

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.  
 What! is the jay more precious than the  
 lark,  
 Because his feathers are more beautiful?  
 Or is the adder better than the eel,  
 Because his painted skin contents the  
 eyes?  
 O, no, good Kate: neither art thou the  
 worse  
 For this poor furniture and mean array.

### A WIFE'S DUTY.

FIE, fie! unknit that threatening unkind  
 brow;  
 And dart not scornful glances from those  
 eyes,  
 To wound thy lord, thy king, thy gover-  
 nor:  
 It blots thy beauty, as frost bites the  
 meads:  
 Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake  
 fair buds;  
 And in no sense is meet, or amiable.  
 A woman moved is like a fountain  
 troubled,  
 Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of  
 beauty;  
 And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
 Will deign to sip or touch one drop  
 of it.  
 Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy  
 keeper,  
 Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares  
 for thee,  
 And for thy maintenance; commits his  
 body  
 To painful labour, both by sea and land;  
 To watch the night in storms, the day in  
 cold,  
 While thou liest warm at home, secure  
 and safe;  
 And craves no other tribute at thy hands,  
 But love, fair looks, and true obedience:—  
 Too little payment for so great a debt.  
 Such duty as the subject owes the prince,  
 Even such a woman oweth to her hus-  
 band:  
 And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen,  
 sour,  
 And not obedient to his honest will,

What is she but a foul contending rebel,  
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord!—  
 I am ashamed that women are so simple  
 To offer war where they should kneel for  
 peace;  
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,  
 When they are bound to serve, love, and  
 obey.  
 Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and  
 smooth,  
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,  
 But that our soft conditions and our  
 hearts  
 Should well agree with our external  
 parts?

### MIRTHFULNESS.

*Love's Labour's Lost.*

A MERRIER man,  
 Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
 I never spent an hour's talk withal;  
 His eye begets occasion for his wit;  
 For every object that the one doth catch,  
 The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;  
 Which his fair tongue (conceit's expo-  
 sitor)  
 Delivers in such apt and gracious words,  
 That aged ears play truant at his tales,  
 And younger hearings are quite ravished  
 So sweet and voluble in his discourse.

### WOMAN'S EYES.

FROM woman's eyes this doctrine I  
 derive:  
 They sparkle still the right Promethean  
 fire;  
 They are the books, the arts, the aca-  
 demies,  
 That show, contain, and nourish all the  
 world.

### THE POWER OF LOVE.

BUT love, first learned in a lady's eyes,  
 Lives not alone immured in the brain;  
 But, with the motion of all elements,  
 Courses as swift as thought in every  
 power;  
 And gives to every power a double power



Above their functions and their offices.  
 It adds a precious seeing to the eye :  
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind ;  
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,  
 When the suspicious head of theft is  
 stopp'd ;  
 Love's feeling is more soft and sensible  
 Than are the tender horns of cockled  
 snails ;  
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross  
 in taste ;  
 For valour, is not love a Hercules,  
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides ?  
 Subtle as sphinx ; as sweet and musical  
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his  
 hair ; [the gods  
 And, when love speaks, the voice of all  
 Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony,  
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write  
 Until his ink were temper'd with love's  
 sighs :  
 O, then his lines would ravage savage ears,  
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.

---

WINTER.

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,  
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
 And milk comes frozen home i' the  
 pail ;  
 When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
 Tu-whoo !  
 Tu-whit ; tu-whoo ! a merry note,  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.  
 When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
 And Marion's nose looks red and raw ;  
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
 Tu-whoo !  
 Tu-whit ! tu-whoo ! a merry note,  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

---

SERENADE TO SYLVIA.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

WHO is Sylvia ? what is she,  
 That all our swains commend her ?

Holy, fair, and wise is she ;  
 The heavens such grace did lend her,  
 That she might admir'd be.

Is she kind, as she is fair ?  
 For beauty lives with kindness ;  
 Love doth to her eyes repair,  
 To help him of his blindness ;  
 And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,  
 That Sylvia is excelling ;  
 She excels each mortal thing  
 Upon the dull earth dwelling :  
 To her let us garlands bring.

---

THE ABUSE OF POWER.

*Measure for Measure.*

O, IT is excellent  
 To have a giant's strength : but tyran-  
 nous  
 To use it like a giant.

---

THE ABUSE OF AUTHORITY.

COULD great men thunder  
 As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er  
 be quiet,  
 For every pelting, petty officer,  
 Would use his heaven for thunder ; no-  
 thing but thunder—  
 Merciful Heaven !  
 Thou rather, with thy sharp and sul-  
 phurous bolt,  
 Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled  
 oak,  
 Than the soft myrtle : O, but man, proud  
 man !  
 Drest in a little brief authority  
 Most ignorant of what he's most assured,  
 His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,  
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high  
 heaven,  
 As make the angels weep.

---

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

AY, but to die, and go we know not  
 where ;  
 To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot ;



This sensible warm motion to become  
 A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit  
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
 In thrilling regions of thick-ribb'd ice ;  
 To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,  
 And blown with restless violence about  
 The pendent world ; or to be worse than  
 worst  
 Of those, that lawless and incertain  
 thoughts  
 Imagine howling !—'t is too horrible !  
 The weariest and most loathed worldly  
 life  
 That age, ache, penury, and imprison-  
 ment  
 Can lay on nature, is a paradise  
 To what we fear of death.

## SLANDER.

*Cymbeline.*

No, 'tis slander ;  
 Whose edge is sharper than the sword :  
 whose tongue  
 Outvenoms all the worms of Nile ; whose  
 breath  
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth  
 belie  
 All corners of the world : kings, queens,  
 and states,  
 Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the  
 grave  
 This viperous slander enters.

## HARK! HARK! THE LARK!

(CLOTEN'S SONG.)

HARK! hark! the lark at heaven's gate  
 sings,  
 And Phoebus 'gins arise,  
 His steeds to water at those springs  
 On chalic'd flowers that lies ;  
 And winking Mary-buds begin  
 To ope their golden eyes ;  
 With every thing that pretty bin ;  
 My lady sweet, arise.

OTHELLO'S ACCOUNT OF HIS  
COURTSHIP OF DESDEMONA.*Othello.*

Most potent, grave, and reverend sig-  
 niors,  
 My very noble and approved good  
 masters,—  
 That I have ta'en away this old man's  
 daughter,  
 It is most true ; true, I have married her ;  
 The very head and front of my offending  
 Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I  
 in my speech,  
 And little bless'd with the set phrase of  
 peace ;  
 For since these arms of mine had seven  
 years' pith,  
 Till now some nine moons wasted, they  
 have used  
 Their dearest action in the tented field ;  
 And little of this great world can I speak,  
 More than pertains to feats of broil and  
 battle ;  
 And therefore little shall I grace my  
 cause,  
 In speaking for myself. Yet, by your  
 gracious patience,  
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver  
 Of my whole course of love ; what drugs,  
 what charms,  
 What conjuration, and what mighty  
 magic  
 (For such proceeding I am charged  
 withal),  
 I won his daughter with.

