For how should man think that he may not do,
If nature did not fail and punish, too?
Tyrant to others, to herself unjust,
Only commands things difficult and hard,
Forbids us all things which it knows is lust,
Makes easy pains, unpossible reward.
If nature did not take delight in blood,
She would have made more easy ways to good.
We that are bound by vows and by promotion,
With pomp of holy sacrifice and rites,
To teach belief in good and still devotion,
To preach of heaven’s wonders and delights;
Yet when each of us in his own heart looks
He finds the God there, far unlike his books.

The earth with thunder torn

The earth with thunder torn, with fire blasted,
With waters dron'd, with windy palsy shaken,
Cannot for this with heaven be distast'd,
Since thunder, rain, and winds from earth are taken;

Man torn with love, with inward furies blasted,
Drown'd with despair, with fleshly lustings shaken,
Cannot for this with heaven be distast'd;
Love, fury, lustings out of man are taken.

Then, man, endure thyself, those clouds will vanish;
Life is a top which whipping sorrow driveth;
Wisdom must bear what our flesh cannot banish.
The humble lead, the stubborn bootless striveth.
Or, man, forsake thyself, to heaven turn thee,
Her flames enlighten nature, never burn thee.

The nurse-life wheat

The nurse-life wheat, within his green husk growing,
Flatters our hope and tickles our desire,
Nature's true riches in sweet beauties showing,
Which set all hearts with lobor's love on fire.

No less fair is the wheat when golden ear
Shows unto hope the joys of near enjoying;
Fair and sweet is the bud, more sweet and fair
The rose, which proves that Time is not destroying.

Caelica, your youth, the morning of delight,
Enamel'd o'er with beauty's white and red,
All sense and thoughts did to belief invite,
That love and glory there are brought to bed;
And your ripe years' love-noon, he goes no higher,
Turns all the spirits of man into desire.

Cynthia, because your horns

Cynthia, because your horns look diverse ways,
Now darken'd to the east, now to the west,
Then at full-glory once in thirty days,
Sense doth believe that change is nature's rest.

Poor earth, that dare presume to judge the sky,
Cynthia is ever round and never varies,
Shadows and distance do abuse the eye,
And in abused sense truth oft miscarries,
Yet who this language to the people speaks,
Opinion's empire, sense's idol breaks.

Rewards of earth

Rewards of earth, Nobility and Fame,
To senses glory and to conscience woe,
How little be you for so great a name?
Yet less is he with men what thinks you so.
For earthly power, that stands by fleshly wit,
Hath banished that truth which should govern it.

Nobility, power's golden fetter is,
Wherewith wise kings subjection do adorn,
To make man think her heavy yoke a bliss
Because it makes him more than he was born.
Yet still a slave, dimm'd by mists of a crown,
Let he should see what riseth, what pulls down.

Fame, that is but good words of evil deeds,
Begotten by the harm we have, or do,
Greatest far off, least ever where it breeds,
We both with dangers and disquiet woo;
And in our flesh, the vanities' false glass,
We thus deceiv'd adore these calves of brass.

Absence, the noble truce

Absence, the noble truce
Of Cupid's war,
Where though desires want use,
They honor'd are,
Thou art the just protection
Of prodigal affection;
Have thou the praise.
When bankrupt Cupid braveth
Thy mines, his credit saveth
With sweet delays.
Of wounds which presence makes
With beauty's shot,
Absence the anguish slakes,
But healeth not;
Absence records the stories
Wherein desire glories;
Although she burn,
She cherisheth the spirits
Where constancy inherits
And passions mourn.

Absence, like dainty clouds
On glorious-bright,
Nature's weak senses shrouds
From harming light.
Absence maintains the treasure
Of pleasure unto pleasure,
Sparing with praise;
Absence doth nurse the fir
Which starves and feeds desire
With sweet delays.

Presence to every part
Of beauty ties;
Where wonder rules the heart
There pleasure dies.
Presence plagues the mind and senses

With modesty's defenses;
Absence is free.
Thoughts do in absence venter
On Cupid's shadow'd center;
They wink and see.

But thoughts be not so brave
With absent joy;
For you, with that you have,
Your self destroy.
The absence which you glory
Is that which makes you sorry
And burn in vain,
For thought is not the weapon,
Wherewith thoughts'-ease men cheapen;
Absence is pain.

The world, that all contains

The world, that all contains, is ever moving;
The stars within their spheres forever turn'd;
Nature, the queen of change, to change is loving,
And form to matter new is still adjourn'd.

Fortune, our fancy-god, to vary liketh;
Place is not bound to things within it plac'd;
The present time upon time pass'd striketh;
With Phoebus' wand'ring course the earth is grac'd.

The air still moves, and by its moving cleareth;
The fire up ascends and planets feedeth;
The water passeth on and all lets eareth;
The earth stands still, yet change of changes breedeth.

Her plants, which summer ripes, in winter fade;
Each creature in unconstant mother lieth;
Man made of earth, and for whom earth is made,
Still dying lives and living ever dieth;
Only, like fate, sweet Myra never varies,
Yet in her eyes the doom of all change carries.

You little stars

You little stars that live in skies
And glory in Apollo's glory,
In whose aspects conjoined lies
The heaven's will and nature's story,

Joy to be liken'd to those eyes,
Which eyes make all eyes glad or sorry;
For when you force thoughts from above,
These overrule your force by love.

And thou, O Love, which in these eyes
Hast marri'd reason with affection,
And made them saints of beauty's skies,
Where joys are shadows of perfection,
Lend my thy wings that I may rise
Up not by worth, but thy election;
For I have vow'd in strangest fashion,
To love, and never seek compassion.

Sonnet 100

In night when colors all to black are cast,
Distinction lost, or gone down with the light;
The eye a watch to inward senses placed,
Not seeing, yet still having powers of sight,
Gives vain alarums to the inward sense,
Where fear stirred up with witty tyranny,
Confounds all powers, and thorough self-offense,
Doth forge and raise impossibility:
Such as in thick depriving darknesses,
Proper reflections of the error be,
And images of self-confusednesses,
Which hurt imaginations only see;
And from this nothing seen, tells news of devils,
Which but expressions be of inward evils.

Fair dog, which so my heart

Fair dog, which so my heart dost tear asunder,
That my life's-blood, my bowels, overfloweth,
Alas, what wicked rage conceal'st thou under
These sweet enticing joys, thy forehead showeth?
Me, whom the light-wing'd god of long hath chas'd,
Thou hast attain'd, thou gav'st that fatal wound,
Which my soul's peaceful innocence hath raz'd,
And reason to her servant humor bound.
Kill therefore in the end, and end my anguish,
Give me my death, methinks even time upbraideth
A fullness of the woes, wherein I languish;
Or if thou wilt I live, then pity pleadeth
Help out of thee, since nature hath reveal'd,
That with thy tongue thy bitings may be heal'd.

Edmund Spenser
1552/53-1599

Edmund Spenser, born 1552/53, London, England, was an English poet whose long allegorical poem "*The Faerie Queene"* is considered to be one of the greatest in the English language. It was written in what came to be called the Spenserian stanza.

Little is certainly known about Spenser. He was related to a noble Midlands family of Spencer. His own immediate family was not wealthy. He was entered as a "poor boy" in the Merchant Taylors' grammar school, where he would have studied mainly Latin, with some Hebrew, Greek, and music. From May 1569 Spenser was a student in Pembroke Hall (now Pembroke College) of the University of Cambridge, where he was classed as a sizar - a student who, out of financial necessity, performed various menial or semi-menial duties. He received a Bachelor of Arts degree in 1573. Spenser left Cambridge in 1574, but he received the Master of Arts degree in 1576. Spenser's period at the University of Cambridge was undoubtedly important for the acquisition of his wide knowledge not only of the Latin and some of the Greek classics but also of the Italian, French, and English literature of his own and earlier times. His knowledge of the traditional forms and themes of lyrical and narrative poetry provided foundations for him to build his own highly original compositions. According to most researchers of his creative poetical activity, without the Roman epic poet Virgil's *Aeneid*, the 15th century Italian Ludovico Ariosto's *Orlando furioso*, and, later, Torquato Tasso's *Gerusalemme liberata* (1581), Spenser could not have written his heroic, or epic, poem *The Faerie Queene;* without Virgil's *Bucolics* and the later tradition of pastoral poetry in Italy and France, Spenser could not have written "*The Shepheardes Calender"*. And without the Latin, Italian, and French examples of the highly traditional marriage ode and the sonnet and canzone forms of Petrarch and succeeding sonneteers, Spenser could not have written his greatest lyric, *Epithalamion*, and its accompanying sonnets, *Amoretti*.

Spenser's first important publication, *The Shepheardes Calender* (1579 or 1580), is concerned with the bishops and affairs of the English church. *The Shepheardes Calender* can be called the first work of the English literary Renaissance. Spenser was beginning his career with a series of eclogues (literally "selections," usually short poems in the form of pastoral dialogues), in which various characters, in the guise of innocent and simple shepherds, converse about life and love in a variety of elegantly managed verse forms, formulating weighty - often satirical - opinions on questions of the day. The paradoxical combination in pastoral poetry of the simple, isolated life of shepherds with the sophisticated social ambitions of the figures symbolized or discussed by these shepherds has been of some interest in literary criticism. The *Calender* consists of 12 eclogues, one named after each month of the year. One of the shepherds, Colin Clout, who excels in poetry but is ruined by his hopeless love for one Rosalind, is Spenser himself. The eclogue "Aprill" is in praise of the shepherdess Elisa, really the queen (Elizabeth I) herself. "October" examines the various kinds of verse composition and suggests how discouraging it is for a modern poet to try for success in any of them. Most of the eclogues, however, concern good or bad shepherds - that is to say, pastors - of Christian congregations. The *Calender* was well received in its day, and it is still a revelation of what could be done poetically in English after a long period of much mediocrity and provinciality.

By 1580 Spenser had also started work on *The Faerie Queene;* it was to contain 12 books, each telling the adventure of one of Gloriana's knights. Like other poets, Spenser must have modified his general plan many times, yet this letter, inconsistent though it is with various plot details in the books that are extant, is probably a faithful mirror of his thinking at one stage. The stories actually published were those of Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, Friendship, and Courtesy. As a setting Spenser invented the land of Faerie and its queen, Gloriana. To express himself he invented a nine-line stanza, the first eight of five stresses and the last of six, whose rhyme pattern is *ababbcbcc*.

In early 1595 he published *Amoretti* and *Epithalamion,* a sonnet sequence and a marriage ode celebrating his marriage to Elizabeth Boyle after what appears to have been an impassioned courtship in 1594. This group of poems is unique among Renaissance sonnet sequences in that it celebrates a successful love affair culminating in marriage. The *Epithalamion* further idealizes the marriage by building into its structure the symbolic numbers 24 (the number of stanzas) and 365 (the total number of long lines), allowing the poem to allude to the structure of the day and of the year. The marriage is thus connected with the encompassing harmonies of the universe, and the cyclical processes of change and renewal are expressed in the procreation of the two mortal lovers. However, matters are less harmonious in Books IV, V, and VI of *The Faerie Queene (*1596) and are strikingly more ambiguous and ironic than the first three books. Book V includes much direct allegory of some of the most problematic political events of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and Book VI's Sir Calidore is a far less confident and effective fairy knight than his predecessors were. In the only surviving fragment of a projected seventh book Spenser represents Elizabeth herself as subject to

Mutability, the inexorable processes of aging and change. His early death may have been precipitated by the penetration into Munster of the Irish uprising of 1598. He was buried with ceremony in Westminster Abbey close by the grave of Geoffrey Chaucer.

Spenser was considered in his day to be the greatest of English poets ever lived, who had glorified England and its language.*[A. Kent Hieatt. Encyclopaedia Britannica]*

Amoretti III

The sovereign beauty which I do admire,
Witness the world how worthy to be praised:
The light whereof hath kindled heavenly fire
In my frail spirit, by her from baseness raised;
That being now with her huge brightness dazed,
Base thing I can no more endure to view;
But looking still on her, I stand amazed
At wondrous sight of so celestial hue.
So when my tongue would speak her praises due,
It stopped is with thought's astonishment:
And when my pen would write her titles true,
It ravish'd is with fancy's wonderment:
Yet in my heart I then both speak and write
The wonder that my wit cannot endite.

Amoretti LXVIII

Most glorious Lord of life, that on this day,
Didst make thy triumph over death and sin:
And having harrow'd hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win:
This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin,
And grant that we for whom thou diddest die,
Being with thy dear blood clean wash'd from sin,
May live for ever in felicity.
And that thy love we weighing worthily,
May likewise love thee for the same again:
And for thy sake, that all like dear didst buy,
With love may one another entertain.
So let us love, dear love, like as we ought,
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

Easter

Most glorious Lord of Lyfe! that, on this day,
Didst make Thy triumph over death and sin;
And, having harrowd hell, didst bring away

Captivity thence captive, us to win:
This joyous day, deare Lord, with joy begin;
And grant that we, for whom thou diddest dye,
Being with Thy deare blood clene washt from sin,
May live for ever in felicity!

And that Thy love we weighing worthily,
May likewise love Thee for the same againe;
And for Thy sake, that all lyke deare didst buy,
With love may one another entertayne!
So let us love, deare Love, lyke as we ought,
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

My love is like to ice

My love is like to ice, and I to fire:
How comes it then that this her cold so great
Is not dissolved through my so hot desire,
But harder grows the more I her entreat?
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
Is not allayed by her heart-frozen cold,
But that I burn much more in boiling sweat,
And feel my flames augmented manifold?
What more miraculous thing may be told,
That fire, which all things melts, should harden ice,
And ice, which is congeal's with senseless cold,
Should kindle fire by wonderful device?
Such is the power of love in gentle mind,
That it can alter all the course of kind.

Poem 1

Ye learned sisters which haue oftentimes
beene to me ayding, others to adorne:
Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull rymes,
That euen the greatest did not greatly scorne
To heare theyr names sung in your simply layes,
But ioyed in theyr prayse.
And when ye lift your owne mishaps to mourne,
Which death, or loue, or fortunes wreck did rayse,
Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your dolefull dreriment.
Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside,
And hauing all your heads with girland crownd,
Helpe me mine owne loues prayses to resound,
Ne let the same of any be enuide,

So Orpheus did for his owne bride,
So I vnto my selfe alone will sing,
The woods shall to me answer and my eccho ring.

Poem 2

Early before the worlds light giuing lampe,
His golden beame vpon the hils doth spred,
Hauing disperst the nights vnchearefull dampe,
Doe ye awake and with fresh lusty hed,
Go to the bowre of my beloued loue,
My truest turtle doue
Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his maske to moue,
With his bright Tead that flames with many a flake,
And many a bachelor to waite on him,
In theyr fresh garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore and soone her dight,
For lo the wished day is come at last,
That shall for al the paynes and sorrowes past,
Pay to her vsury of long delight,
And whylest she doth her dight,
Doe ye to her of ioy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer and your eccho ring.

Poem 11

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her liuely spright,
Garnisht with heauenly guifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonisht lyke to those which red
Medusaes mazeful hed.
There dwels sweet loue and constant chastity,
Vnspotted fayth and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour and mild modesty,
There vertue raynes as Queene in royal throne,
And giueth lawes alone.
The which the base affections doe obay,
And yeeld theyr seruices vnto her will
Ne thought of thing vncomely euer may
Thereto approch to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seene these her celestial threasures,
And vnreuealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder and her prayses sing,
That al the woods should answer and your echo ring.

So, Let Us Love

Most glorious Lord of life! that on this day
Didst make thy triumph over death and sin,
And having harrowed hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win:
This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin;
And grant that we, for whom Thou diddest die,
Being, with thy dear blood, clean washed from sin,
May live for ever in felicity;
And that thy love we weighing worthily,
May likewise love Thee for the same again;
And for thy sake, that all like dear didst buy,
With love may one another entertain.
So let us love, dear Love, like as we ought:
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

From **The Faerie Queene, Book I**

CANTO IIII

To sinfull house of Pride, Duessa
guides the faithfull knight,
Where brothers death to wreak Sansjoy
doth chalenge him to fight.

i

Young knight, what ever that dost armes professe,
And through long labours huntest after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse,
In choice, and change of thy deare loved Dame,
Least thou of her beleeve too lightly blame,
And rash misweening doe thy hart remove:
For unto knight there is no greater shame,
Then lightnesse and inconstancie in love;
That doth this Redcrosse knights ensample plainly prove.

ii

Who after that he had faire Una lorne,
Through light misdeeming of her loialtie,
And false Duessa in her sted had borne,
Called Fidess', and so supposd to bee;
Long with her traveild, till at last they see
A goodly building, bravely garnished,
The house of mightie Prince it seemd to bee:
And towards it a broad high way that led,
All bare through peoples feet, which thither traveiled.

iii

Great troupes of people traveild thitherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place,
But few returned, having scaped hard,
With balefull beggerie, or foule disgrace,
Which ever after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.
Thither Duessa bad him bend his pace:
For she is wearie of the toilesome way,
And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

iv

A stately Pallace built of squared bricke,
Which cunningly was without morter laid,
Whose wals were high, but nothing strong, nor thick,
And golden foile all over them displaid,
That purest skye with brightnesse they dismaid:
High lifted up were many loftie towres,
And goodly galleries farre over laid,
Full of faire windowes, and delightfull bowres;
And on the top a Diall told the timely howres.

v

It was a goodly heape for to behould,
And spake the praises of the workmans wit;
But full great pittie, that so faire a mould
Did on so weake foundation ever sit:
For on a sandie hill, that still did flit,
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That every breath of heaven shaked it:
And all the hinder parts, that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

vi

Arrived there they passed in forth right;
For still to all the gates stood open wide,
Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight
Cald Malven{'u}, who entrance none denide:
Thence to the hall, which was on every side,
With rich array and costly arras dight:
Infinite sorts of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wished sight
Of her, that was the Lady of that Pallace bright.

vii

By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
And to the Presence mount; whose glorious vew
Their frayle amazed senses did confound:
In living Princes court none ever knew
Such endlesse richesse, and so sumptuous shew;
Ne Persia selfe, the nourse of pompous pride
Like ever saw. And there a noble crew
Of Lordes and Ladies stood on every side
Which with their presence faire, the place much beautifide.

viii

High above all a cloth of State was spred,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day,
On which there sate most brave embellished
With royall robes and gorgeous array,
A mayden Queene, that shone as Titans ray,
In glistring gold, and peerelesse pretious stone:
Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay
To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone.

x

So proud she shyned in her Princely state,
Looking to heaven; for earth she did disdayne,
And sitting high; for lowly she did hate:
Lo underneath her scornefull feete, was layne
A dreadfull Dragon with an hideous trayne,
And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
Wherein her face she often vewed fayne,
And in her selfe-lov'd semblance tooke delight;
For she was wondrous faire, as any living wight.

xi

Of griesly Pluto she the daughter was,
And sad Proserpina the Queene of hell;
Yet did she thinke her pearelesse worth to pas
That parentage, with pride so did she swell,
And thundring Jove, that high in heaven doth dwell,
And wield the world, she claymed for her syre,
Or if that any else did Jove excell:
For to the highest she did still aspyre,
Or if ought higher were then that, did it desyre.

xii

And proud Lucifera men did her call,

That made her selfe a Queene, and crownd to be,
Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
Ne heritage of native soveraintie,
But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannie
Upon the scepter, which she now did hold:
Ne ruld her Realme with lawes, but pollicie,
And strong advizement of six wisards old,
That with their counsels bad her kingdome did uphold.

xiii

Soone as the Elfin knight in presence came,
And false Duessa seeming Lady faire,
A gentle Husher, Vanitie by name
Made rowme, and passage for them did prepaire:
So goodly brought them to the lowest stair
Of her high throne, where they on humble knee
Making obeyssance, did the cause declare,
Why they were come, her royall state to see,
To prove the wide report of her great Majestee.

xiv

With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so low,
She thanked them in her disdainefull wise,
Ne other grace vouchsafed them to show
Of Princesse worthy, scarse them bad arise.
Her Lordes and Ladies all this while devise
Themselves to setten forth to straungers sight:
Some frounce their curled haire in courtly guise,
Some prancke their ruffes, and others trimly dight
Their gay attire: each others greater pride does spight.

xv

Goodly they all that knight do entertaine,
Right glad with him to have increast their crew:
But to Duess' each one himselfe did paine
All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew;
For in that court whylome her well they knew:
Yet the stout Faerie mongst the middest crowd
Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly vew,
And that great Princesse too exceeding prowd,
That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

xvi

Suddein upriseth from her stately place
The royall Dame, and for her coche doth call:

All hurtlen forth, and she with Princely pace,
As faire Aurora in her purple pall,
Out of the East the dawning day doth call:
So forth she comes: her brightnesse brode doth blaze;
The heapes of people thronging in the hall,
Do ride each other, upon her to gaze:
Her glorious glitterand light doth all mens eyes amaze.

xvii

So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme,
Adorned all with gold, and girlonds gay,
That seemd as fresh as Flora in her prime,
And strove to match, in royall rich array,
Great Junoes golden chaire, the which they say
The Gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
To Joves high house through heavens bras-paved way
Drawne of faire Pecocks, that excell in pride,
And full of Argus eyes their tailes dispredden wide.

xviii

But this was drawne of six unequall beasts,
On which her six sage Counsellours did ryde,
Taught to obay thelr bestiall beheasts,
With like conditions to their kinds applyde:
Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,
Was sluggish Idlenesse the nourse of sin;
Upon a slouthfull Asse he chose to ryde,
Arayd in habit blacke, and amis thin,
Like to an holy Monck, the service to begin.

xix

And in his hand his Portesse still he bare,
That much was worne, but therein little red,
For of devotion he had little care,
Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his dayes ded;
Scarse could he once uphold his heavie hed,
To looken, whether it were night or day:
May seeme the wayne was very evill led,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not, whether right he went, or else astray.

xx

From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne.
And greatly shunned manly exercise,
From every worke he chalenged essoyne.

For contemplation sake: yet otherwise,
His life he led in lawlesse riotise;
By which he grew to grievous malady;
For in his lustlesse limbs through evill guise
A shaking fever raignd continually:
Such one was Idlenesse, first of this company.

xxii

In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad;
For other clothes he could not weare for heat,
And on his head an yvie girland had,
From under which fast trickled downe the sweat:
Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His dronken corse he scarse upholden can,
In shape and life more like a monster, than man.

xxiii

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unhable once to stirre or go,
Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned so,
That from his friend he seldome knew his fo:
Full of diseases was his carcas blew,
And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow,
Which by misdiet daily greater grew:
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

xxv

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which underneath did hide his filthinesse,
And in his hand a burning hart he bare,
Full of vaine follies, and new fanglenesse:
For he was false, and fraught with ficklenesse,
And learned had to love with secret lookes,
And well could daunce, and sing with ruefulnesse,
And fortunes tell, and read in loving bookes,
And thousand other wayes, to bait his fleshly hookes.

xxvi

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
And lusted after all, that he did love,
Ne would his looser life be tide to law,
But joyd weake wemens hearts to tempt, and prove

If from their loyall loves he might them move;
Which lewdnesse fild him with reprochfull paine
Of that fowle evill, which all men reprove,
That rots the marrow, and consumes the braine:
Such one was Lecherie, the third of all this traine.

xxviii

His life was nigh unto deaths doore yplast,
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes he ware,
Ne scarse good morsell all his life did tast,
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and richesse to compare;
Yet chylde ne kinsman living had he none
To leave them to; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
He led a wretched life unto him selfe unknowne.

xxix

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffise,
Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store,
Whose need had end, but no end covetise,
Whose wealth was want, whose plenty made him pore,
Who had enough, yet wished ever more;
A vile disease, and eke in foote and hand
A grievous gout tormented him full sore,
That well he could not touch, nor go, nor stand:
Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this faire band.

xxx

And next to him malicious Envie rode,
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Betweene his cankred teeth a venemous tode,
That all the poison ran about his chaw;
But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
At neighbours wealth, that made him ever sad;
For death it was, when any good he saw,
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had,
But when he heard of harme, he wexed wondrous glad.

xxxii

He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,
And him no lesse, that any like did use,
And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
His almes for want of faith he doth accuse;
So every good to bad he doth abuse:

And eke the verse of famous Poets witt
He doth backebite, and spightfull poison spues
From leprous mouth on all, that ever writt:
Such one vile Envie was, that fifte in row did sitt.

xxxiii

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath,
Upon a Lion, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his hed;
His eyes did hurle forth sparkles fiery red,
And stared sterne on all, that him beheld,
As ashes pale of hew and seeming ded;
And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling through hasty rage, when choler in him sweld.

xxxiv

His ruffin raiment all was staind with blood,
Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent,
Through unadvized rashnesse woxen wood;
For of his hands he had no governement,
Ne car'd for bloud in his avengement:
But when the furious fit was overpast,
His cruell facts he often would repent;
Yet wilfull man he never would forecast,
How many mischieves should ensue his heedlesse hast.

xxxvi

And after all, upon the wagon beame
Rode Sathan, with a smarting whip in hand,
With which he forward lasht the laesie teme,
So oft as Slowth still in the mire did stand.
Huge routs of people did about them band,
Showting for joy, and still before their way
A foggy mist had covered all the land;
And underneath their feet, all scattered lay
Dead sculs and bones of men, whose life had gone astray.

From **The Shepheardes Calender: October**

OCTOBER: Ægloga Decima PIERCE & CUDDIE
Cuddie, for shame hold up thy heavye head,
And let us cast with what delight to chace,
And weary thys long lingring Phoebus race.
Whilome thou wont the shepheards laddes to leade,

In rymes, in ridles, and in bydding base:
Now they in thee, and thou in sleepe art dead.

CUDDY

Piers, I have pyped erst so long with payne,
That all mine Oten reedes bene rent and wore:
And my poore Muse hath spent her spared store,
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne,
Such pleasaunce makes the Grashopper so poore,
And ligge so layd, when Winter doth her straine.

The dapper ditties, that I wont devise,
To feede youthes fancie, and the flocking fry,
Delighten much: what I the bett for thy?
They han the pleasure, I a sclender prise.
I beate the bush, the byrds to them doe flye:
What good thereof to Cuddie can arise?

PIERS

Cuddie, the prayse is better, then the price,
The glory eke much greater then the gayne:
O what an honor is it, to restraine
The lust of lawlesse youth with good advice:
Or pricke them forth with pleasaunce of thy vaine,
Whereto thou list their trayned willes entice.

Soone as thou gynst to sette thy notes in frame,
O how the rurall routes to thee doe cleave:
Seemeth thou dost their soule of sence bereave,
All as the shepheard, that did fetch his dame
From Plutoes balefull bowre withouten leave:
His musicks might the hellish hound did tame.

CUDDIE

So praysen babes the Peacoks spotted traine,
And wondren at bright Argus blazing eye:
But who rewards him ere the more for thy?
Or feedes him once the fuller by a graine?
Sike prayse is smoke, that sheddeth in the skye,
Sike words bene wynd, and wasten soone in vayne.

PIERS

Abandon then the base and viler clowne,
Lyft up thy selfe out of the lowly dust:
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giusts.

Turne thee to those, that weld the awful crowne,
To doubted Knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,
And helmes unbruzed wexen dayly browne.

There may thy Muse display her fluttryng wing,
And stretch her selfe at large from East to West:
Whither thou list in fayre Elisa rest,
Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
Advaunce the worthy whome shee loveth best,
That first the white beare to the stake did bring.

And when the stubborne stroke of stronger stounds,
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string:
Of love and lustihed tho mayst thou sing,
And carrol lowde, and leade the Myllers rownde,
All were Elisa one of thilke same ring.
So mought our Cuddies name to Heaven sownde.

CUDDYE

Indeed the Romish Tityrus, I heare,
Through his Mec{oe}nas left his Oaten reede,
Whereon he earst had taught his flocks to feede,
And laboured lands to yield the timely eare,
And eft did sing of warres and deadly drede,
So as the Heavens did quake his verse to here.

But ah Mec{oe}nas is yclad in claye,
And great Augustus long ygoe is dead:
And all the worthies liggen wrapt in leade,
That matter made for Poets on to play:
For ever, who in derring doe were dreade,
The loftie verse of hem was loved aye.

But after vertue gan for age to stoupe,
And mighty manhode brought a bedde of ease:
The vaunting Poets found nought worth a pease,
To put in preace emong the learned troupe.
Tho gan the streames of flowing wittes to cease,
And sonnebright honour pend in shamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of Poesie,
Yet of the old stocke gan to shoote agayne:
Or it mens follies mote be forst to fayne,
And rolle with rest in rymes of rybaudrye:
Or as it sprong, it wither must agayne:

Tom Piper makes us better melodie.

PIERS

O pierlesse Poesye, where is then thy place?
If nor in Princes pallace thou doe sitt:
(And yet is Princes pallace the most fitt)
Ne brest of baser birth doth thee embrace.
Then make thee winges of thine aspyring wit,
And, whence thou camst, flye backe to heaven apace.

CUDDIE

Ah Percy it is all to weake and wanne,
So high to sore, and make so large a flight:
Her peeced pyneons bene not so in plight,
For Colin fittes such famous flight to scanne:
He, were he not with love so ill bedight,
Would mount as high, and sing as soote as Swanne.

PIERS

Ah fon, for love does teach him climbe so hie,
And lyftes him up out of the loathsome myre:
Such immortall mirrhor, as he doth admire,
Would rayse ones mynd above the starry skie.
And cause a caytive corage to aspire,
For lofty love doth loath a lowly eye.

CUDDIE

All otherwise the state of Poet stands,
For lordly love is such a Tyranne fell:
That where he rules, all power he doth expell.
The vaunted verse a vacant head demaundes,
Ne wont with crabbed care the Muses dwell.
Unwisely weaves, that takes two webbes in hand.

Who ever casts to compasse weightye prise,
And thinks to throwe out thondring words of threate:
Let powre in lavish cups and thriftie bitts of meate,
For Bacchus fruite is frend to Phoebus wise.
And when with Wine the braine begins to sweate,
The nombers flowe as fast as spring doth ryse.

Sir Walter Raleigh
1552-1618

Raleigh, Sir Walter is one of the most colorful figures in English history. He was a soldier, explorer, writer and poet, and businessman.

Walter Raleigh was born in 1552 in Hayes Barton, a family home in Devonshire, England. Raleigh was a younger son of Walter Raleigh (d. 1581) of Fardell in Devon, by his third wife, Katherine Gilbert. He attended the Oriel College, Oxford (1572), and at the Middle Temple law college (1575). By 1582 he had become the monarch's favorite though he was not popular. He was a bold talker, interested in skeptical philosophy, and a serious student of mathematics as an aid to navigation. He also studied chemistry and compounded medical formulas.

When Elizabeth died in 1603, the new king, James I, distrusted and feared Raleigh. He charged Raleigh with treason, and imprisoned him in the Tower of London foe 13 years. He was released in 1616 to lead the expedition to search for gold in South America, but he was forced to abandon the project. Upon his return to England, he was sentenced to death for disobeying orders, and in 1618, after writing a spirited defense of his acts, Raleigh was executed.

The poems published in his lifetime appeared in anthologies (his long poem "Cynthia" in praise of Queen Elizabeth; his comprehensive historical work "The History of the World").

The Lie

Go, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand;
Fear not to touch the best;
The truth shall be thy warrant:
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Say to the court, it glows
And shines like rotten wood;

Say to the church, it shows
What's good, and doth no good:
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live
Acting by others' action;
Not loved unless they give,
Not strong but by a faction.
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
That manage the estate,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate:
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending.
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it wants devotion;
Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time it is but motion;
Tell flesh it is but dust:
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth;
Tell honour how it alters;
Tell beauty how she blasteth;
Tell favour how it falters:
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness;
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in overwiseness:
And when they do reply,

Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness;
Tell skill it is pretension;
Tell charity of coldness;
Tell law it is contention:
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness;
Tell nature of decay;
Tell friendship of unkindness;
Tell justice of delay:
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming;
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming:
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city;
Tell how the country erreth;
Tell manhood shakes off pity
And virtue least preferreth:
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing--
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing--
Stab at thee he that will,
No stab the soul can kill.

As you came from the holy land
As you came from the holy land
Of Walsingham,
Met you not with my true love
By the way as you came?
"How shall I know your true love,
That have met many one,
I went to the holy land,

That have come, that have gone?"
She is neither white, nor brown,
But as the heavens fair;
There is none hath a form so divine
In the earth, or the air.
"Such a one did I meet, good sir,
Such an angelic face,
Who like a queen, like a nymph, did appear
By her gait, by her grace."
She hath left me here all alone,
All alone, as unknown,
Who sometimes did me lead with herself,
And me loved as her own.
"What's the cause that she leaves you alone,
And a new way doth take,
Who loved you once as her own,
And her joy did you make?"
I have lov'd her all my youth;
But now old, as you see,
Love likes not the falling fruit
From the withered tree.
Know that Love is a careless child,
And forgets promise past;
He is blind, he is deaf when he list,
And in faith never fast.
His desire is a dureless content,
And a trustless joy:
He is won with a world of despair,
And is lost with a toy.
Of womenkind such indeed is the love,
Or the word love abus'd,
Under which many childish desires
And conceits are excus'd.
But true love is a durable fire,
In the mind ever burning,
Never sick, never old, never dead,
From itself never turning.

A Farewell to False Love

Farewell, false love, the oracle of lies,
A mortal foe and enemy to rest,
An envious boy, from whom all cares arise,
A bastard vile, a beast with rage possessed,
A way of error, a temple full of treason,
In all effects contrary unto reason.

A poisoned serpent covered all with flowers,
Mother of sighs, and murderer of repose,
A sea of sorrows whence are drawn such showers
As moisture lend to every grief that grows;
A school of guile, a net of deep deceit,
A gilded hook that holds a poisoned bait.

A fortress foiled, which reason did defend,
A siren song, a fever of the mind,
A maze wherein affection finds no end,
A raging cloud that runs before the wind,
A substance like the shadow of the sun,
A goal of grief for which the wisest run.

A quenchless fire, a nurse of trembling fear,
A path that leads to peril and mishap,
A true retreat of sorrow and despair,
An idle boy that sleeps in pleasure's lap,
A deep mistrust of that which certain seems,
A hope of that which reason doubtful deems.

Sith then thy trains my younger years betrayed,
And for my faith ingratitude I find;
And sith repentance hath my wrongs bewrayed,
Whose course was ever contrary to kind:
False love, desire, and beauty frail, adieu.
Dead is the root whence all these fancies grew.

The Passionate Man's Pilgrimage
Give me my scallop shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvat{.i}on,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage,
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.
Blood must be my body's balmer,
No other balm will there be given,
Whilst my soul, like a white palmer,
Travels to the land of heaven;
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains;
And there I'll kiss
The bowl of bliss,
And drink my eternal fill

On every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before,
But after it will ne'er thirst more;
And by the happy blissful way
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
That have shook off their gowns of clay,
And go apparelled fresh like me.
I'll bring them first
To slake their thirst,
And then to taste those nectar suckets,
At the clear wells
Where sweetness dwells,
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.
And when our bottles and all we
Are fill'd with immortality,
Then the holy paths we'll travel,
Strew'd with rubies thick as gravel,
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral, and pearl bowers.
From thence to heaven's bribeless hall
Where no corrupted voices brawl,
No conscience molten into gold,
Nor forg'd accusers bought and sold,
No cause deferr'd, nor vain-spent journey,
For there Christ is the king's attorney,
Who pleads for all without degrees,
And he hath angels, but no fees.
When the grand twelve million jury
Of our sins and sinful fury,
'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,
Christ pleads his death, and then we live.
Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader,
Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder,
Thou movest salvation even for alms,
Not with a bribed lawyer's palms.
And this is my eternal plea
To him that made heaven, earth, and sea,
Seeing my flesh must die so soon,
And want a head to dine next noon,
Just at the stroke when my veins start and spread,
Set on my soul an everlasting head.
Then am I ready, like a palmer fit,
To tread those blest paths which before I writ.

My Last Will

When I am safely laid away,
Out of work and out of play,
Sheltered by the kindly ground
From the world of sight and sound,
One or two of those I leave
Will remember me and grieve,
Thinking how I made them gay
By the things I used to say;
But the crown of their distress
Will be my untidiness.

What a nuisance then will be
All that shall remain of me!
Shelves of books I never read,
Piles of bills, undocketed,
Shaving-brushes, razors, strops,
Bottles that have lost their tops,
Boxes full of odds and ends,
Letters from departed friends,
Faded ties and broken braces
Tucked away in secret places,
Baggy trousers, ragged coats,
Stacks of ancient lecture-notes,
And that ghostliest of shows,
Boots and shoes in horrid rows.
Though they are of cheerful mind,
My lovers, whom I leave behind,
When they find these in my stead,
Will be sorry I am dead.

They will grieve; but you, my dear,
Who have never tasted fear,
Brave companion of my youth,
Free as air and true as truth,
Do not let these weary things
Rob you of your junketings.

Burn the papers; sell the books;
Clear out all the pestered nooks;
Make a mighty funeral pyre
For the corpse of old desire,
Till there shall remain of it
Naught but ashes in a pit:
And when you have done away
All that is of yesterday,

If you feel a thrill of pain,
Master it, and start again.

This, at least, you have never done
Since you first beheld the sun:
If you came upon your own
Blind to light and deaf to tone,
Basking in the great release
Of unconsciousness and peace,
You would never, while you live,
Shatter what you cannot give;
Faithful to the watch you keep,
You would never break their sleep.

Clouds will sail and winds will blow
As they did an age ago
O'er us who lived in little towns
Underneath the Berkshire downs.
When at heart you shall be sad,
Pondering the joys we had,
Listen and keep very still.
If the lowing from the hill
Or the tolling of a bell
Do not serve to break the spell,
Listen; you may be allowed
To hear my laughter from a cloud.

Take the good that life can give
For the time you have to live.
Friends of yours and friends of mine
Surely will not let you pine.
Sons and daughters will not spare
More than friendly love and care.
If the Fates are kind to you,
Some will stay to see you through;
And the time will not be long
Till the silence ends the song.

Sleep is God's own gift; and man,
Snatching all the joys he can,
Would not dare to give his voice
To reverse his Maker's choice.
Brief delight, eternal quiet,
How change these for endless riot
Broken by a single rest?

Well you know that sleep is best.

We that have been heart to heart
Fall asleep, and drift apart.
Will that overwhelming tide
Reunite us, or divide?
Whence we come and whither go
None can tell us, but I know
Passion's self is often marred
By a kind of self-regard,
And the torture of the cry
"You are you, and I am I."
While we live, the waking sense
Feeds upon our difference,
In our passion and our pride
Not united, but allied.
We are severed by the sun,
And by darkness are made one.

Life

What is our life? A play of passion,
Our mirth the music of division,
Our mother's wombs the tiring-houses be,
Where we are dressed for this short comedy.
Heaven the judicious sharp spectator is,
That sits and marks still who doth act amiss.
Our graves that hide us from the setting sun
Are like drawn curtains when the play is done.
Thus march we, playing, to our latest rest,
Only we die in earnest, that's no jest.

To His Love When He Had Obtained Her

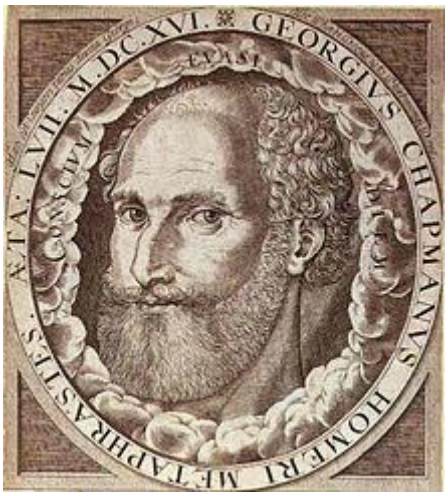
Now Serena be not coy,
Since we freely may enjoy
Sweet embraces, such delights,
As will shorten tedious nights.
Think that beauty will not stay
With you always, but away,
And that tyrannizing face
That now holds such perfect grace
Will both changed and ruined be;
So frail is all things as we see,
So subject unto conquering Time.
Then gather flowers in their prime,
Let them not fall and perish so;

Nature her bounties did bestow
On us that we might use them, and
'Tis coldness not to understand
What she and youth and form persuade
With opportunity that's made
As we could wish it. Let's, then, meet
Often with amorous lips, and greet
Each other till our wanton kisses
In number pass the day Ulysses
Consumed in travel, and the stars
That look upon our peaceful wars
With envious luster. If this store
Will not suffice, we'll number o'er
The same again, until we find
No number left to call to mind
And show our plenty. They are poor
That can count all they have and more.

The Nymph's Reply

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.
Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complains of cares to come.
The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.
Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,--
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.
Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
The coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.
But could youth last and love still breed,
Had joys no date nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

George Chapman
1559-1634



Chapman George was an English poet, playwright, and scholar. He was concerned with both the philosophical and the moral significance of poetry, as well as the importance of classical learning to humanity.

George Chapman was born in about 1559 near Hitchin in Hertfordshire. Chapman attended the University of Oxford but took no degree. By 1585 he was working in London, and possibly served as a soldier in France and the Netherlands during this period. He wrote many poems and plays of his own, his translations, which long stood as the standard English versions, inspired a poem by John Keats in which he was immortalized as their author. His first publication was a philosophical poem "The Shadow of Night" [1593], followed by "Ovid's Banquet of Sence*"* (1595). "Euthymia Raptus; or the Tears of Peace" (1609), Chapman's major poem, is a dialogue between the poet and the Lady Peace, who is mourning over the chaos caused by man's valuing worldly objects above integrity and wisdom. In 1598 he published his continuation of Christopher Marlowe's poem "Hero and Leander" and a translation of the "Iliad". In 1616 he published his impressive translation of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey". The first books of Chapman's translation of Homer's "Iliad*"* appeared in 1598, and his version of the "Odyssey*"* appeared in 1616. His translations contain passages of great power and beauty.

Chapman was briefly imprisoned with Ben Jonson and John Marston in 1605 for writing the comedy "Eastward Ho*"*, a play that the king, James I, found offensive to his fellow Scots. Chapman has often been identified as the rival poet mentioned by Shakespeare in his sonnets. Much of Chapman's poetry was written in a style that was probably difficult to understand and many have said that his work laid the ground work for the metaphysical poets, such as John Donne and Andrew Marvell. George Chapman died in London on May 1634 at the age of 75. [Britannica Kids/https://Britannica.com. (обращение 29.06.2024.)]

From **Homer's Odyssey**

[The Gardens of Alcinous]

Without the hall, and close upon the gate,
A goodly orchard-ground was situate.
Of near ten acres; about which was led
A lofty quickset? In it flourished
High and broad fruit trees, that pomegranates bore.
Sweet figs, pears, olives: and a number more
Most useful plants did there produce their store;
Whose fruits the hardest winter could not kill,
Nor hottest summer wither. There was still
Fruit in his proper season all the year.
Sweet Zephyr breathed upon them blasts that were
Of varied tempers. These he made to bear
Ripe fruits, these blossoms. Pear grew after pear,
Apple succeeded apple, grape the grape,
Fig after fig came; time made never rape
Of any dainty there. A sprightly vine
Spread here his root, whose fruit a hot sunshine
Made ripe betimes; here grew another green.
Here some were gathering, here some pressing, seen.
A large-allotted several each fruit had;
And all the adorned grounds their appearance made
In flower and fruit, at which the king did aim
To the precisest order he could claim.
Two fountains graced the garden; of which one
Poured out a winding stream that over-run
The grounds for their use chiefly; the other went
Close by the lofty palace gate, and lent
The city his sweet benefit. And thus
The Gods the court deckt of Alcinous.

From Hero and Leander

The Third Sestiad

The Argument of the Third Sestiad

Leander to the envious light
Resigns his night-sports with the night,
And swims the Hellespont again.
Thesme,0 the deity sovereign
Of customs and religious rites,
Appears, improving his delights,
Since nuptial honours he neglected;
Which straight he vows shall be effected.

Fair Hero, left devirgin ate,
Weighs, and with fury wails her state:
But with her love and woman's wit
She argues and approveth it.

New light gives new directions, fortunes new
To fashion our endeavours that ensue -
More harsh, at least more hard, more grave and high
Our subject runs, and our stern Muse must fly.
Love's edge is taken off, and that light flame,
Those thoughts, joys, longings, that before became
High unexperienced blood, and maids' sharp plights.
Must now grow staid, and censure the delights,
That, being enjoyed, ask judgment; now we praise,
As having parted: evenings crown the days.
And now, ye wanton Loves, and young Desires,
Pied Vanity, the mint of strange attires,
Ye lisping Flatteries, and obsequious Glances,
Relentful Musics, and attractive Dances,
And you detested Charms constraining love!
Shun love's stole0 sports by that these lovers prove.
By this, the sovereign of heaven's golden fires,
And young Leander, lord of his desires,
Together from their lover's arms arose:
Leander into Hellespontus throws
His Hero-handled body, whoso delight
Made him disdain each other epithite.
And so amidst the enamoured waves he swims,
The god of gold of purpose gilt his limbs,
That, this word *gift* including double sense,
The double guilt of his incontinence
Might be expressed, that had no stay to employ
The treasure which the love-god let him joy
In his dear Hero, with such sacred thrift
As had beseemed so sanctified a gift.

From *Bussy D'Ambois*

TAMYRA. Now all the peaceful! regents of the night,
Silently-gliding exhalations.
Languishing windes, and murmuring fals of waters,
Sadnesse of heart, and ominous securenesse,
Enchantments, dead sleepes, all the friends of rest,
That ever wrought upon the life of man,
Extend your utmost strengths; and this charm'd houre

Fix like the Center; make the violent wheeles
Of Time and Fortune stand; and Great Existens
(The Makers treasurie) now not seeme to bee,
To all but my approaching friends and mee:
They come, alas they come, feare, feare and hope
Of one thing, at one instant fight in mee:
I love what most I loath, and cannot live
Unlesse I compasse that which holds my death:
For life's meere death loving one that loathes me,
And he I love will loth me, when he sees
I file my sex, my vertue, my Renowne,
To runne so madly on a man unknowne.
See, see a Vault is opening that was never
Knowne to my Lord and husband, nor to any
But him that brings the man I love, and me;
How shall I looke on him? how shall I live
And not consume in blushes, I will in;
And cast my selfe off, as I ne're had beene.
(*Act II, scene ii*)

BYSSY. Ile sooth his plots: and strow my hate with smiles
Till all at once the close mines of my heart
Rise at full date, and rush into his bloud:
He bind his arme in silke, and rub his flesh,
To make the vaine swell, that his soule may gush
Into some kennell, where it longs to lie,
And policy, shall be flanckt with policy
Yet shall the feeling center where wee meet
Grone with the wait of my approaching feet:
Ue make th' inspired threshals of his
Court Sweat with the weather of my horrid steps
Before I enter: yet will I appeare
Like calme security, before a mine;
A Politician, must like lightening melt
The very marrow, and not taint the skin:
His waves must not be seene: the superficies
Of the greene center must not taste his feet:
When hell is plow'd up with his wounding tracts.
And all his harvest reap't by hellish facts.
(*Act IV, scene ii*)

MONSIEUR. Now shall we see, that nature hath no end
In her great works, responsive to their worths,
That she that makes so many eies, and soules,
To see and fore-see, is Starke blinde herselfe:

And as illiterate men say Latine prayers
By rote of heart, and daily iteration;
Not knowing what they say: So nature layes
A deale of stuffe together, and by use,
Or by the meere necessitie of matter,
Ends such a worke, fills it, or leaves it empty.
Of strength, or vertue, error or cleare truth:
Not knowing what she does; but usually
Gives that which she calls merit to a man,
And beliefe must arrive him on huge riches,
Honour, and happinesse that effects his mine;
Even as in ships of warm, whose lasts of powder
Are laid (men think) to make them last, and guard.
When a disorder'd sparke that powder taking,
Blowes up with sodaine violence and horror
Ships that (kept empty) had sail'd long with terror.
(Act V, scene ii)

The Shadow of Night

HYMNUS IN NOCTEM

Great Goddesse to whose throne in Cynthian fires,
This earthlie Alter endlesse fumes exspires,
Therefore, in fumes of sighes and fires of griefe,
To fcarcfull chances thou sendst bold reliefe,
Happie, thrise happie, Type, and nurse of death,
Who breathlesse, feeds on nothing but our breath,
In whom must vertue and her issue live,
Or dye for ever; now let humor give
Seas to mine eyes, that I may quicklie weepe
The shipwracke of the world: or let soft sleepe
(Binding my sences) lose my working soule,
That in her highest pitch, she may controule
The court of skill, compact of misterie,
Wanting but franchisement and memorie
To reach all secrets: then in blissfull trance,
Baise her (deare Night) to that perseverance,
That in my torture, she all earths may sing,
And force to tremble in her trumpeting
Heavens christall temples: in her powrs implant
Skill of my griefs, and she can nothing want,
Then like fierce bolts, well rammd with heate and cold
In Joves Artillerie; my words unfold,
To breake the labyrinth of overie eare,
And make ech frighted soule come forth and heare,
Let them breake harts, as well as yielding ayre,

That all mens bosoms (pierst with no affaires,
But gaine of riches) may be lanced wide,
And with the threates of vertue terrified.
Sorrowes deare soveraigne, and the queene of rest,
That when unlightsome, vast, and indigest
The formelesse matter of this world did lye,
Fildst every place with thy Divinitie,
Why did thy absolute and endlesse sway,
Licence heavens torch, the scepter of the Day,
Dislinguisht intercession to thy throne,
That long before, all matchlesse rulde alone?
Why letst thou order, orderlesse disperse,
The fighting parents of this universe?
When earth, the ayre, and sea, in fire remaind,
When fire, the sea, and earth, the ayre containd,
When ayre, the earth, and fire, the sea enclosde
When sea, fire, ayre, in earth were indisposde,
Nothing, as now, remainde so out of kinde,
All things in grosse, were finer than refinde,
Substance was sound within, and had no being,
Now forme gives being; all our essence seeming,
Chaos had soule without a bodie then,
Now bodies live without the soules of men,
Lumps being digested; monsters, in our pride.
And as a wealthie fount, that hils did hide,
Let forth by labor of industrious hands,
Powres out her treasure through the fruitefull strands,
Seemely divided to a hundred streames,
Whose bewties shed such profitable beames,
And make such Orphean Musicke in their courses,
That Citties follow their enchanting forces,
Who running farre, at length ech powres her hart
Into the bosome of the gulfie desart,
As much confounded there, and indigest,
As in the chaos of the hills comprest:
So all things now (extract out of the prime)
Are turnd to chaos, and confound the time.
A stepdame Night of minde about us clings,
Who broodes beneath her hell obscuring wings,
Worlds of confusion, where the soule defamde,
The bodie had bene better never framde,
Beneath thy soft, and peace-full covert then,
(Most sacred mother both of Gods and men)
Treasures unknowne, and more unprisde did dwell;
But in the blind borne shadow of this hell,

This horrid stepdame, blindnesse of the minde,
Nought worth the sight, no sight, but worse then blind,
A Gorgon that with brasse, and snakie brows,
(Most harlot-like) her naked secrets shows:
For in th' expansure, and distinct attire,
Of light, and darcknesse, of the sea, and fire,
Of ayre, and earth, and all, all these create,
First set and rulde, in most harmonious state,
Disjunction showes, in all things now amisse,
By that first order, what confusion is:
Religious curb, that manadgd men in bounds,
Of publique wellfare; lothing private grounds,
(Now cast away, by selfe-lov's paramores)
All are transformd to Calydonian bores,
That kill our bleeding vines, displow our fields,
Rend groves in peeces; all things nature yeelds
Supplanting: tumbling up in hills of dearth,
The fruitefull disposition of the earth,
Ruine creates men: all to slaughter bent,
Like envie, fed with others famishment.
And what makes men without the parts of men,
Or in their manhoods, lesse then childeren,
But manlesse natures? all this world was namde
A world of him, for whom it first was framde,
Who (like a tender Chevrill,) shruncke with fire
Of base ambition, and of selfe-desire,
His armes into his shoulders crept for feare
Bountie should use them; and fierce rape forbeare,
His legges into his greedie belly runne,
The charge of hospitalitie to shunne)
In him the world is to a lump reverst,
That shruncke from forme, that was by forme disperst,
And in nought more then thanklesse avarice,
Not rendring vertue her deserved price.
Kinde Amalthaea was transferd by Jove,
Into his sparckling pavement, for her love,
Though but a Goate, and giving him her milke,
Basenesse is flintie; gentrie softe as silke,
In heavens she lives, and rules a living signe
In humane bodies: yet not so divine,
That she can worke her kindnesse in our harts.
The sencelesse Argive ship, for her deserts,
Bearing to Colchos, and for bringing backe,
The hardie Argonauts, secure of wracke,
The fautor and the God of gratitude,

Would not from number of the starres exclude.
A thousand such examples could I cite,
To damne stone-pesants, that like Typhons fight
Against their Maker, and contend to be
Of kings, the abject slaves of drudgerie:
Proud of that thraldome: love the kindest lest,
And hate, not to be hated of the best.

From **Euthymiae Raptus or The Teares of Peace**

And, now gives Time, her states description.
Before her flew Affliction, girt in storms,
Gasht all with gushing wounds; and all the forms
Of bane, and miserie, frowning in her face;
Whom Tyrannie, and Injustice, had in Chace;
Grimme Persecution, Povertie, and Shame;
Detraction, Envie, foule Mishap and lame;
Scruple of Conscience; Feare, Deceipt, Despaire;
Slaunder, and Clamor, that rent all the Ayre;
Hate, Warre, and Massacre; uncrowned Toyle;
And Sickenes (t'all the rest, the Base, and Foile)
Crept after; and his deadly weight, trode downe
Wealth, Beautie, and the glorie of a Crowne.
These ushered her farre off; as figures given,
To showe, these Crosses borne, make peace with heaven:
But now (made free from them) next her, before;
Peacefull, and young, Herculean silence bore
His craggie Club; which up, aloft, hee hild;
With which, and his forefingers charme hee stild
All sounds in ayre; and left so free, mine eares,
That I might heare, the musique of the Spheres,
And all the Angels, singing, out of heaven;
Whose tunes were solemne (as to Passion given)
For now, that Justice was the Happinesse there
For all the wrongs to Right, inflicted here.
Such was the Passion that Peace now put on;
And on, all went; when soudainely was gone
All light of heaven before us; from a wood
Whose sight, fore-seene (now lost) amaz'd wee stood,
The Sunne still gracing us; when now (the Ayre
Inflam'd with Meteors) we discoverd, fayre,
The skipping Gote; the Horses flaming Mane;
Bearded, and trained Comets; Starres in wane;
The burning sword; the Firebrand, flying Snake;
The Lance; the Torch; the Licking fire; the Drake:

And all else Metors, that did ill abode;
The thunder chid; the lightning leapt abrode;
And yet, when Peace came in, all heaven was cleare;
And then, did all the horrid wood appeare;
Where mortall dangers, more then leaves did growe;
In which wee could not, one free steppe bestowe;
For treading on some murtherd Passenger,
Who thither, was by witchcraft, forc't to erre,
Whose face, the bird hid, that loves Humans best;
That hath the bugle eyes, and Rosie Breast;
And is the yellow Autumns Nightingall.

From **A Hymne to Our Saviour on the Crosse**

Haile great Redeemer, man, and God, all haile,
Whose fervent agonie, tore the temples vaile,
Let sacrifices out, darke Prophesies
And miracles: and let in, for all these,
A simple pietie, a naked heart,
And humble spirit, that no lesse impart,
And prove thy Godhead to us, being as rare,
And in all sacred powre, as circulate.
Water and blood mixt, were not swot from thee
With deadlier hardnesse: more divinitie
Of supportation, then through flesh and blood,
Good doctrine is diffusde, and life as good.
O open to me then, (like thy spread armes
That East and West reach) all those misticke charmes
That hold us in thy life and discipline:
Thy merits in thy love so thrice divine;
Il made thee, being our God, assume our man;
And like our Champion Olympian,
Come to the field gainst Sa than, and our sinne:
Wrastle with torments, and the garland winne
From death and hell; which cannot crown our browes
But blood must follow: thornes mixe with thy bowes
Of conquering Lawrell, fast naild to thy Crosse,
Are all the glories we can here engrosse.
Prove then to those, that in vaine glories place
Their happiness here: they hold not by thy grace,
To those whose powres, proudly oppose thy lawes,
Oppressing Vertue, giving Vice applause:
They never manage just authoritie,
But thee in thy deare members crucifie.
Thou couldst have come in glorie past them all,

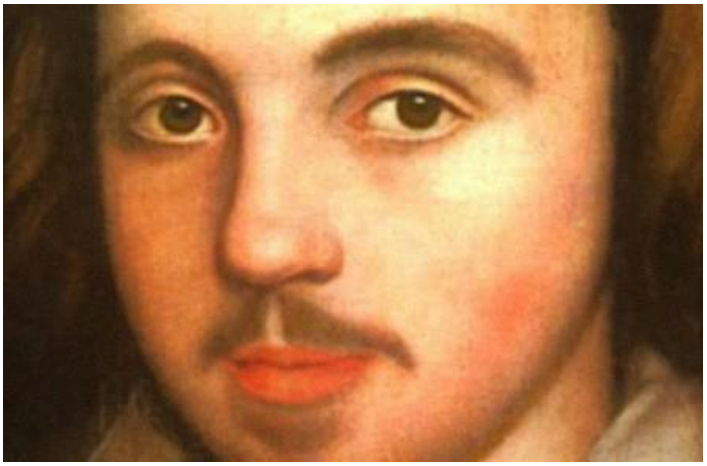
With powre to force thy pleasure, and empale
Thy Church with brasse, and Adamant, that no swine,
Nor theeves, nor hypocrites, nor fiends divine
Could have broke in, or rooted, or put on
Vestments of Pietie, when their hearts had none:
Or rapt to ruine with pretext, to save:
Would pompe, and radiance, rather not out brave
Thy naked truth, then cloath, or countnance it
With grace, and such sincerenesse as is fit:
But since true pietie weares her pearles within,
And outward paintings onely prankc up sinne:
Since bodies strengthned, soules go to the wall;
Since God we cannot serve and Beliall;
Therefore thou putst on, earths most abject plight,
Midst thee in humblesse, underwentst despight,
Mockerie, detraction, shame, blowes, vilest death.
These, thou, thy souldiers taughtst to fight beneath:
Madst a commanding President of these,
Perfect, perpetuall: bearing all the keyes
To holinesse, and heaven. To these, such lawes
Thou in thy blood writst: that were no more cause
Tenflame our loves, and fervent faiths in thee,
Then in them, truths divine simplicitie,
Twere full enough; for therein we may well
See thy white finger furrowing blackest hell,
In turning up the errors that our sence
And sensuall powres, incurre by negligence
Of our eternall truth-exploring soule.
All Churches powres, thy writ word doth controule;
And mixt it with the fabulous Alchoran,
A man might boult it out, as floure from branne;
Easily discerning it, a heavenly birth,
Brake it but now out, and but crept on earth.
Yet (as if God lackt mans election,
And shadowes were creators of the Sunne)
Men must authorise it: antiquities
Must be explor'd, to spirit, and give it thies,
And controversies, thicke as flies at Spring,
Must be maintain'd about th'ingenuous meaning;
When no stile can expresse it selfe so cleare,
Nor holds so even, and firme a character.
Those mysteries that are not to be reacht,
Still to be striv'd with, make them more impeacht:
And as the Mill fares with an ill pickt grist,
When any stone, the stones is got betwist,

Rumbling together, fill the graine with grit;
Offends the eare, sets teeth an edge with it:
Blunts the pict quarrie so, twill grinde no more,
Spoyles bread, and scants the Millars custom'd store.
So in the Church, when controversie fals,
It marres her musicke, shakes her batterd wals,
Grates tender consciences, and weakens faith;
The bread of life taints, and makes worke for Death;
Darkens truths light, with her perplext Abysmes,
And dustlike grinds men into sects and schismes.
And what's the cause? the words deficiencie?
In volume, matter, perspecuitie?
Ambition, lust, and damned avarice,
Pervert, and each the sacred word applies
To his prophane ends; all to profite given,
And pursnets lay to catch the joyes of heaven.
Since truth, and reall worth, men seidome sease,
Impostors most, and sleightest learnings please.
And, where the true Church, like the nest should be
Of chast, and provident Alcione:
(To which is onely one straight orifice,
Which is so strictly fitted to her sise,
That no bird bigger then her selfe, or lesse,
Can pierce and keepe it, or discerne th'accesse:
Nor which the sea it selfe, on which tis made,
Can ever overflow, or once invade);
Now wayes so many to her Altars are,
So easie, so prophane, and populare:
That torrents charg'd with weeds, and sin-drownd
beasts,
Breake in, lode, cracke them: sensuall joyes and feasts
Corrupt their pure fumes: and the slendrest flash
Of lust, or profite, makes a standing plash
Of sinne about diem, which men will not passe.
Looke (Lord) upon them, build them wals of brasse,
To keepe prophane feete off: do not thou
In wounds and anguish ever overflow,
And suffer such in ease, and sensualitie,
Dare to *reject thy* rules of humble life:
The minds true peace, and turne their zeales to strife,
For objects earthly, and corporeall.
A tricke of humblesse now they practise all,
Confesse their no deserts, liabilities none:
Professe all frailties, and amend not one:
As if a priviledge they meant to claime

In sinning by acknowledging the maime
Sinne gave in Adam: Nor the surplussage
Of thy redemption, seeme to put in gage
For his transgression: that thy vertuous paines
(Deare Lord) have eat out all their former staines;
That thy most mightie innocence had powre
To cleanse their guilts: that the unvalued dowre
Thou mad'st the Church thy spouse, in pietie,
And (to endure paines impious) constancie,
Will and alacritie (if they invoke)
To beare the sweete lode, and the easie yoke
Of thy injunctions, in diffusing these
(In thy perfection) through her faculties:
In every fiver, suffering to her use,
And perfecting the forme thou didst infuse
In mans creation: made him cleare as then
Of all the frailties, since defiling men.
And as a runner at th'Olympian games,
With all the luggage he can lay on, frames
His whole powres to the race, bags, pockets, greaves
Stuft full of sand he weares, which when he leaves,
And doth his other weigh tie weeds uncover,
With which halfe smotherd, he is wrapt all over:
Then seemes he light, and fresh as morning aire;
Guirds him with silkes, swaddles with roulers faire
His lightsome body: and away he scoures
So swift, and light, he scarce treads down the flowrs:
So to our game proposde, of endlesse joy
Before thy deare death) when we did employ,
Our tainted powres; we felt them clogd and chain'd
With sinne and bondage, which did rust, and raign'd
In our most mortall bodies: but when thou
Strip'dst us of these bands, and from foote to brow
Guirt, rold, and trimd us up in thy deserts:
Free were our feete, and hands; and spritely hearts
Leapt in our bosoms; and (ascribing still
All to thy merits: both our powre and will
To every thought of goodnesse, wrought by thee;
That divine scarlet, in which thou didst die
Our cleansd consistence; lasting still in powre
T'enable acts in us, as the next howre
To thy most saving, glorious sufferance)
We may make all our manly powers advance
Up to thy Image; and these formes of earth,
Beauties and mockeries, matcht in beastly birth:

We may despise, with still aspiring spirits
To thy high graces, in thy still fresh merits:
Not touching at this base and spongie mould,
For any springs of lust, or mines of gold.

Christopher Marlowe
1564-1593



Christopher Marlowe, the son of John and Catherine Marlowe, was born in Canterbury, where his father was shoemaker, in 1564. Marlowe (baptised 26 February 1564 – 30 May 1593) was an English playwright, poet and translator of the Elizabethan era. Marlowe was the foremost Elizabethan tragedian of his day. He greatly influenced William Shakespeare, who was born in the same year as Marlowe and who rose to become the pre-eminent Elizabethan playwright after Marlowe's mysterious early death. Marlowe's plays are known for the use of blank verse and their overreaching protagonists.

He received some of his early education at The King's School, Canterbury, and an Archbishop Parker scholarship took him from this school to Corpus Christi College in the University of Cambridge. In 1584 he graduated as Bachelor of Arts. The achievement of Christopher Marlowe, poet and dramatist, was enormous. Based upon the "many imitations" of his play *Tamburlaine*, modern scholars consider him to have been the foremost dramatist in London in the years just before his mysterious early death. Marlowe was the first to achieve critical reputation for his use of blank verse, which became the standard for the era. Most dramatic poets of the 16th century followed where Marlowe had led, especially in their use of language and the blank-verse line. The prologue to Marlowe's *Tamburlaine the Great* (1587–1588) proclaims its author's contempt for the stage verse of the period, in which the "jygging vaines of riming mother wits" presented the "conceits [which] clownage keepes in pay": instead the new play promised a barbaric foreign hero, the "Scythian Tamburlaine, Threatning the world with high astounding terms." Marlowe began writing verse by translating the Roman poets Ovid and Lucan. The Latin poems are written in the elegiac meter. Marlowe's translations of these elegies are not

uniformly successful; but they nevertheless form an impressive achievement. The two parts of *Tamburlaine* were published in 1590; all Marlowe's other works were published posthumously. *Doctor Faustus* (or *The Tragicall History of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus*), based on the German Faustbuch, was the first dramatised version of the Faust legend of a scholar's dealing with the devil. Themes found within Marlowe's literary works have been noted as humanistic with realistic emotions. On Wednesday, 30 May,1593 Marlowe was killed. [Poetry Foundation]

FROM Hero and Leander

THE FIRST SESTYAD

Horos description and her Loves,
The Phane of Venus; where he moves
His worthie Love-suite, and attaines;
Whose blisse the wrath of Fates restraines,
For Cupids grace to Mercurie,
Which tale the Author doth implie.

On Hellespont guiltie of True-loves blood,
In view and opposit two citties stood,
Seaborderers, disjoin'd by *Neptunes* might;
The one *Abydos,* the other *Sestos* hight.
At *Sestos, Hero* dwelt; *Hero* the faire,
Whom young *Apollo* courted for her haire,
And offred as a dower his burning throne,
Where she should sit for men to gaze upon.
The outside of her garments were of lawne,
The lining purple silke, with guilt starres drawne,
Her wide sleeves greene, and bordered with a grove,
Where *Venus* in her naked glory strove,
To please the carelesse and disdainfull eies
Of proud *Adonis* that before her lies.
Her kirtle blew, whereon was many a staine,
Made with the blood of wretched Lovers slaine.
Upon her head she ware a myrtle wreath,
From whence her vaile reacht to the ground beneath.
Her vaile was artificial! flowers and leaves,
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceaves.
Many would praise the sweet smell as she past,
When t'was the odour which her breath foorth cast,
And there for honie bees have sought in vaine,
And beat from thence, have lighted there againe.
About her necke hung chaines of peble stone,

Which lightned by her necke, like Diamonds shone.
She ware no gloves, for neither sunne nor wind
Would burne or parch her hands, but to her mind,
Or warme or coole them, for they tooke delite
To play upon those hands, they were so white.
Buskins of shels all silvered used she,
And brancht with blushing corall to the knee;
Where sparrowes pearcht, of hollow pearle and gold,
Such as the world would woonder to behold:
Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fils,
Which as shee went would cherupe through the bils.
Some say, for her the fairest *Cupid* pyn'd,
And looking in her face, was strooken blind.
But this is true, so like was one the other,
As he imagyn'd *Hero* was his mother.
And oftentimes into her bosome flew,
About her naked necke his bare armes threw,
And laid his childish head upon her brest,
And with still panting rockt, there tooke his rest.
So lovely faire was *Hero, Venus* Nun,
As nature wept, thinking she was undone;
Because she tooke more from her than she left,
And of such wondrous beautie her bereft:
Therefore in signe her treasure suffred wracke,
Since *Heroes time,* hath halfe the world beene blacke.
Amorous *Leander,* beautifull and yoong,
(Whose tragedie divine *Musseus* soong)
Dwelt at *Abidus:* since him dwelt there none.
For whom succeeding times make greater mone.
His dangling tresses that were never shorne,
Had they beene cut, and unto *Colchos* borne,
Would have allur'd the vent'rous youth of *Greece*
To hazard more than for the golden Fleece.
Faire *Cinthia* wisht his armes might be her spheare.
Greefe makes her pale, because she mooves not there.
His bodie was as straight as *Circes* wand,
Jove might have not sipt out *Nectar* from his hand.
Even as delicious meat is to the tast,
So was his necke in touching, and surpast
The white of *Pelops* shoulder. I could tell ye,
How smooth his brest was, and how white his bellie.
And whose immortall fingars did imprint

That heavenly path, with many a curious dint,
That runs along his backe, but my rude pen
Can hardly blazon foorth the loves of men,
Much lesse of powerfull gods: let it suffise,
That my slacke muse sings of *Leanders* eies,
Those orient cheekes and lippes, exceeding his
That leapt into the water for a kis
Of his owne shadow, and despising many,
Died ere he could enjoy the love of any.
Had wilde *Hippolitus Leander* seene,
Enamoured of his beautie had he beene,
His presence made the rudest paisant melt,
That in the vast uplandish countrie dwelt,
The barbarous *Thratian* soldier moov'd with nought,
Was moov'd with him, and for his favour sought.
Some swore he was a maid in mans attire,
For in his lookes were all that men desire,
A pleasant smiling cheeke, a speaking eye,
A brow for love to banquet royallie,
And such as knew he was a man would say,
Leander, thou art made for amorous play:
Why art thou not in love, and lov'd of all?
Though thou be faire, yet be not thine owne thrall.
The men of wealthie *Sestos,* everie yeare,
(For: his sake vkom their goddesse held so deare,
Rose checkt *Adonis)* kept a solemne feast.
Thither resorted many a wandring guest,
To meet their loves; such as had none at all,
Came lovers home from this great festival].
For everie street like to a Firmament
Glistered with breathing stars, who where they went
Frighted the melancholic earth, which deem'd
Eternal! heaven to burne, for so it seem'd,
As if another *Phaeton* had got
The guidance of the sunnes rich chariot.
But far above the loveliest *Hero* shin'd,
And stole away th'inchaunted gazers mind,
For like Sea-nimphs inveigling harmony,
So was her beautie to the standers by.
Nor that night-wandring pale and watrie starre
(When yawning dragons draw her thirling carre
From *Latmus* mount up to the glomie skie,

Where crown'd with blazing light and majestie,
She proudly sits) more over-rules the flood,
Than she the hearts of those that neere her stood.
Even as, when gawdie Nymphs pursue the chace.
Wretched *Ixions* shaggie footed race,
Incenst with savage heat, gallop amaine
From steepe Pine-bearing mountains to the plaine:
So ran the people foorth to gaze upon her,
And all that view'd her, were enamour'd on her.
And as in furie of a dreadfull fight,
Their fellowes being slaine or put to flight,
Poore soldiers stand with fear of death dead strooken,
So at her presence all surpris'd and tooken,
Await the sentence of her scornefull eies:
He whom she favours lives, the other dies.
There might you see one sigh, another rage,
And some (their violent passions to asswage)
Compile sharpe satyrs, but alas too late,
For faithfull love will never turne to hate.
And many seeing great princes were denied,
Pyn'd as they went, and thinking on her died.
On this feast day, 0 cursed day and hower,
Went *Hero* thorow *Sextos,* from her tower
To *Venus* temple, where unhappilye,
As after chaunc'd, they did each other spye.
So faire a church as this, had *Venus* none,
The wals were of discoloured *Jasper* stone,
Wherein was *Proteus* carved, and o rehead,
A livelie vine of greene sea agget spread;
Where by one hand, light headed *Bacchus* hoong,
And with the other, wine from grapes out wroong.
Of Christall shining faire the pavement was,
The towne of *Sestos* cal'd it *Venus* glasse.
There might you see the gods in sundrie shapes,
Committing headdie ryots, incest, rapes:
For know, that underneath this radiant floure
Was *Danaes* statue in a brazen tower,
Jove slylie stealing from his sisters bed,
To dallie with *Idalian Ganimed,*
And for his love *Europa* bellowing loud,
And tumbling with the Rainbow in a cloud:
Blood-quaffing *Mars* heaving the yron net,

Which limping *Vulcan* and his *Cyclops* set:
Love kindling fire, to burne such townes as
Troy, Sylvanus weeping for the lovely boy
That now is turn'd into a *Cypres* tree,
Under whose shade the Wood-gods love to bee.

And in the midst a silver altar stood;
There *Hero* sacrificing turtles blood,
Valid to the ground, vailing her eie-lids close,
And modestly they opened as she rose:
Thence flew Loves arrow with the golden head,
And thus *Leander* was enamoured.

Stone still he stood, and evermore he gazed,
Till with the fire that from his count nance blazed,
Relenting *Heroes* gentle heart was strooke,
Such force and. vertue hath an amorous looke.

It lies not in our power to love, or hate,
For will in us is over-rul'd by fate.
When two are stript long ere the course begin,
We wish that one should loose, the other win;
And one especiallie doe we affect
Of two gold Ingots like in each respect.

The reason no man knowes, let it suffise,
What we behold is censur'd by our eies.

Where both deliberat, the love is slight,
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?
He kneel'd, but unto her devoutly praid;
Chast *Hero* to her selfe thus softly said:
Were I the saint hee worships, I would heare him,
And as shee spake those words, came somewhat nere
him.

He started up, she blusht as one asham'd;
Wherewith *Leander* much more was inflam'd.
He toucht her hand, in touching it she trembled,
Love deepehy grounded, hardly is dissembled.

These lovers parled by the touch of hands,
True love is mute, and oft amazed stands.
Thus while dum signs their yeelding harts entangled,
The aire with sparkes of living fire was spangled,
And night deepe drencht in mystie *Acheron*
Heav'd up her head, and halfe the world upon
Breath'd darkenesse forth (darke night is *Cupids* day).
And now begins *Leander* to display
Loves holy fire, with words, with sighs and teares,
Which like sweet musicke entred *Heroes* eares,
And yet at everie word shoe turn'd aside,
And alwaies cut him off as he replide.
At last, like to a bold sharpe Sophister,
With chearefull hope thus he accosted her.
Faire creature, let me speake without offence,
I would my rude words had the influence,
To lead thy thoughts as thy faire lookes doe mine,
Then shouldst thou bee his prisoner who is thine.
Be not unkind and faire, mishapen stuffe
Are of behaviour boisterous and ruffe.
O shun me not, but heare.me ere you goe,
God knowes I cannot force love, as you doe.
My words shall be as spotlesse as my youth,
Full of simplicitie and naked truth.
This sacrifice (whose sweet perfume descending,
From *Venus* altar to your footsteps bending)
Doth testifie that you exceed her farre,
To whom you offer, and whose Nunne you are.
Why should you worship her? her you surpasse,
As much as sparkling Diamonds flaring glasse.
A Diamond set in lead his worth retaines,
A heavenly Nimph, belov'd of humane swaines,
Receives no blemish, but oft-times more grace,
Which makes me hope, although I am but base,
Base in respect of thee, divine and pure,
Dutifull service may thy love procure,
And I in dutie will excell all other,
As thou in beautie doest exceed Loves mother.
Nor heaven, nor thou, were made to gaze upon,
As heaven preserves all things, so save thou one.
A stately builded ship, well rig'd and tall,

The Ocean maketh more majesticall:
Why vowest thou then to live in *Sestos* here,

The Passionate Shepherd to His Love

Come live *with me* and be me love
And we will all *the pleasures prove*
That valleys, groves, hills, and fields
Woods, or *steepy mountan* yield.

And *we* will sit upon the rocks.
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sings madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kitle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

From **Tamburlaine the Great**

TAMBURLAINE. Nature that fram'd us of foure Elements,
Warring within our breasts for regiment,
Doth teach us all to have aspyring minds:
Our soules, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous Architecture of the world:
And measure every wandring plannets course,

Still climing after knowledge infinite,
And alwaies mooving as the restles Spheares,
Wils us to weare our selves and never rest,
Untill we reach the ripest fruit of all,
That perfect blisse and sole felicitie,
The sweet fruition of an earthly crowne.

(Act II, scene vi, lines 869-80)

TAMBURLAINE. Ah faire Zenocrate, divine Zenocrate,
Faire is too foule an Epithite for thee,
That in the passion for thy countries love,
And feare to see thy kingly Fathers harme,
With haire discheweld wip'st thy watery cheeks:
And like to *Flora* in her mornings pride,
Shaking her silver treshes in the aire,
Rain'st on the earth resolved pearle in showers,
And spunkiest Saphyrs on thy shining face,
Wher Beauty, mother to the Muses sits,
And comments vollumes with her Yvory pen:
Taking instructions from thy flowing eies,
Eies when that *Ebena* steps to heaven,
In silence of thv solemn Evenings walk,
Making the mantle of the richest night,
The Moone, the Planets, and the Meteors light.
There Angels in their christal armours fight
A doubtfull battell with my tempted thoughtes,
For Egypts freedom and the Souldans life:
His life that so consumes *Zenocrate,*
Whose sorrowes lay more siege unto my soule,
Than all my Army to *Damascus* walles.
And neither Perseans Soveraign, nor the
Turk Troubled my sences with conceit of foile,
So much by much, as dooth *Zenocrate.*
What is beauty saith my sufferings then?
If all the pens that ever poets held,
Had fed the feeling of their maisters thoughts,
And every sweetnes that inspir'd their harts,
Their minds, and muses on admyred theames:
If all the heavenly Quintessence they still
From their immortall flowers of Poesy,
Wherein as in a myrrour we perceive
The highest reaches of a humaine wit.
If these had made one Poems period
And all combin'd in Beauties worthinesse,

Yet should their hover in their restlesse heads,
One thought, one grace, one woonder at the least,
Which into words no vertue can digest:
But how unseemly is it for my Sex
My discipline of armes and Chivalrie,
My nature and the terrour of my name,
To harbour thoughts effeminate and faint?
Save onely that in Beauties just applause,
With whose instinct the soule of man is toucht,
And every warriour that is rapt with love,
Of fame, of valour, and of victory
Must needs have beauty beat on his conceites,
I thus conceiving and subduing both
That which hath stoopt the tempest of the Gods,
Even from the fiery spangled vaile of heaven,
To feele the lovely warmth of shepheards flames,
And martch in cottages of strewed weeds,
Shal give the world to note for all my byrth.
That Vertue solely is the sum of glorie,
And fashions men with true nobility.
Who's within there?

(Act V, scene ii, Jines 1916—72)

From **The Tragicall Historie of Doctor Faustus**

[The End of Doctor Faustus]

The cloche strikes eleven.
FAUSTUS. Ah Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hower to live,
And then thou must be damnd perpetually:
Stand stil you ever mooving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come:
Faire Natures eie, rise, rise againe, and make
Perpetuall day, or let this houre be but

A yeere, a moneth, a weeke, a naturall day,
That Faustus may repent, and save his soule,
O lente. lente curite noctis equi:
The stanes moove stil, time runs, the clocke wil strike,
The divel wil come, and Faustus must be damnd.
O He leape up to my God: who pulles me downe?
See see where Christs blood streames in the firmament.
One drop would save my soule, halfe a drop, ah my
Christ.

Ah rend not my heart for naming of my Christ,
Yet wil I call on him: oh spare me *Lucifer!*
Where is it now? tis gone:
And see where God
Stretcheth out his arme, and bends his irefull brow es:
Mountaines and hilles, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God.
No, no.
Then wil I headlong runne into the earth:
Earth gape. 0 no, it wil not harbour me:
You starres that raignd at my nativitie,
Whose influence hath alotted death and hel,
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist,
Into the intrailes of yon labring cloude,
That when you vomite foorth into the ayre,
My limbes may issue from your smoaky mouthes,
So that my soule may but ascend to heaven:
Ah, halfe the houre is past: *The watch strikes.*
Twil all be past anone:
Oh God,
If thou wilt not have mercy on my soule,
Yet for Christs sake, whose bloud hath ransomd me,
Impose some end to my incessant paine.
Let Faustus live in hel a thousand yeeres,
A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd.
O no end is limited to damned soules,
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soule?
Or, why is this immortall that thou hast?
Ah *Pythagoras metemsucosis,* were that true,
This soule should flie from me, and I be changde
Unto some brutish beast: al beasts are happy,
For when they die,
Their soules are soone dissolved in elements,
But mine m ust live still to be plagde in hel:
Curst be the parents that ingendred me:
No Faustus, curse thy selfe, curse *Lucifer,*
That hath deprivde thee of the joyes of heaven:
The clocke striketh twelve.
O it strikes, it strikes: now body turne to ayre,
Or *Lucifer* wil beare thee quicke to hel:
Thunder and lightning.
O soule, be changde into little water drops,
And fal into the *Ocean,* nere be found:
My God, my God, looke not so fierce on me:
Enter divels.