\* \* \* \* \*

Her father loved me ; oft invited me ;  
 Still questioned me the story of my life,  
 From year to year ; the battles, sieges,  
 fortunes,  
 That I have pass'd.  
 I ran it through, even from my boyish  
 days,  
 To the very moment that he bade me tell  
 it.  
 Wherein I spake of most disastrous  
 chances,  
 Of moving accidents by flood, and field ;  
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent  
 deadly breach ;  
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,



And sold to slavery ; of my redemption  
thence,  
And portance in my travel's history :  
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whose  
heads touch heaven,  
It was my hint to speak ;—such was the  
process ;—  
And of the cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose  
heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This  
to hear,  
Would Desdemona seriously incline :  
But still the house affairs would draw her  
thence ;  
Which ever as she could with haste  
despatch,  
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse : which I ob-  
serving,  
Took once a pliant hour, and found good  
means  
To draw from her a prayer of earnest  
heart,  
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
Whereof by parcels she had something  
heard,  
But not intentively. I did consent ;  
And often did beguile her of her tears,  
When I did speak of some distressful  
stroke,  
That my youth suffer'd. My story being  
done,  
She gave me for my pains a world of  
sighs :  
She swore—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas  
passing strange ;  
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :  
She wish'd she had not heard it ; yet she  
wish'd  
That Heaven had made her such a man :  
she thank'd me ;  
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved  
her,  
I should but teach him how to tell my  
story,  
And that would woo her. Upon this  
hint, I spake :  
She loved me for the dangers I had  
pass'd ;  
And I loved her, that she did pity them.  
This only is the witchcraft I have used.

OTHELLO'S SOLILOQUY BEFORE  
MURDERING HIS WIFE.

*Desdemona discovered asleep ; enter  
Othello.*

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—  
Let me not name it to you, you chaste  
stars !—  
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her  
blood ;  
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than  
snow,  
And smooth as monumental alabaster.  
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more  
men.  
Put out the light, and then—put out the  
light ?  
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,  
I can again thy former light restore,  
Should I repent me :—but once put out  
thine,  
Thou cunningest pattern of excelling  
nature,  
I know not where is that Promethean  
heat,  
That can thy light relume.  
When I have pluck'd thy rose,  
I cannot give it vital growth again.

~~~~~  
JEALOUSY.

TRIFLES, light as air,  
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong  
As proofs of holy writ.

~~~~~  
SCENE BETWEEN OTHELLO  
AND DESDEMONA.

*Desdemona.* Alas, the heavy day !—  
Why do you weep ?  
Am I the occasion of these tears, my  
lord ?  
If, haply, you my father do suspect,  
An instrument of this your calling back,  
Lay not your blame on me ; if you have  
lost him,  
Why, I have lost him too.  
*Othello.* Had it pleas'd Heaven  
To try me with affliction ; had he rain'd  
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare  
head ;



Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips ;  
 Given to captivity me and my utmost  
 hopes ;  
 I should have found in some part of my  
 soul  
 A drop of patience : but, alas ! to make  
 me  
 A fixed figure, for the hand of scorn  
 To point his slow unmoving finger at,—  
 Yet I could bear that too ; well, very  
 well :  
 But there, where I have garner'd up my  
 heart ;  
 Where either I must live, or bear no life ;  
 The fountain from the which my current  
 runs,  
 Or else dries up ; to be discarded thence !  
 Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads  
 To knot and gender in !—Turn thy com-  
 plexion there !  
 Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd  
 cherubim ;  
 Ay, there, look grim as hell !

#### EMILIA'S INDIGNATION AGAINST SLANDERERS.

I WILL be hang'd, if some eternal villain,  
 Some busy and insinuating rogue,  
 Some cogging cozening slave, to get some  
 office,  
 Hath not devis'd this slander ; I'll be  
 hanged else.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 The Moor's abus'd by some most villan-  
 ous knave,  
 Some base notorious knave, some scurvy  
 fellow :—  
 O heaven, that such companions thou'dst  
 unfold,  
 And put in every honest hand a whip,  
 To lash the rascals naked through the  
 world,  
 Even from the east to the west !

#### REPUTATION.

GOOD name, in man and woman, dear  
 my lord,  
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls ;

Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 't'  
 something, nothing ;  
 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave  
 to thousands ;  
 But he, that filches from me my good  
 name,  
 Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
 And makes me poor indeed.

#### OTHELLO'S DESPAIR.

O NOW, for ever  
 Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell  
 content !  
 Farewell the plumed troop, and the big  
 wars  
 That make ambition virtue ! O, farewell !  
 Farewell the neighing steed, and the  
 shrill trump,  
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing  
 fife,  
 The royal banner ; and all quality,  
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious  
 war !  
 And O you mortal engines, whose rude  
 throats  
 The immortal Jove's dread clamours  
 counterfeit,  
 Farewell ! Othello's occupation's gone !

#### OTHELLO'S DYING SPEECH.

SOFT you ; a word or two before you  
 go.  
 I have done the state some service, and  
 they know it ;  
 No more of that. I pray you, in your  
 letters,  
 When you shall these unlucky deeds re-  
 late,  
 Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,  
 Nor set down aught in malice : then must  
 you speak  
 Of one, that loved not wisely, but too  
 well :  
 Of one not easily jealous, but, being  
 wrought,  
 Perplex'd in the extreme ; of one, whose  
 hand,



Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away,  
 Richer than all his tribe ; of one whose  
 subdu'd eyes,  
 Albeit unus'd to the melting mood,  
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees  
 Their medicinal gum. Set you down  
 this :  
 And say besides,—that in Aleppo once,  
 Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk  
 Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,  
 I took by the throat the circumcised dog,  
 And smote him—thus. [*Stabs himself.*]

~~~~~  
 QUEEN MAB.

*Romeo and Juliet.*

O, THEN, I see queen Mab hath been  
 with you.  
 She is the fairies' midwife ; and she comes  
 In shape no bigger than an agate stone  
 On the forefinger of an alderman,  
 Drawn with a team of little atomies  
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :  
 Her waggon spokes made of long spin-  
 ners' legs ;  
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;  
 The traces of the smallest spider's web ;  
 The collars, of the moonshine's watery  
 beams :  
 Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of  
 film ;  
 Her waggoner, a small gray-coated gnat,  
 Not half so big as a round little worm  
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid :  
 Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,  
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,  
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-  
 makers.  
 And in this state she gallops night by  
 night  
 Through lover's brains, and then they  
 dream of love :  
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'-  
 sies straight :  
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream  
 on fees :  
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses  
 dream ;  
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters  
 plagues,  
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats  
 tainted are.

Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's  
 nose,  
 And then dreams he of smelling out a  
 suit ;  
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-  
 pig's tail,  
 Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,  
 Then dreams he of another benefice :  
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's  
 neck,  
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign  
 throats,  
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish  
 blades,  
 Of healths five fathom deep ; and then  
 anon  
 Drums in his ear ; at which he starts, and  
 wakes ;  
 And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer  
 or two,  
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab  
 That plats the manes of horses in the  
 night ;  
 And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish  
 hairs,  
 Which, once untangled, much misfortune  
 bodes.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 I talk of dreams ;  
 Which are the children of an idle brain ;  
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy ;  
 Which is as thin of substance as the air ;  
 And more inconstant than the wind, who  
 woos  
 Even now, the frozen bosom of the north,  
 And, being anger'd, puffs away from  
 thence,  
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping  
 south.