Adders, and Serpents, let me breathe a while:
Ugly hell gape not, come not *Lucifer,*
Ile burne my bookes, ah *Mephastophilis.*

Exeunt with him

(Lines 1419-end)

Samuel Daniel
1562-1619

Samuel Daniel, born in 1562, Taunton, Somerset, England. Almost nothing is known about his biography and creative activity, but it is believed that he was an English contemplative poet, marked in both verse and prose by his philosophic sense of history. An enterprising and remarkably productive Elizabethan man of letters, Daniel came from a musical Somerset family, studied at Oxford, traveled abroad, and became a member of the literary circle of the Countess of Pembroke, Sir Philip Sidney's sister. He was involved in the establishment of the sonneteering tradition of the last decade of the century, publishing in 1591 - along with the first appearance of Sidney's "*Astrofel and Stella"* sonnets - a group of twenty-eight of his own. In 1592 a full collection entitled "*Delia"* appeared. Daniel wrote narrative, history, lofty disquisition, tragedy, and pastoral drama, all in assured and competent verse, as well as a famous prose essay, "*A Defence of Rhyme"*.

Song

FROM **Tethys Festival**

Are they shadowes that we see?
And can shadowes pleasure give?
Pleasures onely shadowes bee
Cast by bodies we conceive,
And are made the thinges we deeme,
In those figures which they seeme.
But these pleasures vanish fast,
Which by shadowes are exprest:

Pleasures are not, if they last,
In their passing, is their best.
Glory is most bright and gay
In a flash, and so away.
Feed apace then greedy eyes
On the wonder you behold.
Take it sodaine as it flies
Though you take it not to hold:
When your eyes have done their part,
Thought must length it in the hart.

Care-charmer Sleep

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness bom.
Relieve my languish0 and resto re the light,
With dark forgetting of m v cares, return.
And let the dav be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of mv ill-adventured youth;
Let waking eves suffice to wail their scorn
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires.
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Never let rising sun approve you liars.
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain.
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

Sonnets

VI

Faire is mv Love, and cruell as she's faire;
Her brow shades frownes, although her eyes are sunny,
Her smiles are lightning, though her pride dispaire;
And her disdaines are Gall, her favours Hunny.
A modest Maide, deckt with a blush of honor,
Whose feete doe treade greene pathes of youth and love,
The wonder of all eyes that looke uppon her:
Sacred on earth, design'd a Saint above.
Chastitie and Beautie, which were deadly foes,
Live reconciled friends within her brow:
And had she pity to conjoine with those,
Then who had heard the plaints I utter now.
For had she not beene faire, and thus unkinde,

My Muse had slept, and none had knowne my
minde.

XLIV

Care-charmer Sleepe, sonne of the sable night,
Brother to death, in silent darknes borne:
Relieve my languish, and restore the light,
With darke forgetting of my cares returne.
And let the day be time enough to morne
The shipwracke of my ill-adventred youth:
Let waking eyes suffice to waile their scorne,
Without the torment of the nights untruth.
Cease dreames, th'Images of day desires,
To modell foorth the passions of the morrow:
Never let rising Sunne approve you .tiers,
To adde more griefe to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleepe, imbracing clowdes in vaine;
And never wake to feele the dayes disdayne.

0 Fcarfull, frowning Nemesis

FROM **The Tragedy of Cleopatra**

Act III, scene ii

CHORUS. 0 Fearfull, frowning *Nemesis,*
Daughter of Justice, most severe,
That art the worlds great arbitresse,
And Queene of causes raigning here:
Whose swift-sure hand is ever neere
Eternall justice, righting wrong:
Who never yet deferrest long
The prowds decay, the weakes redresse:
But through thy power every where,
Dooest raze the great, and raise the lesse
The lesse made great doest ruine too,
To shew the earth what heaven can doe.
Thou from darke-clos'd eternitie,
From thy blacke dowdy hidden seat,
The worlds disorders doest discry:
Which when they swell so proudly great,
Reversing th'order nature set,
Thou giv'st thy all counfounding doome,
Which none can know before it come.
Th'inevitable destenie,

Which neither wit nor strength can let,
Fast chain'd unto necessity,
In mortall things doth order so,
Th'alternate course of weale or woe.
Oh how the powre of heaven does play
With travailed mortality:
And doth their weakenesse still betray,
In their best prosperities
When beeing lifted up so hie,
They looke beyond themselves so farre,
That to themselves they take no care;
Whilst swift confusion downe doth lay,
Their late prowd mounting vanity:
Bringing their glory to decay,
And with the ruine of their fall,
Extinguish people, state and all.

But is it Justice that all we
The innocent poore multitude,
For great mens faults should punisht be,
And to destruction thus pursude?
O why should th'heavens us include,
Within the compasse of their fall,
Who of themselves procured all?
Or doe the gods (in close) decree,
Occasion take how to extrude
Man from the earth with crueltie?
Ah no, the gods are ever just,
Our faults excuse their rigor must.

This is the period Fate set downe,
To Egypts fat prosperitie:
Which now unto her greatest growne,
Must perish thus, by course must die.
And some must be the causers why
Their revolution must be wrought:
As borne to bring their state to nought.
To change the people and the crowne,
And purge the worlds iniquitie:
Which vice so farre hath overgrowne,
As we, so they that treate us thus,
Must one day perish like to us.

A Pastorall

O Happy golden Age,
Not for that Rivers ranne
With streames of milke, and hunny dropt from trees,
Not that the earth did gage
Unto the husband-man
Her voluntary fruites, free without fees:
Not for no cold did freeze,
Nor any cloud beguile,
Th'eternall flowring Spring
Wherein liv'd every thing,
And whereon th'heavens perpetually did smile,
Not for no ship had brought
From forraine shores, or wanes or wares ill sought.
But onely for that name,
That Idle name of wind:
That Idoll of deceit, that empty sound
Call'd *Honor,* which became
Thy tyrant of the minde:
And so torments our Nature without ground,
Was not yet vainly found:
Nor yet sad griefes imparts
Amidst the sweet delights
Of joyfull amorous wights.
Nor were his hard lawes knowne to free-borne hearts.
But golden lawes like these
Which nature wrote. *That's latvfull which doth please.*
Then amongst flowres and springs
Making delightful sport,
Sate Lovers without conflict, without flame,
And Nymphs and shepheards sings
Mixing in wanton sort
Whisp rings with Songs, then kisses with the same
Which from affection came:
The naked virgin then
Her Roses fresh reveales,
Which now her vaile conceales.
The tender Apples in her bosome seene,
And oft in Rivers cleere
The Lovers with their Loves consorting were.
Honor, thou first didst close
The spring of all delight:
Denying water to the amorous thirst
Thou taught'st faire eyes to lose
The glory of their light.
Restrain'd from men, and on themselves reverst

Thou in a lawne didst first
Those golden haires incase,
Late spred unto the wind;
Thou mad'st loose grace unkind,
Gav'st bridle to their words, art to their pace,
0 *Honour* it is thou
That mak'st that stealth, which love doth free allow.
It is thy worke that brings
Our griefes, and torments thus:
But thou fierce Lord of Nature and of Love,
The quallifier of Kings,
What doest thou here with us
That are below thy power, shut from above?
Coe and from us remove,
Trouble the mighties sleepe,
Let us neglected, base,
Live still without thy grace,
And th'use of th'ancient happy ages keepe.
Let's love, this life of ours
Can make no truce with time that all devours.
Lets love: the sun doth set, and rise againe,
But when as our short light
Cornes once to set, it makes eternall night.

Love is a sicknesse

FROM **Hymens Triumph**

Love *is* a sicknesse full of woes,
All remedies refusing:
A plant that with most cutting growes,
Most barren with best using.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dyes,
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries
Hey ho.
Love is a torment of the minde,
A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made it of a kinde,
Not well, nor full nor fasting.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies,
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries,
Hey ho.

Ulysses and the Siren

FREN, Come w orthy Greeke, *Ulisses* come
Possesse these shores w ith me:
The wincles and Seas are troublesome,
And heere we may be free.
Here may we sit. and -view their toile
That travaile in the deepe,
And joy the day in mirth the while.
And spend the night in sleepe.

ULISSES. Faire Nimph, if fame, or honor were
To be attaynd with ease.
Then would I come, and rest with thee,
And leave such toyles as these.
But here it dwels, and here must I
With danger seeke it forth.
To spend the time luxuriously
Becomes not men of worth.

SYREN. *Ulisses,* 0 be not deceiv'd
With that unreall name:
This honour is a thingr conceiv'd,
And rests on others fame.
Begotten onely to molest
Our peace, and to beguile
(The best thing of our life) our rest,
And give us up to toile.

ULISSES. Delicious Nimph, suppose there were
Nor honour, nor report,
Yet manlines would scome to weare
The time in idle sport.
For toyle doth give a better touch,
To make us feele our joy;
And ease findes tediousnesse as much
As labour yeelds annoy.

SYREN. Then pleasure likewise seemes the shore,
Whereto tends all your toyle,
Which you forgo to make it more,
And perish oft the while.
Who may disporte them diversly,
Finde never tedious day,
And ease may have varietie,

As well as action may.

ULISSES. But natures of the noblest frame
These toyles, and dangers please,
And they take comfort in the same,
As much as you in ease.
And with the thought of actions past
Are recreated still;
When pleasure leaves a touch at last,
To shew that it was ill.

SYREN. That doth opinion onely cause,
That's out of custome bred,
Which makes us many other lawes
Then ever Nature did.
No widdowes waile for our delights,
Our sportes are without bloud,
The world we see by warlike wights
Receives more hurt then good.

ULISSES. But yet the state of things require
These motions of unrest,
And these great Spirits of high desire,
Seeme borne to turne them best.
To purge the mischiefes that increase,
And all good order mar:
For oft we see a wicked peace
To be well chang'd for war.

SYREN. Well, well *Ulisses* then I see,
I shall not have thee heere,
And therefore I will come to thee,
And take my fortunes there.
I must be wonne that cannot win,
Yet lost were I not wonne:
For beauty hath created bin,
T'undoo, or be undone.

Michael Drayton
1563-1631

Michael Drayton, born 1563, Hartshill, Warwickshire, England, London, was an English poet, the first to write odes in English in the manner of Horace.

Drayton spent his early years in the service of Sir Henry Goodere, to whom he owed his education, and whose daughter, Anne, he celebrated as Idea in his poems. His first published work, *The Harmonie of the Church* (1591), contains biblical paraphrases in an antiquated style. His next works conformed more nearly to contemporary fashion: in pastoral, with *Idea, The Shepheards Garland* (1593); in sonnet, with *Ideas Mirrour* (1594); in erotic idyll, with *Endimion and Phoebe* (1595); and in historical heroic poem, with *Robert, Duke of Normandy* (1596) and *Mortimeriados* (1596). The last, originally written in rhyme royal, was recast in Ludovico Ariosto's ottava rima verse as *The Barrons Warres* (1603). Drayton's most original poems of this period are *Englands Heroicall Epistles* (1597), a series of pairs of letters exchanged between famous lovers in English history.

Upon the death of Queen Elizabeth I in 1603, Drayton, like most other poets, acclaimed in verse the accession of King James I, but he failed to receive any appointment or reward. The disappointment adversely affected his poetry of the next few years: it is reflected in his bitter satire *The Owle* (1604) and in his nostalgia for the previous reign and his implicitly negative attitude toward James I. In *Poemes Lyrick and Pastorall* (1606) he introduced a new mode with the "odes," modeled on Horace. "The Ballad of Agincourt" shows Drayton's gift for pure narrative. Further collected editions culminated in his most important book, *Poems* (1619). Here Drayton reprinted most of what he chose to preserve, often much revised, with many new poems and sonnets. He had also published the first part of his most ambitious work, *Poly-Olbion* (1612), in which he intended to record comprehensively the Elizabethan discovery of England: the beauty of the countryside,

the romantic fascination of ruined abbeys, its history, legend, and present life. Written in alexandrines (12-syllable lines), *Poly-Olbion* is among the longest poems in English. In his old age he wrote some of his most delightful poetry, especially the fairy poem *Nymphidia* (1627), with its mock-heroic undertones, and *The Muses Elizium* (1630) with "The Description of Elizium" as an introductory blending the Renaissance themes of the earthly paradise with such classical motives as the Elysian Fields and the Gardens of Alcinous from Book 7 of the Odyssey, nto a vision of the paradise of poetry. The *Elegies upon Sundry Occasions* (1627), addressed to his friends, often suggest, with their easy, polished couplets, the manner of the age of Alexander Pope.

FROM *Idea*

V

Nothing but No and I, and I and No,
How fals it out so strangely you reply?
I tell yee (Faire) ile not be answered so,
With tliis affirming No, denying I.
1 say, I Love, you sleightly answere I:
I say, You Love, you peule me out a No:
I say, I Die, you Eccho me with I:
Save mee I Crie, you sigh me out a No;
Must Woe and I, have naught but No and I?
No I, am I, if I no more can have;
Answere no more, with Silence make reply,
And let me take my selfe what I doe crave,
Let No and I, with I and you be so:
Then answere No and I, and I and No.

XI

You not alone, when You are still alone,
0 God from You, that I could private be,
Since You one were, I never since was one,
Since You in Me, my selfe since out of Me,
Transported from my Selfe, into Your being,
Though either distant, present yet to either,
Senselesse with too much Joy, each other seeing
And onely absent, when Wee are together.
Give Me my Selfe, and take your Selfe againe,
Devise some meanes, but how I may forsake You,
So much is Mine, that doth with You remaine,
That taking what is Mine, with Me I take You;
You doe bewitch Me, O that I could flie,
From my Selfe You, or from your owne Selfe I.

XXXVII

Deare, why should you command me to my Rest,
When now the Night doth summon all to sleepe?
Me thinkes this Time becommeth Lovers best;
Night was ordayn'd, together Friends to keepe:
How happy are all other living Things,
Which though the Day dis-joyne by sev'rall flight,
The quiet Ev'ning yet together brings,
And each returnes unto his Love at Night?
0, Thou that art so courteous else to all!
Why should'st thou, Night, abuse me onely thus.
That ev'ry Creature to his kind dost call,
And yet 'tis thou do'st onely sever us?
Well could I wish, it would be ever Day,
If when Night comes, you bid me goe away.

LI

Calling to minde since first my Love begun,
Th' incertaine Times oft varying in their Course,
How Things still unexpectedly have runne,
As't please the Fates, by their resistlesse force:
Lastly, mine Eyes amazedly have seene
Essex great fall, *Tyrone* his Peace to gaine,
The quiet end of that Long-living Queene,
This Kings faire Entrance, and our Peace with *Spaine*,
We and the *Dutch* at length our Selves to sever;
Thus the World doth, and evermore shall Reele:
Yet to my Goddesse am I constant ever;
How e're blind Fortune turne her giddie Wheele:
Though Heaven and Earth, prove both to me untrue,
Yet am I still inviolate to You.

LXI

Since ther's no helpe,
Come let us kisse and part, Nay,
I have done: You get no more of Me,
And I am glad, yea glad withall my heart,
That thus so cleanly, I my Selfe can free,
Shake hands for ever, Cancell all our Vowes,
And when We meet at any time againe,
Be it not seene in either of our Browes,
That We one jot of former Love reteyne;
Now at the last gaspe, of Loves latest Breath,
When his Pulse fayling, Passion speechlesse lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of Death,
And Innocence is closing up his Eyes,

Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
From Death to Life, thou might'st him yet recover,

From **The Third Eclogue**

ROWLAND. Stay, *Thames, to* heare my Song, thou great
and famous Flood,
Beta alone the *Phoenix* is of all thy watry Brood,
The Queene of Virgins onely Shee,
The King of Floods allotting Thee
Of all tire rest, be joyfull then to see this happy Day,
Thy *Beta* now alone shall be the Subject of my Lay.
With daintie and delightsome straynes of dapper Veri-
layes:
Come lovely Shepheards, sit by me, to tell our *Beta's*
prayse,
And let us sing so high a Verse,
Her soveraigne Vertues to rehearse:
That little Birds shall silent sit to heare us Shepheards
sing,
Whilst Rivers backward bend their course, and flow up
to their spring.
Range all thy Swans, faire *Thames,* together on a ranke,
And place them each in their degree upon thy winding
Banke,
And let them set together all,
Time keeping with the Waters fall:
And crave the tunefull *Nightingale* to helpe them with
her Lay,
The *Woosell* and the *Throstle-Cocke,* chief musike of
our May.
See what a troupe of Nymphs, come leading Hand in
Hand,
In such a number that well-neere they take up all the
Strand:
And harke how merrily they sing,
That makes the Neigh'bring Meddowes ring,
And *Beta* comes before alone, clad in a purple Pall,
And as the Queene of all the rest doth weare a Coronall.

Trim up her golden Tresses with *Apollo's* sacred Tree,
Whose Tutage and especiall care I wish her still to bee,
That for his Darling hath prepar'd,
A glorious Crowne as her reward,
Not such a golden Cro\Ame as haughtie *Caesar* weares,
Tut such a glittering starry one as *Ariadne* beares.

Mayds, get die choycest Flowres,
a Garland and en-
twine.
Nor Pinks, nor Pansies, let there want, be sure of Eglan
tine,
See that there be store of Lillyes,
(Call'd of Shepheards Daffadillyes)
With Roses Damaske, White, and Red, the dearest
Flower-de-lice,
The Cowslip of *Jerusalem,* and Clove of *Paradise.*

0 thou great Eye of Heaven, the Dayes most dearest
Light,
With thy bright Sister *Cynthia,* the Glorie of the Night,
And those that make yee seven,
To us the neer'st of Heaven,
And thou, 0 gorgeous *Iris,* with all thy Colours dy'd,
When shee streames forth her Rayes, then dasht is all
your pride.

In thee, whilst shee beholds (O Flood) her heavenly
Face,
The Sea-Gods in their watry Armes would gladly her
imbrace,
The intising *Syrens* in their layes,
And *Tritons* doe resound her prayse,
Hasting with all the speed they can unto the spacious
Sea,
And through all *Neptunes* Court proclaim our *Beta's*
holyday.

0 evermore refresh the Roote of the fat Olive Tree,
In whose sweet shaddow ever may thy Banks preserved
bee.
With Bayes that Poets doe adome,
And Mirtles of chaste Lovers worne,
That faire may be the Fruit, the Boughes preserv'd by
peace,
And let the mournefull Cypres die, and here for ever
cease.

Weele strew the Shore with Pearle, where *Beta* walks
alone,
And we will pave her Summer Bower with the rich
Indian stone,

Perfume the Ayre and make it sweet,
For such a Goddesse as is meet,
For if her Eyes for purity contend with *Titans* Light,
No marvaile then although their Beames doe dazle humane sight.

Sound lowde your Trumpets then from *Londons* loftiest Towers,
To beate the stormie Tempests back, and calme the raging Showers,
Set the Cornet with the Flute,
The Orpharion to the Lute,
Tuning the Taber and the Pipe to the sweet Violons,
And mocke the Thunder in the Ayre with the lowd Clarions.
Beta, long may thine Altars smoke with yeerely Sacrifice,
And long thy sacred Temples may their high Dayes solemnize,
Thy Shepheards watch by Day and Night,
Thy Mayds attend thy holy Light,
And thy large Empire stretch her Armes from East in to the West,
And *Albion* on the *Appenines* advance her conquering Crest. (Lines 49-120)

To the New Yeere

Rich Statue, double-faced,
With Marble Temples graced,
To rayse thy God-head hyer,
In flames where Altars shining,
Before thy Priests divining,
Doe od'rous Fumes expire.

Great *Janus,* I thy pleasure,
With all the *Thespian* Treasure,
Doe seriously pursue;
To th' passed yeere returning,
As though the old adjourning,
Yet bringing in the new.

Thy ancient Vigils yeerely,
I have observed cleerely,
Thy Feasts yet smoaking bee;
Since all thy store abroad is,

Give something to my Goddesse,
As hath been us'd by thee.

Give her th' *Eoan* brightnesse,
Wing d with that subtill lightnesse,
That doth trans-pierce the Ayre;
The Roses of the Morning
The rising Heav'n adorning,
To mesh with flames of Hayre.

Those ceaselesse Sounds, above all,
Made by those Orbes that move all,
And ever swelling there,
Wrap'd up in Numbers flowing,
Them actually bestowing,
For Jewels at her Eare.

O Rapture great and holy,
Doe thou transport me wholly,
So well her forme to vary,
That I aloft may beare her,
Whereas I will insphere her
In Regions high and starry.

And in my choise Composures,
The soft and easie Closures,
So amorously shall meet;
That ev'ry lively Ceasure
Shall tread a perfect Measure,
Set on so equall feet.

That Spray to fame so fertle,
The Lover-crowning Mirtle,
In Wreaths of mixed Bowes,
Within whose shades are dwelling
Those Beauties most excelling,
Inthron'd upon her Browes.

Those Paralels so even,
Drawne on the face of Heaven,
That curious Art supposes,
Direct those Gems, whose cleerenesse
Farre off amaze by neerenesse,
Each Globe such fire incloses.

Her Bosome full of Blisses,
By nature made for Kisses,
So pure and wond'rous cleere,
Whereas a thousand Graces
Behold their lovely Faces,
As they are bathing there.

0, thou selfe-little blindnesse,
The kindnesse of unkindnesse,
Yet one of those divine;
Thy Brands to me were lever,
Thy Fascia, and thy Quiver,
And thou this Quill of mine.

This Heart so freshly bleeding,
Upon it owne selfe feeding,
Whose wounds still dropping be;
0 Love, thy selfe confounding,
Her coldnesse so abounding,
And yet such heat in me.

Yet if I be inspired,
He leave thee so admired,
To all that shall succeed,
That were they more then many,
'Mongst all, there is not any,
That Time so oft shall reed.

Nor Adamant ingraved,
That hath been choisely'st saved,
Ideas Name out-weares;
So large a Dower as this is,
The greatest often misses,
The Diadem that beares.

From **The Muses' Elizium**

The Description of Elizium

A Paradise on earth is found,
Though far from vulgar sight,
Which with those pleasures doth abound
That it *Elizium* hight.

Where, in delights that never fade,
The Muses lulled be,
And sit at pleasure in the shade
Of many a stately tree,

Which no rough tempest makes to reel
Nor their straight bodies bows,
Their lofty tops do never feel
The weight of winter's snows.

In groves that evermore are green
No falling leaf is there,
But Philomel (of birds the queen)
In music spends the year.

The merle upon her myrtle perch
There to the mavis sings,
Who from the top of some curled birch
Those notes redoubled rings.

There daisies damask every place
Nor once their beauties lose,
That when proud Phoebus hides his face
Themselves they scorn to close.

The pansy and the violet here,
As seeming to descend
Both from one root, a very pair,
For sweetness yet contend

And, pointing to a pink to tell
Which bears it, it is loath
To judge it; but replies, for smell
That it exceeds them both;

Wherewith displeased they hang their heads
So angry soon they grow,
And from their odoriferous beds
Their sweets at it they throw.

The winter here a summer is,
No waste is made by time,

Nor doth the autumn ever miss
The blossoms of the prime.

The flower that July forth doth bring
In April here is seen,
The primrose that puts on the Spring
In July decks each green.

The sweets for sovereignty contend
And so abundant be,
That to the very earth they lend
That bark of every tree.

Rills rising out of every bank
In wild meanders strain,
And playing many a wanton prank
Upon the speckled plain,

In gambols and lascivious gyres
Their time they still bestow,
Nor to the fountaines none retires;
Nor on their course will go

Those brooks with lilies bravely decked,
So proud and wanton made
That they their courses quite neglect,
And seem as though they stayed

Fair Flora in her state to view
Which through these lilies looks,
Or as those lilies leaned to show
Their beauties to the brooks.

That Phoebus in his lofty race
Oft lays aside his beams
And comes to cool his glowing face
In these delicious streams.

Oft spreading vines climb up the cleeves
Whose ripened clusters there
Their purple liquid drop, which drives
A vintage through the year.
I
Those cleeves whose craggy sides are clad
With trees of sundry suits,
Which make continual summer glad,

Even bending with the fruits,

Some ripening, ready some to fall,
Some blossomed, some to bloom,
Like gorgeous hangings on the wall
Of some rich, princely room:

Pomegranates, lemons, citrons, so
Their laded branches bow,
Their leaves in number that outgo
Nor roomth will them allow.

There in perpetual summer's shade,
Apollo's prophets sit,
Among the flowers that never fade,
But flourish like their wit;

To whom the nymphs upon their lyres,
Tune many a curious lay,
And with their most melodious choirs
Make short the longest day.

The thrice three virgins heavenly clear,
Their trembling timbrels sound,
Whilst the three comely Graces there
Dance many a dainty round,

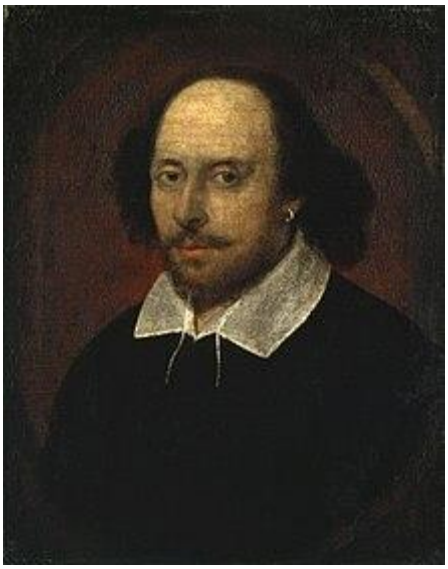
Decay nor age there nothing knows;
There is continual youth,
As time on plant or creatures grows
So still their strength reneweth.

The poets' paradise this is,
To which but few can come;
The Muses' only bower of bliss
Their dear *Elizium.*

Here happy souls (their blessed bowers,
Free from the rude resort
Of beastly people) spend the hours,
In harmless mirth and sport.

Then on to the Elizian plains
Apollo doth invite you
Where he provides with pastoral strains,
In Nymphals to delight you.

William Shakespeare
1564 -1616



William Shakespeare, playwright and poet, is considered the greatest dramatist of all time. His works are loved throughout the world.

According to an old church record William Shakespeare was baptized at Holy Trinity Church in Stratford-upon-Avon on April 26, 1564. Shakespeare was the third child of John Shakespeare, a glove-maker and leather merchant, and Mary Arden, a local heiress to land. Scant records exist of Shakespeare's childhood and virtually none regarding his education. He most likely attended the King's New School, in Stratford, which taught reading, writing, and the classics, including Latin. He attended until he was 14 or 15 and did not continue to university. Poems *Venus and Adonis* (1593) and *The Rape of Lucrece* (1594) were Shakespeare's first published works. Shakespeare's most well-known poetry are his 154 sonnets, which were first published as a collection in 1609 and likely written as early as the 1590s.

Shakespeare died on his 52nd birthday, April 23, 1616: church records show he was interred at Holy Trinity Church on April 25, 1616.

Sonnets
VIII

Musick to heare, why hear'st thou musick sadly,
Sweets,with sweets w ane not, joy delights in joy:
Why lov st thou that which thou receavst not gladly,
Or else receavst with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well tuned sounds,
By unions married do offend thine eare,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singlenesse the parts that thou shouldst beare:
Marke how one string sweet husband to an other,
Strikes each in each by mutuall ordering;
Resembling sire, and child, and happy mother.
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:

Whose speechlesse song being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee thou single wilt prove none.

XVIII

Shall I compare thee to a Sommers day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough windes do shake the darling buds of Maie,
And Sommers lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,
And every faire from faire some-time declines,
By chance, or natures changing course untrim'd:
But thy eternall Somrner shall not fade,
Nor loose possession of that faire thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wandr 'st in his shade,
When in eternall lines to time thou growst,
So long as men can breath or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee,

XIX

Devouring time blunt thou the Lyons pawes,
And make the earth devoure her owne sweet brood,
F Plucke the keene teeth from the fierce Tygers yawes,
And bume the long liv'd Phaenix in her blood,
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleetst,
And do what ere thou wilt swift-footed time
To the wide world and all her fading sweets:
But I forbid thee one most hainous crime,
0 carve not with thy howers my loves faire brow,
Nor draw noe lines there with thine antique pen,
Him in thy course untainted doe allow,
For beauties patterne to succeding men.
Yet doe thy worst ould Time dispight thy wrong.
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XXIX

When in disgrace with Fortune and mens eyes,
I all alone beweepe my out-cast state,
And trouble deafe heaven with my bootlesse crie
And looke upon my selfe and curse my fate.
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd h'ke him, like him with friends possest,
Desiring this mans art, and that mans skope,
With what I most injoy contented least,
Yet in these thoughts my selfe almost despising,

Haplye I thinke on thee and then my state,
(Like to the Larke at breake of daye arising)
From sullen earth sings hinms at Heavens gate,
For thv sxxwt low vemembved such welth brings,
That then I skorne to change my state with Kings.

XXX

When to the Sessions of sweet silent thought,
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lacke of many a'thing I sought,
And with old woes new waile my deare times waste:
Then can I drowne an eye (un-us'd to flow)
Fox precious friends hid in deaths dateles night,
And weepe a fresh lows long since canceld woe,
And mone th' expence of many a vannisht sight
Then can I groove at greevances fore-gon,
And heavily from woe to woe tell ore
The sad account of fore-bemoaned mono.
Which I new pay as if not payd before.
But if the while I thinke on thee (deare friend)
All losses are restord and sorrowes end.

XXI

Thy bosome is indeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead,
And there raignes Love and all Loves loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious teare
Hath deare religious love stolne from mine eye.
As interest of the dead, which now appeare,
But things remov'd that hidden in there lie.
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the tropheis of my lovers gon,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give,
That due of many, now is thine alone.
Their images I lov'd. I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

LV

Not marble, nor the guilded monument,
Of Princes shall out-live this powrefull rime,
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Then unswept stone, besmeer d with sluttish time.
When wastefull wane shall Statues over-turne,
And broiles roote out the worke of masonry,

Nor Mars his sword, nor wanes quick fire shall burne:
The living record of your memory.
Gainst death. and all oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth, your praise shall stil finde roome,
Even in tire eyes of all posterity
That weare tins world out to the ending doome.
So til the judgement that your selfe arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers eies.

LVII

Being your slave what should I doe but tend,
Upon the houres, and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at al to spend;
Nor services to doe til you require.
Nor dine I chide the world without end houre,
Whilst I (my soveraine) watch the clock for you,
Nor thinke the bitternesse of absence sowre.
When you have bid your servant once adieue.
Nor dare I question with my jealious drought,
Where you may be, or your affaires suppose,
But like a sad slave stay and thinke of nought
Save where you are, how happy you make those.
So true a foole is love, that in your Will,
(Though you doe any thing) he thinkes no ill.

LXI

Is it thy wil, thy Image should keepe open
My heavy eielids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadowes like to thee do mocke my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So farre from home into my deeds to prye,
To find out shames and idle houres in me,
The skope and tenure of thy Jelousie?
0 no, thy love though much, is not so great,
It is my love that keepes mine eie awake,
Mine owne true love that doth my rest defeat,
To plaie the watch-man ever for thy sake.
For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me farre off, with others all too neere.

LXII

Sinne of selfe-love possesseth al mine eie,
And all my soule, and al my every part;
And for this sinne there is no remedie,

It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Me thinkes no face so gratious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account,
And for my selfe mine owne worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glasse shewes me my selfe indeed
Beated and chopt with tand antiquitie,
Mine owne selfe love quite contrary
I read Selfe, so selfe loving were iniquity,
'Tis thee (my selfe) that for my selfe I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy daies.

LXVI

Tyr'd with all these for restfull death I cry,
As to behold desert a begger borne,
And needie Nothing trimd in jollitie,
And purest faith unhappily forsworne,
And gilded honor shamefully misplast,
And maiden vertue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And arte made tung-tide by authoritie,
And Folly (Doctor-like) controuling skill,
And simple-Truth miscalde Simplicitie,
And captive-good attending Captaine ill.
Tyr'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that to dye, I leave my love alone.

L**XXIII**

That time of yeare thou maist in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few doe hange
Upon those boughes which shake against the could,
Bare ruin'd quiers, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twi-light of such day,
As after Sun-set fadeth in the West,
Which by and by blacke night doth take away,
Deaths second selfe that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lye,
As the death bed, whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nurrisht by.
This thou perce v'st, which makes thy love more
strong,
To love that well, which thou must leave ere long.

LXXV

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet season'd shewers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife,
As twixt a miser and his wealth is found.
Now proud as an injoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steale his treasure,
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then betterd that the world may see my pleasure,
Some-time all ful with feasting on your sight,
And by and by cleane starved for a looke,
Possessing or pursuing no delight
Save what is had, or must from you be tooke.
Thus do I pine and surfet day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXXVII

Farewell - thou art too deare for my possessing,
And like enough thou knowst thy estimate,
The Charter of thy worth gives thee releasing:
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting,
And for that ritches where is my deserving?
The cause of this faire guift in me is wanting,
And so my pattent back againe is swerving,
Thy selfe thou gav'st, thy owne worth then not knowing,
Or mee to whom thou gav st it, else mistaking,
So thy great guift upon misprision growing,
Comes home againe, on better judgement making.
Thus have I had thee as a dreame doth flatter,
In sleepe a King, but waking no such matter.

XC

Then hate me when thou wilt, if ever, now,
Now while the world is bent my deeds to crosse,
Joyne with the spight of fortune, make me bow,
And doe not drop in for an after losse:
Ah doe not, when my heart hath scapte this sorrow,
Come in the rereward of a conquerd woe,
Give not a 'windy night a rainie morrow,
To linger out a purposd over-throw.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other pettie griefes have done their spight,
But in the onset come, so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortunes might.

And other straines of woe, which now seeme woe,
Compar'd with losse of thee, will not seeme so.

XCIV

They that have powre to hurt, and will doe none,
That doe not do the thing, they most do showe,
Who moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmooved, could, and to temptation slow:
They rightly do inherrit heavens graces,
And husband natures ritches from expence,
They are the Lords and owners of their faces,
Others, but stewards of their excellence;
The sommers flowre is to the sommer sweet,
Though to it selfe, it onely live and die,
But if that flowre with base infection meete,
The basest weed out-braves his dignity;
or sweetest things turne sowrest by their deedes,
Lillies that fester, smell far worse then weeds.

CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true mindes
Admit impediments, love is not love
Which alters when it alteration findes,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
0 no, it is an ever fixed marke
That lookes on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandring barke,
Whose worths unknowne, although his higth be taken.
Lov's not Times foole, though rosie lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickles compasse come,
Love alters not with his breefe houres and weekes.
But beares it out even to the edge of doome:
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXXI

'Tis better to be vile then vile esteemed,
When not to be, receives reproach of being,
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deemed.
Not by our feeling, but by others seeing.
For why should others false adulterat eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies;
Which in their wils count bad what I think good?
Noe, I am that I am, and they that levell

At my abuses, reckon up their owne,
I may be straight though they them-selves be bevel
By their rancke thoughtes, my deedes must not be
shown
Unlesse this generail evill they maintaine,
All men are bad and in their badnesse raigne.

CXXIX

Th'expence of Spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action, and till action, lust
Is perjurd, murdrous, blouddy, full of blame,
Savage, extreame, rude, cruell, not to trust,
Injoyd no sooner but dispised straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
Past reason hated as a swollowed bayt,
On purpose layd to make the taker mad.
Made in pursut and in possession so,
Had, having, and in quest, to have extreame,
A blisse in proofe and provd a very wo,
Before a joy proposd behind a dreame,
All this the world well knowes yet none knowes well,
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXXVIII

When my love sweares that she is made of truth,
I do beleeve her though I know she lyes,
That she might thinke me some untuterd youth,
Unlearned in the worlds false subtilties.
Thus vainely thinking that she thinkes me young,
Although she knowes my dayes are past the best,
Simply I credit her false speaking tongue,
On both sides thus is simple truth supprest:
But wherefore sayes she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
0 loves best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love, loves not t'have yeares told.
Therefore I lye with her, and she with *me,*
And in our faults by lyes we flattered *be.*

CXLL

In faith I doe not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note,
But Tis my heart that loves what they dispise,
Who in dispight of view is pleasd to dote.
Nor are mine eares with thy toungs tune delighted

Nor tender feeling to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensuall feast with thee alone:
But my five wits, nor five sences can
Diswade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unswai'd the likenesse of a man,
Thy proud hearts slave and vassall wretch to be:
Onely my plague thus farre I count my gaine,
That she that makes me sinne, awards me paine.

CXLIV

Two *loves I* have of comfort and dispaire,
Which like two spirits do sugiest me still,
The better angell is a man right faire:
The worser spirit a woman collour'd il.
To win me soone to hell my femall evill,
Tempteth my better angel from my sight,
And would corrupt my saint to be a divel:
Wooing his purity with her fowle pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd finde,
Suspect *I may, yet not directly* tell,
But being both from me both to each friend,
I gesse one angel in an others hell.
Yet this shal I know but live in. doubt,
Till angel fire my good one out.

CXLVII

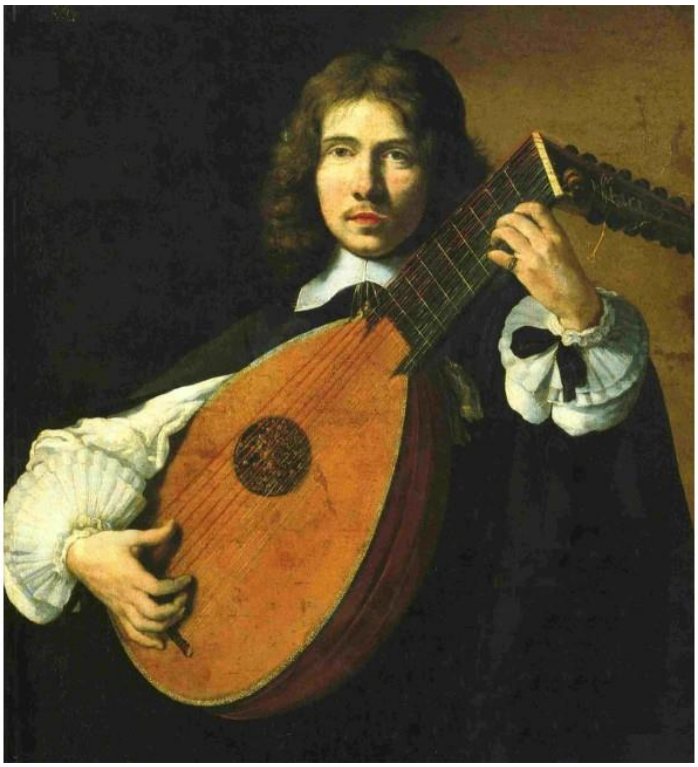
My love is as a feaver longing still,
For that which longer nurseth the disease,
Feeding on that winch doth preserve the ill,
Th'uncertaine sicklie appetite to please:
My reason the Phisition to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept
Hath left *me,* and I desperate now approove,
Desire is death, which Phisick did except.
Past cure I am, now Reason is past care,
And frantick madde with ever-more unrest,
My thoughts and my discourse as mad mens are,
At random from the truth vainely exprest
For I have sworne thee faire, and thought thee bright.
Who art as black as hell, as darke as night.