~~~~~  
 A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

O, SHE doth teach the torches to burn  
 bright !  
 Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of  
 night  
 Like a rich jewel in an Ethlop's ear :  
 Beauty too rich for use, for earth too  
 dear !



## THE GARDEN SCENE.

*Romeo.* HE jests at scars that never felt a wound.—

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—  
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,  
Who is already sick and pale with grief,  
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious:  
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,  
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—

It is my lady; O, it is my love:  
O, that she knew she were!—  
She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—  
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:  
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,  
Having some business, do entreat her eyes  
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head:  
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,  
As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven  
Would through the airy region stream so bright,  
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,  
That I might touch that cheek!

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

'Tis but thy name that is mine enemy;  
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.  
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,

Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part  
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!

What's in a name? that which we call a rose

By any other name would smell as sweet:

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,

Retain that dear perfection which he owes,  
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name:

And for that name, which is no part of thee,  
Take all myself.

## THE WINNING OF JULIET.

*Juliet.* THOU know'st the mask of night is on my face:

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,

For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny

What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say, Ay:

And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,

Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,

They say Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:

Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee

nay,  
So thou wilt woo; but else not for the world.

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;

And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light.

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true

Than those that have more cunning to be strange.

I should have been more strange, I must confess,

But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,

My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;

And not impute this yielding to light love,  
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

*Romeo.* Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,



That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops.

*Juliet.* O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,  
That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

*Romeo.* What shall I swear by?

*Juliet.* Do not swear at all,  
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,

Which is the god of my idolatry,  
And I'll believe thee.

*Romeo.* If my heart's dear love—

*Juliet.* Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,  
I have no joy of this contract to-night;  
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden:  
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be

Ere one can say, It lightens. Sweet, good night!

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,

May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.

Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest

Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

*Romeo.* O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

*Juliet.* What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

*Romeo.* The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

*Juliet.* I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:

And yet I would it were to give again.

*Romeo.* Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

*Juliet.* But to be frank, and give it thee again.

And yet I wish but for the thing I have:

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,

My love as deep; the more I give to thee,

The more I have, for both are infinite.

#### JULIET'S IMPATIENCE.

COME, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in night!

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night

Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—

Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night,

Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,

Take him and cut him out in little stars,

And he will make the face of heaven so fine,

That all the world will be in love with night,

And pay no worship to the garish sun.

#### RELUCTANCE TO PART.

*Juliet.* WILT thou be gone? It is not yet near day.

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;

Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:

Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

*Romeo.* It was the lark, the herald of the morn,

No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east;

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day

Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops:  
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

*Juliet.* Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I:

It is some meteor that the sun exhales,  
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,

And light thee on thy way to Mantua;  
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

*Romeo.* Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death:

I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,  
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow.

Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat

The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:

I have more care to stay than will to go;—  
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so,—



How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

*Juliet.* It is, it is, hie hence, be gone,  
away;

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing  
sharps.

Some say, the lark makes sweet division;  
This doth not so, for she divideth us:

Some say, the lark and loathed toad  
change eyes;

O, now I would they had chang'd voices  
too!

Since arm from arm that voice doth us  
affray,

Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the  
day.

O, now be gone; more light and light it  
grows.

---

#### DREAMS.

IF I may trust the flattering eye of  
sleep,

My dreams presage some joyful news at  
hand:

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;  
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit  
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful  
thoughts.

I dreamt my lady came and found me  
dead;

(Strange dream! that gives a dead man  
leave to think,)

And breath'd such life with kisses in my  
lips,

That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.

Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,  
When but love's shadows are so rich in  
joy?

---

#### THE APOTHECARY.

I DO remember an apothecary,—  
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I  
noted

In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming  
brow,

Culling of simples, meagre were his looks,  
Sharp misery had worn him to the  
bones:

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,

An alligator stuff'd, and other skins  
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves  
A beggarly account of empty boxes,  
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty  
seeds,

Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of  
roses,

Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.

Noting this penury, to myself I said,—

And if a man did need a poison now,

Whose sale is present death in Mantua,

Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it  
him.

---

#### THE DEATH OF ROMEO.

How oft when men are at the point of  
death

Have they been merry? which their  
keepers call

A lightning before death: O, how may I  
Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my  
wife!

Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy  
breath,

Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:  
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign  
yet

Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,  
And death's pale flag is not advanced  
there.—

Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody  
sheet?

O, what more favour can I do to thee,  
Than with that hand that cut thy youth  
in twain,

To sunder his that was thine enemy?

Forgive me, cousin?—Ah, dear Juliet,

Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I be  
lieve

That unsubstantial Death is amorous;

And that the lean abhorred monster  
keeps

Thee here in dark to be his paramour?

For fear of that, I will still stay with  
thee;

And never from this palace of dim night  
Depart again; here, here will I remain

With worms that are thy chambermaids;  
O here

Will I set up my everlasting rest;

And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars



From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes,  
 look your last !  
 Arms, take your last embrace ! and lips,  
 O you  
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous  
 kiss  
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death !—  
 Come, bitter conduct, come unsavoury  
 guide !  
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run  
 on  
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary  
 bark !  
 Here's to my love !—[*Drinks the poison.*]  
 O, true apothecary !  
 Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss  
 I die. [Dies.]

CONSTANCE'S REPROACHES TO  
 THE ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA.

*King John.*

O LYMOGES ! O Austria thou dost  
 shame  
 That bloody spoil : thou slave, thou  
 wretch, thou coward ;  
 Thou little valiant, great in villany !  
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !  
 Thou Fortune's champion that dost never  
 fight  
 But when her humorous ladyship is by  
 To teach thee safety ; thou art perjured,  
 too,  
 And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool  
 art thou,  
 A ramping fool ; to brag, and stamp, and  
 swear,  
 Upon my party ! Thou cold-blooded  
 slave,  
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my  
 side ?  
 Been sworn my soldier ? bidding me de-  
 pend  
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy  
 strength ?  
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?  
 Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for  
 shame,  
 And hang a calf's skin on those recreant  
 limbs.

A COMPLETE LADY.

If lusty love should go in quest of  
 beauty,  
 Where should he find it fairer than in  
 Blanch ?  
 If zealous love should go in search of  
 virtue,  
 Where should he find it purer than in  
 Blanch ?  
 If love ambitious sought a match of birth,  
 Whose veins bound richer blood than  
 lady Blanch ?

PERFECTION NEEDS NO  
 ADDITION.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
 To throw a perfume on the violet,  
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
 Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light  
 To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to  
 garnish,  
 Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

DESPONDENCY.

THERE'S nothing in this world can make  
 me joy ;  
 Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,  
 Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

THE CURSES OF ROYALTY.