CLI

Love is too young to know what conscience is,
Yet who knowes not conscience is borne of love,

Then gentle cheater urge not my amisse,
Least guilty of my faults thy sweet selfe prove.
For thou betraying me, I doe betray
My nobler part to my grose bodies treason,
My soule doth tell my body that he may,
Triumph in love, flesh stales no farther reason,
But rysing at thy name doth point out thee,
As his triumphant prize, proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poore drudge to be
To stand in thy affaires, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call,
Her love, for whose deare love I rise and fall

Thomas Campion
1567-1620



Thomas Campion was born in London, England in 1567. Campion's importance for nondramatic literature of the English Renaissance lies in the exceptional intimacy of the musical-poetic connection in his work. While other poets and musicians talked about the union of the two arts, only Campion produced complete songs wholly of his own composition, and only he wrote lyric poetry of enduring literary value whose very construction is deeply etched with the poet's care for its ultimate fusion with music. The development of this composite art was Campion's lifelong project, which made a modest but lasting impression on the modern assessment of the nature of lyric poetry in England in the last decade of the 16th century and the first two decades of the 17th. A practicing physician in his later years, Campion occupied a curious place somewhere between the well-trained

courtly amateur and the professional craftsman in poetry, music, and drama—particularly the masque. Although he did not earn his livelihood as a musician nor rely on favor garnered through the system of literary patronage, he did seek the recognition of print and the remuneration of the professional craftsman at court. He produced an accomplished oeuvre in both poetry and music (mostly in the form of songs for which he provided both lyrics and musical settings).

Followe thy faire sunne, unhappy shadowe

Followe thy faire sunne, unhappy shadowe,
Though thou be blacke as night,
And she made all of light,
Yet follow thy faire sun, unhappie shadowe.
Follow her whose light thy light depriveth,
Though here thou liv'st disgrac't,
And she in heaven is plac't,
Yet follow her whose light the world reviveth.

Follow those pure beames whose beautie burneth,
That so have scorched thee,
As thou still blacke must bee,
Til her kind beames thy black to brightnes turneth.

Follow her while yet her glorie shineth:
There comes a luckles night,
That will dim all her light;
And this the black unhappie shade devineth.

Follow still since so thy fates ordained;
The Sunne must have his shade,
Ti ll both at once doe fade,
The Sun still proud, the shadow still disdained.

Harke, al you ladies that do sleep

Harke, al you ladies that do sleep;
The fayry queen Proserpina
Bids you awake and pitie them that weep.
You may doe in the darke
What the day doth forbid;
Feare not the dogs that barke,
Night will have all hid.

But if you let your lovers mone,
The Fairie Queene Proserpina
Will send abroad her Fairies ev'ry one,

That shall pinch blacke and blew
Your white hands and faire armes
That did not kindly rue
Your Paramours harmes.

In Myrtle Arbours on the downes
The Fairie Queene Proserpina,
This night by moone-shine leading merrie rounds
Holds a watch with sweet love,
Downe the dale, up the hill;
No plaints or groanes may move
Their holy vigill.

All you that will hold watch withlove,
The Fairie Queene Proserpina
Will make you fairer then Diones dove;
Roses red, Lillies white,
And the cleare damaske hue,
Shall on your cheekes alight:
Love will adorne you.

All you that love, or lov'd before,
The Fairie Queene Proserpina
Bids you encrease that loving humour more:
They that yet have not fed
On delight amorous,
She vowes that they shall lead
Apes in Avernus.

When thou must home to shades of under ground

When thou must home to shades of under ground,
And there ariv'd, a newe admired guest,
The beauteous spirits do ingirt thee round,
White Iope, blith Hellen, and the rest,
To heare the stories of thy finisht love
From that smoothe toong whose musicke hell can move;

Then wilt thou speake of banqueting delights,
Of masks and revels which sweete youth did make,
Of Turnies and great challenges of knights,

And all these triumphes for thy beauties sake:
When thou hast told these honours done to thee,
Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murther me.

Rose-cheekt Laura, come

Rose-cheekt Laura, come
Sing thou smoothly with thy beawties
Silent musick, either other
Sweetely gracing.
Lovely forms do flowe
From concent devinely framed;
Heav'n is musick, and thy beawties
Birth is heavenly.
These dull notes we sing
Discords neede for helps to grace them;
Only beawty purely loving
Knowes no discord,
But still mooves delight,
Like cleare springs renu'd by flowing,
Ever perfet, ever in them-
selves eternall.

Never weather-beaten Saile more willing bent to shore

Never weather-beaten Saile more willing bent to shore,
Never tyred Pilgrims limbs affected slumber more,
Than my wearied spright now longs to flye out of my troubled brest.
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soule to rest.

Ever-blooming are the joys of Heav'ns high paradice,
Cold age deafes not there our eares, nor vapour dims our eyes:
Glory there the Sún outshines, whose beames the blessed onely see;
O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my spright to thee.

Kinde are her answeres

Kinde are her answeres,
But her performance keeps no day;

Breaks time, as dancers
From their own Musicke when they stray:
All her free favors and smooth words,
Wing my hopes in vaine.
O did ever voice so sweet but only fain?
Can true love yeeld such delay,
Converting joy to pain?
Lost is our freedome,
When we submit to women so:
Why doe wee neede them,
When in their best they worke our woe?
There is no wisedome
Can alter ends, by Fate prefixt.
O why is the good of man with evill mixt?
Never were days yet cal'd two,
But one night went betwixt.

Thrice tosse these Oaken ashes in the ayre

Thrice tosse these Oaken ashes in the ayre,
Thrice sit thou mute in this inchanted chayre;
And thrice three times tye up this true loves knot,
And murmur soft,shee will, or shee wil not.
Goe burn these poy'sonous weedes in you blew fire,
These Screech-owles fethers and this prickling bryer;
This Cypresse gathered at a dead mans grave;
That all thy feares and cares, an end may have.
Then come, you Fayries, dance with me a round;
Melt her hard hart with1 your melodious sound:
In vaine are all the charms I can devise:
She hath an Arte to breake them with her eyes.

There is a Garden in her face

There is a Garden in her face,
Where Roses and white Lillies grow;
A heav'nly paradice is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits doe flow.
There Cherries grow, which none may buy
Till Cherry ripe themselves doe cry.
Those Cherries fayrely doe enclose
Of Orient Pearle a double row;
Which when her lovely laughter showes,

They look like Rose-buds fill'd with snow.
Yet them nor Peere nor Prince can buy,
Till Cherry ripe themselves doe cry.

What faire pompe have I spide of glittering Ladies

What faire pompe have I spide of glittering Ladies; With locks sparckled abroad, and rosie Coronet
On their yvorie browes, trackt to the daintie thies
With roabs like Amazons, blew as Violet,
With gold Aiglets adornd, some in a changeable
Pale; with spangs wavering taught to be moveable.

Then those Knights that a farre off with dolorous viewing
Cast their eyes hetherward; loe, in an agonie,
All unbrac'd, crie aloud, their heavie state ruing:
Moyst cheekes with blubbering, painted as Ebonie Blacke; their feltred haire torne with wrathful hand:
And whiles astonied, starke in a maze they stand.

But hearke! what merry sound! what sodaine harmonie! Looke looke neere the grove where the Ladies doe tread
With their Knights the measures waide by the melodie.
Wantons! whose fravesing make men enamoured;
Now they faine an honor, now by the slender wast
He must lift hir aloft, and seale a kisse in hast.

Streight downe under a shadow for wearines they lie
With pleasant daliance, hand knit with arme in arme,
Now close, now set aloof, they gaze with an equall eie,
Changing kisses alike; streight with a false alarme,
Mocking kisses alike, powt with a lovely lip.
Thus drownd with jollities, their merry daies doe slip.
But stay! now I discerne they goe on a Pilgrimage
Towards Loves holy land, faire *Paphos* or *Cyprus.*
Such devotion is meete for a blithesome age;
With sweet youth, it agrees well to be amorous.
Let olde angrie fathers lurke in an Hermitage:
Come, weele associate this jolly Pilgrimage!

So quicke, so hot, so mad is thy fond sute

So quicke, so hot, so mad is thy fond sute,

So rude, so tedious growne, in urging mee,
That faine I would with losse make thy tongue mute,
And yeeld some little grace to quiet thee:
An houre with thee I care not to converse,
For I would not be counted too perverse,

But roofes too hot would prove for men all fire;
And hils too high for my unused pace;
The grove is charg'd with thornes and the bold bryer;
Gray Snakes the meadowes shrowde in every place:
A yellow Frog, alas, will fright me so,
As I should start and tremble as I goe.

Since then I can on earth no fit roome finde,
In heaven I am resolv'd with you to meete,
Till then, for Hopes sweet sake, rest your tir'd minde,
And not so much as see mee in the streete:
A heavenly meeting one day wee shall have,
But never, as you dreame, in bed, or grave.

Shall I come, sweet Love, to thee

Shall I come, sweet Love, to thee,
When the ev'ning beames are set?
Shall I not excluded be?
Will you finde no fained left?
Let me not, for pitty, more,
Tell the long houres at your dore.

Who can tell what theefe or foe,
In the covert of the night,
For his prey wall worke my woe,
Or through wicked foule despight:
So may I dye unredrest,
Ere my long love be possest.

But to let such dangers passe,
Which a lovers thoughts disdaine,
'Tis enough in such a place
To attend loves joyes in vaine.
Doe not mocke me in thy bed,
While these cold nights freeze me dead.

John Donne
1572-1631

John Donne was born sometime between Jan. 24 and June 19, 1572, London, England. His father, a wealthy London merchant, died when his son was only four years old. The boy was brought up by his mother, who was related to the great humanist Thomas More. The boy lived at home until he was eleven, then he was sent to study at Oxford and Cambridge, where he remained until 1590. Donne's family was Catholic, and he was brought up in the spirit of fidelity to the old faith. John Donne did not receive a master's degree for a long time, studying at Oxford and Cambridge, but he graduated from the Faculty of Law in London. In 1592, Donne entered Lincoln's Inn, where he studied law.

He was a leading English poet of the Metaphysical school and dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, London (1621–31). Donne is often considered the greatest love poet in the English language. He is also noted for his religious verse and treatises and for his sermons, which rank among the best of the 17th century. Almost none of Donne's poetry was published during his lifetime. Most of his poems were preserved in manuscript copies made by and passed among a relatively small but admiring coterie of poetry lovers. Most current scholars agree, however, that the elegies (which in Donne's case are poems of love, not of mourning), epigrams, verse letters, and satires were written in the 1590s, the *Songs and Sonnets* from the 1590s until 1617, and the "Holy Sonnets" and other religious lyrics from the time of Donne's marriage until his ordination in 1615. He composed the hymns late in his life, in the 1620s. Donne's *Anniversaries* were published in 1611–12 and were the only important poetic works by him published in his lifetime. Donne's poetry is marked by strikingly original departures from the conventions of 16th-century English verse. Even his early satires and elegies, which derive from classical Latin models, contain versions of his experiments with genre, form, and imagery. His poems contain few descriptive passages like those in Spenser, nor do his lines follow the smooth metrics and euphonious sounds of his predecessors.

Donne replaced their mellifluous lines with a speaking voice whose vocabulary and syntax reflect the emotional intensity of a confrontation and whose metrics and verbal music conform to the needs of a particular dramatic situation. One consequence of this is a directness of language that electrifies his mature poetry. “For Godsake hold your tongue, and let me love,” begins his love poem “The Canonization,” plunging the reader into the midst of an encounter between the speaker and an unidentified listener. Holy Sonnet XI opens with an imaginative confrontation wherein Donne, not Jesus, suffers indignities on the cross: “Spit in my face yee Jewes, and pierce my side….”.

Donne transformed the conceit into a vehicle for transmitting multiple, sometimes even contradictory, feelings and ideas; he drew his imagery from such diverse fields as alchemy, astronomy, medicine, politics, global exploration, and philosophical disputation. The presence of a listener is another of Donne’s modifications of the Renaissance love lyric, in which the lovers lament, hope, and dissect their feelings without facing their ladies. Donne, by contrast, speaks directly to the lady or some other listener. The latter may even determine the course of the poem, as in “The Flea,” in which the speaker changes his tack once the woman crushes the insect on which he has built his argument about the innocence of lovemaking. But for all their dramatic intensity, Donne’s poems still maintain the verbal music and introspective approach that define lyric poetry. Donne’s devotional lyrics, especially the “Holy Sonnets,” “Good Friday 1613, Riding Westward,” and the hymns, passionately explore his love for God, and depict his doubts, fears, and sense of spiritual unworthiness. None of them shows him spiritually at peace. The most sustained of Donne’s poems, the *Anniversaries*, were written to commemorate the death of Elizabeth Drury, the 14-year-old daughter of his patron, Sir Robert Drury. These poems subsume their ostensible subject into a philosophical meditation on the decay of the world.

John Donne died March 31, 1631, London. [Britannica]

Air and Angels

Twice or thrice had I loved thee,
Before I knew thy face or name;
So in a voice, so in a shapeless flame,
Angels affect us oft, and worshipped be;
Still when, to where thou wert, I came,
Some lovely glorious nothing I did see,
But since my soul, whose child love is,
Takes limbs of flesh, and else could nothing do,
More subtle than the parent is
Love must not be, but take a body too,
And therefore what thou wert, and who
I bid love ask, and now
That it assume thy body, I allow,
And fix itself in thy lip; eye, and brow.

Whilst thus to ballast love, I thought,
And so more steadily to have gone,
With wares which would sink admiration,
I saw, I had love's pinnace overfraught,
Every thy hair for love to work upon
Is much too much, some fitter must be sought;
For, nor in nothing, nor in things
Extreme, and scatt'ring bright, can love inhere;
Then as an angel, face and wings
Of air, not pure as it, yet pure doth wear,
So thy love may be my love's sphere;
Just such disparity
As is 'twixt air and angels' purity,
'Twixt women's love, and men's will ever be.

The Anniversary

All kings, and all their favourites,
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
The sun itself, which makes times, as they pass,
Is elder by a year, now, than it was
When thou and I first one another saw:
All other things, to their destruction draw,
Only our love hath no decay;
This, no tomorrow hath, nor yesterday,
Running it never runs from us away, io
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.
Two graves must hide thine and my corse,
If one might, death were no divorce,
Alas, as well as other princes, we,
(Who prince enough in one another be,)
Must leave at last in death, these eyes, and ears,
Oft fed with true oaths, and with sweet salt tears;
But souls where nothing dwells but love
(All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove
This, or a love increased there above,
When bodies to their graves, souls from their graves remove,
And then we shall be throughly blessed,
But we no more, than all the rest.
Here upon earth, we are kings, and none but we
Can be such kings, nor of such subjects be;
Who is so safe as we? where none can do
Treason to us, except one of us two.

True and false fears let us refrain,
Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
Years and years unto years, till we attain
To write threescore, this is the second of our reign.

The Apparition

When by thy scorn, 0 murderess, I am dead,
And that thou think'st thee free
From all solicitation from me,
Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,
And thee, feigned vestal, in worse arms shall see;
Then thy sick taper will begin to wink,
And he, whose thou art then, being tired before,
Will, if thou stir, or pinch to wake him, think
Thou call'st for more,
And in false sleep will from thee shrink,
And then poor aspen wretch, neglected thou
Bathed in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lie
A verier ghost than I;
What I will say, I will not tell thee now,
Lest that preserve thee; and since my love is spent,
I had rather thou shouldst painfully repent,
Than by my threatenings rest still innocent.

The Bait

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
With silken lines, and silver hooks.
There will the river whispering run
Warmed by thy eyes, more than the sun.
And there the'enamoured fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.
When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channel hath,
Will amorously to thee swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.
If thou, to be so seen, be'st loth,
By sun, or moon, thou darkenest both,
And if myself have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.
Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs, with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poor fish beset,
With strangling snare, or windowy net:

Let coarse bold hands, from slimy nest
The bedded fish in banks out-wrest,
Or curious traitors, sleavesilk flies
Bewitch poor fishes' wandering eyes.
For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait,
That fish, that is not catched thereby,
Alas, is wiser far than I.

The Blossom

Little think'st thou, poor flower,
Whom I have watched six or seven days,
And seen thy birth, and seen what every hour
Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raise,
And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough,
Little think'st thou
That it will freeze anon, and that I shall
Tomorrow find thee fall'n, or not at all.

Little think'st thou, poor heart
That labour'st yet to nestle thee,
And think'st by hovering here to get a part
In a forbidden or forbidding tree,
And hop'st her stiffness by long siege to bow:
Little think'st thou,
That thou tomorrow, ere that sun doth wake,
Must with this sun, and me a journey take.

But thou which lov'st to be
Subtle to plague thyself, wilt say,
Alas, if you must go, what's that to me?
Here lies my business, and here I will stay:
You go to friends, whose love and means present
Various content
To your eyes, ears, and tongue, and every part.
If then your body go, what need you a heart?

Well then, stay here; but know,
When thou hast stayed and done thy most;
A naked thinking heart, that makes no show,
Is to a woman, but a kind of ghost;
How shall she know my heart; or having none,
Know thee for one?
Practice may make her know some other part,
But take my word, she doth not know a heart.

Meet me at London, then,
Twenty days hence, and thou shalt see
Me fresher, and more fat, by being with men,
Than if I had stayed still with her and thee.
For God's sake, if you can, be you so too:
I would give you
There, to another friend, whom we shall find
As glad to have my body, as my mind.

Break of Day

'Tis true, 'tis day, what though it be?
0 wilt thou therefore rise from me?
Why should we rise, because 'tis light?
Did we lie down, because 'twas night?
Love which in spite of darkness brought us hither,
Should in despite of light keep us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye;
If it could speak as well as spy,
This were the worst, that it could say,
That being well, I fain would stay,
And that I loved my heart and honour so,
That I would not from him, that had them, go.

Must business thee from hence remove?
Oh, that's the worst disease of love,
The poor, the foul, the false, love can
Admit but not the busied man.

He which hath business, and makes love, doth do
Such wrong, as when a married man doth woo.

The Broken Heart

He is stark mad, who ever says,
That he hath been in love an hour,
Yet not that love so soon decays,
But that it can ten in less space devour;
Who will believe me, if I swear
That I have had the plague a year?
Who would not laugh at me, if I should say,
I saw a flask of powder burn a day?

Ah, what a trifle is a heart,
If once into Love's hands it cornel
All other griefs allow a part

To other griefs, and ask themselves but some,
They come to us, but us Love draws,
He swallows us, and never chaws:
By him, as by chain-shot, whole ranks do die,
He is the tyrant pike, our hearts the fry.

If 'twere not so, what did become
Of my heart, when I first saw thee?
I brought a heart into the room,
But from the room, I carried none with me;
If it had gone to thee, I know
Mine would have taught thy heart to show
More pity unto me; but Love, alas,
At one first blow did shiver it as glass.

Yet nothing can to nothing fall,
Nor any place be empty quite,
Therefore I think my breast hath all
Those pieces still, though they be not unite;
And now as broken glasses show
A hundred lesser faces, so
My rags of heart can like, wish, and adore,
But after one such love, can love no more.

The Canonization

For God's sake hold your tongue, and let me love,
Or chide my palsy, or my gout,
My five grey hairs, or ruined fortune flout,
With wealth your state, your mind with arts improve,
Take you a course, get you a place,
Observe his Honour, or his Grace,
Or the King's real, or his stamped face
Contemplate; what you will, approve,
So you will let me love.

Alas, alas, who's injured by my love?
What merchant's ships have my sighs drowned?
Who says my tears have overflowed his ground?
When did my colds a forward spring remove?
When did the heats which my veins fill
Add one more to the plaguy bill?
Soldiers find wars, and lawyers find out still
Litigious men, which quarrels move,
Though she and I do love.

Call us what you will, we are made such by love;
Call her one, me another fly,
We are tapers too, and at our own cost die,
And we in us find the eagle and the dove,
The phoenix riddle hath more wit
By us; we two being one, are it.
So to one neutral thing both sexes fit
We die and rise the same, and prove
Mysterious by this love.

We can die by it, if not live by love,
And if unfit for tombs and hearse
Our legend be, it will be fit for verse;
And if no piece of chronicle we prove,
We'll build in sonnets pretty rooms;
As well a well wrought urn becomes
The greatest ashes, as half-acre tombs,
And by these hymns, all shall approve
Us canonized for love:

And thus invoke us; 'You whom reverend love
Made one another's hermitage;
You, to whom love was peace, that now is rage;
Who did the whole world's soul contract, and
Into the glasses of your eyes
(So made such mirrors, and such spies,
That they did all to you epitomize,)
Countries, towns, courts: beg from above
A pattern of your love!

The Dissolution

She is dead*;* and all which die
To their first elements resolve;
And we were mutual elements to us,
And made of one another.
My body then doth hers involve,
And those things whereof I consist, hereby
In me abundant grow, and burdenous,
And nourish not, but smother.
My fire of passion, sighs of air,
Water of tears, and earthy sad despair,
Which my materials be,
But near worn out by love's security,
She, to my loss, doth by her death repair,
And I might live long wretched so

But that my fire doth with my fuel grow.
Now as those active kings
Whose foreign conquest treasure brings,
Receive more, and spend more, and soonest break:
This (which I am amazed that I can speak)
This death, hath with my store
My use increased.
And so my soul more earnestly released,
Will outstrip hers; as bullets flown before
A latter bullet may o'ertake, the powder being more.

The Dream

Dear love, for nothing less than thee
Would I have broke this happy dream,
It was a theme
For reason, much too strong for phantasy,
Therefore thou waked'st me wisely; yet
My dream thou brok'st not, but continued'st it;

Thou art so true, that thoughts of thee suffice,
To make dreams truths, and fables histories;
Enter these arms, for since thou thought'st it best,
Not to dream all my dream, let's act the rest.

As lightning, or a taper's light,
Thine eyes, and not thy noise waked me;
Yet I thought thee
(For thou lov'st truth) an angel, at first sight,
But when I saw thou saw'st my heart,
And knew'st my thoughts, beyond an angel's art,
When thou knew'st what I dreamed, when thou knew'st
when
Excess of joy would wake me, and cam'st then,
I must confess, it could not choose but be
Profane, to think thee anything but thee.

Coming and staying showed thee, thee,
But rising makes me doubt, that now,
Thou art not thou.
That love is weak, where fear's as strong as he;
'Tis not all spirit, pure, and brave,
If mixture it of fear, shame, honour, have.
Perchance as torches which must ready be,
Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with me,
Thou cam'st to kindle, goest to come; then I

Will dream that hope again, but else would die.

The Ecstasy

Where, like a pillow on a bed,
A pregnant bank swelled up? to rest
The violet's reclining head,
Sat we two, one another's best;

Our hands were firmly cemented
With a fast balm, which thence did spring,
Our eye-beams twisted, and did thread
Our eyes, upon one double string;

So to' intergraft our hands, as yet
Was all our means to make us one,
And pictures in our eyes to get
Was all our propagation.

As 'twixt two equal armies, Fate
Suspends uncertain victory,
Our souls, (which to advance their state,
Were gone out), hung 'twixt her, and me.

And whilst our souls negotiate there,
We like sepulchral statues lay;
All day, the same our postures were,
And we said nothing, all the day.

If any, so by love refined,
That he soul's language understood,
And by good love were grown all mind,
Within convenient distance stood,

He (though he knew not which soul spake
Because both meant, both spake the same)
Might thence a new concoction take,
And part far purer than he came.

This ecstasy doth unperplex
(We said) and tell us what we love,
We see by this, it was not sex,
We see, we saw not what did move:

But as all several souls contain
Mixture of things, they know not what,
Love, these mixed souls doth mix again,

And makes both one, each this and that.

A single violet transplant,
The strength, the colour, and the size,
(All which before was poor, and scant,)
Redoubles still, and multiplies.

When love, with one another so
Interinanimates two souls,
That abler soul, which thence doth flow,
Defects of loneliness controls.

We then, who are this new soul, know,
Of what we are composed, and made,
For, th' atomies of which we grow,
Are souls, whom no change can invade.

But O alas, so long, so far
Our bodies why do we forbear?
They are ours, though they are not we, we are
The intelligences, they the sphere.

We owe them thanks, because they thus,
Did us, to us, at first convey,
Yielded their forces, sense, to us,
Nor are dross to us, but allay.

On man heaven's influence works not so,
But that it first imprints the air,
So soul into the soul may flow,
Though it to body first repair.

As our blood labours to beget
Spirits, as like souls as it can,
Because such fingers need to knit
That subtle knot, which makes us man:

So must pure lovers' souls descend
T' affections, and to faculties,
Which sense may reach and apprehend,
Else a great prince in prison lies.

To our bodies turn we then, that so
Weak men on love revealed may look;
Love's mysteries in souls do grow,

But yet the body is his book.

And if some lover, such as we,
Have heard this dialogue of one,
Let him still mark us, he shall see
Small change, when we’are to bodies gone.

The Expiration

So, so, break off this last lamenting kiss,
Which sucks two souls, and vapours both away,
Turn thou ghost that way, and let me turn this,
And let ourselves benight our happiest day,
We asked none leave to love; nor will we owe
Any, so cheap a death, as saying, Go;

Go; and if that word have not quite killed thee,
Ease me with death, by bidding me go too.
Oh, if it have, let my word work on me,
And a just office on a murderer do.
Except it be too late, to kill me so,
Being double dead, going, and bidding, go.

Farewell to Love

Whilst yet to prove,
I thought there was some deity in love
So did I reverence, and gave
Worship; as atheists at their dying hour
Call, what they cannot name, an unknown power,
As ignorantly did I crave:
Thus when
Things not yet known are coveted by men,
Our desires give them fashion, and so
As they wax lesser, fall, as they size, grow.

But, from late fair
His highness sitting in a golden chair,
Is not less cared for after three days
By children, than the thing which lovers so
Blindly admire, and with such worship woo;
Being had, enjoying it decays:
And thence,
What before pleased them all, takes but one sense,
And that so lamely, as it leaves behind
A kind of sorrowing dullness to the mind.

Ah cannot we,
As well as cocks and lions jocund be,
After such pleasures? Unless wise
Nature decreed (since each such act, they say,
Diminisheth the length of life a day)
This; as she would man should despise
The sport,
Because that other curse of being short,
And only for a minute made to be
Eager, desires to raise posterity.

Since so, my mind
Shall not desire what no man else can find,
I'll no more dote and run
To pursue things which had endamaged me.
And when I come where moving beauties be,
As men do when the summer's sun
Grows great,
Though I admire their greatness, shun their heat;
Each place can afford shadows. If all fail,
'Tis but applying worm-seed to the tail.

A Fever

Oh do not die, for I shall hate
All women so, when thou art gone,
That thee I shall not celebrate,
When I remember, thou wast one.

But yet thou cnnst not die, I know,
To leave this world behind, is death,
But when thou from this world wilt go,
The whole world vapours with thy breath.

Or if, when thou, the world's soul, go'st,
It stay, 'tis but thy carcase then,
The fairest woman, but thy ghost,
But corrupt worms, the worthiest men.

Oh wrangling schools, that search what fire
Shall burn this world, had none the wit
Unto this knowledge to aspire,
That this her fever might be it?

And yet she cannot waste by this,
Nor long bear this torturing wrong,

For much corruption needful is
To fuel such a fever long.

These burning fits but meteors be,
Whose matter in thee is soon spent.
Thy beauty, and all parts, which are thee,
Are unchangeable firmament.

Yet 'twas of my mind, seizing thee,
Though it in thee cannot persever.
For I had rather owner be
Of thee one hour, than all else ever.

The Flea

Mark but this flea, and mark in this,
How little that which thou deny'st me is;
Me it sucked first, and now sucks thee,
And in this flea, our two bloods mingled be;
Confess it, this cannot be said
A sin, or shame, or loss of maidenhead,
Yet this enjoys before it woo,
And pampered swells with one blood made of two,
And this, alas, is more than we would do.

Oh stay, three lives in one flea spare,
Where we almost, nay more than married are.
This flea is you and I, and this
Our marriage bed, and marriage temple is;
Though parents grudge, and you, we'are met,
And cloistered in these living walls of jet-
Though use make you apt to kill me,
Let not to this, self murder added be,
And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.

Cruel and sudden, hast thou since
Purpled thy nail, in blood of innocence?
In what could this flea guilty be,
Except in that drop which it sucked from thee?
Yet thou triumph'st, and say'st that thou
Find'st not thyself, nor me the weaker now;
'Tis true, then learn how false, fears be;
Just so much honour, when thou yield'st to me,
Will waste, as this flea's death took life from thee.

The Funeral

Whoever comes to shroud me, do not harm
Nor question much
That subtle wreath of hair, which crowns my arm;
The mystery, the sign you must not touch,
For 'tis my outward soul,
Vicerory to that, which then to heaven being gone,
Will leave this to control,
And keep these limbs, her provinces, from dissolution.

For if the sinewy thread my brain lets fall
Through every part,
Can tie those parts, and make me one of all;
These hairs which upward grew, and strength and art
Have from a better brain,
Can better do it; except she meant that I
By this should know my pain,
As prisoners then are manacled, when they are condemned to die.

Whate'er she meant by it, bury it with me,
For since I am
Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry,
If into others' hands these relics came;
As 'twas humility
To afford to it all that a soul can do,
So, 'tis some bravery,
That since you would save none of me, I bury some of you.

The Good Morrow

I wonder by my troth, what thou, and I
Did, till we loved? were we not weaned till then,
But sucked on country pleasures, childishly?
Or snorted we in the seven sleepers' den?
'Twas so; but this, all pleasures fancies be.
If ever any beauty I did see,
Which I desired, and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

And now good morrow to our waking souls,
Which watch not one another out of fear;
For love, all love of other sights controls,
And makes one little room, an every where.
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,
Let maps to others, worlds on worlds have shown,
Let us possess one world, each hath one, and is one.
My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,

And true plain hearts do in the faces rest,
Where can we find two better hemispheres
Without sharp north, without declining west?
What ever dies, was not mixed equally;
If our two loves be one, or, thou and I
Love so alike, that none do slacken, none can die.

Woman's Constancy

Now thou hast loved me one whole day,
Tomorrow when thou leav'st, what wilt thou say?
Wilt thou then antedate some new made vow?
Or say that now
We are not just those persons, which we were?
Or, that oaths made in reverential fear
Of Love, and his wrath, any may forswear?
Or, as true deaths, true marriages untie,
So lovers' contracts, images of those,
Bind but till sleep, death's image, them unloose?
Or, your own end to justify,
For having purposed change, and falsehood, you
Can have no way but falsehood to be true?
Vain lunatic, against these 'scapes I could
Dispute, and conquer, if I would,
Which I abstain to do,
For by tomorrow, I may think so too.

Holy Sonnets

XIV

Batter my heart, three-personed God; for, you
As yet, but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend;
That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow me, and bend
Your force, to break, blow, burn, and make me new,
I, like an usurped town, to another due,
Labour to admit you, but oh, to no end,
Reason your viceroy in me, m should defend,
But it captive, and proves weak or untrue,
Yet dearly' I love you, and would be loved fain,
But am betrothed unto your enemy,
Divorce me, or break that knot again,
Take me to you, imprison me, for I
Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

XIX

Oh, to vex me, contraries meet in one:

Inconstancy unnaturally hath begot
A constant habit; that when I would not
I change in vows, and in devotion.
As humorous is my contrition
As my profane love, and as soon forgot:
As riddlingly distempered, cold and hot,
As praying, as mute; as infinite, as none.
I durst not view heaven yesterday; and today
In prayers, and flattering speeches I court God:
Tomorrow I quake with true fear of his rod.
So my devout fits come and go away
Like a fantastic ague: save that here
Those are my best days, when I shake with fear.

Song

Go, and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me, where all past years are,
Or who cleft the Devil's foot,
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
And find
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.
If thou be'est born to strange sights,
Things invisible to see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights,
Till age snow white hairs on thee,
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
All strange wonders that befell thee,
And swear
No where
Lives a woman true, and fair.
If thou find'st one, let me know,
Such a pilgrimage were sweet,
Yet do not, I would not go,
Though at next door we might meet,
Though she were true, when you met her,
And last, till you write youe letter,
Yet she
Will be
False, ere I come, to two, or three.

A Hymn to God the Father

Wilt thou forgive that sin where I begun,

Which was my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive that sin, through which I run,
And do run still: though still I do deplore?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.
I have a sin of fear, that when I have spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;
But swear by thy self, that at my death thy son
Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore;
And, having done that, thou hast done,
I fear no more.

William Drummond of Hawthornden
1585-1649

William Drummond was born in December 13, 1585, Hawthornden, near Edinburgh, Scotland.

He was the first notable poet in Scotland to write deliberately in English. He also was the first to use the canzone, a medieval Italian or Provençal metrical form. He attended the University of Edinburgh, became laird of Hawthornden in 1610. On the death of his father, first laird of Hawthornden, in 1610, he settled down on his Hawthornden estate, leaving law for literature; corresponded with Drayton and Ben Jonson, wrote epigrammatic verse and religious meditation, and, towards the end of his life, political pamphlets for the Royalist cause. His 1616 Poems contain, songs, and epigrams called "madrigals," arranged in Petrarchan sections following the life and then the death of the beloved lady. His religious poems appeared in "*Flowers of Sion"*, in 1623. Drummond adapted and translated poems from French, Italian, and Spanish, in addition to borrowing from such English poets as Sir Philip Sidney. Apart from his "*Poems"* (1614, 1616) and "*Flowres of Sion"* (1623), Drummond wrote "*Forth Feasting"* (1617), a poem celebrating James I's visit to Scotland in

that year. The poem "Her Passing**"** explores the passing of a beautiful individual, capturing the grief and mourning of those left behind. The language is simple and straightforward, yet it effectively conveys the sense of loss and despair. The poem's brevity enhances its impact, leaving the reader with a powerful sense of the fragility of life and the pain of loss. His poem "The Book of The World" compares the world to a book, suggesting that if humans could truly understand its complexities, they would gain profound knowledge of its creator. Written during the Renaissance, it reflects the era's humanistic emphasis on reason and the belief in an orderly universe.

He died December 4, 1649, Hawthornden. [Britannica]

Madrigal

Like the *Idalian* Queene
Her Haire about her Eyne,
With Necke and Brests ripe Apples to be scene,
At first Glance of the *Morne*
In *Cyprus* Gardens gathering those faire Flowrs
Which of her Bloud were borne,
I saw, but fainting saw, my Paramours.
The *Graces* naked danc'd about the Place,
The *Winds* and *Trees* amaz'd With Silence on
Her gaz'd, The Flowrs did smile, like those upon her Face,
And as their Aspine Stalkes those fingers band,
(That Shee might read my Case)
A *Hyacinth* I wisht mee in her Hand.

For *the* Magdalene

These Eyes (deare Lord) once Brandons of Desire,
Fraile Scouts betraying what they had to keepe,
Which their owne heart, then others set on fire,
Their traitrous blacke before thee heere out-weepe:
These Lockes, of blushing decdes the faire attire,
Smooth-frizled Waves, sad Shelfes which shadow deepe,
Soule-stinging Serpents in gilt curies which creepe,
To touch thy sacred Feete doe now aspire.
In Seas of Care behold a sinking Barke,
By windes of sharpe Remorse unto thee driven
0 let mee not expos'd be Ruines marke,
My faults confest (Lord) say they are forgiven.
Thus sigh'd to Jesus the Bethanian faire,
His teare-wet Feet still drying with her Haire.

Idlas' Epitaph

Here deare *lolas* lies,

Who whilst hee liv'd in Beautie did surpasse
That Boy, whose heavenly Eyes
Brought *Cyprls* from above,
Or him till Death who look'd in watrie Glasse,
Even Judge the God of Love:
And if the Nympho once hold of him so deare,
Dorino the faire, would hcere but shed one Teare,
Thou shouldst (in *Natures* Scorne) A purple
Flowre see of this Marble borne.

***To Sir* W. A.**

Though I have twice beene at the Doores of *Death,*
And twice found shoote those Gates which ever mourne,
This but a lightning is, Truce tane to Breath,
For late borne Sorrowes augure fleete retume.
Amidst thy sacred Cares, and courtlie Toy les,
Alexis, when thou shalt heare wandring Fame Tell,
Death hath triumph'd ore my mortall Spoyles,
And that on Earth I am but a sad Name;
If thou ere helde mee deare, by all our Love,
By all that Blisse, those Joyes Heaven heere us gave,
I conjure Thee, and by the Maides of *Jove,*
To grave this short Remembrance on my Grave.
Heere *Damon* lyes, whose Songes did some-time grace
The murmuring *Eske,* may Roses shade the place.

REGRAT

In this Worlds raging sea
Where many Sillas barke,
Where many Syrens are,
Save, and not cast away,
Hee onlye saves his barge
With too much ware who doth it not o'recharge;
Or when huge stormes arise,
And waves menace the skies,
Gives what he got with no deploring show,
And doth againe in seas his burthen throw.

Madrigal

The Beautie, and the Life,
Of *Lifes,* and *Beauties* fairest Paragon,
(0 Teares! 0 Griefe!) hang at a feeble Thread,
To which pale *Atropos* had set her Knife,
The Soule with many a Grone Had left each outward Part,

And now did take his last Leave of the Heart,
Nought else did want, save *Death,* even to be dead:
When the afflicting Band about her
Bed (Seeing so faire him come in Lips, Cheekes, Eyes)
Cried, *ah!* and can *Death enter Paradise?*

I know that all beneath the moon decays

And what by mortals in this world is brought,
In Time's great periods shall return to nought;
That fairest states have fatal nights and days;
I know how all the Muse's heavenly lays,
With toil of spright which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds of few or none are sought,
And that nought lighter is than airy praise.
I know frail beauty like the purple flower,
To which one morn oft birth and death affords;
That love a jarring is of minds' accords,
Where sense and will invassal reason's power:
Know what I list, this all can not me move,
But that, O me! I both must write and love.

Stolen Pleasure

And on her rosy face
Stood tears of pearl, which beauty's self did weep;
I, wond'ring at her grace,
Did all amaz'd remain,
When Love said, "Fool, can looks thy wishes crown?
Time past comes not again."
Then did I me bow down,
And kissing her fair breast, lips, cheeks, and eyes
Prov'd here on earth the joys of paradise.

Kisses Desired

To kiss those rosy lips am set on fire,
Yet will I cease to crave
Sweet touches in such store,
As he who long before
From Lesbia them in thousands did receive.
Heart mine, but once me kiss,
And I by that sweet bliss
Even swear to cease you to importune more;
Poor one no number is;
Another word of me ye shall not hear

After one kiss, but still one kiss, my dear.

Her Passing

The beauty and the life
Of life's and beauty's fairest paragon
- O tears! O grief! - hung at a feeble thread
To which pale Atropos had set her knife;
  The soul with many a groan
  Had left each outward part,
And now did take his last leave of the heart:
Naught else did want, save death, ev'n to be dead;
When the afflicted band about her bed,
Seeing so fair him come in lips, cheeks, eyes,
Cried, 'Ah! and can Death enter Paradise?'

The First Part. Sonnet-1

In my first years, and prime yet not at height,
When sweet conceits my wits did entertain,
Ere beauty's force I knew, or false delight,
Or to what oar she did her captives chain,
Led by a sacred troop of Phoebus' train,
I first began to read, then lov'd to write,
And so to praise a perfect red and white,
But, God wot, wist not what was in my brain:
Love smil'd to see in what an awful guise
I turn'd those antiques of the age of gold,
And, that I might more mysteries behold,
He set so fair a volume to mine eyes,
That I (quires clos'd which, dead, dead sighs but breathe)
Joy on this living book to read my death.

The Book of The World

Of this fair volume which we World do name,
If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,
Of him who it corrects, and did it frame,
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare;
Find out his power which wildest powers doth tame,
His providence extending everywhere,
His justice which proud rebels doth not spare,
In every page, no, period of the same.
But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleased with colored vellum, leaves of gold,

Fair dangling ribbons, leaving what is best,
On the great Writer's sense ne'er taking hold;
Or, if by chance we stay our minds on aught,
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

Henry Constable
1562-1613

Henry Constable, an English poet, was born in 1562 in the Nottinghamshire town of Newark-on-Trent. He came from an aristocratic Roman Catholic family, the son of Sir Robert Constable, a military man and Member of Parliament. Henry received a good education, attending St John's College Cambridge, from where he achieved a Bachelors' degree in 1580. Henry Constable's most famous work was the remarkable sequence of sonnets under the title *Diana (1592)*, split into eight sections which he called *First Decade, Second Decade* and so on. In 1591 Constable began to compose his epic sonnet collection *Diana*. The original issue proved so popular that new editions followed over a period of years, with additional sonnets included each time. Henry Constable's poem "To St. Mary Magdalen" by explores the theme of spiritual longing and redemption through the lens of a soul seeking salvation through isolation and self-reflection. The speaker identifies with Mary Magdalen, who retired from society to repent for her sins in the desert, finding solace among wild beasts and angels. This portrayal reflects the religious sentiments prevalent during the Elizabethan era, where the idea of retreating from worldly temptations to pursue a closer connection with God was highly valued. His "The Shepherd's Venus and Adonis" employs Petrarchan conventions, specifically the contrasting of love and disdain to capture Venus's unrequited love for Adonis. It explores the themes of beauty and youth, and the power of love. The 16th-century poem reflects the Elizabethan era's fascination with beauty and mythology.