It is the curse of kings to be attended  
 By slaves that take their humours for a  
 warrant  
 To break within the bloody house of life ;  
 And, on the winking of authority,  
 To understand a law ; to know the  
 meaning  
 Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance,  
 it frowns  
 More upon humour than advised respect.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 How oft the sight of means to do ill  
 deeds,  
 Makes deeds ill done ! Hadst not thou  
 been by,  
 A fellow by the hand of nature marked,



Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of  
shame,  
This murder had not come into my mind.  
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,—  
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,  
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,  
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's  
death ;  
And thou, to be endeared to a king,  
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made  
a pause,  
When I spake darkly what I purposed ;  
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,  
As bid me tell my tale in express words ;  
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made  
me break off,  
And those thy fears might have wrought  
fears in me.

ENGLAND INVINCIBLE.

THIS England never did, nor never  
shall,  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound itself.  
Now these her princes are come home  
again,  
Come the three corners of the world in  
arms,  
And we shall shock them : Naught shall  
make us rue,  
If England to itself do rest but true.

THE TRAGICAL FATE OF KINGS.

*King Richard II.*

OF comfort no man speak :  
Let's stalk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs ;  
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes  
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.  
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills ;  
And yet not so,—for what can we be-  
queath,  
Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?  
Our lands, our lives, and all are Boling-  
broke's,  
And nothing can we call our own but  
death,

And that small model of the barren earth  
Which serves as paste and cover to our  
bones.  
For heaven's sake let us sit upon the  
ground,  
And tell sad stories of the death of  
kings :—  
How some have been deposed, some slain  
in war :  
Some haunted by the ghosts they have  
deposed :  
Some poison'd by their wives ; some  
sleeping kill'd ;  
All murder'd :—for within the hollow  
crown  
That rounds the mortal temples of a king  
Keeps Death his court : and there the  
antic sits,  
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his  
pomp ;  
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,  
To monarchise, be fear'd, and kill with  
looks ;  
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—  
As if this flesh, which walls about our  
life,  
Were brass impregnable ; and humour'd  
thus,  
Comes at the last, and with a little pin  
Bores through his castle wall, and—fare-  
well king !  
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh  
and blood  
With solemn reverence ; throw away  
respect,  
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,  
For you have but mistook me all this  
while :  
I live with bread like you, feel want,  
taste grief,  
Need friends : subjected thus,  
How can you say to me I am a king ?

RICHARD'S HUMILITY.

WHAT must the king do now ? Must he  
submit ?  
The king shall do it. Must he be de-  
pos'd ?  
The king shall be contented. Must he  
lose



The name of king? O' God's name, let  
it go.  
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads;  
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage;  
My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown;  
My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood;  
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff;  
My subjects for a pair of carved saints;  
And my large kingdom for a little grave,  
A little little grave—an obscure grave:  
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,  
Some way of common trade, where sub-  
jects' feet  
May hourly trample on their sovereign's  
head:  
For on my heart they tread now whilst I  
live;  
And, buried once, why not upon my  
head?

~~~~~

### BOLINGBROKE'S ENTRY INTO LONDON.

THEN, as I said, the duke, great Boling-  
broke,—  
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,  
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—  
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his  
course,  
While all tongues cried—God save thee,  
Bolingbroke!  
You would have thought the very windows  
spake,  
So many greedy looks of young and old  
Through casements darted their desiring  
eyes  
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,  
With painted imagery, had said at once,—  
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Boling-  
broke!  
Whilst he, from one side to the other  
turning,  
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's  
neck,  
Bespake them thus,—*I thank you, country-  
men:*  
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
As in a theatre, the eyes of men,  
After a well-graced actor leaves the  
stage,

Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:  
Even so, or with much more contempt,  
men's eyes  
Did scowl on Richard; no man cried,  
God save him;  
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome  
home:  
But dust was thrown upon his sacred  
head;  
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook  
off,—  
His face still combating with tears and  
smiles,  
The badges of his grief and patience,—  
That had not God, for some strong pur-  
pose, steel'd  
The hearts of men, they must perforce  
have melted,  
And barbarism itself have pitied him.

~~~~~

### ENGLAND

THIS royal throne of kings, this scepter  
isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise;  
This fortress, built by nature for herself,  
Against infection and the hand of war;  
This happy breed of men, this little  
world;  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands,  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,  
this England.

~~~~~

### HOTSPUR'S DESCRIPTION OF A FOP.

*King Henry IV.*

BUT, I remember, when the fight was  
done,  
When I was dry with rage and extreme  
toil,  
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my  
sword,  
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly  
dress'd,



Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new  
 reap'd,  
 Show'd like a stubble land at harvest  
 home;  
 He was perfum'd like a milliner;  
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he  
 held  
 A pouncet-box which ever and anon  
 He gave his nose, and took 't away  
 again;—  
 Who, therewith angry, when it next came  
 there,  
 Took it in snuff:—and still he smil'd and  
 talk'd;  
 And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
 He call'd them untaught knaves, un-  
 mannerly  
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse  
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
 With many holiday and lady terms  
 He question'd me; among the rest de-  
 manded  
 My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.  
 I then, all smarting with my wounds,  
 being cold,  
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,  
 Out of my grief and my impatience,  
 Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what;  
 He should, or he should not; for he made  
 me mad  
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so  
 sweet,  
 And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,  
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God  
 save the mark),  
 And telling me the sovereign'st thing on  
 earth  
 Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;  
 And that it was great pity, so it was,  
 That villanous saltpetre should be digg'd  
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
 Which many a good tall fellow had  
 destroy'd  
 So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,  
 He would himself have been a soldier.

LADY PERCY'S SPEECH TO HER  
 HUSBAND.

O, MY good lord, why are you thus alone?  
 For what offence have I, this fortnight,  
 been

A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?  
 Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes  
 from thee  
 Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden  
 sleep?  
 Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the  
 earth;  
 And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?  
 Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy  
 cheeks;  
 And given my treasures, and my rights  
 of thee,  
 To thick-eyed musing, and curs'd melan-  
 choly?  
 In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have  
 watch'd,  
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron  
 wars:  
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding  
 steed;  
 Cry "Courage—to the field!" And  
 thou hast talk'd  
 Of sallies and retires; of trenches, tents,  
 Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;  
 Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;  
 Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers  
 slain,  
 And all the currents of a heady fight.  
 Thy spirit within thee hath been so at  
 war,  
 And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy  
 sleep,  
 That beads of sweat have stood upon thy  
 brow,  
 Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;  
 And in thy face strange motions have  
 appear'd,  
 Such as we see when men restrain their  
 breath  
 On some great sudden haste. O what  
 portents are these?  
 Some heavy business hath my lord in  
 hand,  
 And I must know it, else he loves me not.

KING HENRY IV. TO PRINCE  
 HENRY.

HAD I so lavish of my presence been,  
 So common-hackney'd in the eyes o'  
 men,  
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company;



Opinion, that did help me to the crown,  
 Had still kept loyal to possession :  
 And left me in reputeless banishment,  
 A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.  
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir,  
 But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at :  
 That men would tell their children,  
 "This is he ;"  
 Others would say, "Where ?—which is  
 Bolingbroke ?"  
 And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,  
 And dress'd myself in such humility,  
 That I did pluck allegiance from men's  
 hearts,  
 Loud shouts and salutations from their  
 mouths,  
 Even in the presence of the crowned  
 king.  
 Thus did I keep my person fresh and  
 new ;  
 My presence, like a robe pontifical,  
 Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at ; and so my  
 state,  
 Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a  
 feast ;  
 And won, by rareness, such solemnity.  
 The skipping king, he ambled up and  
 down  
 With shallow jesters, and rash bavin  
 wits,  
 Soon kindled, and soon burn'd ; carded  
 his state ;  
 Mingled his royalty with capering fools ;  
 Had his great name profaned with their  
 scorns,  
 And gave his countenance, against his  
 name,  
 To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the  
 push  
 Of every beardless vain comparative :  
 Grew a companion to the common streets,  
 Enfeoff'd himself to popularity :  
 That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,  
 They surfeited with honey, and began  
 To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof  
 a little  
 More than a little, is by much too much.  
 So, when he had occasion to be seen,  
 He was but as the cuckoo is in June,  
 Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with  
 such eyes,  
 As, sick and blunted with community,  
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,

Such as is bent on sun-like majesty,  
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes .  
 But rather drows'd, and hung their eye-  
 lids down,  
 Slept in his face and render'd such aspect  
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries :  
 Being with his presence glutted, gorged  
 and full.

### PRINCE HENRY'S DEFENCE OF HIMSELF.

GOD forgive them, that have so much  
 sway'd  
 Your majesty's good thoughts away from  
 me !  
 I will redeem all th's on Percy's head,  
 And, in the closing of some glorious day,  
 Be bold to tell you that I am your son ;  
 When I will wear a garment all of blood,  
 And stain my favours in a bloody mask,  
 Which, wash'd away, shall scour my  
 shame with it.  
 And that shall be the day, whene'er it  
 lights,  
 That this same child of honour and re-  
 nown,  
 This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised  
 knight,  
 And your unthought-of Harry chance to  
 meet :  
 For every honour sitting on his helm,  
 Would they were multitudes ; and on my  
 head  
 My shames redoubled ! for the time will  
 come  
 That I shall make this northern youth  
 exchange  
 His glorious deeds for my indignities.  
 Percy is but my factor, good my lord,  
 To engross up glorious deeds on my be-  
 half ;  
 And I will call him to so strict account,  
 That he shall render every glory up,  
 Yea, even the slightest worship of his  
 time,  
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his  
 heart.  
 This, in the name of God, I promise  
 here :  
 The which, if He be pleas'd I shall per-  
 form,



I do beseech your majesty may salve  
The long-grown wounds of my intemper-  
ance :  
If not, the end of life cancels all bands ;  
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,  
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

~~~~~  
YOUNG HARRY.

I SAW young Harry, —with his beaver on,  
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd—  
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mer-  
cury,  
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
As if an angel dropp'd down from the  
clouds,  
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
And witch the world with noble horse-  
manship.

~~~~~  
PRINCE HENRY'S SPEECH ON  
THE DEATH OF HOTSPUR.

FARE thee well, great heart !  
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou  
shrunk !  
When that this body did contain a spirit,  
A kingdom for it was too small a bound :  
But now, two paces of the vilest earth  
Is room enough :—this earth, that bears  
thee dead,  
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.  
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,  
I should not make so dear a show of  
zeal :—  
But let my favours hide thy mangled face ;  
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself  
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.  
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to  
heaven :  
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in thy grave,  
But not remember'd in thy epitaph !

~~~~~  
HENRY'S SOLILOQUY ON  
SLEEP.

How many thousand of my poorest  
subjects  
Are at this hour asleep !—O sleep, O  
gentle sleep,

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened  
thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids  
down,  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?  
Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky  
cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy  
slumber ;  
Than in the perfumed chambers of the  
great,  
Under the canopies of costly state,  
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest me-  
lody ?  
O thou dull god ! why liest thou with the  
vile,  
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly  
couch,  
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell ?  
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast,  
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his  
brains  
In cradle of the rude imperious surge.  
And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hang-  
ing them  
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery  
clouds,  
That, with the hurly, death itself  
awakes ?—  
Canst thou, O partial Sleep, give thy  
repose  
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;  
And, in the calmest and most stillest  
night,  
With all appliances and means to boot,  
Deny it to a king ?—Then, happy low, lie  
down !  
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

~~~~~  
THE CHARACTER OF KING  
HENRY V. BY HIS FATHER

HE is gracious if he be observ'd ;  
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand  
Open as day, for melting charity :  
Yet, notwithstanding, being incens'd, he  
flint ;  
As humorous as winter, and as sudden  
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.



His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd :  
 Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,  
 When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth ;  
 But, being moody, give him line and scope ;  
 Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,  
 Confound themselves with working.

~~~~~

FORTUNE.