Henry Constable died in exile, in the Belgian city of Liege, in October, 9, 1613, at the age of 51. [https://mypoeticside.com]

To Saint Mary Magdalen

Blessed Offendour: who thyselfe haist try'd,
How farr a synner differs from a Saynt
Joyne thy w ett eyes, with teares of my complaint,
While I sighe for that grave, for which thow cry'd.
No longer let my synfull sowle, abyde
In feaver of thy fyrst desyres faynte:
But lett that love which last thy h art did taynt
With panges of thy repentance, pierce my syde.
So shall my sowle, no foolysh vyrgyn bee
With empty lampe: but lyke a M agdalen, beere
For oyntment boxe, a breast with oyle of grace:
And so the zeale, which then shall burne in mee,
May make my hart, lyke to a lampe appere
And in my spouses pallace gyve me place.

Damelus' Song to His Diaphenia

Diaphenia like the Daffadown-dillie,
White as the Sunne, faire as the Lillie,
Heigh hoe, how I doo love thee?
I doo love thee as my Lambs
Are beloved of their Dams,
How blest were I if thou would'st proove me?
Diaphenia like the spreading Roses,
That in my sweetes all sweetes incloses,
Faire sweete how I doo love thee?
I doo love thee as each flower,
Loves the Sunnes life-giving power.
For dead, thy breath to life might moove me.
Diaphenia like to all things blessed,
When all thy praises are expressed,
Deare Joy, how I doo love thee?
As the birds doo love the Spring:
Or the Bees their carefull King,
Then in requite, sweet Virgin love me.

To St. Mary Magdalen

Such as, retired from sight of men, like thee
By penance seek the joys of heaven to win,
In deserts make their paradise begin
And even among wild beasts do angels see,

In such a place my soul doth seem to be,
When in my body she laments her sin
And none but brutal passions finds therein,
Except they be sent down from heaven to me.
Yet if those graces God to me impart
Which he inspired thy blessed breast withal,
I may find haven in my retired heart;
And if thou change the object of my love,
The winged affection which men Cupid call
May get his sight, and like an angel prove.

The Shepherd's Venus and Adonis

Venus fair did ride,
  Silver doves they drew her
By the pleasant lawns,
  Ere the sun did rise;
Vesta's beauty rich
  Opened wide to view her,
Philomel records
    Pleasing harmonies;
Every bird of spring
Cheerfuly did sing,
Paphos' goddess they salute.
Now love's queen so fair
Had of mirth no care,
For her son had made her mute.
In her breast so tender
He a shaft did enter,
When her eyes beheld a boy,
Adonis was he named,
By his mother shamed,
Yet he now is Venus' joy.

Him alone she met,
  Ready bound for hunting;
Him she kindly greets,
  And his journey stays;
Him she seeks to kiss,
  No devices wanting,
Him her eyes still woo,
    Him her tongue still prays.
He with blushing red
Hangeth down the head,
Not a kiss can he afford;

His face is turned away,
Silence said her nay,
Still she wooed him for a word.
Speak, she said, thou fairest,
Beauty thou impairest;
See me, I am pale and wan;
Lovers all adore me,
I for love implore thee.
Crystal tears with that ran down.

Him herewith she forced
To come sit down by her;
She his neck embraced,
Gazing in his face;
He, like one transformed,
Stirred no look to eye her.
Every herb did woo him,
  Growing in that place;
Each bird with a ditty
Prayed him for pity
In behalf of beauty's queen;
Waters' gentle murmur
Craved him to love her,
Yet no liking could be seen,
Boy, she said, look on me,
Still I gaze upon thee,
Speak, I pray thee, my delight.
Coldly he replied,
And, in brief, denied
To bestow on her a sight.

I am now too young
To be won by beauty;
Tender are my years,
I am yet a bud.
Fair thou art, she said,
Then it is thy duty,
Wert thou but a blossom,
  To effect my good.
Every beauteous flower
Boasteth of my power,
Birds and beasts my laws effect.
Myrrha, thy fair mother,
Most of any other
Did my lovely hests respect.

Be with me delighted,
Thou shall be requited,
Every nymph on thee shall tend;
All the gods shall love thee,
Man shall not reprove thee,
Love himself shall be thy friend.

Wend thee from me, Venus,
I am not disposed;
Thou wring'st me too hard,
Prithee, let me go;
Fie, what a pain it is
Thus to be enclosed;
If love begin with labor,
It will end in woe.
Kiss me, I will leave.
Here a kiss recieve.
A short kiss I do it find,
Wilt thou leave me so?
Yet thou shalt not go;
Breathe once more thy balmy wind,
It smelleth of the myrrh tree
  That to the world did bring thee,
Never was perfume so sweet.
When she had thus spoken,
She gave him a token,
And their naked bosoms met.

Now, he said, let's go,
Hark, the hounds are crying,
Grisly boar is up,
Hunstmen follow fast.
At the name of boar
Venus seemed dying,
Deadly-colored pale,
  Roses overcast.
Speak, said she, no more
Of following the boar;
Thou, unfit for such a chase,
Course the fearful hare,
Venison do not spare,
If thou wilt yield Venus grace.
Shun the boar, I pray thee,
Else I still will stay thee,
Herein he vowed to please her mind;

Then her arms enlarged,
Loath she him discharged,
Forth he went as swift as wind.

Thetis Phoebus' steeds
In the west retained;
Hunting sport was past,
Love her love did seek;
Sight of him too soon,
Gentle queen she gained.
On the ground he lay;
Blood had left his cheek,
For an orpëd swine
Smit him in the groin,
Deadly wound his death did bring.
Which when Venus found,
She fell in a swound,
And awaked, her hands did wring.

Sir John Davies
1569-1626

Sir John Davies was born on April 1569, Tisbury, England. He was an English poet and lawyer whose "Orchestra, or a Poem of Dancing*"* reveals a typically Elizabethan pleasure in the contemplation of the correspondence between the natural order and human activity.

Educated at the University of Oxford, Davies entered the Middle Temple, London, in 1588 and was called to the bar in 1595. Much of his early poetry consisted of epigrams published in various collections. *Epigrammes and Elegies by J.D. and C.M.* (1590?) contained both Davies' work and posthumous works by Christopher Marlowe and was one of the books the archbishop of Canterbury ordered burned in 1599.

Davies' *Orchestra, or a Poem of Dancing* (1596) is a poem in praise of dancing set against the background of Elizabethan cosmology and its theory of the harmony of the spheres. In *Nosce teipsum* (1599; "Know Thyself"), he gave a lucid account of his philosophy on the nature and immortality of the soul. In the same year, he published *Hymnes of Astraea in Acrosticke Verse,* a series of poems in which the initials of the first lines form the words "Elisabetha Regina." His last poetic works were two dialogues contributed to Francis Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (1602). He published a collected edition of his poetry in 1622. Died – December 8, 1626 at the age of 57.

From ***Orchestra or A Poeme of Dauncing***

Dauncing (bright Lady) then began to bee,
When the first seeds whereof the World did spring,
The fire, ayre, earth, and water - did agree,
By Love's perswasion, - Nature's mighty King, -
To leave their first disordred combating;
And in a daunce such measure to observe,
As all die world their motion should perserve.

Since when, they still are carried in a round,
And changing, come one in another's place;
Yet doe they neither mingle nor confound,
But every one doth keepe the bounded space
Wherein the Daunce doth bid it turne or trace;
This wondrous myracle did Love devise,
For Dauncing is Love's proper exercise.

Like this, he fram'd the gods' eternall Bower,
And of a shapelesse and confused masse,
By his through-piercing and digesting power,
The turning vault of heaven formed was;
Whose starry wheeles he hath so made to passe,
As that their moovings do a musicke frame,
And they themselves still daunce unto the same.
(Stanzas 17-19)

Behold the *World,* how it Is *whirled round,*
And for it Is *HO whirl'd, In* named so;
In whose large volume many rules are found
Of this new Art, which it doth fairely show;

For your qulcke eyes in wandring too and fro
From East to West, on no one thing can glaunce
But if you marke it well, it seemes to daunce

First you see fixt in this huge mirrour blew,
Of trembling lights, a number numberlesse;
Fixt they are nam'd, but with a name untrue,
For they all moove and in a Daunce expresse
That *great long yeare,* that doth containe no lesse
Then threescore hundreds of those yeares in all,
Which the sunne makes with his course naturall

What if to you these sparks disordered seeme
As if by chaunce they had beene scattered there?
The gods a solemne measure doe it deeme,
And see a just proportion every where,
And know the points whence first their movings wen
To which first points when all returne againe,
The axel-tree of Heav'n shall breake in twaine.

Under that spangled skye, five wandring flames
Besides the King of Day, and Queene of Night,
Are wheel'd around, all in their sundry frames,
And all in sundry measures doe delight,
Yet altogether keepe no measure right;
For by it selfe each doth it selfe advance,
And by it selfe each doth a galliard daunce.

Venus, the mother of that bastard Love,
Which doth usurpe the World's great Marshal's;
Just with the sunne h er dainty feete doth move,
And unto him doth all the jestures frame;
Now after, now afore, the flattering Dame,
With divers cunning passages doth erre,
Still him respecting that respects not her.

For that brave Sunne the Father of the Day,
Doth love this Earth, tlie Mother of the Night;
And like a revellour in rich aray,

Doth daunce his galliard in his lemman's sight,
Both back, and forth, and sidewaies, passing light;
His princely grace doth so the gods amaze,
That all stand still and at his beauty gaze.
But see the Earth, when he approcheth neere,
How she for joy doth spring and sweetly smile;
But see againe her sad and heavy cheere
When changing places he retires a while;
But those blake cloudes he shortly will exile,
And make them all before his presence flye,
As mists consum'd before his cheerefull eye.

Who doth not see the measures of the Moone,
Which thirteene times she daunceth every yeare?
And ends her pavine thirteene times as soone
As doth her brother, of whose golden haire
She borroweth part, and proudly doth it weare;
Then doth she coyly turne her face aside,
Then halfe her cheeke is scarse sometimes discride.

Next her, the pure, subtile, and clensing Fire
Is swiftly carried in a circle even;
Though Vulcan be pronounst by many a Iyer,
Hie only halting god that dwels in heaven:
But that foule name may be more fitly given
To your false Fire, that farre from heaven is fall:
And doth consume, waste, spoile, disorder all.

And now behold your tender nurse the *Ayre*
And common neighbour that ay runns around;
How many pictures and impressions faire
Within her empty regions are there found;
Which to your sences Dauncing doe propound.
For what are *Breath, Speech, Ecchos, Musicke,*
Winds,
But Dauncings of the Ayre in sundry kinds?

For when you breath, the *ayre* in order moves,
Now in, now out, in time and measure trew;

And when you speake, so well she dauncing loves,
That doubling oft, and oft redoubling new,
With thousand formes she doth her selfe endew
For all the words that from our lips repaire
Are nought but tricks and turnings of the ayre.

Hence is her pratling daughter *Eccho* borne,
That daunces to all voyces she can heare;
There is no sound so harsh that shee doth scorne,
Nor any time wherein shee wil forbeare
The ayrie pavement with her feet to weare;
And yet her hearing sence is nothing quick,
For after time she endeth every trick.

And thou sweet *Musicke,* Dauncing's onely life,
The eare's sole happinesse, the ayre's best speach;
Loadstone of fellowship, charming-rod of strife,
The soft mind's Paradice, the sicke mind's leach;
With thine own tong, thou trees and stons canst teach,
That when the Aire doth dance her finest measure
Then art thou borne, the gods and mens sweet pleasure.
Lastly, where keepe the *Winds* their revelry,
Their violent turnings, and wild whirling hayes,
But in the Ayre's tralucent gallery?
Where shee herselfe is turnd a hundreth wayes,
While with those Maskers wantonly she playes;
Yet in this misrule, they such rule embrace,
As two at once encomber not the place.

If then fire, ayre, wandring and fixed lights
In every province of tire imperiall skie,
Yeeld perfect formes of daunting to your sights,
In vaine I teach the eare, that which the eye
With certaine view already doth descrie.
But for your eyes perceive not all they see,
In this I will your Senses master bee.

For loe the *Sea* that fleets about the Land,
And like a girdle clips her solide waist,

Musicke and measure both doth understand;
For his great chrystall eye is alwayes cast
Up to the Moone, and on her fixed fast;
And as she daunceth in her pallid spheere,
So daunceth he about his Center heere.

Sometimes his proud greene waves in order set,
One after other flow unto the shore;
Which, when they have with many kisses wet,
They ebbe away in order as before;
And to make knowne his courtly love the more,
He oft doth lay aside his three-forkt mace,
And with his armes the timorous Earth embrace.

Onely the Earth doth stand for ever still:
Her rocks remove not, nor her mountaines meet:
(Although some wits enricht with Learning's skill
Say heav'n stands firme, and that the Earth doth fleet,
And swiftly turneth underneath their feet)
Yet though the Earth is ever stedfast seene,
On her broad breast hath Daunting ever beene.

For those blew vaines that through her body spred,
Those saphire streames which from great hils do spring.
(The Earth's great duggs; for every wight is fed
With sweet fresh moisture from them issuing):
Observe a daunce in their wilde wandering;
And still their daunce begets a murmur sweet,
And still the murmur with the daunce doth meet.

Of all their wayes I love *Maeanders* path,
Which to the tunes of dying swans doth daunce;
Such winding sleights, such turns and tricks he hath,
Such creeks, such wrenches, and such daliaunce;
That whether it be hap or heedlesse chaunce,
In this indented course and wriggling play
He seemes to daunce a perfect cunning *hay.*

But wherefore doe these streames for ever runne?

To keepe themselves for ever sweet and cleere:
For let their everlasting course be donne,
They straight corrupt and foule with mud appeare.
0 yee sweet Nymphs that beautie's losse do feare,
Contemne the drugs that Physicke doth devise,
And learne of Love this dainty exercise.

See how those flowres that have sweet beauty too,
(The onely jewels that the Earth doth weare,
When the young Sunne in bravery her doth woo):
As oft as they the whistling wind doe heare,
Doe wave their tender bodies here and there;
And though their daunce no perfect measure is,
Yet oftentimes their musicke makes them kis.

What makes the vine about the elme to daunce,
With turnings, windings, and embracements round?
What makes the loadstone to the North advance
His subtile point, as if from thence he found
His chiefe attractive vertue to redound?

Kind Nature first doth cause all things to love,
Love makes them daunce and in Just order move.

Harke how the birds doe sing, and marke then how
Jumpe with the modulation of their layes.
They lightly leape, and skip from bow to bow:
Yet doe the cranes deserve a greater prayse
Which keepe such measure in their ayrie wayes,
As when they all in order ranked are,
They make a perfect forme triangular.

In the chiefe angle flyes the watchfull guid,
And all the followers their heads doe lay
On their foregoers backs, on eyther side;
But for the captaine hath no rest to stay,
His head forewearied with the windy way,
He back retires, and then the next behind,
As his lieuetenaunt leads them through the wind.

But why relate I every singular?
Since all the World's great fortunes and affaires
Forward and backward rapt and whirled are,
According to the musicke of the spheares:
And Chaunge herselfe her nimble feete upbeares
On a round slippery wheele that row leth ay,
And turnes all States with her impervous sway.

Leame then to daunce, you that are Princes borne,
And lawfull lords of earthly creatures all;
Imitate them, and thereof take no scorne,
For this new art to them is naturall—
And imitate the starres coelestiall:
For when pale Death your vital twist shall sever,
Your better parts must daunce, with them for ever.

Thus Love perswades, and all the crowd of men
That stands around, doth make a m urmuring;
As when the wind loosd from his hollow den,
Among the trees a gentle base doth sing,
Or as a brooke through peebles wandering;
But in their looks they uttered this plain speach,
That they would learn to daunce, if Love would
teach.

Then first of all he doth demonstrate plaine
The motions seaven that ar in Nature found,
Upward and *downeward, forth* and *backe againe,*
To this side and *to that,* and *turning round;*
Whereof a thousand brawles he doth compound,
Which he doth teach unto tire multitude,
And ever with a turne they must conclude.

As when a Nimph arysing from the land,
Leadeth a daunce w ith her long watery traine
Down to the Sea; she wries to every hand,
And every way doth crosse the fertile plaine;
But when at last shee falls into the maine,
Then all her traverses concluded are,

And with the Sea her course is circulare.

Thus when at first Love had them marshalled,
As earst he did th e shapeless masse of things,
He taught them *rounds* and *winding hetjes* to tread,
And about trees to cast themselves in rings:
As the two Beares, whom the First Mover flings
With a short turn about heaven saxeltree,
In a round daunce for ever wheeling bee.

But after these, as men more civell grew,
He did more grave and solemn measures frame,
With such faire order and proportion true,
And correspondence every way the same,
That no fault-finding eye did ever blame;
For every eye was moved at the sight
With sober wondring, and with sweet delight.

(Stanzas 34-65)

From **Nosce *Teipsum***

IN WHAT MANNER THE SOULE
IS UNITED TO THE BODY

But how shall we this *union* well expresse?
Nought ties the *soule;* her subtiltie is such
She moves the bodie, which she doth possesse,
Yet no part toucheth, but by *Vertues* touch.
Then dwels shee not therein as in a tent,
Nor as a pilot in his ship doth sit;
Nor as the spider in his web is pent;
Nor as the waxe retaines the print in it;
Nor as a vessell water doth containe;
Nor as one liquor in another shed;
Nor as the heat doth in the fire rem aine;
Nor as a voice throughout the ayre is spread:
But as the faire and cheerfull *Morning light,*
Doth here and there her silvcl beames impart,
And in an instant doth herselfe unite
To the transparent ayre, in all, and part:

Still resting whole, when blowes the ayre divide;
Abiding pure, when th'ayre is most corrupted;
Throughout the ayre, her beams dispersing wide,
And when the ayre is tost, not interrupted;
So doth the piercing *Soule* the body fill,
Being all in all, and all in part diffus'd;
Indivisible, incorruptible still,
Not forc't, encountrcd, troubled or confus'd.
And as the *sunne* above, the light doth bring,
Though we behold it in the ayre below;
So from th' Eternall Light the *Soule* doth spring,
Though in the body she her powers doe show.
(Lines 897-1024)

George Peele
1556-1596

George Peele was born in July 25, 1556, London, England. He was an outstanding Elizabethan dramatist and a poet, an experimenter in a range of theatrical arts, including tragedy, comedy, history, pageant and melodrama. He was also a poet and a translator. One of the intellectuals of the Elizabethan theatrical community, On the whole his style is marked by association with the 'university wits'.

Peele came from an educated, academic family. Something that George Peele may not have envisioned as something that would be part of his heritage is his reputation for being one of the best English songwriters of his time and the many wonderful subsequent English songwriters. Songs from *The Old Wives'*

Tale and *The Arraignment of Paris* are well known, and one of them, *A Farewell to Arms* is one of the most anthologized songs in songbooks and poetry collections.

A Sonnet

His golden locks Time hath to silver turn;
O Time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurn'd,
But spurn'd in vain; youth waneth by increasing:
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen;
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.
His helmet now shall make a hive for bees;
And, lovers' sonnets turn'd to holy psalms,
A man-at- arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are Age his alms:
But though from court to cottage he depart,
His Saint is sure of his unspotted heart.
And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song,
'Blest be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,
Curst be the souls that think her any wrong.'
Goddess, allow this aged man his right
To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

Fair *Maiden*

From ***The Old Wives Tale***

COREBUS. Come wench, are we almost at the well.
ZELANTO. Ay, *Corebus* we are almost at the Well now, ile go fetch some water: sit downe while I dip my pitcher in.
VOYCE Gently dip: but not too deepe;
For feare you make the goulden beard to weepe.

A *head comes up with eares of Corne, and she combes them in her lap.*

Faire maiden white and red,
Combe me smoothe, and stroke my head:
And thou shalt have some cockell bread.
Gently dippe, but not too deepe,

For feare thou make the goulden beard to
weep.
Faire maide, white and redde,
Combe me smooth, and stroke my head;
And every haire, a sheave shall be,
And every sheave a goulden tree.

Song

From ***The Old Wives Tale***

When as the Rie reach to the chin,
And chopcherrie chopcherrie ripe within,
Strawberries swimming in the creame,
And schoole boyes playing in the streame:
Then 0, then O, then O my true love said,
Till that time come againe,
Shee could not live a maid.

Hot *sunne, coole* fire, temperd with sweet aire

From ***David and Bethsabe***

Hot sunne, coole fire, temperd with sweet aire,
Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white haire,
Shine sun, bume fire, breath aire, and ease mee,
Black shade, fair nurse, shroud me and please me,
Shadow (my sweet nurse) keep me from burning,
Make not my glad cause, cause of mourning.
Let not my beauties fire,
Enflame unstaied desire,
Nor pierce any bright eye,
That wandreth lightly.

A Sonet

From **Polyhymnia**

His Golden lockes, Time hath to Silver turn’d,
0 Time too swift, Swiftnesse never ceasing;
His Youth gainst Time and Age hath ever spurn’d
But spurn'd in vain, Youth waineth by increasing,
Beauty, Strength, Youth, are flowers, but fading seen,
Dutie, Faith, Love are roots, and ever greene.
His Helmet now, shall make a hive for Bees,
And Lovers Sonets, turn’d to holy Psalmes:
A man at Armes must now serve on his knees,
And feede on praiers, which are Age his almes.

But though from Court to Cottage he depart,
His Saint is sure of his unspotted heart.
And when he saddest sits in homely Cell,
Heele teach his Swaines this Carroll for a Song,
Blest be the heartes that wish my Soveraigne well,
Curst be the soules that thinke her any wrong.
Goddesse, allow this aged man his right,
To be your Beads-man now, that was your Knight.

Thomas Lodge
1557-1625

Thomas Lodge was born in 1557, London. He was an English poet, dramatist, and prose writer whose innovative versatility typified the Elizabethan Age. He is best remembered for the prose romance "Rosalynde*"*.

He was the son of Sir Thomas Lodge, lord mayor of London in 1562. The younger Lodge was educated at Merchant Taylors' School and at Trinity College, Oxford, and he studied law at Lincoln's Inn, London, in 1578. His "Scillaes Metamorphosis*"* (1589), an Ovidian verse fable, is one of the earliest English poems to retell a classical story with imaginative embellishments. Lodge's "Phillis*"* (1593) contains amorous sonnets and pastoral eclogues from French and Italian originals. In "A Fig for Momus*"* (1595), he introduced classical satires and verse epistles (modeled after those of Juvenal and Horace) into English literature for the first time. Aside from "Rosalynde: Euphues Golden Legacie*"* (1590), Lodge's most important romance was "A Margarite of America*"* (1596), which combines Senecan motives and Arcadian romance in an improbable love story between a Peruvian prince and a daughter of the king of Muscovy. His other romances are chiefly notable for the fine lyric poems scattered through them. Lodge continued to write moralizing pamphlets such as "Wits Miserie, and the Worlds Madnesse" (1596), and in 1594 he published two

plays: "The Wounds of Civill War" *and "*A Looking Glasse for London and England*"*. In 1597 he became a Roman Catholic, and he graduated in medicine from the University of Avignon in 1598, received another M.D. degree from Oxford in 1602. His reputation remains based chiefly on his poetry and his romances. He died in London in 1625 [Britannica].

Rosalyndes Madrigall

From **Rosalynde**

Love in my bosome like a Bee
Doth sucke his sweete:
Now with his wings he playes with me,
Now with his feete.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender brest,
My kisses are his dayly feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest,
Ah wanton, will ye?
And if I sleepe, then pearcheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,
He musicke playes if so I sing,
He lends me every lovely thing;
Yet cruell he my heart doth sting.
Whist wanton, still ye.
Else I with Roses every day
Will whip you hence:
And binde you when you long to play,
For your offence.
Ile shut mine eyes to keep you in,
Ile make you fast it for your sinne,
Ile count your power not worth a pinne,
And what hereby shall I winne,
If he gainsay me?
What if I beate the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He wil repay me with annoy,
Because a God.

Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosome be;
Lurke in mine eies I like of thee.
0 *Cupid* so thou pittie me,
Spare not but play thee.

Montanus' Sonnet

From ***Rosalynde***

Phoebe sate,
Sweet she sate,
Sweet sate Phoebe when I saw her,
White her brow,
Coy her eye;
Brow and eye, how much you please me!
Words I spent,
Sighs I sent,
Sighs and words could never draw her,
Oh my Love,
Thou art lost,
Since no sight could ever ease thee.
Phoebe sat
By a Fount,
Sitting by a Fount 1 spide her,
Sweet her touch, Pare her voyce:
Touch and voice, what may distaine you?
As she sung,
I did sigh,
And by sighs whilst that I tride her,
Oh mine eyes
You did loose,
Her first sight whose want did pain you
Phoebes flockes,
White as wooll,
Yet were Phoebes locks more whiter.
Phoebes eyes,
Dovelike mild,
Dovelike eyes, both mild and cruell,
Montan sweares,
In your lampes
He will die for to delight her,
Phoebe yeeld,
Or I die:
Shall true hearts be fancies fuell?

Thomas Nashe
1567-1601

Thomas Nashe was born 1567, Lowestoft, Suffolk, England. He was an Elizabethan pamphleteer who courted controversy but, during his short life, won the reputation as one of the best prolific and influential satirists and poets of the time. He was born in Lowestoft in 1567, his father a curate who later gained a post at West Harling where the family moved when Nashe was just six years old.

At the age of 14 he was given some assistance to attend Cambridge where he earned his degree five years later but left without gaining a Master's, as was the convention of the time, for reasons that remain unclear. At the same time Nashe also wrote some erotic poetry including the notable example "The Choice of Valentines*"* in the early part of the 1590s. The last work known to have been written by the poet was called "Nashes Lenten Stuffe*"* and was published in 1599.

He is thought to have died around 1601 when he would have been about 34 years of age only.

S o n g

From ***Summer's Last Will and Testament***

Adieu, farewell earths blisse,
This world uncertain is,
Fond are lifes lustfull joyes,
Death proves them all but toyes,
None from his darts can flye;
I am sick, I must dye:
Lord, have mercy on us.
Rich men, trust not in wealth,
God cannot buy you health;

Phisick himselfe must fade.
All tiling's to end are made,
The plague full swift goes bye;
I am sick, I must dye:
Lord, have mercy on us.
Beauty is but a flowre,
Which wrinckles will devoure,
Brightness falls from the ayre,
Queenes have died yong and faire,
Dust hath closde *Helens* eye.
I am sick, I must dye:
Lord, have mercy on us.
Strength stoopes unto the grave,
Wormes feed on *Hector* brave,
Swords may not fight with fate,
Earth still holds ope her gate.
Como, come, the bolls do crye.
I am sick, I must dye:
Lord, have mercy on us.
Wit with his wantonesse
Tasteth deaths bitternesse:
Hols executioner
Hath no eares for to heare
What vaine art can reply.
I am sick, I must dye:
Lord, have mercy on us.
Haste therefore eche degree,
To welcome destiny:
Heaven is our heritage,
Earth but a players stage,
Mount wee unto the sky.
I am sick, I must dye:
Lord, have mercy on us.

Summer's Farewell

From ***Summer's Last Will and Testament***

This is the last stroke my toungs clock must strike,
My last will, which I will that you performe.
My crowne I have disposde already of.
Item, I give my withered flowers and herbes,
Unto dead corses, for to decke them with.
My shady walkes to great mens servitors,
Who in their masters shadowes walke secure.

My pleasant open ayre, and fragrant smels,
To Croyden and the grounds abutting round.
My heate and warmth to toyling labourers,
My long dayes to bondmen, and prisoners,
My shortest nights to young married soules,
My drought and thirst to drunkards quenchlesse
throates;
My fruites to *Autumne,* my adopted heire,
My murmuring springs, musicians o£ sweete sleepe,
To murmuring male-contents, whose well tun'd cares,
Channel'd in a sweete falling quaterzaine,
Do lull their eaves asleepe, listning themselves.
And finally, - O words, now dense your course! -
Unto *Eliza* that most sacred Dame,
Whom none but Saints and Angels ought to name;
All my faire dayes remaining, I bequeath
To waite upon her till she be returnd.
Autumne, I charge thee, when that I am dead,
Be prest and serviceable at her beck,
Present her with thy goodliest ripened fruites;
Unclothe no Arbors where she ever sate,
Touch not a tree, thou thinkst she may passe by.
And *Winter,* with thy wrythen frostie face,
Smoothe up thy visage, when thou lookst on her,
Thou never lookst on such bright majestic:
A charmed circle draw about her court,
Wherein warme dayes may daunce, and no cold coine;
On seas let winds make warre, not vexe her rest,
Quiet inclose her bed, thought flye her brest.
Ah, gracious Queene, though *Summer* pine away,
Yet let thy flourishing stand at a stay!
First droupe tills universals aged frame,
E re any malady thy strength should tame:
Heaven raise up pillers to uphold thy hand,
Peace may have still his temple in thy land.
Loe, I have said! tills is the totall summe,
Autumne and *Winter,* on your faithfulnesse
For the performance I do firmely builde,
Farewell, my friends, *Summer* bids you farewell,
Archers, and bowlers, all my followers,
Adieu, and dwell with desolation;
Silence must be your masters mansion:
Slow inarching thus, discend I to the feends.
Weepe heavens, mourne earth, here *Summer* ends.

Ben Jonson
1572-1637

Ben Jonson was born in June 11, 1572 in London, England. He was an English Stuart dramatist, lyric poet, and literary critic, and generally regarded as the second most important English dramatist and a poet, after William Shakespeare. Perhaps "no XYII century poet apart from John Donne has exerted a greater formative influence on English poetry than Ben Jonson. His adoption of classical ideas was combined with a vigorous interest in contemporary life and a strong faith in native idiom. Within the urban elegance of his verse forms he contrived a directness and energy of statement clearly related to colloquial speech, and this characteristic fusion of restraint and vitality gave to the seventeenth-century lyric its most distinctive quality" [4]. As the best known for his lyric and epigrammatic poetry, Jonson's artistry exerted a lasting influence on English poetry and stage comedy.

Ben Jonson was a classically educated, well-read and cultured man of the English Renaissance with an appetite for controversy as personal and political, artistic and intellectual, whose cultural influence was of unparalleled breadth upon the playwrights and the poets of the Jacobean (1603–1625) and of the Caroline (1625–1642) period.

Jonson's poetry is informed by his classical learning. Nevertheless, Jonson is not the easiest of poets to approach, partly because his best verse is spread across a broad range of genres and tones and partly his plain-style manner means that his real strength only emerges gradually as the texts become familiar. Some of his better-known poems are close translations of Greek or Roman models; all display the careful attention to form and style that often came naturally to those trained in classics in the humanist manner. Jonson largely avoided the debates about rhyme and meter that had consumed Elizabethan classicists. Accepting both rhyme and stress, Jonson used them to mimic the classical qualities of simplicity, restraint and precision. "Epigrams" (1616) is an entry in a genre that was popular among late-Elizabethan and Jacobean audiences, although Jonson was perhaps the only poet of his time to work in its full classical range. His epigrams explore various attitudes, most from the satiric stock of the day: complaints against women, courtiers and spies abound. Jonson's epigrams of praise, including a famous poem to Camden and lines

to Lucy Harington, are longer and are mostly addressed to specific individuals. Although it is included among the epigrams, "On My First Sonne" is neither satirical nor very short; the poem, intensely personal and deeply felt, typifies a genre that would come to be called "lyric poetry." It is possible that the spelling of 'son' as 'Sonne' is meant to allude to the sonnet form, with which it shares some features. A few other so-called epigrams share this quality. Jonson's "The Forest", as George Parfitt said, is also “a varied collection of poems: in fact, it is almost an epitome of Jonson’s achievement as a poet and serves as the best introduction to the range and quality of his non-dramatic work” [George Parfitt, p.19]. Most of the fifteen poems are addressed to Jonson's aristocratic supporters, but the most famous are his country-house poem "To Penshurst" and the poem "To Celia" ("Come, my Celia, let us prove"). “Underwood*” (*1640) is a larger and more heterogeneous group of poems. It contains “A Celebration of Charis”, Jonson's most extended effort at love poetry; various religious pieces; encomiastic poems including the poem to Shakespeare and a sonnet on Mary Wroth; “the Execration against Vulcan*”* and others [Wikipedia].

To the Memory of my Beloved, the Author Mr. William Shakespeare

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor Muse can praise too much.
`Tis true, and all men`s suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For silliest Ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind Affection, which doth ne`er advance
The truth, but gropes and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty Malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin where it seem`d to raise.
These are as some infamous bawd or whore
Should praise a matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
Above the ill - fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore, will begin. Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses;
I mean, with great but disproportion`d Muses.

For, if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee, surely, with thy peers.
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe`s mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence, to honour thee, I would not seek
For names; but call forth thund`ring Aeschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Paccuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread
And shake a stage; or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone, for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth; or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain! Thou hast one to show
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or, like Mercury, to charm.
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joy`d to wear he dressing of his lines,
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature`s family.
Yet must I not give Nature all! Thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the Poet`s matter Nature be
His art doth give the fashion. And that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
(Such a thine are), and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses` anvil, turn the same
(And himself with it), that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn!
For a good Poet`s made as well as born;
And such wert thou! Look how the father`s face
Lives in his issue; even so, the race
Of Shakespeare`s mind and manners brightly shines
In his well - turned and true - filed lines;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance
As brandish`d at the eyes of Ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were

To see thee in our water yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
That so did take Eliza, and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanc`d, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage
Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping stage;
Which since thy flight from hence hath mourn`d like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume`s light.

To the Immortal Memory, and Friendship of That Noble Paire, Sir Lucius Cary, and Sir H.Morison

The Turn

Brave infant of Saguntum, clear
Thy coming forth in that great year,
When the prodigious Hannibal did crown
His rage, with razing your immortal town.
Thou looking then about
Ere thou wert half got out,
Wise child, didst hastily return,
And mad'st thy mother's womb thine urn.
How summed a circle didst thou leave mankind
Of deepest lore, could we the centre find!

The Counter-Turn

Did wiser nature draw thee back
From out the horror of that sack,
Where shame, faith, honour, and regard of right,
Lay trampled on?—the deeds of death and night
Urged, hurried forth, and hurled
Upon th' affrighted world?
Sword, fire, and famine, with fell fury met,
And all on utmost ruin set:
As, could they but life's miseries foresee,
No doubt all infants would return like thee.

The Stand

For what is life, if measured by the space,
Not by the act?
Or maskèd man, if valued by his face,
Above his fact?
Here's one outlived his peers
And told forth fourscore years:
He vexèd time, and busied the whole state,
Troubled both foes and friends,

But ever to no ends:
What did this stirrer but die late?
How well at twenty had he fall'n or stood!
For three of his four score, he did no good.

The Turn

He entered well, by virtuous parts,
Got up and thrived with honest arts:
He purchased friends, and fame, and honours then,
And had his noble name advanced with men;
But, weary of that flight,
He stooped in all men's sight
To sordid flatteries, acts of strife,
And sunk in that dead sea of life
So deep, as he did then death's waters sup,
But that the cork of title buoyed him up.

The Counter-Turn

Alas, but Morison fell young;—
He never fell, thou fall'st, my tongue.
He stood, a soldier to the last right end,
A perfect patriot and a noble friend,
But most a virtuous son.
All offices were done
By him, so ample, full, and round
In weight, in measure, number, sound,
As, though his age imperfect might appear,
His life was of humanity the sphere.

The Stand

Go now, and tell out days summed up with fears,
And make them years;
Produce thy mass of miseries on the stage
To swell thine age;
Repeat of things a throng,
To show thou hast been long,
Not lived; for life doth her great actions spell,
By what was done and wrought
In season, and so brought
To light: her measures are, how well
Each syllab'e answered, and was formed how fair;
These make the lines of life, and that's her air.

The Turn

It is not growing like a tree

In bulk, doth make men better be,
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

The Counter-Turn

Call, noble Lucius, then for wine,
And let thy looks with gladness shine:
Accept this garland, plant it on thy head,
And think, nay, know, thy Morison's not dead.
He leaped the present age,
Possest with holy rage,
To see that bright eternal day,
Of which we priests and poets say
Such truths as we expect for happy men,
And there he lives with memory: and Ben

The Stand

Jonson, who sung this of him ere he went
Himself to rest,
Or taste a part of that full joy he meant
To have expressed
In this bright asterism:
Where it were friendship's schism,
(Were not his Lucius long with us to tarry)
To separate these twi-
Lights, the Dioscuri,
And keep the one half from his Harry.
But fate doth so alternate the design,
Whilst that in heaven, this light on earth must shine.

The Turn

And shine as you exalted are,
Two names of friendship, but one star,
Of hearts the union. And those not by chance
Made, or indentured, or leased out t' advance
The profits for a time.
No pleasures vain did chime
Of rhymes, or riots at your feasts,
Orgies of drink, or feigned protests;

But simple love of greatness and of good
That knits brave minds and manners, more than blood.

The Counter-Turn

This made you first to know the why
You liked, then after to apply
That liking; and approach so one the t'other,
Till either grew a portion of the other;
Each stylèd by his end,
The copy of his friend.
You lived to be the great surnames
And titles by which all made claims
Unto the virtue: nothing perfect done,
But as a Cary or a Morison.

The Stand

And such a force the fair example had,
As they that saw
The good and durst not practise it, were glad
That such a law
Was left yet to mankind;
Where they might read and find
Friendship in deed was written, not in words.
And with the heart, not pen,
Of two so early men,
Whose lives her rolls were, and records,
Who, ere the first down bloomèd on the chin
Had sow'd these fruits, and got the harvest in.

Song: to Celia

Come, my Celia, let us prove,
While we can, the sports of love;
Time will not be ours forever;
He at length our good will sever.
Spend not then his gifts in vain.
Suns that set may rise again;
But if once we lose this light,
'Tis with us perpetual night.
Why should we defer our joys?
Fame and rumor are but toys.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor household spies,
Or his easier ears beguile,
So removèd by our wile?

’Tis no sin love’s fruit to steal;
But the sweet thefts to reveal,
To be taken, to be seen,
These have crimes accounted been.

Song to Celia II

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.

The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be.

But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

Epitaph on S.P., a Child of Queen Elizabeth’s Chapel

Weep with me, all you that read
This little story;
And know for whom a tear you shed,
Death's self is sorry.
'Twas a child that so did thrive
In grace and feature,
As Heaven and Nature seemed to strive
Which owned the creature.
Years he numbered scarce thirteen
When Fates turned cruel,
Yet three filled zodiacs had he been
The stage's jewel;
And did act (what now we moan)
Old men so duly,
As, sooth, the Parcae thought him one,
He played so truly.

So, by error, to his fate
They all consented;
But viewing him since (alas, too late),
They have repented,
And have sought (to give new birth)
In baths to steep him;
But, being so much too good for earth,
Heaven vows to keep him.

On My First Sonne

Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy;
My sin was too much hope of thee, lov'd boy.
Seven years tho' wert lent to me, and I thee pay,
Exacted by thy fate, on the just day.
O, could I lose all father now! For why
Will man lament the state he should envy?
To have so soon 'scap'd world's and flesh's rage,
And if no other misery, yet age?
Rest in soft peace, and, ask'd, say, "Here doth lie
Ben Jonson his best piece of poetry."
For whose sake henceforth all his vows be such,
As what he loves may never like too much.

Inviting a Friend to Supper

Tonight, grave sir, both my poor house and I
Do equally desire your company:
Not that we think us worthy such a guest,
But that your worth will dignify our feast
With those that come; whose grace may make that seem
Something, which else could hope for no esteem.
It is the fair acceptance, Sir, creates
The entertainment perfect: not the cates.
Yet shall you have, to rectify your palate,
An olive, capers, or some better salad
Ushering the mutton; with a short-legged hen,
If we can get her, full of eggs, and then
Lemons and wine for sauce; to these, a coney
Is not to be despaired of, for our money;
And though fowl, now, be scarce, yet there are clerks,
The sky not falling, think we may have larks.
I'll tell you of more, and lie, so you will come:
Of partridge, pheasant, woodcock, of which some
May yet be there; and godwit, if we can,
Knot, rail, and ruff, too. Howsoe'er, my man

Shall read a piece of Virgil, Tacitus,
Livy, or of some better book to us,
Of which we'll speak our minds amidst our meat;
And I'll profess no verses to repeat:
To this, if aught appear which I know not of,
That will the pastry, not my paper, show of.
Digestive cheese and fruit there sure will be;
But that which most doth take my Muse and me
Is a pure cup of rich Canary wine,
Which is the Mermaid's now, but shall be mine;
Of which, had Horace or Anacreon tasted,
Their lives, as do their lines, till now had lasted.
Tobacco, Nectar, or the Thespian spring
Are all but Luther's beer to this I sing.
Of this we shall sup free, but moderately,
And we will have no Pooly, or Parrot by;
Nor shall our cups make any guilty men,
But at our parting we shall be as when
We innocently met. No simple word
That shall be uttered at our mirthful board
Shall make us sad next morning, or affright
The liberty that we'll enjoy tonight.

To John Donne

Donne, the delight of Phoebus and each Muse
Who, to thy one, all other brains refuse;
Whose every work of thy most early wit
Came forth example, and remains so yet;
Longer a-knowing than most wits do live;
And which no affection praise enough can give!
To it, thy language, letters, arts, best life,
Which might with half mankind maintain a strife.
All which I meant to praise, and yet I would;
But leave, because I cannot as I should!

Begging Another

For love's sake, kiss me once again;
I long, and should not beg in vain,
Here's none to spy or see;
Why do you doubt or stay?
I'll taste as lightly as the bee
That doth but touch his flower and flies away.

Once more, and faith I will be gone;

Can he that loves ask less than one?
Nay, you may err in this
And all your bounty wrong;
This could be called but half a kiss,
What we're but once to do, we should do long.

I will but mend the last, and tell
Where, how it should have relished well;
Join lip to lip, and try
Each suck other's breath.
And whilst our tongues perplexed lie,
Let who will, think us dead or wish our death.

An Elegy

Though beauty be the mark of praise,
  And yours of whom I sing be such
  As not the world can praise too much,
Yet 'tis your Virtue now I raise.

A virtue, like allay so gone
  Throughout your form as, though that move
  And draw and conquer all men's love,
This subjects you to love of one.

Wherein you triumph yet—because
  'Tis of your flesh, and that you use
  The noblest freedom, not to choose
Against or faith or honour's laws.

But who should less expect from you?
  In whom alone Love lives again:
  By whom he is restored to men,
And kept and bred and brought up true.

His falling temples you have rear'd,
  The wither'd garlands ta'en away;
  His altars kept from that decay
That envy wish'd, and nature fear'd:

And on them burn so chaste a flame,
  With so much loyalty's expense,
  As Love to acquit such excellence
Is gone himself into your name.

And you are he—the deity
  To whom all lovers are design'd
  That would their better objects find;
Among which faithful troop am I—

Who as an off'ring at your shrine
  Have sung this hymn, and here entreat
  One spark of your diviner heat
To light upon a love of mine.

Which if it kindle not, but scant
  Appear, and that to shortest view;
  Yet give me leave to adore in you
What I in her am grieved to want!

Song: to Sicknesse

Why, Disease, dost thou molest
Ladies? and of them the best?
Do not men, ynow of rites
To thy altars, by their nights
Spent in surfets: and their dayes,
And nights too, in worser wayes?
Take heed, Sicknesse, what you do,
I shall feare, you'll surfet too.
Live not we, as, all thy stals,
Spittles, pest-house, hospitals,
Scarce will take our present store?
And this age will build no more:
'Pray thee, feed contented, then,
Sicknesse; only on us men.
Or if needs thy lust will taste
Woman-kind; devoure the waste
Livers, round about the town.
But forgive me, with thy crown
They maintaine the truest trade,
And have more diseases made.
What should, yet, thy pallat please?
Daintinesse, and softer ease,
Sleeked lims, and finest blood?
If thy leannesse love such food,
There are those, that, for thy sake,
Do enough; and who would take
Any paines; yea, think it price,
To become thy sacrifice.

That distill their husbands land
In decoctions; and are mann'd
With ten Emp'ricks, in their chamber,
Lying for the spirit of amber.
That for the oyle of Talck, dare spend
More than citizens dare lend
Them, and all their officers.
That to make all pleasure theirs,
Will by coach, and water go,
Every stew in towne to know;
Date entayle their loves on any,
Bald, or blind, or nere so many:
And, for thee at common game,
Play away, health, wealth, and fame.
These, disease, will thee deserve:
And will, long ere thou should'st starve,
On their bed most prostitute,
Move it, as their humblest sute,
In thy justice to molest
None but them, and leave the rest.

The Triumph of Charis

See the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty;
And, enamoured, do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth!
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
Than words that soothe her!
And from her arched brows, such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good, of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall o' the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of beaver?
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

The Alchemist: Prologue

Fortune, that favours fools, these two short hours,
We wish away, both for your sakes and ours,
Judging spectators; and desire, in place,
To the author justice, to ourselves but grace.
Our scene is London, 'cause we would make known,
No country's mirth is better than our own:
No clime breeds better matter for your whore,
Bawd, squire, impostor, many persons more,
Whose manners, now call'd humours, feed the stage;
And which have still been subject for the rage
Or spleen of comic writers. Though this pen
Did never aim to grieve, but better men;
Howe'er the age he lives in doth endure
The vices that she breeds, above their cure.
But when the wholesome remedies are sweet,
And in their working gain and profit meet,
He hopes to find no spirit so much diseased,
But will with such fair correctives be pleased:
For here he doth not fear who can apply.
If there be any that will sit so nigh
Unto the stream, to look what it doth run,
They shall find things, they'd think or wish were done;
They are so natural follies, but so shewn,
As even the doers may see, and yet not own.

An Ode: to Himself

Where dost thou careless lie,
Buried in ease and sloth?
Knowledge that sleeps doth die;
And this security,
It is the common moth
That eats on wits and arts, and oft destroys them both.

Are all th' Aonian springs
Dried up? lies Thespia waste?
Doth Clarius' harp want strings,
That not a nymph now sings?
Or droop they as disgrac'd,
To see their seats and bowers by chatt'ring pies defac'd?

If hence thy silence be,
As 'tis too just a cause,
Let this thought quicken thee:
Minds that are great and free
Should not on fortune pause;
'Tis crown enough to virtue still, her own applause.

What though the greedy fry
Be taken with false baites
Of worded balladry,
And think it poesy?
They die with their conceits,
And only piteous scorn upon their folly waits.

Then take in hand thy lyre,
Strike in thy proper strain,
With Japhet's line aspire
Sol's chariot for new fire,
To give the world again;
Who aided him will thee, the issue of Jove's brain.

And since our dainty age
Cannot endure reproof,
Make not thyself a page
To that strumpet, the stage,
But sing high and aloof,
Safe from the wolf's black jaw and the dull ass's hoof.

Living By

Walking, snow falling, it is possible
to focus at various distances
in turn on separate flakes, sharply engage
the attention at several spatial points:
the nearer cold and more uncomfortable,
the farther distanced and almost pleasing.

Living, time passing, it is preferable

to focus the memory in turn upon
the more distant retrospects in order
that the present mind may retain its peace.

Yet knowing that seeing and remembering
are both of course personal illusions.

His Excuse for Loving

Let it not your wonder move,
Less your laughter, that I love.
Though I now write fifty years,
I have had, and have, my peers.
Poets, though divine, are men;
Some have loved as old again.
And it is not always face,
Clothes, or fortune gives the grace,
Or the feature, or the youth;
But the language and the truth,
With the ardor and the passion,
Gives the lover weight and fashion.
If you then would hear the story,
First, prepare you to be sorry
That you never knew till now
Either whom to love or how;
But be glad as soon with me
When you hear that this is she
Of whose beauty it was sung,
She shall make the old man young,
Keep the middle age at stay,
And let nothing hide decay,
Till she be the reason why
All the world for love may die.

A Fit of Rhyme against Rhyme

Rhyme, the rack of finest wits,
That expresseth but by fits
True conceit,
Spoiling senses of their treasure,
Cozening judgment with a measure,
But false weight;
Wresting words from their true calling,
Propping verse for fear of falling
To the ground;
Jointing syllabes, drowning letters,
Fast'ning vowels as with fetters

They were bound!
Soon as lazy thou wert known,
All good poetry hence was flown,
And art banish'd.
For a thousand years together
All Parnassus' green did wither,
And wit vanish'd.
Pegasus did fly away,
At the wells no Muse did stay,
But bewail'd
So to see the fountain dry,
And Apollo's music die,
All light failed!
Starveling rhymes did fill the stage;
Not a poet in an age
Worth crowning;
Not a work deserving bays,
Not a line deserving praise,
Pallas frowning;
Greek was free from rhyme's infection,
Happy Greek by this protection
Was not spoiled.
Whilst the Latin, queen of tongues,
Is not yet free from rhyme's wrongs,
But rests foiled.
Scarce the hill again doth flourish,
Scarce the world a wit doth nourish
To restore
Phoebus to his crown again,
And the Muses to their brain,
As before.
Vulgar languages that want
Words and sweetness, and be scant
Of true measure,
Tyrant rhyme hath so abused,
That they long since have refused
Other cæsure.
He that first invented thee,
May his joints tormented be,
Cramp'd forever.
Still may syllabes jar with time,
Still may reason war with rhyme,
Resting never.
May his sense when it would meet
The cold tumor in his feet,

Grow unsounder;
And his title be long fool,
That in rearing such a school
Was the founder.

To Penshurst

Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show,
Of touch or marble; nor canst boast a row
Of polished pillars, or a roof of gold;
Thou hast no lantern, whereof tales are told,
Or stair, or courts; but stand'st an ancient pile,
And, these grudged at, art reverenced the while.
Thou joy'st in better marks, of soil, of air,
Of wood, of water; therein thou art fair.
Thou hast thy walks for health, as well as sport;
Thy mount, to which the dryads do resort,
Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made,
Beneath the broad beech and the chestnut shade;
That taller tree, which of a nut was set
At his great birth where all the Muses met.
There in the writhèd bark are cut the names
Of many a sylvan, taken with his flames;
And thence the ruddy satyrs oft provoke
The lighter fauns to reach thy Lady's Oak.
Thy copse too, named of Gamage, thou hast there,
That never fails to serve thee seasoned deer
When thou wouldst feast or exercise thy friends.
The lower land, that to the river bends,
Thy sheep, thy bullocks, kine, and calves do feed;
The middle grounds thy mares and horses breed.
Each bank doth yield thee conies; and the tops,
Fertile of wood, Ashore and Sidney's copse,
To crown thy open table, doth provide
The purpled pheasant with the speckled side;
The painted partridge lies in every field,
And for thy mess is willing to be killed.
And if the high-swollen Medway fail thy dish,
Thou hast thy ponds, that pay thee tribute fish,
Fat aged carps that run into thy net,
And pikes, now weary their own kind to eat,
As loath the second draught or cast to stay,
Officiously at first themselves betray;
Bright eels that emulate them, and leap on land
Before the fisher, or into his hand.
Then hath thy orchard fruit, thy garden flowers,

Fresh as the air, and new as are the hours.
The early cherry, with the later plum,
Fig, grape, and quince, each in his time doth come;
The blushing apricot and woolly peach
Hang on thy walls, that every child may reach.
And though thy walls be of the country stone,
They're reared with no man's ruin, no man's groan;
There's none that dwell about them wish them down;
But all come in, the farmer and the clown,
And no one empty-handed, to salute
Thy lord and lady, though they have no suit.
Some bring a capon, some a rural cake,
Some nuts, some apples; some that think they make
The better cheeses bring them, or else send
By their ripe daughters, whom they would commend
This way to husbands, and whose baskets bear
An emblem of themselves in plum or pear.
But what can this (more than express their love)
Add to thy free provisions, far above
The need of such? whose liberal board doth flow
With all that hospitality doth know;
Where comes no guest but is allowed to eat,
Without his fear, and of thy lord's own meat;
Where the same beer and bread, and selfsame wine,
This is his lordship's shall be also mine,
And I not fain to sit (as some this day
At great men's tables), and yet dine away.
Here no man tells my cups; nor, standing by,
A waiter doth my gluttony envy,
But gives me what I call, and lets me eat;
He knows below he shall find plenty of meat.
The tables hoard not up for the next day;
Nor, when I take my lodging, need I pray
For fire, or lights, or livery; all is there,
As if thou then wert mine, or I reigned here:
There's nothing I can wish, for which I stay.
That found King James when, hunting late this way
With his brave son, the prince, they saw thy fires
Shine bright on every hearth, as the desires
Of thy Penates had been set on flame
To entertain them; or the country came
With all their zeal to warm their welcome here.
What (great I will not say, but) sudden cheer
Didst thou then make 'em! and what praise was heaped
On thy good lady then, who therein reaped

The just reward of her high housewifery;
To have her linen, plate, and all things nigh,
When she was far; and not a room but dressed
As if it had expected such a guest!
These, Penshurst, are thy praise, and yet not all.
Thy lady's noble, fruitful, chaste withal.
His children thy great lord may call his own,
A fortune in this age but rarely known.
They are, and have been, taught religion; thence
Their gentler spirits have sucked innocence.
Each morn and even they are taught to pray,
With the whole household, and may, every day,
Read in their virtuous parents' noble parts
The mysteries of manners, arms, and arts.
Now, Penshurst, they that will proportion thee
With other edifices, when they see
Those proud, ambitious heaps, and nothing else,
May say their lords have built, but thy lord dwells.

John Fletcher and Francis Beaumont

1579-1625 **1584-1616**

This is an amazingly unique union of two outstanding poets and playwrights in the history of not only English, but also world literature and poetry ever known.

John Fletcher, an English poet and playwright of the late Renaissance in England, born in December 1579, in the town of Rye, Sussex; considered a younger contemporary of W. Shakespeare. John Fletcher was born in the family of a country priest, Richard Fletcher. History has not left us the circumstances that led to the emergence of the creative union of Beaumont and Fletcher. It is believed that Fletcher, who was five years older than Beaumont, was the initiator of the union.

Fletcher died during the plague epidemic, was buried in the Church of St. Savior near the Globe Theatre (England, London) in August 1625.

Francis Beaumont, an English playwright of the late Renaissance, a younger contemporary of William Shakespeare, was born about 1584, in Grace Dieu, Fringstone, Leicestershire, England. Beaumont was a nobleman, born the son of a civil judge at the monastery of Grace Dieu in Leicestershire. The future playwright and poet was expected to receive a university education, in 1597 he was enrolled at Broadgates Hall, Oxford (now Pembroke College), but for an unknown reason left the university and in 1600 entered the Inner Temple Law School in London to study law. Beaumont died on March 6, 1616 and was buried in Westminster Abbey in London near the tombs of Chaucer and Spenser.

Songs from the Plays

From *The Tragedy of* Valentinian

Heare ye Ladies that despise
What the mighty Love has done,
Feare examples, and be wise,
Faire *Calisto* was a Nun,
Laeda sayling on the streame,
To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
Doted on a silver Swan,
Danae in a Brazen Tower,
Where no love was, lov'd a Showre.
Heare ye Ladies that are coy,
What the mighty Love can doe,
Feare the fiercenesse of the Boy,
The chaste Moon he makes to wooe:
Vesta kindling holy fires,
Circled round about with spies,
Never dreaming loose desires,
Doting at the Altar dies.
Ilion in a short hour higher
He can build, and once more fire.

From *The Bloody Brother*

Take, oh take those Lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those Eyes, like break of day,
Lights that do mislead the Morn,
But my *Kisses* bring again,
Seals of Love, though seal'd in vain.
Hide, oh hide those hills of Snow,
Which thy frozen Blossom bears,

On whose tops the Pinks that grow
Are of those that *April* wears,
But first set my poor Heart free,
Bound in those Ivy Chains by thee.

From *Henry the Eighth*

Orpheus with his Lute made Trees,
And the Mountaine tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing.
To his Musicke, Plants and Flowers
Ever spring; as Sunne and Showres,
There had been a lasting Spring.
Every thing that heard him play,
Even the Billowes of the Sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay ty
In sweet Musicke is such Art,
Killing care, and griefe of heart,
Fall asleepe, or hearing dye.

From *The Tragedy of* V*alentinian*

Care charming sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to death, sweetly thy self dispose
On this afflicted Prince, fall like a Cloud
In gentle showres, give nothing that is lowd,
Or painfull to his slumbers; easie, sweet,
And as a purling stream, thou son of night,
Passe by his troubled senses; sing his pain
Like hollow murmuring Winde, or silver Raine,
Into this Prince gently, Oh, gently slide,
And kisse him into slumbers like a Bride.

From *The Nice Valour*

Hence all you vaine Delights,
As short as are the nights,
Wherein you spend your folly,
Ther's nought in this life, sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only Melancholy,
Oh sweetest Melancholy.
Welcome folded Armes, and fixed Eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fast'ned to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound.
Fountaine heads, and pathlesse Groves,

Places which pale passion loves:
Moon-light walkes, when all the fowles
Are warmly hous'd, save Bats and Owles;
A mid-night Bell, a parting groane,
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley.
Nothing so daintie sweet, as lovely Melancholy.

From Love's *Cure*

Turn, turn thy beauteous face away,
How pale and sickly looks the day,
In emulation of thy brighter beams'
Oh envious light, fly, fly, begone,
Come night, and peece two breasts as one:
When what love does, we will repeat in dreams
Yet (thy eyes open) who can day hence fright
Let but their lids fall, and it will be night.

From *Women Pleas'd*

0 faire sweet face, 0 eyes celestiall bright,
Twin-stars in Heaven that now adorn the night:
0 fruitfull lips, where Cherries ever grow,
And Damask cheeks, where all sweet beauties blow:
0 thou from head to foot divinely faire,
Cupid's most cunning Nets made of that haire,
And as he weaves himselfe for curious eyes;
0 me, 0 me, I am caught my selfe, he cryes:
Sweet rest about thee sweet and golden sleepe.
Soft peacefull thoughts, your hourly watches keep,
While I in wonder sing this sacrifice,
To beauty sacred, and those Angell-eyes.

Lord Herbert of Cherbury
1583-1648

Edward Herbert, 1st Baron Herbert was born March 3, 1583, Eyton-on-Severn, Shropshire, England. He was well-educated person - English courtier, soldier, diplomat, historian, metaphysical poet, and philosopher. He is also

remembered as "the father of English Deism" and for his revealing *Autobiography*. Brother of the devotional poet George Herbert, he graduated from the Oxford University. From 1608 to 1617 he campaigned in Holland and travelled in France and Italy. He was ambassador at Paris for five years and received Irish and English peerages (1624, 1629) for his political services.

Herbert was an independent, original poet, who caught and continued the poetic manner of Donne and adapted it to his new themes, showing his prowess as a faithful disciple of Donne, and his autobiography provides a lively account of his life up until 1624. His poems, published in 1665 (reprinted and edited by John Churton Collins in 1881), show him in general a faithful disciple of Donne. His satires are poor, but a few of his lyrical verses show power of reflection and true inspiration, while his use of the metre afterwards employed by Tennyson in his "In Memoriam" is particularly happy and effective. His Neo-Latin poems are evidence of his scholarship. Three of these had appeared together with the *De causis errorum* in 1645. [Wikipedia]

His Watch, When H*e Could Not* Sleep

Uncessant Minutes, whil'st you move you tell
The time that tells our life, which though it run
Never so fast or farr, you'r new begun
Short steps shall overtake; for though life well

May scape his own Account, it shall not yours,
You are Death's Auditors, that both divide
And summ what ere that life inspir'd endures
Past a beginning, and through you we bide

The doom of Fate, whose unrecall'd Decree
You date, bring, execute; making what's new
Ill and good, old, for as we die in you,
You die in Time, Time in Eternity.

Madrigal

How should I love my best?
What though my love unto that height be grown,
That taking joy in you alone
I utterly this world detest,
Should I not love it yet as th'only place
Where Beauty hath his perfect grace,
And is possest?

But I beauties despise,
You, universal beauty seem to me,

Giving and shewing form and degree
To all the rest, in your fair eyes,
Yet should I not love them as parts whereon
Your beauty, their perfection
And top, doth rise?

But ev'n my self I hate,
So far my love is from the least delight
That at my very self I spite,
Sensless of any happy state,
Yet may I not with justest reason fear
How hating hers, I truly her Can celebrate?
This unresolved still Although world, life, nay what is fair beside I cannot for your sake abide,
Methinks I love not to my fill,
Yet if a greater love you can devise,
In loving you some otherwise,
Believe't, I will.

Elegy over a Tomb

Must I then see, alas! eternal night
Sitting upon those fairest eyes,
And closing all those beams, which once did rise
So radiant and bright,
That light and heat in them to us did prove
Knowledge and Love?

Qh, if you *did delight no* more to stay
Upon this low and earthly stage
But rather chose an endless heritage,
Tell us at least, we pray,
Where all the beauties that those ashes ow'd
Are now bestow'd?

Doth the Sun now his light with yours renew?
Have Waves the curling of your hair?
Did you restore unto the Sky and Air,
The red, and white, and blew?
Have you vouchsafed to flowrs since your death
That sweetest breath?

Had not Heav'ns Lights else in their houses slept,
Or to some private life retir'd?
Must not the Sky and Air have else conspir'd,

And in their Regions wept?
Must not each flower else the earth could breed
Have been a weed?

But thus enrich'd may we not yield some cause
Why they themselves lament no more?
That must have changed the course they held before,
And broke their proper Laws,
Had not your beauties giv'n this second birth
To Heaven and Earth?

Tell us, for Oracles must still ascend,
For those that crave them at your tomb:
Tell us, where are those beauties now become,
And what they now intend:
Tell us, alas, that cannot tell our grief,
Or hope relief.

Sonnet

Innumerable Beauties, thou white haire
Spredde forth like to a Region of the Aire,
Curld like a sea, and like Ethereall fire
Dost from thy vitall principles aspire
To bee the highest Element of faire,
From thy proud heights, thou so commandst desire
That when it would presume, it grows, dispare,
And from it selfe a Vengeance, doth require,
While absolute in that thy brave command
Knittinge each haire, into an awfull frowne
Like to an Hoste of Lightninges,thou dost stand
To ruine all that fall not prostrate doune
While to the humble like a beamy Croune
Thou seemest wreathed, by some immortall Hande.

Echo to a Rock

Thou heaven-threat'ning Rock, gentler then shel
Since of my pain
Thou still more sensible wilt be,
Only when thou giv'st leave but to complain,
Echo Complain.
But thou dost answer too, although in vain
Thou answer'st when thou canst no pity show.
Echo Oh.

What canst thou speak and pity too?
Then yet a further favour do,
And tell if of my griefs I any end shall know.
Echo No.
Sure she will pity him that loves her so truly.
Echo You ly.
Vile Rock, thou now grow'st so unruly,
That had'st thou life as thou hast voice,
Thou should'st dye at my foot.
Echo Dye at my foot.
Thou canst not make me do't
Unless thou leave it to my choice,
Who thy hard sentence shall fulfll,
When thou shalt say, I dye to please her only wil.
Echo I will.
When she comes hither, then, I pray thee, tell,
Thou art my Monument, and this my last farewel
Echo Well.

James Shirley
1596-1666

Shirley was born in London in 1596 and was descended from the Shirleys of Warwick, the oldest knighted family in Warwickshire. He was an English poet and dramatist. He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School, London, St John's College, Oxford, and St Catharine's College, Cambridge, where he took his BA degree in or before 1618.

His first poem, "Echo, or the Unfortunate Lovers*"* was published in 1618. Shirley's *Poems* (1646) contained the epyllion "Narcissus*"* and the masque "The Triumph of Beauty. A Contention for Honour and Riches" (1633) appeared in an altered and enlarged form in 1659 as "Honoria and Mammon. His Contention of Ajax and Ulysses" closes with the well-known lyric "The Glories of our Blood and

State." In the final pedagogic stage of his career, Shirley published an English grammar written in poetry, titled "Rudiments of Grammar: The Rules Composed in English Verse for the Greater Benefit and Delight of Young Beginners" (1656).

Dirge

From *The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses*

The glories of our blood and state,
Are shadows, not substantial things,
There is no armour against fate,
Death lays his icy hand on Kings,
Scepter and crown,
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made,
With the poor crooked sithe and spade.
Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill,
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still;
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they pale Captives creep to death.
The Garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds,
Upon Deaths purple Altar now,
See where the Victor-victim bleeds,
Your heads must come,
To the cool Tomb,
Onely the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

Song

From *The Imposture*

You Virgins that did late despair
To keep your wealth from cruel! men,
Tie up in silk your careles hair,
Soft peace is come agen.
Now Lovers eyes may gently shoot
A flame that wo'not kill:
The Drum was angry, but the Lute
Shall wisper what you will.
Sing *Io, Io,* for his sake,
Who hath restor'd your drooping heads,

With choice of sweetest flowers make
A garden where he treads.
Whilst we whole groves of Laurel bring,
A petty triumph to his brow,
Who is the Master of our Spring,
And all the bloom we owe.

William Strode
1598 – 1645

William Strode was born in 1602/1603, Devon, England. English poet, orator and preacher, Doctor of Divinity, William Strode had a reputation as a witty and moralizing preacher, an elegant orator and an outstanding poet.

The Strode family seat was the Newnham estate in the parish of Plympton St Mary. His parents sent him to be educated at Westminster School in London and he then went up to Christ Church College, Oxford. He actually remained there for the rest of his life, becoming the college's Public Orator in 1629.

His writing started at an early age and by the time he was 17 a poem that he had written in Latin called *Annae Funebria Sacra* was published. He earned a Bachelors' degree in 1621 and he followed this with an MA three years later.

Much of Strode's poetry could be described as elegies and love poems which were fairly typical of the time that they were written.

Among his works are: *Song of Death and the Resurrection, A Riddle: On A Kiss, Love Compared To A Game Of Table.* They revealed the possession of a fine technique, a subtle interplay of sound and color, a masterful polishing of detail.

William Strode died on the 10th March 1645 at the age of either 42 o, 43 and buried in Oxford.

On Weshvall Downs

When Westwall Downes I gan to tread,
Where cleanely wynds the greene did sweepe,
Methought a landskipp there was spread,
Here a bush and there a sheepe:
The pleated wrinkles of the face

Of wave-swolne earth did lend such grace,
As shadowings in Imag'ry
Which both deceive and please the eye.

The sheepe sometymes did tread the maze
By often wynding in and in,
And sometymes round about they trace
Which milkmaydes call a Fairie ring:
Such semicircles have they runne,
Such lynes acrosse so trymly spunne
That sheppeards learne whenere they please
A new Geometry with ease.

The slender food upon the downe
Is allwayes even, allwayes bare,
Which neither spring nor winter's frowne
Can ought improve or ought impayre:
Such is the barren Eunuches chynne,
Which thus doth evermore begynne
With tender downe to be orecast
Which never comes to haire at last.

Here and there twoe hilly crests
Amiddst them hugg a pleasant greene,
And these are like twoe swelling breasts
That close a tender fall betweene.
Here would I sleepe, or read, or pray
From early morne till flight of day:
But barke! a sheepe-bell calls mee upp,
Like Oxford colledge bells, to supp.

A Devonshire Song

Thou ne're wutt riddle, neighbour Jan
Where ich a late ha been-a?
Why ich ha been at Plymoth, Man,
The leeke was yet ne're zeen-a.
Zutch streetes, zutch men, zutch hugeous zeas,
Zutch things with guns there tumbling,
Thy zelfe leeke me thoudst blesse to see,
Zutch overmonstrous grumbling.

The towne orelaid with shindie stone
Doth glissen like the skee-a:
Brave shopps stand ope, and all yeare long
I thinke a Faire there bee-a:

A many gallant man there goth
In gold that zaw the King-a;
The King zome zweare himzelfe was there,
A man or zome zutch thing-a.

Voole thou that hast no water past,
But thicka in the Moore-a,
To zee the zea would be agast,
It doth zoe rage and roar-a:
Zoe zalt it tasts thy tongue will thinke
The vier is in the water;
It is zoe wide noe lande is spide,
Looke ne're zoe long thereafter.

The Water vrom the Element
None can dezeave cha vore-a,
It semmeth low, yet all consent
Tis higher than the Moore-a.
Tis strang how looking down the Cliffe
Men looke mere upward rather;
If these same Eene had it not zeen
Chud scarce beleeve my Vather.

Amid the water woodden birds,
And vlying houses zwimme-a,
All vull of goods as ich have heard
And men up to the brimm-a:
They venter to another world
Desiring to conquier-a,
Vow which their guns, vowle develish ons,
Doe dunder and spitt vier-a.

Good neighbour Tom, how farre is that?
This meazell towne chill leave-a;
Chill mope noe longer here, that's vlatt
To watch a Sheepe or Sheare-a:
Though it as varre as London be,
Which ten mile ich imagin,
Chill thither hie for this place I
Doe take in greate indulgin.

On His Mistress

(Attributed to Strode)

Gaze not on swims in whoso soft breast
A full hatch! bounty seems to rest,

Nov snow which lulling from the sky
Hovers in its virginity.

Gaze not on roses though new blown
Grac'd with a fresh complexion,
Nor lilly which no subtle bee
Hath rob'd by kissing chemistry.

Gaze not on that pure milky way
Where night vies splendour with the day,
Nor pearls whose silver walls confine
The riches of an Indian mine:

For if my emperesse appears
Swans moultring dy, snows melt to tears,
Roses do blush and hang their heads
Pale lillyes shrink into their beds;

The milky way rides past to shrowd
Its baffled glory in a clowd,
And pearls do climb unto her eare
To hang themselves for envy there.

So have I seene stars big with light,
Proud lanthorns to the moon-ey'd night,
Which when Sol's rays were once display'd
Sunk in their sockets and decay'd.

On Chloris walking in the snow

I saw fair Chloris walk alone,
Whilst feathered rain came softly down
And Jove descended from his tower
To court her in a silver shower.
The wanton snow flew on her breast
Like little birds unto their nest;
But overcome with whitness there,
For grief it thawed into a tear;
Thence falling on her garment's hem,
To deck her, froze into a gem.

The commendation of music

When whispering strains, with creeping wind
Distil soft passion through the heart;
And when at every touch we find
Our pulses beat, and bear a part;

When threads can make
A heart-string shake:
Philosophy
Can not deny
Our souls consist of harmony.
When unto heavenly joys we feign
Whate'er the soul affecteth most,
Which only thus we can explain,
By music of the heavenly host,
Whose lays, methink,
Make stars to shrink:
Philosophy
May judge thereby
Our souls consist of harmony.
O lull me! lull me! charming air,
My senses rock with wonder sweet;
Like snow on wool thy fallings are;
Soft as a spirit's are thy feet;
Grief who need fear
That hath an ear?
Down let him lie
And slumbering die
And change his soul for harmony.

On the Bible

Behold this little volume here enrolled:
'Tis the Almighty's present to the world.
Harken, earth's earth! each senseless thing can hear
His Maker's thunder, though it want an ear.
God's word is senior to his works; nay rather,
If rightly weighed the world may call it father:
God spake, 'twas done; this great foundation
Is the Creator's exhalation.
Breathed out in speaking. The best work of man
Is better than his word; but if we scan
God's word aright, his works far short do fall:
The word is God, the works are creatures all.
The sundry pieces of this general frame
Are dimmer letters, all which spell the same
Eternal word; but these cannot express
His greatness with such easy readiness,
And therefore yield. The heavens shall pass away,
The sun and moon and stars shall all obey
To light one general bonfire; but his word,
His builder-up, his all-destroying sword,

That still survives; no jot of that can die;
Each tittle measures immortality.
The word's own Mother, on whose breast did hang
The world's upholder drawn into a span,
She, she was not so blest because she bare him
As'cause herself was new-born and did hear him:
Before she had brought forth she heard her Son
First speaking in the annunciatiön;
And then, even then, before she brought forth child,
By name of blessèd she herself enstyled.
Once more this mighty word his people greets,
Thus lapped and thus swathed up in paper sheets:
Read here God's image with a zealous eye,
The legible and written Deity.

On a great hollow tree

Prithee awhile and view this tree
Renowned and honoured for antiquity
By all the neighbouring twigs - for such are all
The trees adjoining, be they ne'er so tall,
Compared to this. If here Jack Maypole stood
All men would swear 'twere but a fishing-rod.
Mark but the great trunk, which when you see,
You see how many woods and groves there be
Comprised within one elm. The hardy stock
Is knotted like a club, and who dares mock
His strength by shaking it? Each brawny limb
Could pose the centaur Monychus, or him
That waved a hundred hands, ere he could wield
That sturdy weight, whose large extent might shield
A poor man's tenement. Great Ceres' oak
Which Erysichthon felled, could not provoke
Half so much hunger for his punishment
As heving this would do by consequent.
Nothing but age could tame it. Age came on,
And lo, a lingering consumption
Devoured the entrails, where an hollow cave,
Without the workman's help, began to have
The figure of a tent: a pretty cell,
Where grand Silcnus might not scorn to dwell
And owls might fear to harbour though they brought
Minerva's warrant for to bear them out
In this their bold attempt.
Look down into
The twisted curls, the wreathing to and fro

Contrived by nature, where you may descry
How hall and parlour, how the chambers lie.
And were't not strange to see men stand alone
On legs of skin without or flesh or bone?
Or that the selfsame creature should survive
After the heart is dead? This tree can thrive
Thus maimed and thus impaired: no other prop
But only bark remains to keep it up.
Yet thus supported it doth firmly stand,
Scorning the sawpit, though so near at hand:
No yawning grave this grandsire elm can fright,
Whilst youngling trees are martyred in his sight.
O learn the thrift of nature, that maintains
With needy mire stolen up in hidden veins
So great a bulk of wood. Three columns rest
Upon the rotten trunk, whereof the least
Were mast for Argos.0 The open back below
And three long legs above do make it show
Like a huge trivet or a monstrous chair
With the heels turned upward. How proper, O how fair
A seat were this for old Diogenes
To grumble in, and bark out oracles,
And answer to the raven's augury
That builds above. Why grew not this strange tree
Near Delphos? Had this wooden majesty
Stood in Dodona forest, then would Jove
Forgo his oak and only this approve.
Had those old Germans that did once admire
Deformed groves, and worshipping with fire
Burnt men unto their gods, had they but seen
These horrid stumps, they canonised had been,
And highly too: this tree would calm more gods
Than they had men to sacrifice, by odds
You hamadryades, that wood-born be,
Tell me the causes how this portly tree
Grew to this haughty stature? Was it then
Because the mummies of so many men
Fattened the ground? or 'cause the neighbour spring
Conduits of water to the root did bring?
Was it with Whitsun sweat, or ample snuff
Of my lord's beer, that such a bigness stuffs
And breaks the bark? O this it is, no doubt!
This tree.1 warrant you, can number out
Your Westwell animals and distinctly tell
The progress of this hundred years, as well

By lords and ladies as ere Rome could do
By consulships. These boughs can witness too
How goodman Berry tripped it in his youth
And how his daughter Joan of late forsooth
Became her place. It might as well have grown,
If Pan had pleased, on top of Westwell Down
Instead of that proud ash, and easily
Have given aim to travellers passing by
With wider arms. But see, it more desired
Here to be loved at home than there admired;
And porter-like it here defends the gate
As if it once had been great Askapate.
Had warlike Arthur's days enjoyed this elm,
Sir Tristram's blade and good Sir Lancelot's helm
Had been bedecked his locks with fertile store
Of votive relics which those champions wore;
Until perhaps (as 'tis with great men found)
Those burdenous honours crushed it to the ground.
But in these times 'twere far more trim
If pipes and citterns hung on every limb;
As since the fiddlers it hath heard so long,
I'm sure by this time it deserves my song.

George Herbert
1593-1648

George Herbert was born on April 3, 1593 at Black Hall in Montgomery, Wales. His family on his father's side was one of the oldest, distinguished and most powerful in Montgomeryshire, having settled there in the early 13th century.

George was tutored at home and then entered Westminster School, probably in 1604, a distinguished grammar school that not only grounded him in the study of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and music, but also introduced him to Lancelot Andrewes, one of the great churchmen and preachers of the time. From Westminster, Herbert

went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1609 and began one of the most important institutional affiliations of his life, one that lasted nearly 20 years. At Cambridge, Herbert moved smoothly through the typical stages of academic success: he earned a BA then an MA; obtained a Minor fellowship then a Major fellowship, which involved increasing responsibilities as a tutor and lecturer; and was made university orator in 1620. Herbert wrote much of his poetry during his Cambridge years. George Herbert's greatness as a religious poet came in some measure from his struggle with the temptations of poetry itself. His carefully arranged collection called "The Temple" had a great influence on such poets as Crashaw, Vaughan, and Traherne in a variety of ways. *The Temple* is an astonishing work, reflecting at once a discontent with the fashions of complex, post-Petrarchan amatory' verse. The poem is in one sense a constant attempt, in poem after poem, to make poetry do the work of prayer and devotion. In another way, these poems go to make up a private liturgy of the vicarage, a day-to-day meditative regimen attuned not to canonical hours or days, but to a personal array of occasion of poems present a spectrum of almost celestial variety. Herbert's poetic world is ever-conscious of music as well, and he employs the word "sing" in a way parallel to, but very different from neoclassical poet's use to mean "write poetry."[1, p.666]

The Pearl

(Matthew 13:45)

I know the wayes of Learning; both the head
And pipes that feed the presse, and make it runne;
What reason hath from nature borrowed,
Or of it self, like a good huswife, spunne
In laws and policie; what the starres conspire,
What willing nature speaks, what forc'd by fire;
Both th' old discoveries, and the new-found seas,
The stock and surplus, cause and historic:
All these stand open, or I have the keyes:
Yet I love thee.
I know the wayes of Honour, what maintains
The quick returns of courtesie and wit:
In vies of favours whether partie gains,
When glorie swells the heart, and moldeth it
To all expressions both of hand and eye,
Which on the world a true-love-knot may tie,
And bear the bundle, wheresoe're it goes:
How many drammes of spirit there must be
To sell my life unto my friends or foes:
Yet I love thee.
I know the wayes of Pleasure, the sweet strains,
The lullings and the relishes of it;
The propositions of hot bloud and brains;
What mirth and musick mean; what love and wit

Have done these twentie hundred yeares, and more:
I know the projects of unbridled store:
My stuffe is flesh, not brasse; my senses live,
And grumble oft, that they have more in me
Then he that curbs them, being but one to five
Yet I love thee.
I know all these, and have them in my hand:
Therefore not sealed, but with open eyes
I flie to thee, and fully understand
Both the main sale, and the commodities;
And at what rate and price I have thy love;
With all the circumstances that may move:
Yet through these labyrinths, not my groveling wit,
But thy silk twist let down from heav'n to me,
Did both conduct and teach me, how by it
To climbe to thee.

Man

My God, I heard this day,
That none doth build a stately habitation,
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, then is Man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.

For Man is ev'ry thing,
And more: He *is* a tree, yet bears more fruit;
A beast, yet is, or should be more:
Reason and speech we onely bring.
Parrats may thank us, if they are not mute,
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetric,
Full of proportions, one limbe to another,
And all to all the world besides:
Each part may call the furthest, brother:

For head with foot hath private amitie,
And both with moons and tides.
Nothing hath got so farre,
But Man hath caught and kept it, as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest starre:
He is in little all the sphere.
Herbs gladly cure our flesh; because that they
Find their acquaintance there.

For us the windes do blow,
The earth doth rest, heav'n move, and fountains fow.
Nothing we see, but means our good,
As our delight, or as our treasure:
The whole is, either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The starres have us to bed;
Night draws the curtain, which the sunne withdraws;
Musick and light attend our head.
All things unto our flesh are kinde
In their descent and being; to our minde
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of dutie:
Waters united are our navigation;
Distinguished, our habitation;
Below, our drink; above, our meat;
Both are our cleanlinesse. Hath one such beautie?
Then how are all things neat?