WILL Fortune never come with both hands full,  
 But write her fair words still in foulest letters ?  
 She either gives a stomach, and no food,—  
 Such are the poor, in health ; or else a feast,  
 And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,  
 That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

~~~~~

PRINCE HENRY REBUKED BY HIS FATHER.

*King Henry.* COME hither to me, Harry :—  
 Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.  
*Prince Henry.* I never thought to hear you speak again.  
*King Henry.* Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought :  
 I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.  
 Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,  
 That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours  
 Before thy hour be ripe ? O foolish youth !  
 Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.  
 Stay but a little ; for my cloud of dignity  
 Is held from falling with so weak a wind,  
 That it will quickly drop : my day is dim.  
 Thou hast stolen that, which, after some few hours,

Were thine without offence ; and, at my death,  
 Thou hast seal'd up my expectation :  
 Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,  
 And thou wilt have me die assured of it.  
 Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts ;  
 Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,  
 To stab at half an hour of my life.  
 What ! canst thou not forbear me half an hour ?  
 Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself ;  
 And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,  
 That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.  
 Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse  
 Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head :  
 Only compound me with forgotten dust ;  
 Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.  
 Pluck down my officers, break my decrees :  
 For now a time is come to mock at form,  
 Harry the Fifth is crown'd ;—up, vanity !  
 Down, royal state ! all you sage counsellors, hence !  
 And to the English court assemble now,  
 From every region, apes of idleness !  
 Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum :  
 Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,  
 Revel the night ; rob, murder, and commit  
 The oldest sins the newest kind of ways ?  
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more :  
 England shall double gild his treble guilt  
 England shall give him office, honour, might :  
 For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks  
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog  
 Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.  
 O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !  
 When that my care could not withhold thy riots,  
 What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care ?



O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,  
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!  
*Prince Henry.* O, pardon me, my liege!  
 but for my tears, [Kneeling.  
 The moist impediments unto my speech,  
 I had forestall'd this dear and deep  
 rebuke,  
 Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had  
 heard  
 The course of it so far. There is your  
 crown,  
 And He that wears the crown immortally,  
 Long guard it yours!

KING HENRY'S ADDRESS TO  
 HIS SOLDIERS.

*King Henry V.*

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends,  
 —once more,  
 Or close the wall up with our English  
 dead!  
 In peace there's nothing so becomes a man  
 As modest stillness and humility;  
 But when the blast of war blows in our  
 ears,  
 Then imitate the action of the tiger;  
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,  
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd  
 rage;  
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;  
 Let it pry through the portage of the head,  
 Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'er-  
 whelm it,  
 As fearfully as doth a galled rock  
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,  
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.  
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril  
 wide;  
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every  
 spirit  
 To his full height! On, on, you noble  
 English,  
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-  
 proof!  
 Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,  
 Have, in these parts, from morn till even  
 fought,  
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of  
 argument.

NIGHT IN THE CAMP.

FROM camp to camp  
 The hum of either army stilly sounds,  
 That the fix'd sentinels almost receive  
 The secret whispers of each other's watch.  
 Fire answers fire; and through their paly  
 flames  
 Each battle sees the other's umber'd face:  
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful  
 neighs  
 Piercing the night's dull ear; and from  
 the tents,  
 The armourers, accomplishing the knights,  
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,  
 Give dreadful note of preparation.  
 The country cocks do crow, the clocks do  
 toll,  
 And the third hour of drowsy morning  
 name.  
 Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,  
 The confident and over-lusty French  
 Do the low-rated English play at dice;  
 And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,  
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth  
 limp  
 So tediously away. The poor condemned  
 English,  
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires  
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate  
 The morning's danger; and their gesture  
 sad,  
 Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn  
 coats,  
 Presenteth them unto the gazing moon  
 So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who  
 will behold  
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band,  
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent  
 to tent,  
 Let him cry—Praise and glory on his  
 head!  
 For forth he goes, and visits all his host;  
 Bids them good-morrow, with a modest  
 smile;  
 And calls them—brothers, friends, and  
 countrymen.  
 Upon his royal face there is no note,  
 How dread an army hath enrounded  
 him;  
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour  
 Unto the weary and all-watched night:  
 But freshly looks, and overbears attain't.



With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty ;  
 That every wretch, pining and pale before,  
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks :  
 A largess universal, like the sun,  
 His liberal eye doth give to every one,  
 Thawing cold fear.

---

#### MARTIAL SPIRIT.

Now all the youth of England are on fire,  
 And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies ;  
 Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought  
 Reigns solely in the breast of every man ;  
 They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse ;  
 Following the mirror of all Christian kings,  
 With winged heels, as English Mercuries.  
 For now sits Expectation in the air ;  
 And hides a sword, from hilt unto the point,  
 With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,  
 Promis'd to Harry and his followers.

---

#### ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF KING HENRY V.

HEAR him but reason in divinity,  
 And, all admiring, with an inward wish  
 You would desire the king were made a prelate :  
 Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,  
 You would say,—it hath been all-in-all  
 his study ;  
 List his discourse of war, and you shall hear  
 A fearful battle render'd you in music :  
 Turn him to any cause of policy,  
 The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,  
 Familiar as his garter ; that, when he speaks,  
 The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,  
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,  
 To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences.

#### KING HENRY'S SPEECH BEFORE THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

HE that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,  
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.  
 He that shall live this day, and see old age,  
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,  
 And say—To-morrow is saint Crispian :  
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,  
 And say, These wounds I had on Crispin's day.  
 Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,  
 But he'll remember, with advantages,  
 What feats he did that day ; then shall our names,  
 Familiar in their mouths as household words,—  
 Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,  
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—  
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.  
 This story shall the good man teach his son ;  
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
 From this day to the ending of the world,  
 But we in it shall be remembered,—  
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;  
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me,  
 Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,  
 This day shall gentle his condition :  
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,  
 Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not here ;  
 And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks  
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

---

#### A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

*King Henry VI.*

WHAT stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted ?  
 Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just ;



And he but naked though lock'd up in  
steel  
Whose conscience with injustice is cor-  
rupted.

THE KING'S ENVY OF A SHEP-  
HERD'S LIFE.

O GOD! methinks it were a happy life,  
To be no better than a homely swain;  
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,  
To carve out dials quaintly, point by  
point,  
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:  
How many make the hour full complete,  
How many hours bring about the day,  
How many days will finish up the year,  
How many years a mortal man may live.  
When this is known, then to divide the  
times:

So many hours must I tend my flock;  
So many hours must I take my rest;  
So many hours must I contemplate;  
So many hours must I sport myself;

\* \* \* \* \*

So many years ere I shall shear the fleece;  
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months,  
and years,

Pass'd over to the end they were created,  
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet  
grave.

Ah, what a life were this! how sweet!  
how lovely!

RICHARD DUKE OF GLOSTER'S  
DESCRIPTION OF HIMSELF.

WHY, I can smile, and murder while I  
smile;

And cry, content, to that which grieves  
my heart;

And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,  
And frame my face to all occasions;

I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid  
shall;

I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;  
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor;

Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,  
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy;

I can add colours to the cameleon;

Change shapes with Proteus for advan-  
tages,

And set the murd'rous Machiavel to  
school.

Can I do this and cannot get a crown?

DYING WORDS OF WARWICK  
THE KING MAKER.

THESE eyes, that now are dimm'd with  
death's black veil,

Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,  
To search the secret treasons of the world:

The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with  
blood,

Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres:

For who liv'd king, but I could dig his  
grave?

And who durst smile when Warwick bent  
his brow?

Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and  
blood!

My parks, my walks, my manors that I  
Even now forsake me; and of all my lands,  
Is nothing left me, but my body's length!

Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth  
and dust?

And, live we how we can, yet die we  
must.

HENRY VI. ON HIS OWN LENITY.

I HAVE not stopp'd mine ears to their de-  
mands,

Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;  
My pity hath been balm to heal their  
wounds,

My mildness hath allay'd their swelling  
[griefs,

My mercy dried their water-flowing tears:  
I have not been desirous of their wealth,

Nor much oppress'd them with great sub-  
sidies,

Nor forward of revenge, though they  
much err'd.

SUFFOLK'S HATRED OF HIS  
ENEMIES.

A PLAGUE upon them! wherefore should  
I curse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's  
groan,



I would invent as bitter-searching terms,  
 As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,  
 Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,  
 With full as many signs of deadly hate,  
 As lean-faced Envy in her loathsome cave:  
 My tongue should stumble in mine earnest  
 words:  
 Mine eyes shall sparkle like the beaten  
 flint;  
 My hair be fixed on end, as one distract;  
 Ay, every joint should seem to curse and  
 ban:  
 And even now my burden'd heart would  
 break,  
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their  
 drink!  
 Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that  
 they taste!  
 Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress  
 trees!  
 Their chiefest prospect, murdering basi-  
 lisks!  
 Their softest touch, as smart as lizard's  
 stings;  
 Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss;  
 And boding screech-owls make the con-  
 cert full!  
 All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell.