More servants wait on Man,
Then he'l take notice of: in ev'ry path
He treads down that which doth befriend him,
When sicknesse makes him pale and wan.
Oh mightie love! Man is one world,and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then,my God, thou hast
So brave a Palace built;O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at lastl
Till then, afford us so much wit;
That, as the world serves us, we may serve thee,
And both thy servants be.

Miserie

Lord, let the Angels praise thy name.
Man is a foolish thing, a foolish thing,
Folly and Sinne play all his game.
His house still burns, and yet he still doth sing,
Man is but grasse,
He knows it, fill the glasse.

How canst thou brook his foolishnesse?

Why, he'l not lose a cup of drink for thee:
Bid him but temper his excesse;
Not he: he knows where he can better be,
As he will swear,
Then to serve thee in fear.

What strange pollutions doth he wed,
And make his own? as if none knew but he.
No man shall beat into his head,
That thou within his curtains drawn canst see:
They are of cloth,
Where never yet came moth.

The best of men, turn but thy hand
For one poore minute, stumble at a pinne:
They would not have their actions scann'd,

Nor any sorrow tell them that they sinne,
Though it be small,
And measure not their fall.
They quarrell thee, and would give over
The bargain made to serve thee: but thy love
Holds them unto it, and doth cover
Their follies with the wing of thy milde Dove,
Not suff'ring those
Who would, to be thy foes.
My God, Man cannot praise thy name:
Thou art all brightnesse, perfect puritie;
The sunne holds down his head for shame,
Dead with eclipses, when we speak of thee:
How shall infection
Presume on thy perfection?

As dirtie hands foul all they touch,
And those things most, which are most pure and fine:
So our clay hearts, ev'n when we crouch
To sing thy praises, make them lesse divine.
Yet either this,
Or none, thy portion is.

Man cannot serve thee; let him go,
And serve the swine: there, there is his delight:
He doth not like this vertue, no;
Give him his dirt to wallow in all night:

These Preachers make
His head to shoot and ake.

Oh foolish man! where are thine eyes?
How hast thou lost them in a croud of cares?
Thou pull'st the rug, and wilt not rise,
No, not to purchase the whole pack of starres:
There let them shine,
Thou must go sleep, or dine.

The bird that sees a daintie bowre
Made in the tree, where she was wont to sit,
Wonders and sings, but not his power
Who made the arbour: this exceeds her wit
But Man doth know
The spring, whence all things flow:

And yet, as though he knew it not,
His knowledge winks, and lets his humours reigne;
They make his life a constant blot,
And all the bloud of God to run in vain.
Ah wretch! what verse
Can thy strange wayes rehearse?

Indeed at first Man was a treasure,
A box of jewels, shop of rarities,
A ring, whose posie was, *My pleasure;*
He was a garden in a Paradise:
Glorie and grace
Did crown his heart and face.
But sinne hath fool'd him. Now he is
A lump of flesh, without a foot or wing
To raise him to a glimpse of blisse:
A sick toss'd vessel, dashing on each thing;
Nay, his own shelf:
My God, I mean my self.

Hope

I gave to Hope a watch of mine: but he
An anchor gave to me.
Then an old prayer-book I did present:
And he an optick sent.
With that I gave a vitall full of tears:
But *he* a few green cares.
Ah Loyterer! He no more, no more I'le bring;

I did expect a ring.

Artilecrie

As I one cv'ning sat before my cell,
Me thoughts a starre did shoot into my lap.
1 rose, and shook my clothes, as knowing well,
That from small fires comes oft no small mishap.
When suddenly I heard one say,
Do as thou usest, disobey,
Expell good motions from thy breast,
Which have the face of fire, but end in rest.

I, who had heard of musick in the spheres,
But not of speech in starres, began to muse:
But turning to my God, whose ministers
The starres and all things are; If I refuse,
Dread Lord, said I, so oft my good;
Then I refuse not ev'n with bloud
To wash away my stubborn thought:
For I will do or suffer what I ought.

But I have also starres and shooters too,
Born where thy servants both artilleries use.
My tears and prayers night and day do wooe,
And work up to thee; yet thou dost refuse.
Not but I am (I must say still)
Much more oblig'd to do thy will,
Then thou to grant mine: but because
Thy promise now hath ev'n set thee thy laws.

Then we are shooters both, and thou dost deigne
To enter combate with us, and contest
With thine own clay. But I would parley fain:
Shunne not my arrows, and behold my breast.
Yet if thou shnnnest, I am thine:
I must be so, if I am mine.
There is no articling with thee:
I am but finite, yet thine infinitely.

The Collar

I struck the board, and cry'd, No more.
I will abroad.
What? shall I ever sigh and pine?
My fines and fife are free; free as the rode,
Loose as the winde, as large as store.

Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me bloud, and not restore
What I have lost with cordiall fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did drie it: there was corn
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the yeare onely lost to me?
Have I no bayes to crown it?
No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted?
All wasted?
Not so, my heart: but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures; leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit, and not. Forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands,
Which pettie thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
Away; take heed:
I will abroad.
Call in thv deaths head there: tie up thy fears.
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need,
Deserves his load.
But as 1 rav'd and grew more fierce and wilde
At every word,
Me thought I heard one calling, *Child!*
And I reply'd *My Lord.*

Clasping of Hands

Lord, thou art mine, and I am thine,
If mine I am: and thine much more,
Then 1 or ought, or can be mine.
Yet to be thine, doth me restore;
So that again I now am mine,
And with advantage mine the more,
Since this being mine, brings with it thine.
And thou with me dost thee restore.
If I without thee would be mine,
I neither should be mine nor thine.
Lord, I am thine, and thou art mine:
So mine thou art, that something more

I may presume thee mine, then thine.
For thou didst suffer to restore
Not thee, but me, and to be mine,
And with advantage mine the more,
Since thou in death wast none of thine,
Yet then as mine didst me restore.
O be mine still! still make me thine'
Or rather make no Thine and Mine!

The Flower

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! ev'n as the flowers in spring;
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.
Who would have thought my shrive'd heart
Could have recover'd greennesse? It was gone
Quite under ground; as flowers depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.
These are thy wonders, Lord of power,
Killing and quickning, bringing down to hell
And up to heaven in an houre;
Making a chimig of a passing-bell.
We say amisse,
This or that is:
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,
Fast in thy Paradise, where no flower can wither!
Many a spring I shoot up fair,
Offring at heav'n, growing and groning thither:
Nor doth my flower
Want a spring-showre,
My sinnes and 1 joining together.

But while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if heav'n were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline:
What frost to that? what pole is not the zone,
Where all things burn,

When thou dost turn,
And the least frown of thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing: O my onely light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom thy tempests fell all night.

These are thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide:
Which when we once can finde and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

Love

Love bade me welcome: yet my soul drew back,
Guiltie of dust and sinne.
But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
If I lack'd any thing.
A guest, I answer'd, worthy to be here:
Love said, You shall be he.
I the unkinde, ungratefull? Ah my deare,
I cannot look on thee.
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
Who made the eyes but I?

Truth Lord, but I have marr'd them: let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.
And know you not, sayes Love, who bore the blame?
My deare, then I will serve.
You must sit down, sayes Love, and taste my meat
So I did sit and eat.

From **The Temple**

Love-joy

As on a window late I cast mine eye,

I saw a vine drop grapes with *J* and C
Annealed to every bunch. One standing by
Asked what it meant; I, who am never loth
To spend my judgment, said, It seemed to me
To be the body and the letters both
Of *Joy* and *Charity.* 'Sir, you have not missed,'
The man replied; 'It figures JESUS CHRIST.'

Easter-Wings

Lord, who createdst man in wealth and store.
Though foolishly he lost the same,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Most poor:
With thee
O Let me rise
As larks, harmoniously,
And sing this day thy victories:
Then shall the fall further the flight in me.
My tender age in sorrow did begin:
And still with sicknesses and shame
Thou didst so punish sin,
That I became
Most thin.
With thee
Let me combine,
And feel this day thy victory:
For, if I imp my wing on thine,
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

Sonnet

Mv God, where is that ancient heal towards thee,
Wherewith whole shoals of martyrs once did burn,
Besides their other flames? Doth poetry
Wear Venus' livery? only serve her turn?
Why are not sonnets made of thee? and lays
Upon thine altar burnt? Cannot thy love
Heighten a spirit to sound out thy praise
As well as any she? Cannot thy Dove
Outstrip their Cupid easily in flight?
Or, since thy ways arc deep, and still the same,
Will not a verse run smooth that bears thy name?
Why doth that fire, which by thy power and might
Each breast does feel, no braver fuel choose
Than that, which one day worms may chance refuse?

The Pulley

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
'Let us' (said he) 'pour on him all we can:
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.'

So strength first made a way;
Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honour, pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone of all his treasure
Rest in the bottom lay.

'For if I should' (said he)
'Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both should losers be.

'Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness:
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet wariness
May toss him to my breast.'

Richard Crashaw
1613-1649

Richard Crashaw was born in London in 1613 in a Yorkshire clergyman family. Crashaw studied at the Charterhouse and the Pembroke College, Cambridge. In 1634, the year of his graduation, he published "Epigrammatum Sacrorum Liber*"* ("A Book of Sacred Epigrams"), a collection of Latin verse on scriptural

subjects. He held a fellowship at Peterhouse, Cambridge, a center of High Church thought, where he was ordained.

Richard Crashaw was one of the major poets of the Metaphysical school of poets in 17th century English literature. He is known for his religious verse of vibrant style and brilliant wit. As a metaphysical poet, he used conceits to draw analogies between the physical beauty of nature and the spiritual significance of existence. Many volumes of verse stand to his credit, among them - *Poems and Epigrams of Richard Crashaw* (1670), *A Letter from Mr. Crashaw to the Countess of Denbigh Against Irresolution and Delay in Matters of Religion* (1653), *Hymns to Our Lord* (published posthumously in 1652), and *A Book of Sacred Epigrams* (1634). Crashaw prepared the first edition of his *Steps to the Temple: Sacred Poems, with Other Delights of the Muses* for publication in 1646. It included religious and secular poems in Latin and English. His English religious poems were republished in Paris in 1652 under the title *Carmen Deo Nostro* (Hymn to Our Lord). Some of his finest lines are those appended to *The Flaming Heart*, a poem on St. Teresa of Avila. Some of his more intense secular poetry, like the grand "Music's Duel", shares with his devotional verse "a delight in expressive energy itself, banishing good taste and rhetorical control as a Cavalier love lyrist would banish prudence, a delight that found no strength save at the brink of rage, no fullness saves in overflow" [The literature of Renaissance England, p.679].

In the Holy Nativity of Our Lord God

A Hymn Sung as by The Shepheards

CHORUS. Come we shepheards whose blest Sight
Hath mett love's Noon in Natures night;
Come lift we up our loftyer Song
And wake the SUN that lyes too long.
To all our world of well-stoln joy
He slept; and dream't of no such thing.
While we found out Heavn's fairer ey
And Kis't the Cradle of our KING.
Tell him He rises now, too late
To show us ought worth looking at.
Tell him we now can show Him more
Than He e're show'd to mortall Sight;
Then he Himselfe *ere* saw before;
Which to be seen needes not His light.
Tell him, Tityrus, where th'hast been
Tell him, Thyrsis, what th'hast seen.
TITYRUS, Gloomy night embrac't the Place
Where The Noble Infant lay.
The BABE look't up and shew'd his Face;
In spite of Darknes, it was DAY.

It was THY day, SWEET! and did rise
Not from the EAST, but from thine EYES.
CHORUS. It was THY day, SWEET, etc.
THYRSIS. WINTER chidde aloud; and sent
The angry North to wage his wanes.
The North forgott his feirce Intent;
And left perfumes instead of scarres.
By those sweet eyes' persuasive powrs
Where he m eant frost, he scatter'd flowrs.
CHORUS. By those sweet eyes', etc.
BOTH. We saw thee in thy baulmy Nest,
Young dawn of our aetemall DAY!
We saw thine eyes break from their EASTS
And chase the trembling shades away.
We saw thee; and we blest the sight
We saw thee by thine own sweet light.
TITYRUS. Poor WORLD (said I.) what wilt thou doe
To entertain this starry STRANGER?
Is this the best thou canst bestow?
A cold, and not too cleanly, manger?
Contend, ye powres of heav'n and earth.
To fitt a bed for this huge birthe.
CHORUS. Contend ye powres, etc.
THYRSIS. Proud world, said I; cease your contest
And let the MIGHTY BABE alone.
The Phoenix builds the Phoenix nest.
Love's architecture is his own.
The BABE w hose birth embraves this morn,
Made his own b ed e're he was born.
CHORUS. The BABE whose, etc.
TITYRUS. I saw the curl'd drops, soft a n d slow
Come hovering o're the place shead;
Off ring their whitest sheets of snow
To furnish the fair INFANT'S bed
Forbear, sayd I; be not too bold.
Your fleece is white but t's too cold.
CHORUS. Forbear, sayd I, etc.
THYRSIS. 1 saw the obsequious SERAPHIMS
Their rosy fleece of fire bestow.
For well they now can spare their wings
Since UEAVN itself lyes here below.
Well done, sayd I: but are you sure
Your down so warm, will passe for pure?
CHORUS. Well done, sayd I, etc.
TITYRUS. No no, your KING'S not yet to seeke

Where to repose his Royall HEAD
See see, how soon his new-bloom'd CHEEK
Twixt's mother's brests is gone to bed,
Sweet choise, sayd we! no way but so
Not to ly cold, yet sleep in snow.
CHORUS. Sweet choise, sayd we, etc.
BOTH. We saw thee in thy baulmy nest,
Bright dawn of our aeternall Day!
We saw thine eyes break from their EAST
And chase the trembling shades away.
We saw thee: and we blest the sight.
We saw thee, by tliine own sweet light.
CHORUS. We saw thee, etc.
FULL CHORUS. Wellcome, all WONDERS in one sight!
Eternity shutt in a span.
Sommer in Winter. Day in Night,
Heaven in earth, and GOD in MAN.
Great little one! whose all-embracing birth
Lifts earth to heaven, stoopes heav'n to earth.
Wellcome, though nor to gold nor silk.
To more then Caesars birthright is;
Two sister-seas of Virgin-Milk,
With many a rarely-temper'd kisse
That breathes at once both MAID and MOTHER,
Warmes in the one, cooles in the other.
Wellcome, though not to those gay flyes.
Guilded i'th' Beames of earthly kings;
Slippery soules in smiling eyes;
But to poor Shepheards, home-spun things:
Whose Wealth's their flock; whose witt, to be
Well read in their simplicity.
Yet when young April's husband showrs
Shall blesse the fruitfull Maja's bed
We'l bring the First-born of her flowrs
To kisse thy FEET and crown thy HEAD.
To thee, dread Iambi whose love must keep
The shepheards, more then they the sheep.
To THEE, meek Majesty! soft KING
Of simple GRACES and sweet LOVES.
Each of us his lamb will bring
Each his pair of sylver Doves;
Till burnt at last in fire of Thy fair eyes,
Our selves become our own best SACRIFICE.

A *Hymn to the Name* and Honor

***of the Admirable* Sainte Teresa**

Love, thou a t Absolute sole lord
OF LIFE and DEATH. To prove the word,
Wee'I now appeal to none of all
Those thy old Souldiers, Great and tall,
Ripe Men of Martyrdom, that could reach down
With strong armes, their triumphant crown;
Such as could with lusty breath
Speak lowd into the face of death
Their Great LORD'S glorious name, to none
Of those whose spatious Bosomes spread a throne
For LOVE at larg to fill: spare blood and sweat;
And see him take a private seat,
Making his mansion in the mild
And milky soul of a soft child.
Searse has she learn't to lisp the name
Of Martyr; yet she thinks it shame
Life should so long play with that breath
Which spent can buy so brave a death.
She never undertook to know
What death with love should have to doe;
Nor has she e're yet understood
Why to show love, she should shed blood
Yet though she cannot tell you why,
She can LOVE, and she can DY.
Scarse has she Blood enough to make
A guilty sword blush for her sake;
Yet has she'a HEART dares hope to prove
How much lesse strong is DEATH then LOVE.
Be love but there; let poor six yeares
Be pos'd with the maturest Feares
Man trembles at, you straight shall find
LOVE knowes no nonage, nor the MIND.
'T'is LOVE, not YEARES or LIMBS that can
Make the Martyr, or the man.
LOVE touch't her HEART, and lo it beates
High, and burnes with such brave heates;
Such thirsts to dy, as dares drink up,
A thousand cold deaths in one cup.
Good reason. For she breathes All fire.
Her weake brest heaves with strong desire
Of what she may with fruitles wishes
Seek for amongst her MOTHER'S kisses.
Since 'tis not to be had at home

She'll travail to a Martyrdom.
No home for hers confesses she
But where she may a Martyr be.
She'l to the Moores; And trade with them,
For this unvalued Diadem.
She'l offer them her dearest Breath,
With CHRIST'S Name in't, in change for death.
She'l bargain with them; and will give
Them GOD; teach them how to live
In him: or, if they this deny,
For him she'l teach them how to DY.
So shall she leave amongst them sown
Her LORD'S BLOOD; or at lest her own.
Farewell, then, all the world! Adieu.
TERESA is no more for you.
Farewell, all pleasures, sports, and joyes,
(Never till now esteemed toyes)
Farewell what ever deare may bee,
MOTHER'S armes or FATHER'S knee
Farewell house, and farewell home!
SHE'S for the Moores, and MARTYRDOM.
SWEET, not so fast! lo thy fair Spouse
Whom thou seekst with no swift vowes.
Calls thee back, and bidds thee ccme
T'embrace a milder MARTYRDOM
Blest powres forbid.Thy tender life
Should bleed upon a barbarous knife;
Or some base hand have power to race
Thy Brest's chast cabinet and uncase
A soul kept there so sweet o no;
Wise heavn will never have it so
THOU art love's victime; and must dv
A death more mysticall and high.
Into love's armes thou shalt let fall
A still-surviving funerall.
His is the DART must make the
DEATH Whose stroke shall
Vast thy hallow'd breath;
A Dart thrice dip't in that rich flame
Which writes thy spouse's radiant Name
Upon the roof of Heavn; where ay
It shines, and with a soveraign ray
Beates bright upon the burning faces
Of soules which in that name's sweet graces
Find everlasting smiles. So rare,

So spirituall, pure, and fair
Must be th'immortall instrument
Upon whose choice point shall be sent
A life so lov'd; And that there be
Fitt executioners for Thee,
The fair'st and first-born sons of fire
Blest SERAPHIM, shall leave their quire
And turn love's souldiers, upon THEE
To exercise their archerie.
O how oft shalt thou complain
Of a sweet and subtle PAIN.
Of intolerable JOYES;
Of a DEATH, in which who dyes
Loves his death, and dyes again.
And would for ever so be slain.
And lives, and dyes; and knowes not why
To five, But that he thus may never leave to DY.
How kindly will thy gentle HEART
Kisse the sweetly-killing DART!
And close in his embraces keep
Those delicious Wounds, that weep
Balsom to heal themselves with. Thus
When These thy DEATHS, so numerous,
Shall all at last dy into one,
And melt thy Soul's sweet mansion;
Like a soft lump of incense, hasted
By too hott a fire, and wasted
Into perfuming clouds, so fast
Shall thou exhale to Heavn at last
In a resolving SIGH, and then
O what? Ask not the Tongues of men.
Angells cannot tell, suffice,
Thy selfe shall feel thine own full joyes
And hold them fast for ever. There
So soon as thou shalt first appear,
The MOON of maiden starrs, thy white
MISTRESSE, attended by such bright
Soules as thy shining self, shall come
And in her first rankes make thee room;
Where 'mongst her snowy family
Immortall wellcomes wait for thee.
O what delight, when reveal'd LIFE shall stand
And teach thy lipps heav n with his hand;
On which thou now maist to thy wishes
Heap up thy consecrated kisses.

What joyes shall seize thy soul, when she
Bending her blessed eyes on thee
(Those second Smiles of Heav'n) shall dart
Her mild rayes through thy melting heart!
  Angels, thy old friends, there shall greet thee
Glad at their own home now to meet thee.
  All thy good WORKES which went before
And waited for thee, at the door,
Shall own thee there; and all in one
Weave a constellation
Of CROWNS, with which the KING thy spouse
Shall build up thy triumphant browes.
  All thy old woes shall now smile on thee
And thy paines sitt bright upon thee
All thy sorrows here shall shine,
All thy SUFFRINGS be divine.
TEARES shall take comfort, and turn gemms
And WRONGS repent to Diademms.
Ev'n thy DEATHS shall live; and new
Dresse the soul that erst they slew.
Thy wounds shall blush to such bright scarres
As keep account of the LAMB'S warres.
  Those rare WORKES where thou shalt leave writt,
Love's noble history, with witt
Taught thee by none but him, while here
They feed our soules, shall cloth THINE there.
Each heavnly word by whose hid flame
Our hard Hearts shall strike fire, the same
Shall flourish on thy browes. And be
Both fire to us and flame to thee;
Whose light shall live bright in thy FACE
By glory, in our hearts by grace.
  Thou shalt look round about, and see
Thousands of crown'd Soules throng to be
Themselves thy crown. Sons of thy vowes
The virgin-births with which thy soveraign spouse
 Made fruitfull thy fair soul, goe now
 And with them all about thee bow
To Him, put on (hee'l say) put on
(My rosy love) That thy rich zone
Sparkling with the sacred flames
Of thousand soules, whose happy names
Heav'n keeps upon thy score. (Thy bright
Life brought them first to kisse the light
That kindled them to stairs.) And so

Thou with the LAMB, thy lord, shalt goe;
And whereso'ere he setts his white
Stepps, walk with HIM those wayes of light
Which who in death would live to see,
Must learn in life to dy like thee.

Wishes

To His (Supported) Mistresse

Who ere shee bee,
That not impossible shee
That shall command my heart and mee;

Where ere shee lye,
Lock't up from mortall Eye,
In shady leaves of Destiny:
Till that ripe Birth
Of studied life stand forth,
And teach her faire steps to our Earth;

Till that Divine
Idea, take a shrine
Of Chrystall flesh, through which to shine:

Meet you her my wishes,
Bespeake her to my blisses,
And bee yee call'd my absent kisses

I wish her Beauty,
That owes not all his Duty
To gaudy 'fire, or glistring shoo-ty.

Something more than
Taffata or Tissew can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fun,

More then the spoyle
Of shop, or silkewormes Toyle
Or a bought blush, or a set smile,

A face thats best
By its own beauty drest,
And can alone commend the rest.

A face *made* up Out. of no other shop,
Then what natures white hand sets ope.
A cheeke where Youth,

And Blood, with Pen of Truth
Write, what the Reader sweetly ru'th.
A Checke where growes

More then a Morning Rose:
Which to no Boxe his being owes.
Lipps, where all Day
A lovers kisse may play,
Yet carry nothing thence away.
Lookes that oppresse

Their richest Tires but dresse
And cloath their simplest Nakednesse.
Eyes, that displaces

The Neighbour Diamond, and out faces
That Sunshine by their owns sweet Graces.
Tresses, that weare

Jewells, but to declare
How much themselves more pretious are.
Whose native Ray,

Can tame the wanton Day
Of Corns, that in their bright shades play.
Each Ruby there,

Or Pearle that dare appeare,
Bee its owne blush, bee its owne Teare.
A well tam'd Heart,

For whose more noble smart,
Love may bee long chusing a Dart.
Eyes, that bestow

Full quivers on loves Bow;
Yet pay lesse Arrowes then they owe.
Smiles, that can warme

The blood, yet teach a charme,
That Chastity .shall take no harme.

Blushes, that bin

The burnish of no sin
Nor flames of ought too hot within.
Joyes, that confesse,
Vertue their Mistresse,
And have no other head to dresse.
Feares, fond and flight,

As the coy Brides, when Night
First does the longing lover right.
Teares, quickly fled,

And vaine, as those are shed
For a dying Maydenhead.
Dayes, that need borrow,

No part of their good Morrow,
From a fore spent night of sorrow.
Dayes, that in spight

Of Darkenesse, by the Light
Of a cleere mind are Day all Night.
Nights, sweet as they,

Made short by lovers play,
Yet long by th'absence of the Day.
Life, that dares send

A challenge to his end,
And when it comes say *Welcome Friend.*

Sydrwean showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can Crowne old Winters head with flowers,

Soft silken Houres,
Open sunnes; shady Bowers,
Bove all; Nothing within that lowres.

What ere Delight
Can make Dayes forehead bright;
Or give Downe to the Wings of Night.

In her whole frame,

Have Nature all the Name,
Art and ornament the shame.

Her flattery, Picture and Poesy,
Her counsell her owne vertue bee.

I wish, her store
Of worth, may leave her poore
Of wishes; And I wish—No more.

Now if Time knowes
That her whose radiant Browes,
Weave them a Garland of my vowes;
Her whose just Bayes,
My future hopes can raise,
A trophic to her present praise;
Her that dares bee,
What these Lines wish to see:
I seeke no further, it is shee.
'Tis shee, and heere
Lo I uncloath and cleare,
My wishes cloudy Character.
May shee enjoy it,
Whose merit dare apply it.
But Modesty dares still deny it.
Such worth as this is,
Shall fixe my flying wishes,
And determine them to kisses.
Let her full Glory.
My fancyes, fly before yee,
Bee ye my fictions; But her story.

From **Music's Duel**

Now Westward Sol had spent the richest beams,
Of noon's high glory, when hard by the streams
Of Tiber, on the scene of a green plat,
Under protection of an oak, there sat
A sweet lute's-master, in whose gentle airs
He lost the day's heat and his own hot cares.
Close in the covert of the leaves there stood
nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood
(The sweet inhabitant of each glad tree,
Their muse, their siren, harm less siren she):
There stood she listening, and did entertain
The music's soft report, and mould the same

In her own murmurs, that whatever mood
His curious fingers lent, her voice made good,
The man perceived his rival and her art,
Disposed to give the light-foot lady sport
Awakes his lute, and ’gainst the fight to come
Informs it, in a sweet praeludium,
Of closer strains, and ere the war begin,
He lightly skirmishes on every string
Charged with a flying touch, and straightway she
Carves out her dainty voice as readily
Into a thousand sweet distinguished tones.
And reckons up in soft divisions,
Quick volumes of wiki notes, Io let him know
By that shrill taste, she could do something too.
His nimble hands instinct then taught each string
A capering cheerfulness, and made them sing
To their own dance; now negligently rash
He throws his arm, and with a long drawn dash
Blends all together, then distinctly trips
From this Io that, then quick returning skips
And snatches this again, and pauses there.
She measures every measure, everywhere
Meets art with art; sometimes as if in doubt
Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out
Trails her plain ditty in one long-spun note
Through the sleek passage of her open throat:
A clear unwrinkled song, then doth she point it
With tender accents, and severely joint it
By short diminutives, that being reared
In controverting warbles evenly shared,
With her sweet self she wrangles; he amazed
That from so small a channel should be raised
The torrent of a voice, whose melody
Could melt into such sweet variety,
Strains higher yet; that tickled with rare art
The tattling strings (each breathing in his part)
Most kindly do fall out; the grumbling bass so
In surly groans disdains the treble’s grace.
The high-perched treble chirps at this and chides,
Until his finger (moderator) hides
And closes the sweet quarrel rousing all
Hoarse, shrill, at once, as when the trumpets call
Hot Mars to the harvest of death’s field, and woo
Men’s hearts into their hands; this lesson too
She gives him back; her supple breast thrills out

Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt
Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill,
And folds in waved notes0 with a trembling bill,
The pliant series of her slippery song.
Then starts she suddenly into a throng
Of short thick sobs, whose thundering volleys float
And roll themselves over her lubric throat
In panting murmurs, stilled out of her breast,
That ever-bubbling spring, the sugared nest
Of her delicious soul, that there does lie
Bathing in streams of liquid melody,
Music's best seed plot, when in ripened airs
A bold-headed harvest fairly rears
His honey-dropping tops, plowed by her breath
Which there reciprocally laboureth
In that sweet soil. Il seems a holy choir
Founded to the name of great Apollo's lyre,
Whose silver roof rings with the sprightly notes
Of sweet-lipped angel imps, that swill their throats
In cream of morning Helicon, and then
Prefer soft anthems to the ears of men,
To woo them from their beds, still murmuring
That men can sleep while they their matins sing
Most divine service! whose so early lay
Prevents the eyelids of the blushing day).
There might you hear her kindle her soft voice
In the dose murmur of a sparkling noise,
And lay the groundwork of her hopeful song,
Still keeping in the forward stream, so long,
Till a sweet whirlwind (striving to get out)
Heaves her soft bosom, wanders round about,
And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast,
Till the fledged notes at length forsake their nest,
Fluttering in wanton shoals, and to the sky,
Winged with their own wild echoes, prattling fly.
She opes the floodgate and lets loose a tide
Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth ride
On the waved back of every swelling strain,
Rising and falling in a pompous train.
And while she thus discharges a shrill peal
Of flashing airs, she qualifies their zeal
With the cool epode of a graver note,
Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
Would reach the brazen voice of war's hoarse bird;
Her little soul is ravished, and so poured

Into loose ecstasies that she is placed
Above herself, music's enthusiast.
Shame now and anger mixed a double stain
In the musician's face; 'Yet once again,
Mistress I come; now reach a strain, my lute,
Above her mock, or be forever mute.
Or tune a song of victory to me,
Or to thyself sing thine own obsequy.

Henry Vaughan
1622-1695

Henry Vaughan was born on April 17th 1622 in Brecknockshire (now Breconshire), south east Wales, in a distinguished family. His parents were Thomas and Denise. Henry grew familiar with hermetic and alchemical lore which fed into the entirely new kind of poetry he began to write in the late 1640's, poetry which appeared in his "Silex Scintillans". He was an outstanding representative of Anglo-Welsh poetry, and one of the most original poets of his day. Henry Vaughan was esteemed as one of the metaphysical poets, who were a group of 17th century British poets whose works were described as witty, elaborate and original and which questioned the meaning of spirituality and religion. Chiefly he had a gift of spiritual vision or imagination that enabled him to write freshly and convincingly. Vaughan's distinction is of a kind hardly to be found outside his lifetime. The new science, and the purgation from the humanist tradition of mysticism and pseudo-science, introduced a world in which poetry of his kind was all but impossible. He had much in common with Herbert, though he is less neat, less liturgical, less proverbial, and more strange than spiritually more consistent and intellectually more powerful poet; nonetheless, his best works stand with theirs as among the greatest of 17th century devotional poetry. He was equally gifted in writing about nature, holding the old view that every flower enjoys the air it breathes and that even sticks and stones share man's expectation of resurrection ("The Night"). In 1646 his "Poems, with the Tenth Satyre of Juvenal Englished*"* was published, followed by a second volume in 1647. Vaughan's masterpieces are in "Silex Scintillans*"* (1650); he also produced "The Sparkling Flint" and the prose "Mount of Olives: or, Solitary Devotions*"* (1652) which show the depth of his religious belief and the authenticity of his poetic genius.

Besides, he also produced a last volume of verse "Thalia Rediviva" (1678). Henry Vaughan died April 23rd 1695 at the venerable age of 74.

The Retreate

Happy those early days! When I
Shin'd in my Angell-infancy.
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy ought
When yet I had not walkt above
Amile, or two, from my first love,
And looking back (at that short space,)
Could see a glimpse of his bright-face;
When on some *gilded Cloud,* or *flower*
My gazing soul would dwell an houre,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My Conscience with a sinfull sound,
Or had the black art to dispence
A sev'rall sinne to ev'ry sence,
But felt through all this fleshly dresse
Bright *shootes* of everlastingnesse.
0 how I long to travell back
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plaine,
Where first I left my glorious traine,
From whence th' Inlightned spirit sees
That shady City of Palme trees;
But (ah!) my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way.
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move,
And when this dust falls to the urn
In that state I came return.

The World

I saw Eternity the other night
Like a great *Ring* of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright,
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years
Drivn by the spheres
Like a vast shadow mov'd, In which the world
And all her train were hurl'd;

The doting Lover in his queintest strain
Did their Complain,
Neer him, his Lute, his fancy, and his flights,
Wits sour delights,
With gloves, and knots the silly snares of pleasure
Yet his dear Treasure
All scatter'd lay, while he his eys did pour
Upon a flowr.
The darksome States-man hung with weights and woe
Like a thick midnight-fog mov'd there so slow
He did nor stay, nor go;
Condemning thoughts (like sad Ecclipses) scowl
Upon his soul,
And Clouds of crying witnesses without
Pursued him with one shout.
Yet dig'd the Mole, and lest his ways be found
Workt under ground,
Where he did Clutch his prey, but one did see
That policie,
Churches and altars fed him, Perjuries
Were gnats and flies,
It rain'd about him bloud and tears, but he
Drank them as free.
The fearfull miser on a heap of rust
Sate pining all his life there, did scarce trust
His own hands with the dust,
Yet would not place one peece above, but lives
In feare of theeves.
Thousands there were as frantick as himself
And hug'd each one his pelf,
The down-right Epicure plac'd heav'n in sense
And scornd pretence
While others slipt into a wide Excesse
Said little lesse;
The weaker sort slight, trivial! Wares Inslave
Who think them brave,
And poor, despised truth sate Counting by
Their victory.
Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
And sing, and weep, soar'd up into the Ring.
But most would use no wing.
0 fools (said I,) thus to prefer dark night
Before true light,
To live in grots, and caves, and hate the day
Because it shews the way,

The way which from this dead and dark abode
Leads up to God,
A way w here you might tread the Sun, and be
More bright than he.
But as I did their ma dries so discusse
One whisper'd thus,
This Ring the Bridy-groome did for none provide
But for his bride.

They are all gone into the world of light

They are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingring here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear,
It glows and glitters in my cloudy brest
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,
After the Sun's remove.
I see them walking in an Air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days:
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Meer glimering and decays.
0 holy hope! and high humility,
High as the Heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have shew'd them me
To kindle my cold love,
Dear, beauteous death! the Jewel of the Just,
Shining no where, but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust;
Could man outlook that mark!
He that hath found some fledg'd birds nest, may know
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair Well, or Grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.
And vet, as Angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep:
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted theams,
And into glory peep.
If a star confin'd into a Tomb
Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that loekt her up, gives room,
She'l shine through all the sphaere.
O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under theel

Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.
Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective (still) as they pass,
Or else remove me hence unto that hill.
Where I shall need no glass.

The Water-Fall

With what deep murmurs through times silent stealth
Doth thy transparent, cool and watry wealth
Here flowing fall,
And chide, and call,
As if his liquid, loose Retinue staid
Lingring, and were of this steep place afraid,
The common pass
Where, clear as glass,
All must descend
Not to an end:
But quickncd by this deep and rocky grave,
Rise to a longer course more bright and brave.
Dear stream! dear bank, where often I
Have sate, and pleas'd my pensive eye,
Why, since each drop of thy quick store
Runs thither, whence it flow'd before,
Should poor souls fear a shade or night,
Who came (sure) from a sea of light?
Or since those drops are all sent back
So sure to thee, that none doth lack,
Why should frail flesh doubt any more
That what God takes, hee'l not restore?
O useful Element and clear!
My sacred wash and cleanser here,
My first consigner unto those
Fountains of life, where the Lamb goes?
What sublime truths, and wholesome themes,
Lodge in thy mystical, deep streams!
Such as dull man can never finde
Unless that Spirit lead his minde,
Which first upon thy face did move,
And hatch 'd all with his quickning love.
As this loud brooks incessant fall
In streaming rings restagnates all,
Which reach by course the bank, and then
Are no more seen, just so pass men.
O m y invisible estate,

My glorious liberty, still late!
Thou art the Channel my soul seeks,
Not this with Cataracts and Creeks.

The Bird

Hither thou com'st: the busie wind all night
Blew through thy lodging, where thy own warm wing
Thy pillow was. Many a sullen storm
For which course man seems much the fitter born,)
Rain'd on thy bed
And harmless head.
And now as fresh and chearful as the light
Thy little heart in early hymns doth sing
Unto that *Providence,* whose unseen arm
Curb'd them, and cloath'd thee well and warm.
All things that be, praise him; and had
Their lesson taught them, when first made.
So hills and valleys into singing break,
And though poor stones have neither speech nor tongue,
While active winds and streams both run and speak,
Yet stones are deep in admiration.
Thus Praise and Prayer here beneath the Sun
Make lesser mornings, when the great are done.
For each inclosed Spirit is a star
Inlightning his own little sphaere,
Whose light, though fetcht and borrowed from far,
Both mornings makes, and evenings there.
But as these Birds of light make a land glad,
Chirping their solemn Matins on each tree:
So in the shades of night some dark fowls be,
Whose heavy notes make all that hear them, sad.
The Turtle then in Palm-trees mourns,
While Owls and Satyrs howl;
The pleasant Land to brimstone turns
And all her streams grow foul.
Brightness and mirth, and love and faith, all flye,
Till the Day-spring breaks forth again from high.

The Night

(John 2:3)

Through that pure *Virgin-shrine,*
That sacred vail drawn o'r thy glorious noon
That men might look and live as Glo-worms shine,
And face the Moon:
Wise *Nicodemus* saw such light

As made him know his God by night.
Most blest believer he!
Who in that land of darkness and blinde eyes
Thy long expected healing wings could see,
When thou didst rise,
And what can never more be done,
Did at mid-night speak with the Sun!
O who will tell me, where
He found thee at that dead and silent hour!
What hallow'd solitary ground did bear
So rare a flower,
Within whose sacred leafs did lie
The fulness of the Deity.
No mercy-seat of gold,
No dead and dusty *Cherub,* nor carv'd stone,
But his own living works did my Lord hold
And lodge alone;
Where *trees* and *herbs* did watch and peep
And wonder, while the *Jews* did sleep.
Dear night! this worlds defeat;
The stop to busie fools; cares check and curb;
The day of Spirits; my souls calm retreat
Which none disturb!
Christs progress, and his prayer time;
The hours to which high Heaven doth chime.
Gods silent, searching flight:
When my Lords head is flll'd with dew, and all
His locks are wet with the clear drops of night;
His still, soft call;
His knocking time; The souls dumb watch,
When Spirits their fair kinred catchy
Were all my loud, evil days
Calm and unhaunted as is thy dark Tent,
Whose peace but by some *Angels* wing or voice
Is seldom rent;
Then I in Heaven all the long year
Would keep, and never wander here.
But living where the Sun
Doth all things wake, and where all mix and tyre
Themselves and others, I consent and run
To ev'ry myre,
And by this worlds ill-guiding light,
Erie more then I can do by night.
There is in God (some say)
A deep, but dazling darkness; As men here

Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear;
O for that night! where I in him
Might live invisible and dim.

The Queer

O tell me whence that joy doth spring
Whose diet is divine and fair,
Which wears heaven, like a bridal ring,
And tramples on doubts and despair?
Whose Eastern traffique deals in bright
And boundless Empyrean themes,
Mountains of spice, Day-stars and light,
Green trees of life, and living streams?
Tell me, O tell who did thee bring
And here, without my knowledge, plac'd,
Till thou didst grow and get a wing,
A wing with eyes, and eyes that taste?
Sure, *holyness* the *Magnet* is,
And *Love* the *Lure,* that woos thee down;
Which makes the high transcendent bliss
Of knowing thee, so rarely known.

The Revival

Unfold, unfold! take in his light,
Who makes thy Cares more short than night.
The Joys, which with his *Day-star* rise,
He deals to all, but drowsy Eyes:
And what the men of this world miss,
Some *drops* and *dews* of future bliss.
Hark! how his *winds* have chang'd their note,
And with warm whispers call thee out.
The *frosts* are past, the *storms* are gone:
And backward *life* at last comes o.
The lofty *gloves* in express Joyes
Reply unto the *Turtles* voice,
And here in *dust* and *dirt*, O here
The *Lilies* of his love appear!

Man

Weighing the stedfastness and state
Of some mean things which here below reside,
Where birds like watchful Clocks the noiseless date
And Intercourse of times divide,
Where Bees at night get home and hive, and flowrs

Early, aswel as late,
Rise with the Sun, and set in the same bowrs;
I would (said I) my God would give
The staidness of these things to man! for these
To his divine appointments ever cleave,
And no new business breaks their peace;
The birds nor sow, nor reap, yet sup and dine,
The flowres without clothes live,
Yet *Solomon* was never drest so fine.
Man hath still either toyes, or Care,
He hath no root, nor to one place is ty'd,
But ever restless and Irregular
About this Earth doth run and ride,
He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows where,
He sayes it is so far
That he hath quite forgot how to go there.
He knocks at all doors, strays and roams,
Nay hath not so much wit as some stones have
Which in the darkest nights point to their homes,
By some hid sense their Maker gave;
Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest
And passage through these looms
God order'd motion, but ordain'd no rest.

Thomas Traherne
1637-1674

Thomas Traherne, a poet, was born in 1637, Hereford, England, and he was looked upon as the last of the mystical poets of the Anglican clergy. We know little of Traherne's life. The son of a Herefordshire shoemaker, Traherne was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford.

As a poet Traherne possessed originality of thought and intensity of feeling, particularly in his mystical evocations of the joy and innocence of childhood. His poetry is characterized by its celebratory tone and its focus on the beauty of the natural world. He wrote about his childhood experiences of nature with a sense of wonder and joy. He explored themes of innocence, childhood, the glory of creation, and the beatific vision of God. His poetry was deeply personal, filled with passion and wonder. Traherne's work, influenced by the writings of metaphysical poets, revealed a constant interaction of two opposites, the conjunction of the unreal and the real, the sentimental and the prosy. Like these poets, Traherne employed striking imagery, unconventional metaphors**,** and intricate rhyme schemes**.** He shared their fascination with the relationship between the earthly and the divine. His work, however, stands apart for its sustained tone of joyous celebration. Traherne's poems and those of his prose works were unpublished during the 17th century. In 1896-97, manuscripts of his poetry were discovered on a London bookstall. Rediscovered in the late 19th century, Thomas Traherne is now considered among the most important writers of the metaphysical school of the 17th century. His work was largely unknown during his lifetime and he is today considered one of the "lost poets of the 17th century"**.** Traherne's writing is now enjoyed for its unique perspective on the spiritual significance of everyday experience. His prolix, structurally uncomfortable poems represent in their own way a final stage of the Metaphysical devotional poetry springing from Donne and Herbert [Britannica].

Eden

A learned and a happy Ignorance
Divided me
From all the Vanity,
From all the Sloth, Care, Sorrow, that advance
The Madness and the Misery
Of Men. No Error, no Distraction, I
Saw cloud the Earth, or over-cast the Sky.
I knew not that there was a Serpent’s Sting,
Whose Poyson shed
On Men, did overspread
The World: Nor did I dream of such a thing
As Sin, in which Mankind lay dead.
They all were brisk and living Things to me,
Yea pure, and full of Immortality.
Joy, Pleasure, Beauty, Kindness, charming Lov,
Sleep, Life, and Light,
Peace, Melody, my Sight
Mine Ears and Heart did fill and freely mov;
All that I saw did me delight:
The *Universe was* then a *World* of Treasure
To me an Universal World of Pleasure.
Unwelcom Penitence I then thought not on;

Vain costly Toys,
Swearing and roaring Boys,
Shops, Markets, Taverns, Coaches, were unknown,
So all things were that drown my Joys:
No Thorns choakt-up my Path, nor hid the face
Of Bliss and Glory, nor eclypst my place.
Only what Adam in his first Estate Did I behold;
Hard Silver and dry Gold As yet lay under-ground:
My happy Fate Was more acquainted with the old
And innocent Delights which he did see
In his Original Simplicity
Those things which first his *Eden* did adorn,
My Infancy
Did crown: Simplicity
Was my Protection when I first was born.
Mine Eys those Treasures first did see
Which God first made: The first Effects of Lov
My first Enjoyments upon Earth did prov.
And were so Great, and so Divine, so Pure,
So fair and sweet,
So tru; when I did meet
Them here at first, they did my Soul allure,
And drew away mine Infant-feet
Quite from the Works of Men, that I might see
The glorious Wonders of the DEITY.

The Preparative

My Body being dead, my Limbs unknown;
Before 1 skill'd to prize
Those living Stars, mine Eys;
Before or Tongue or Cheeks I call'd mine own,
Before I knew these Hands were mine,
Or that my Sinews did my Members join;
When neither Nostril, foot, nor Ear,
As yet could be discern'd, or did appear;
I was within
A House I knew not, newly cloath'd with Skin.
Then was my Soul my only All to me,
A living endless Ey,
Scarce bounded with the Sky,
Whose Power, and Act, and Essence was to see:
I was an inward Sphere of Light,
Or an interminable Orb of Sight,
Exceeding that which makes the Days,
A *vital* Sun that shed abroad his Rays:

All Life, all Sense,
A naked, simple, pure Intelligence.
I then no Thirst nor Hunger did perceiv;
No dire Necessity
Nor W ant was known to me:
Without disturbance then I did receiv
The tru Ideas of all Things,
The Hony did enjoy without the Stings.
A meditating inward Ey
Gazing at Quiet did within me ly,
And all things fair
Delighted me that was to be their Heir.
For *Sight* inherits Beauty; *Hearing,* Sounds;
The *Nostril,* sweet Perfumes,
All Tastes have secret Rooms
Within the *Tongue;* the *Touching* feeleth Wounds
Of Pain or Pleasure; and yet I
For gat the rest, and was all Sight or Ey,
Unbody'd and devoid of Care,
Just as in Hev'n the Holy Angels are:
For simple Sense
Is Lord of all created Excellence.
Being thus prepar'd for all Felicity;
Not prepossest with Dross,
Nor basely glued to gross
And dull Materials that might ruin me,
Nor fetter'd by an Iron Fate,
By vain Affections in my earthy State,
To any thing that should seduce
My Sense, or els bereav it of its Use;
I was as free
As if there were nor Sin nor Misery.
Pure nativ Powers that Corruption loath,
Did, like the fairest Glass
Or, spotless polisht Brass,
Themselvs soon in their Object's Image cloath:
Divine Impressions, when they came,
Did quickly enter and my Soul enflame.
'Tis not the Object, but the Light,
That maketh Hev'n: 'Tis a clearer Sight.
Felicity
Appears to none but them that purely see.
A disentangled and a naked Sense,
A Mind that's unpossest,
A disengaged Breast,

A quick unprejudic'd Intelligence
Acquainted with the Golden Mean,
An eeven Spirit, quiet, and serene,
Is that where Wisdom's Excellence
And Pleasure keep their Court of Residence.
My Soul get free,
And then thou may'st possess Felicity.

Christendom

When first mine Infant-Ear
Of *Christendom* did hear,
I much admir'd what kind of Place or Thing
It was of which the Folk did talk:
What Coast, what Region, what therin
Did mov, or might be seen to walk.
My great Desire
Like ardent fire
Did long to know what Things did ly behind
That *Mystic Name,* to which mine Ey was blind.
Som Depth it did conceal,
Which till it did reveal
Its self to me, no Quiet, Peace, or Rest,
Could I by any Means attain;
My earnest Thoughts did me molest
Till som one should the thing explain:
I thought it was
A Glorious Place,
Where Souls might dwell in all Delight and Bliss;
So thought, yet fear'd that I the Truth might miss:
Among ten thousand things,
Gold, Silver, Cherub's Wings,
Pearls, Rubies, Diamonds, a Church with Spires,
Masks, Stages, Games and Plays,
That then might suit my yong Desires,
Feathers, and Farthings, Holidays,
Cards, Musick, Dice,
So much in price;
A City did before mine Eys present
Its self, wherin there reigned sweet Content.

Shadows in the Water

In unexperienc'd Infancy
Many a sweet Mistake doth ly:
Mistake, tho false, intending tru;
A *Seeming* somwhat more than *View;*

That doth instruct the Mind
In Things that ly behind,
And many Secrets to us show
Which afterwards we com to know.
Thus did I by the Water's brink
Another World beneath me think;
And while the lofty spacious Skies
Reversed there abus'd mine Eys,
I fancy'd other Feet
Came mine to touch or meet;
As by som Puddle I did play
Another World within it lay.
Beneath the Water Peeple drown'd,
Yet with another Hev'n crown'd,
In spacious Regions seem'd to go
As freely moving to and fro:
In bright and open Space
I saw their very face;
Eys, Hands, and Feet they had like mine;
Another Sun did with them shine.
'Twas strange that Peeple there should walk,
And yet I could not hear them talk:
That throu a little watry Chink,
Which one dry Ox-or Horse might drink,
We other Worlds should see,
Yet not admitted be;
And other Confines there behold
Of Light and Darkness, Heat and Cold.
I call'd them oft, but call'd in vain;
No Speeches we could entertain:
Yet did I there expect to find
Som other World, to pleas my Mind.
I plainly saw by these
A new *Antipodes,*
Whom, tho they were so plainly seen,
A Film kept off that stood between.
By walking Men's reversed Feet
I chanc'd another World to meet;
Tho it did not to View exceed
A Phantasm, 'tis a World indeed,
Where Skies beneath us shine,
And Earth by Art divine
Another face presents below,
Where Peeple's feet against Ours go.
Within the Regions of the Air,

Compass'd about with Hev'ns fair,
Great Tracts of Land there may be found
Enricht with Fields and fertil Ground;
Where many num'rous Hosts,
In those far distant Coasts,
For other great and glorious Ends,
Inhabit, my yet unknown Friends.
O ye that stand upon the Brink,
Whom I so near me, throu the Chink,
With Wonder see: What Faces there,
Whose Feet, whose Bodies, do ye wear?
I my Companions see
In You, another Me.
They seemed Others, but are We;
Our second Selvs those Shadows be.
Look how far off those lower Skies
Extend themselves! scarce with mine Eys
I can them reach. O ye my Friends,
What *Secret* borders on those Ends?
Are lofty Hevens hurl'd
'Bout your inferior World?
Are ye the Representatives
Of other Peopl's distant Lives?
Of all the Play-mates which I knew
That here I do the Image view
In other Selvs; what can it mean?
But that below the purling Stream
Som unknown Joys there be
Laid up in Store for me;
To which I shall, when that thin skin
Is broken, be admitted in?

From The demonstration

The highest things are easiest to be shown,
And only capable of being known.
A mist involves the eye
While in the middle it doth live;
And till the ends of things are seen
The way's uncertain that doth stand between:
As in the air we see the clouds
Like winding-sheets or shrouds,
Which, though they nearer are, obscure
The sun which, higher far, is far more pure.

Its very brightness makes it near the eye,
Though many thousand leagues beyond the sky
Its beams by violence
Invade and ravish distant sense.
Only extremes and heights are known,
No certainty where no perfection's shown.
Extremities of blessedness
Compel us to confess
A God indeed, whose excellence
In all his works must needs exceed all sense.

And, for this cause, incredibles alone
May be by demonstration to us shown.
Those things that are most bright
Sun-like appear in their own light,
And nothing's truly seen that's mean:
Be it a sand, an acorn, or a bean,
It must be clothed with endless glory
Before its perfect story
(Be the spirit ne'er so clear)
Can in its causes and its ends appear…

Dreams

'Tis strange! I saw the skies,
I saw the hills before mine eyes,
The sparrow fly
The lands that did about me lie,
The real sun, that heavenly eye.
Can closed eyes even in the darkest night
See through their lids and be informed with sight?

The people were to me
As true as those by day I see;
As true the air;
The earth as sweet, as fresh, as fair
As that which did by day repair
Unto my waking sense: can all the sky,
Can all the world, within my brain-pan *lie?*

What sacred secret's this
Which seems to intimate my bliss?
What is there in
The narrow confines of my skin
That is alive and feels within
When I am dead? Can magnitude possess

An active memory, yet not be less?

May *all that I can see,*
Awake, by night within me be?
My childhood knew
No difference, but all was true,
As real all as what I view;
The world itself was there: 'twas wondrous strange
That heaven and earth should so their place exchange.

Till that which vulgar sense
Doth falsely call experience
Distinguished things,
The ribands and the gaudy wings
Of birds, the virtues and the sins,
That represented were in dreams by night
As really my senses did delight,

Or grieve, as those I saw
By day; things terrible did awe
My soul with fear;
The apparitions seemed as near
As things could be, and things they were:
Yet were they all by fancy in me wrought
And all their being founded in a thought.

O what a thing is thought!
Which seems a dream, yea, seemeth nought,
Yet doth the mind
Affect as much as what we find
Most near and true.Sure, men are blind
And can't the forcible reality
Of things that secret are within them see.

Thought! Surely thoughts are true?
They please as much as things can do -
Nay, things are dead
And in themselves are severed
From souls, nor can they fill the head
Without our thoughts. Thoughts are the real things
From whence all joy, from whence all sorrow springs.

Abraham Cowley
1618-1633

Abraham Cowley was born in a middle-class family in London, England, in 1618. He attended Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge. He was a poet and essayist; his poetry is of a fanciful, decorous nature. Cowley is often considered a transitional figure from the metaphysical school of poets to the Augustan ones of the 18th century. All throughout his younger years he displayed early talent as a poet, publishing his first collection of poetry, "Poetical Blossoms" (1633), at the age of 15. Though Cowley studied at Cambridge University he was stripped of his Cambridge fellowship during the English Civil War and expelled for refusing to sign the Solemn League and Covenant of 1644. In turn, he accompanied Queen Henrietta Maria to France, where he spent 12 years in exile serving as her secretary. During this time, Cowley completed his masterpiece - metaphysical lyrics called "The Mistress" (1647) which gained him a national name and universal recognition. Arguably his most famous work, the collection really exemplifies Cowley's metaphysical style of love poetry. After the Restoration, Cowley returned to England, where he was reinstated as a Cambridge fellow and earned his MD before finally retiring to the English countryside.

He is buried at Westminster Abbey alongside Geoffrey Chaucer and Edmund Spenser [Poetry foundation].

Beauty

Beauty, thou wild fantastick Ape,
Who dost in ev'ry Country change thy shape!
Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white;
Thou *Flattrer* which compli'st with every sight!
Thou *Babel* which confound'st the Ey
With unintelligible *variety!*
Who hast no certain *What,* nor *Where,*
But vary'st still, and dost thy self declare
Inconstant, as thy *she-Professors* are.
Beauty, Loves Scene and *Maskerade,*

So gay by *well-plac'd Lights,* and *Distance* made;
False *Coyn,* with which th' *Impostor* cheats us still;
The *Stamp* and *Colour* good, but *Metal* ill!
Which *Light,* or *Base* we find, when we
Weigh by *Enjoyment,* and examine Thee!
For though thy *Being* be but *show,*
'Tis chiefly *Night* which men to Thee allow:
And chuse *t'enjoy* Thee, when *Thou least art Thou.*
Beauty, Thou *active, passive* Ill!
Which *dy'st* thy self as fast as thou dost *kill!*
Thou *Tulip,* who thy stock in paint dost waste,
Neither for *Physick* good, nor *Smell,* nor *Tast.*
Beauty, whose *Flames* but *Meteors* are,
Short-liv'd and low, though thou wouldst seem a *Star,*
Who dar'st not thine own *Home* descry,
Pretending to dwell richly in the *Eye,*
When thou, alas, dost in the *Fancy* lye.
Beauty, whose *Conquests* still are made
O re Hearts by *Cowards* kept, or else *betray'd!*
Weak Victor! who thy self destroy'd must be
When *sickness storms,* or *Time besieges* Thee!
Thou'unwholesome Thaw to *frozen Age!*
Thou strong *wine,* which youths *Feaver* dost enrage,
Thou *Tyrant* which leav'st no man free!
Thou subtle *thief,* from whom nought safe can be!
Thou *Murth'rer* which hast *kill'd,* and
Devil which wouldst *Damn me.*

Ode upon Doctor Harvey

Coy Nature, (which remain'd, tho aged grown,
A beauteous Virgin still, injoy'd by none,
Nor seen unveil'd by any one,)
When *Harvey's* violent passion she did see,
Began to tremble and to flee,
Took Sanctuary, like *Daphne,* in a Tree:
There *Daphne's* Lover stopt, and thought it much
The very Leaves of her to touch:
But *Harvey,* our *Apollo,* stopt not so,
Into the Bark and Root he after her did go:
No smallest Fibres of a Plant,
For which the Eye-beams point doth sharpness want,
His passage after her withstood;
What should she do? through all the moving
Wood Of Lives endow'd with sense she took her flight,
Harvey persues, and keeps her still in sight.

But as the Deer, long hunted, takes a Flood,
She leap'd at last into the Winding-streams of Blood;
Of Mans *Meander* all the Purple reaches made,
Till at the H eart she stay'd,
Where turning Head, and at a Bay,
Thus by well-purged Ears she was o're-heard to say.
Here sure shall 1 be safe (said she,)
None will be able sure to see
This my Retreat, but only He
Who made both it and me,
The heart of Man, what Art can e're reveal?
A Wall impervious between
Divides the very Parts within,
And doth the very Heart of Man ev'n from itself conceal.
She spoke, but e're she was aware,
Harvey was with her there,
And held this slippery *Proteus* in a chain,
Till all her mighty Mysteries she descry'd,
Which from his Wit th' attempt before to hide
Was the first Thing that Nature did in vain.
He the young Practice of New Life did see,
Whil'st, to conceal it's toilsome poverty,
It for a Living wrought, both hard, and privately.
Before the Liver understood
The noble Scarlet Dye of Blood,
Before one drop was by it made,
Or brought into it to set up the Trade;
Before the untaught Heart began to beat
The tuneful March to vital heat,
From all the Souls that living Buildings rear,
Whether imploy'd for Earth, or Sea, or Air,
Whether it in the Womb or Egg be wrought,
A strict account to him is hourly brought,
How the great Fabrick does proceed.
What Time, and what Materials it does need.
He so exactly does the Work survey.
As if he hir'd the Workers by the day.
This Harvey sought for Truth in Truth's own Bock.
The Creatures, which by God himself was writ;
And wisely thought 'twas fit.
Not to read Comments only upon it.
But on th' Original itself to look.
Methinks in Arts great Circle ethers stand
Lock'd up together hand in hand.
Everyone leads as he is led.

The same bare Path they tread.
A Dance like Fairies, a Fantastick round.
But neither change their Motion, nor their Ground.
Had Harvey to tins Road confin'd his Wit,
His noble Circle of the Blood had been untroden yet:
Great Doctor, th' art of Curing's cur'd by thee.
We now thy Patient Physick see
From all inveterate Diseases free,
Purg'd of old Errors by the Care,
New Dieted, put forth to clearer Air.
It now will strong and healthful prove,
Itself before Lethargick lay, and could not move.
These useful Secrets to his Pen we owe.
And thousands more 'txvas ready to bestow;
Of which a barbarous War's unlearned Rage
Has robb'd the ruin'd age;
Oh cruel loss', as if the Golden Fleece,
With so much cost and labour wrought,
And from afar by a great Heroe brought,
Had sunk even in the Ports of *Greece.*
Oh cursed War! who can forgive thee this?
Houses and Towns may rise again,
And tew times easier 'tis
To rebuild *Pauls*, than any work of his,
The mighty Task none but himself can do
Nay, scarce himself too now,
For tho' his Wit the force of Age withstand,
His body Alas! and Time it must command.
And Nature now, so long by him surpast
Will sure have her revenge on him at last.

From Davideis Book I

Music

Such was God's poem, this world's new essay;
So wild and rude in ts first it lay –
To ungoverned parts no correspondence knew,
An artless war from thwarting motions grew;
Till they to number and fixed rules were brought
By the Eternal Mind's poetic thought.
Water and air he for the tenor chose,
Barth made the bass, the treble flame arose;
To the active moon a quick brisk stroke he gave,
To Saturn's string a touch more soft and grave;
The motions straight and round and swift and slow

And short and long were mixed and woven so,
Did in such artful figures smoothly fall,
As made this decent measured dance of all.
And this is music: sounds that charm our cars
Are but one dressing that rich science wears.
Thugh no man hear it, though no man it rehearse,
Yet will there still be music in my verse.
In this great world so much of it we see;
The lesser, man, is all o'er harmony.
Storehouse of all proportions! single choir
Which first God's breath did tunefully inspire!
From hence blest music's heavenly charms arise,
From sympathy which them and man allies.
Thus they our souls, thus they our bodies win,
Not by their force, but party that's within;
Thus the strange cure on our spilt blood applied,
Sympathy to the distant wound does guide;
Thus when two brethren strings are set alike,
To move them both, but one of them we strike;
Thus David's lyre did Saul's wild rage control
And tuned the harsh disorders of his soul.

Hell

Beneath the silent chambers of the earth,
Where the sun's fruitful beams give metals birth,
Where he the growth of fatal gold does see,
Gold which, above, more influence has than he;
Beneath the dens where unfletched tempests lie
And infant winds their tender voices try;
Beneath the mighty oceans' wealthy caves,
Beneath the eternal fountain of all waves,
Where their vast court the moth e r waters keep
And, undisturbed by moons, in silence sleep:
There is a place, deep, wondrous deep, below
Which genuine night and horror does o'erflow;
No bound controls the unwearied space, but hell,
Endless as those dire pains that in it dwelt
Here no dear glimpse of the sun's lovely face
Strikes through the solid darkness of the place;
No dawning morn does her kind reds display;
One slight weak beam would here be thought the day.
No gentle stars with their fair gems of light
Offend the tyrannous and unquestioned night
Here Lucifer, the mighty captive, reigns,
Proud midst his woes and tyrant in his chains.

Once general of a gilded host of sprites,
Like Hesper leading forth the spangled nights;
But down like lightning, which him struck, he came,
And roared at his first plunge into the flame.
Myriads of spirits fell wounded round him there;
With dropping lights thick shone the singed air. . .

The ecstasy

I leave mortality, and things below.
I have no time in compliments to waste,
Farewell t'ye all in haste!
For I am called to go.
A whirlwind bears up my dull feet,
The officious clouds beneath them meet
And lo! I mount, and lo!
How small the biggest parts of earth's proud title show.
Where shall I find the noble British land?
Lo! I at last a nothern speck espy
Which in the sea does lie
And seems a grain o' th' sand.
For this will any sin, or bleed?
Of civil wars in this the meed?
And is it this, alas, which we
(O irony of words!) do call Great Britainy?
I pass by the arched magazines which hold
The eternal stores of frost, and rain, and snow;
Dry and secure I go,
Nor shake with fear or cold;
Without affright or wonder
I meet clouds charged with thunder,
And lightnings in my way
Like harmless lambent fires about my temples play.
Now into a gentle sea of rolling flame
I'm plunged, and still mount higher there
As flames mount up through air;
So perfect, yet so tame,
So great, so pure, so bright a fire
Was that unfortunate desire
My faithful breast did cover
Then, when I was of late a wretched mortal lover.
Through several orbs which one fair planet bear,
Where I behold distinctly as I pass
The hints of Galileo's glass,
I touch at last the spangled sphere:
Here all the extended sky

Is but one galaxy,
'Tis all so bright and gay,
And the joint eyes of night make up a perfect day.

Where am I now? Angels and God is here.
An unexhausted ocean of delight
Swallows my senses quite
And drowns all what, or how, or where.
Not Paul, who first did thither pass,
And this great world's Columbus was,
The tyrannous pleasure could express.
O'tis too much for man! but let it ne'er be less.
The mighty Elijah mounted mounted so on high -
That second man who leapt the ditch where all
The rest of mankind fall,
And went not downwards to the sky;
With much of pomp and show,
As conquering kings in triumph go,
Did he to heaven approach,
And wondrous was his way, and wondrous was his coach:
'Twas gawdy all, and rich in every part,
Of essences of gems and spirit of gold
Was its substantial mould,
Drawn forth by chymic angels' art.
Here with moonbeams 'twas silvered bright,
There double-gilt with the sun's light,
And mystic shapes cut round in it,
Figures that did transcend a vulgar angel's wit;

The horses were of tempered lightning made,
Of all that in heaven's beauteous pastures feed
The noblest, sprightfullest breed,
And flaming manes their necks arrayed;
They all were shod with diamond,
Not such as here are found
But such light solid ones as shine
On the transparent rocks o'th' heaven crystalline.
Thus mounted the great prophet to the skies.
Astonished men who oft had seen stars fall,
Or that which so they call,
Wondered from hence to see one rise!
The soft clouds melted him away,
The snow and frosts which in it lay
A while the sacred footsteps bore,
The wheels and horses' hoofs hissed as they past them o'er;

He passed by the moon and planets, and did fright
All the worlds there which at this meteor gazed,
And their astrologers amazed
With the unexampled sight.
But where he stopped will ne'er be known
Till phoenix' nature, aged grown,
To a better being do aspire
And mount herself, like him, to eternity in fire.

Andrew Marvell
1621-1678

Andrew Marvell was born in 1621, Yorkshire, England. He is known as an English poet, politician, and diplomat. Marvell was born in the family of a clergyman, was educated at Hull Grammar School and Trinity College, Cambridge (1639). He was an art student, an intellectual, who became a beggarly poet tramping the high road and preaching the cult of the beautiful, and in his later years a powerful controversialist, Marvel seems to have written his lyric poetry by the early 1650's; his satirical verse and prose belong to the Restoration period, and for a long time his reputation was primarily as a patriot, satirist, and prose-writer. It is known that he published his first poems in 1637. The most famous were the odes, including "Horatian ode upon Cromwell's return from Ireland" (1650). In a verse «Upon Appleton house, to my Lord Fairfax», 1651-1652) the description of the estate becomes a reason for thinking about the meaning of life.

Marvell's poetic work is stylistically heterogeneous: odes mark the formation of English classicism, love lyrics ("To his coy mistress", "The Definition of Love", "The Fair Singer" and others) and sometimes indicate a closeness to the metaphysical school ("The Mower Against Gardens", "The Mower to the Glo-Worms", "The Mower's Song", "The Garden"). Some poems ("The nymph complaining for the death of her fawn") were created in imitation of Roman pastoral poetry. His best rhymes in lyric poetry is highly individual. His range of virtuosity are greater than any of his contemporaries; and the central comment on his lyric verse is T. S. Eliot's: "Marvel's best verse is the product of

European, that is to say Latin, culture," and from this he derives his wit and his magniloquence".

A Dialogue Between the Soul and Body

Soul

O who shall, from this Dungeon, raise
A Soul inslav'd so many wayes?
With bolts of Bones, that fetter'd stands
In Feet; and manacled in Hands.
Here blinded with an Eye; and there
Deaf with the drumming of an Ear.
A Soul hung up, as 'twere, in Chains
Of Nerves, and Arteries, and Veins.
Tortur'd, besides each other part,
In a vain Head, and double Heart.

Body

O who shall me deliver whole,
From bonds of this Tyrannic Soul?
Which, stretcht upright, impales me so,
That mine own Precipice I go;
And warms and moves this needless Frame:
(A Fever could but do the same.)
And, wanting where its spight to try,
Has made me live to let me dye.
A Body that could never rest,
Since this ill Spirit it possest.

Soul

What Magick could me thus confine
Within anothers Grief to pine?
Where whatsoever it complain,
I feel, that cannot feel, the pain.
And all my Care its self employes;
That to preserve, which me destroys:
Constrain'd not only to endure
Diseases, but, what's worse, the Cure:
Am Shipwrackt into Health again.

Body

But Physick yet could never reach
The Maladies Thou me dost teach;
Whom first the Cramp of Hope does Tear:
And then the Palsie Shakes of Fear.
The Pestilence of Love does heat:
Or Hatred's hidden Ulcer eat.
Joy's cheerful Madness does perplex:

Or Sorrow's other Madness vex.
Which Knowledge forces me to know;
And Memory will not foregoe.
What but a Soul could have the wit '
To build me up for Sin so fit?
So Architects do square and hew,
Green Trees that in the Forest grew.

To His Coy Mistress

Had we but World enough, and Time,
This coyness Lady were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long Loves Day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges side
Should's Rubies find: I by the Tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the Flood:
And you should if you please refuse
Till the Conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable Love should grow
Vaster then Empires, and more slow.
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine Eyes, and on thy Forehead Gaze.
Two hundred to adore each Breast:
But thirty thousand to the rest.
An Age at least to every part,
And the last Age should show your Heart.
For Lady you deserve this State;
Nor would I love at lower rate.
But at my back I alwaies hear
Times winged Charriot hurrying near:
And yonder all before us lye
Deserts of vast Eternity.
Thy Beauty shall no more be found;
Nor, in thy marble Vault, shall sound
My echoing Song: then Worms shall try
That long preserved Virginity:
And your quaint Honor turn to dust;
And into ashes all my Lust.
The Grave's a fine and private place,
But none I think do there embrace.
Now therefore, while the youthful hew
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing Soul transpires
At every pore with instant Fires,

Now let us sport us while we may;
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our Time devour,
Then languish in his slow-chapt power.
Let us roll all our Strength, and all
Our sweetness, up into one Ball:
And tear our Pleasures with rough strife,
Thorough the Iron gates of Life.
Thus, though we cannot make our Sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

The Fair Singer

To make a final conquest of all me
Love did compose so sweet an Enemy,
In whom both Beauties to my death agree,
Joyning themselves in fatal Harmony;
That while she with her Eyes my Heart does bind,
She with her Voice might captivate my Mind.
I could have fled from One but singly fair:
My dis-intangled Soul it self might save,
Breaking the curled trammels of her hair.
But how should I avoid to be her Slave.
Whose subtile Art invisibly can wreath
My Fetters of the very Air I breath?
It had been easie fighting in some plain,
Where Victory might hang in equal choice»
But all resistance against her is vain,
Who has th' advantage both of Eyes and Voice,
And all my Forces needs must be undone,
She having gained both the Wind and Sun.

The Definition of Love

My Love is of a birth as rare
As 'tis for object strange and high:
It was begotten by despair
Upon Impossibility.
Magnanimous Despair alone
Could show me so divine a thing,
Where feeble Hope could nc'r have flown
But vainly flapt its Tinsel Wing.
And yet I quickly might arrive
Where my extended Soul is fixt,
But Fate does Iron wedges drive,
And alwaies crouds it self betwixt.
For Fate with jealous Eye does see

Two perfect Loves; nor lets them close:
Their union would her ruine be,
And her Tyrannick pow'r depose.
And therefore her Decrees of Steel
Us as the distant Poles have plac'd,
(Though Loves whole World on us doth wheel)
Not by themselves to be embrac'd.
Unless the giddy Heaven fall,
And Earth some new Convulsion tear;
And, us to joyn, the World should all
Be cramp'd into a *Planisphere.*
As Lines so Loves *oblique* may well
Themselves in every Angle greet*.
But ours so truly *Paralei,*
Though infinite can never meet.
Therefore the Love which us doth bind,
But Fate so enviously debarrs,
Is the Conjunction of the Mind,
And Opposition of the Stars.

The Mower Against Gardens

Luxurious Man, to bring his Vice in use,
Did alter him the World seduce:
And from the fields the Flow'rs and Plants allure,
Where Nature was most plain and pure.
He first enclos'd within the Gardens square
A dead and standing pool of Air;
And a more luscious Earth for them did knead,
Which stupifi'd them while it fed.
The Pink grew then as double as his Mind;
The nutriment did change the kind.
With strange perfumes he did the Roses taint,
And Flow'rs themselves were taught to paint.
The Tulip, white, did for complexion seek;
And learn'd to interline its cheek:
Its Onion root they then so high did hold,
That one was for a Meadow sold.
Another World was search'd, through Oceans new,
To find the *Marvel of Peru.*
And yet these Rarities might be allow'd,
To Man, that sov'raign thing and proud;
Had he not dealt between the Bark and Tree,
Forbidden mixtures there to see.
No Plant now knew the Stock from which it came;
He grafts upon the Wild the Tame:

That the uncertain and adult'rate fruit
Might put the Palate in dispute.
His green *Seraglio* has its Eunuchs too;
Lest any Tyrant him out-doe.
And in the Cherry he does Nature vex,
To procreate without a Sex.
'Tis all enforc'd; the Fountain and the Grot
While the sweet Fields do lye forgot:
Where willing Nature does to all dispence
A wild and fragrant Innocence:
And *Fauns* and *Faryes* do the Meadows till,
More by their presence then their skill.
Their Statues polish'd by some ancient hand
May to adorn the Gardens stand:
But howso'ere the Figures do excel,
The *Gods* themselves with us do dwell.

The Mower to the GLo-Worms

Ye living Lamps, by whos dear light
The Nightingale does sit so late,
And studying all the Summer-night,
Her matchless Songs does meditate;
Ye Country Comets, that portend
No War, nor Princes funeral,
Shining unto no higher end
Then to presage the Grasses fall;
Ye Gio-Worms, whose officious Flame
To wandring Mowers shows the way,
That in the Night have lost their aim,
And after foolish Fires do stray;
Your courteous Lights in vain you wast,
Since *Juliana* here is come,
For She my Mind hath so displac'd
That I shall never find my home.

The Mower's Song

My Mind was once the true survey
Of all these Medows fresh and gay;
And in the greeness of the Grass
Did see its Hopes as in a Glass;
When *Juliana* came, and She
What I do to the Grass, does to my Thoughts and Me.

But these, while I with Sorrow pine,
Grew more luxuriant still and fine;

That not one Blade of Grass you spy'd,
But had a Flower on either side;
When *Juliana* came, and She
What I do to the Grass, does to my Thoughts and Me.
Unthankful Medows, could you so
A fellowship so true forego,
And in your gawdy May-games meet,
While I lay trodden under feet?
When *Juliana* came, and She
What I do to the Grass, does to my Thoughts and Me.
But what you in Compassion ought,
Shall now by my Revenge be wrought:
And Flow'rs, and Grass, and I and all,
Will in one common Ruine fall.
For *Juliana* comes, and She
What I do to the Grass, does to my houghts and Me.
And thus, ye Meadows, which have been
Companions of my thoughts more green,
Shall now the Heraldry become
With which I shall adorn my Tomb;
For *Juliana* comes, and She
What I do to the Grass, does to my Thoughts and Me.

The Garden

How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the Palm, the Oke, or Bayes;
And their uncessant Labours see
Crown'd from some single Herb or Tree.
Whose short and narrow verged
Shade Does prudently their Toyles upbraid;
While all Flow'rs and all Trees do close
To weave the Garlands of repose.
Fair quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence thy Sister dear!
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busie Companies of Men.
Your sacred Plants, if here below,
Only among the Plants will grow.
Society is all but rude,
To this delicious Solitude.
No white nor red was ever seen
So am'rous as this lovely green.
Fond Lovers, cruel as their Flame,
Cut in these Trees their Mistress name.
Little, Alas, they know, or heed,

How far these Beauties Hers exceed!
Fair Trees! where s'eer your barkes I wound,
No Name shall but your own be found.
When we have run our Passions heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The *Gods,* that mortal Beauty chase,
Still in a Tree did end their race.
Apollo hunted *Daphne* so,
Only that She might Laurel grow.
And *Pan* did after *Syrinx* speed,
Not as a Nymph, but for a Reed.
What wondr ous Life is this I lead!
Ripe Apples drop^about my head;
The Luscious Clusters of the Vine
Upon my Mouth do crush their Wine;
The Nectaren, and curious Peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on Melons, as I pass,
Insnar'd with Flow rs, I fall on Grass.
Mean while the Mind, from pleasures less,
Withdraws into it happiness:
The Mind, that Ocean where each kind
Does streight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other Worlds, and other Seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green Thought in a green Shade.
Here at the Fountains sliding foot,
Or at some Fruit-trees mossy root,
Casting the Bodies Vest aside,
My Soul into the boughs does glide:
There like a Bird it sits, and sings,
Then whets, and combs its silver Wings;
And, till prepar'd for longer flight,
Waves in its Plumes the various Light.
Such was that happy Garden-state,
While Man there walk'd without a Mate:
After a Place so pure, and sweet,
What other Help could yet be meet!
But 'twas beyond a Mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two Paradises 'twere in one
To live in Paradise alone.
How well the skilful Gardner drew
Of flow'rs and herbes this Dial new;

Where from above the milder Sun
Does through a fragrant Zodiack run;
And, as it works, th' industrious Bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholsome Hours
Be reckon'd but with herbs and flow'rs!

An Horatian Ode upon Cromwel's Return from Ireland

The forward Youth that would appear
Must now forsake his *Muses* dear,
  Nor in the Shadows sing
  His Numbers languishing.
'Tis time to leave the Books in dust,
And oyl th' unused Armours rust:
  Removing from the Wall
  The Corslet of the Hall.
So restless *Cromwel* could not cease
In the inglorious Arts of Peace,
  But through adventrous War
  Urged his active Star.
And, like the three-fork'd Lightning, first
Breaking the Clouds where it was nurst,
  Did thorough his own Side
  His fiery way divide.
For 'tis all one to Courage high
The Emulous or Enemy;
  And with such to inclose
  Is more then to oppose.
Then burning through the Air he went,
And Pallaces and Temples rent:
  And Caesars head at last
  Did through his Laurels blast.
'Tis Madness to resist or blame
The force of angry Heavens flame:
  And, if we would speak true,
  Much to the Man is due.
Who, from his private Gardens, where
He liv'd reserved and austere,
  As if his highest plot
  To plant the Bergamot,
Could by industrious Valour climbe
To ruine the great Work of Time,

And cast the Kingdome old
Into another Mold.
Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the antient Rights in vain:
But those do hold or break
As Men are strong or weak.
Nature that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less:
And therefore must make room
Where greater Spirits come.
What Field of all the Civil Wars,
Where his were not the deepest Scars?
And *Hampton* shows what part
He had of wiser Art.
Where, twining subtile fears with hope,
He wove a Net of such a scope,
That *Charles* himself might chase
To *Caresbrooks* narrow case.
That thence the *Royal Actor* bom
The *Tragick Scaffold* might adorn:
While round the armed Bands
Did clap their bloody hands.
He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable Scene:
But with his keener Eye
The Axes edge did try:
Nor call'd the *Gods* with vulgar spight
To vindicate his helpless Right,
But bow'd his comely Head,
Down as upon a Bed.
This was that memorable Hour
Which first assur'd the forced Powr.
So when they did design
The *Capitols* first Line,
A bleeding Head where they begun,
Did fright the Architects to run;
And yet in that the *State*
Foresaw it's happy Fate.
And now the *Irish* are asham'd
To see themselves in one Year tam'd:
So much one Man can do,
That does both act and know.
They can affirm his Praises best,
And have, though overcome, confest
How good he is, how just,

And fit for highest Trust:
Nor vet grown stiffer with Command,
But still in the *Republick's* hand:
How fit he is to sway
That can so well obey.
He to the *Commons Feet* presents
A *Kingdome,* for his first years rents;
And, what he may, forbears
His Fame to make it theirs:
And has his Sword and Spoyls ungirt,
To lay them at the *Publick's* skirt.
So when the Falcon high
Falls heavy from the Sky,
She, having kill'd, no more does search,
But on the next green Bow to pearch;
Where, when he first does lure,
The Falckner has her sure.
What may not then our *Isle* presume
While Victory his Crest does plume!
What may not others fear
If thus he crown each Year!
A *Caesar* he ere long to *Gaul,*
To *Italy* an *Hannibal,*
And to all States not free
Shall *Clymacterick* be.
The *Pict* no shelter now shall find
Within his party-colour'd Mind;
But from this Valour sad
Shrink underneath the Plad;
Happy if in tire tufted brake
The *English Hunter* him mistake;
Nor lay his Hounds in near
The *Caledonian* Deer.
But thou the Wars and Fortunes
Son March indefatigably on;
And for the last effect
Still keep thy Sword erect:
Besides the force it has to fright
The Spirits of the shady Night,
The same *Arts* that did *gain*
A *Pow'r* must it *maintain.*

List of literature used

1. The Literature of Renaissance England /ed. by John Hollander and Frank Kermode/ Oxford University Press. London, 1973.
2. Elizabethan and Jacobean Poets. Marlowe to Marvell / Ed.by W. H. Auden and Norman Holmes Pearson / Penguin Books, 1978.
3. Ben Jonson. The Complete Poems. Pinguin Education, 1975.
4. George Parfitt. Preface. / Ben Jonson. The complete poems. Ed. By G. Parfitt / Penguin Education. 1975.
5. John Donne. The Complete English Poems/Ed. by A.J. Smith/ Penguin Books, 1977.
6. Poets of the 17th century / Ed. By John Broadbent/ vol.1-2, N.-Y., 1974.

Internet resources:
https:// ru.wikipedia.org
https:// www.britannica.com
https:// mypoeticside.com
https:// allpoetry.com
https:// englishverse.com
https:// bibliotechal.wordpress.com