~~~~~

THE DUKE OF GLOSTER ON  
 HIS DEFORMITY.

*King Richard III.*

Now is the winter of our discontent  
 Made glorious summer by this sun of  
 York;  
 And all the clouds that lour'd upon our  
 house,  
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.  
 Now are our brows bound with victorious  
 wreaths;  
 Our bruised arms hung up for monu-  
 ments;  
 Our stern alarums, chang'd to merry  
 meetings,  
 Our dreadful marches to delightful mea-  
 sures.  
 Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his  
 wrinkled front;  
 And now, instead of mounting barbed  
 steeds,  
 To fight the souls of fearful adversaries,—

He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,  
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.  
 But I, that am not shaped for sportive  
 tricks,  
 Nor made to court an amorous looking  
 glass;  
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want  
 love's majesty,  
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;  
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,  
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time  
 Into this breathing world, scarce half  
 made up,  
 And that so lamely and unfashionable,  
 That dogs bark at me, as I halt by  
 them;—  
 Why I, in this weak piping time of  
 peace,  
 Have no delight to pass away the time;  
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,  
 And descant on mine own deformity;  
 And therefore,—since I cannot prove a  
 lover,  
 To entertain these fair well spoken  
 days,—  
 I am determin'd to prove a villain,  
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

~~~~~

QUEEN MARGARET'S  
 EXECRATIONS ON GLOSTER.

THE worm of conscience still be-gnaw  
 thy soul!  
 Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou  
 liv'st,  
 And take deep traitors for thy dearest  
 friends!  
 No sleep close up that deadly eye of  
 thine,  
 Unless it be while some tormenting  
 dream  
 Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils;  
 Thou elvish-mark'd abortive, rooting  
 hog!

~~~~~

THE MURDER OF THE YOUNG  
 PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

THE tyrannous and bloody act is done;  
 The most arch deed of piteous massacre  
 That ever yet this land was guilty of.



Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn  
 To do this piece of ruthless butchery,  
 Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody  
 dogs,  
 Melting with tenderness and mild com-  
 passion,  
 Wept like two children, in their death's  
 sad story.  
 "O thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the  
 gentle babes—"  
 "Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling  
 one another  
 Within their alabaster innocent arms :  
 Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,  
 Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd  
 each other.  
 A book of prayers on their pillow lay ;  
 Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost  
 changed my mind ;  
 But, O, the devil"—there the villain  
 stopp'd ;  
 When Dighton thus told on,—“We  
 smothered  
 The most replenished sweet work of  
 Nature,  
 That, from the prime creation, e'er she  
 fram'd.”—  
 Hence both are gone, with conscience and  
 remorse ;  
 They could not speak ; and so I left them  
 both,  
 To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

RICHMOND'S ADDRESS TO HIS  
 ARMY BEFORE THE BATTLE  
 OF BOSWORTH.

FELLOWS in arms, and my most loving  
 friends,  
 Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,  
 Thus far into the bowels of the land  
 Have we march'd on without impediment ;  
 And here receive we from our father  
 Stanley  
 Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.  
 The wretched, bloody, and usurping  
 boar,  
 That spoil'd your summer fields and fruit-  
 ful vines,  
 Swills your warm blood like wash, and  
 makes his trough

In your embowell'd bosoms,—this foul  
 swine  
 Lies now even in the centre of this isle,  
 Near to the town of Leicester, as we  
 learn :  
 From Tamworth thither, is but one day's  
 march.  
 In God's name, cheerly on, courageous  
 friends,  
 To reap the harvest of perpetual peace  
 By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

CARDINAL WOLSEY ON THE  
 VICISSITUDES OF LIFE.

*King Henry VIII.*

FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my  
 greatness,  
 This is the state of man ; to-day he puts  
 forth  
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow  
 blossoms,  
 And bears his blushing honours thick  
 upon him ;  
 The third day comes a frost, a killing  
 frost ;  
 And, when he thinks, good easy man,  
 full surely  
 His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,  
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ven-  
 tured,  
 Like little wanton boys that swim on  
 bladders,  
 This many summers in a sea of glory ;  
 But far beyond my depth ; my high-blown  
 pride  
 At length broke under me ; and now has  
 left me,  
 Weary, and old with service, to the  
 mercy  
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide  
 me.  
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I  
 hate ye ;  
 I feel my heart new open'd : O, how  
 wretched  
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes'  
 favours !  
 There is, betwixt that smile we would  
 aspire to,



That sweet aspect of princes, and their  
ruin,  
More pangs and fears, than wars or  
women have ;  
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again.

~~~~~

WOLSEY TO CROMWELL.

THUS far hear me, Cromwell ;  
And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no  
mention  
Of me more must be heard of—say, I  
taught thee,  
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of  
glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of  
honour,—  
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to  
rise in ;  
A sure and safe one, though thy master  
missed it.  
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd  
me.  
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away am-  
bition :  
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man,  
then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by  
it ?  
Love thyself last : cherish those hearts  
that hate thee ;  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues. Be just,  
and fear not :  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy  
country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's. Then if thou  
fall'st, O Cromwell,  
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr !—Serve the  
King,  
And,—pr'ythee, lead me in ;  
There take an inventory of all I have,  
To the last penny, 't is the King's : my  
robe,  
And my integrity to Heaven, is all  
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell,  
Cromwell !  
Had I but serv'd my God with half the  
zeal

I serv'd my King, he would not in mine  
age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

~~~~~

CARDINAL WOLSEY'S DEATH.

AT last, with easy roads, he came to  
Leicester,  
Lodg'd in the abbey ; where the reverend  
abbot,  
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd  
him ;  
To whom he gave these words,—“ O  
father abbot,  
An old man, broken with the storms of  
state,  
Is come to lay his weary bones among  
ye ;  
Give him a little earth for charity !”  
So went to bed ; where eagerly his  
sickness  
Pursued him still ; and, three nights after  
this,  
About the hour of eight (which he him-  
self  
Foretold should be his last), full of repen-  
tance,  
Continual meditations, tears, and sor-  
rows,  
He gave his honours to the world again,  
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in  
peace.

~~~~~

TAKE, O TAKE THOSE LIPS  
AWAY !

*Measure for Measure.*

TAKE, O take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn ;  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn :  
But my kisses bring again,  
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, O hide those hills of snow,  
Which thy frozen bosom bears,  
On whose tops the pinks that grow  
Are of those that April wears :  
But first set my poor heart free,  
Bound in those icy chains by thee.



LOVE AND LUST.

LOVE comforteth like sunshine after rain;  
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;  
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh  
remain;

Lust's winter comes, e'er summer half be  
done.

Love surfeits not; Lust like a glutton  
Love is all truth; Lust full of forged  
lies.

*Venus and Adonis.*

SUNRISE.

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
From his moist cabinet mounts up on  
high,  
And wakes the morning, from whose  
silver breast

The sun ariseth in his majesty;  
Who doth the world so gloriously be-  
hold,  
The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd  
gold.

*Venus and Adonis.*

LUCRETIA SLEEPING.

HER lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,  
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;  
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in  
sunder,  
Swelling on either side to want his bliss;  
Between whose hills her head entombed  
is;

Without the bed her other fair hand was,  
On the green coverlet, whose perfect  
white

Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,  
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of  
night.

Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd  
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,  
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with  
her breath;  
O modest wantons! wanton modesty!  
Showing life's triumph in the map of  
death,

And death's dim look in life's mortality.  
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,  
As if between them twain there were  
no strife, [in life.  
But that life liv'd in death, and death

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with  
blue,

A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,  
Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they  
knew,

And him by oath they truly honoured.

*Rape of Lucrece.*

WHAT WIN I IF I GAIN?

WHAT win I if I gain the thing I seek?  
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.  
Who buys a minute's mirth, to wail a  
week?

Or sells eternity to get a toy?  
For one sweet grape, who will the wine  
destroy?

Or what fond beggar, but to touch the  
Would with the sceptre strait be  
strucken down?

*Rape of Lucrece.*

VENUS WITH THE DEAD BODY  
OF ADONIS.

SHE looks upon his lips, and they are  
pale;  
She takes him by the hand, and that is  
cold;

She whispers in his ear a heavy tale,  
As if he heard the woeful words she told:  
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his  
eyes,

Where, lo, two lamps burnt out in  
darkness lies!

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld  
A thousand times, and now no more re-  
flect;

Their virtue lost, wherein they late  
And every beauty robb'd of his effect.

Wonder of time! (quoith she) this is my  
spite,

That, thou being dead, the day should  
yet be light.



Since thou art dead, lo ! here I prophesy,  
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend ;  
It shall be waited on with jealousy,  
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end ;  
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low ;  
That all love's pleasure shall not match  
his woe.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,  
And shall be blasted in a breathing-while,  
The bottom poison, and the top o'er-  
straw'd  
With sweets that shall the sharpest sight  
beguile.  
The strongest body shall it make most  
weak,  
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the  
fool to speak.

It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,  
Teaching decrepid age to tread the mea-  
sures ;  
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,  
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor  
with treasures ;  
It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,  
Make the young old, the old become a  
child.

It shall suspect where is no cause of fear ;  
It shall not fear where it should most  
distrust ;  
It shall be merciful, and too severe,  
And most deceiving when it seems most  
just ;  
Perverse it shall be, when it seems  
most toward,  
Put fear to valour, courage to the  
coward.

It shall be cause of war and dire  
events,  
And set dissention 'twixt the son and  
sire ;  
Subject and servile to all discontents,  
As dry combustious matter is to fire.  
Sith in his prime, death doth my love  
destroy,  
They that love best, their loves shall  
not enjoy.

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd  
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,

And in his blood, that on the ground lay  
spill'd,  
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd  
with white,  
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and  
the blood  
Which in round drops upon their  
whiteness stood.

She bows her head the new-sprung flower  
to smell,  
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath ;  
And says within her bosom it shall dwell,  
Since he himself is rest from her by death :  
She crops the stalk, and in the breach  
appears  
Green dropping sap, which she com-  
pares to tears.

Poor flower ! (quoth she) this was thy  
father's guise  
(Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling  
sire),  
For every little grief to wet his eyes,  
To grow unto himself was his desire,  
And so 't is thine ; but know, it is as  
good  
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

Here was thy father's bed, here in my  
breast,  
Thou art the next of blood, and 't is thy  
right ;  
Low in this hollow cradle take thy rest,  
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day  
and night :  
There shall not be one minute of an  
hour,  
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's  
flower.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies.  
And yokes her silver doves, by whose  
swift aid  
Their mistress, mounted, through the  
empty skies  
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd ;  
Holding their course to Paphos, where  
their queen  
Means to immure herself, and not be  
seen.

*Venus and Adonis.*



## SONNET.

FULL many a glorious morning have I  
 seen  
 Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign  
 eye,  
 Kissing with golden face the meadows  
 green,  
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly al-  
 chemy;  
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,  
 And from the forlorn world his visage  
 hide,  
 Stealing unseen to west with this dis-  
 grace:  
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine  
 With all-triumphant splendour on my  
 brow;  
 But, out, alack! he was but one hour  
 mine,  
 The region cloud hath mask'd him from  
 me now.  
 Yet him for this my love no whit dis-  
 daineth;  
 Suns of the world may stain when  
 heaven's sun staineth.

## SONNET.

NOT marble, not the gilded monuments  
 Of princes, shall outlive this powerful  
 rhyme;  
 But you shall shine more bright in these  
 contents  
 Than unswept stone, besmear'd with  
 sluttish time.  
 When wasteful war shall statues overturn,  
 And broils root out the work of masonry,  
 Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire  
 shall burn  
 The living record of your memory.  
 'Gainst death and all oblivious enmity  
 Shall you pace forth; your praise shall  
 still find room,  
 Even in the eyes of all posterity  
 That wear this world out to the ending  
 doom.  
 So, till the judgment that yourself arise,  
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers'  
 eyes.

## SONNET.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,  
 For as you were when first your eye I  
 ey'd,  
 Such seems your beauty still. Three  
 winters' cold  
 Have from the forests shook three sum-  
 mers' pride:  
 Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn  
 turn'd  
 In process of the seasons have I seen,  
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes  
 burn'd,  
 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are  
 green.  
 Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,  
 Steal from his figure, and no pace per-  
 ceiv'd!  
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still  
 doth stand,  
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be  
 deceiv'd.  
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age  
 unbred,  
 Ere you were born was beauty's sum-  
 mer dead.

## SONNET.

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent  
 thought  
 I summon up remembrance of things  
 past,  
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
 And with old woes new wail my dear  
 time's waste:  
 Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,  
 For precious friends hid in death's date-  
 less night,  
 And weep afresh love's long-since-can-  
 cell'd woe,  
 And moan the expense of many a vanish'd  
 sight.  
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,  
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.  
 But if the while I think on thee, dear  
 friend,  
 All losses are restor'd, and sorrows  
 end.



[ANONYMOUS. 1635.]

## THE FAIRY QUEEN.

COME follow, follow me,  
 You, fairy elves that be :  
 Which circle on the greene,  
 Come follow Mab your queene.  
 Hand in hand let's dance around,  
 For this place is fairye ground.

When mortals are at rest,  
 And snoring in their nest ;  
 Unheard, and unespy'd,  
 Through key-holes we do glide ;  
 Over tables, stools, and shelves,  
 We trip it with our fairy elves.

And, if the house be foul  
 With platter, dish, or bowl,  
 Up stairs we nimbly creep,  
 And find the sluts asleep :  
 There we pinch their armes and thighes ;  
 None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,  
 And from uncleanness kept,  
 We praise the houshold maid,  
 And duely she is paid :  
 For we use before we goe  
 To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroome's head  
 Our table-cloth we spread ;  
 A grain of rye, or wheat,  
 Is manchet, which we eat ;  
 Pearly drops of dew we drink  
 In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,  
 With unctuous fat of snailes,  
 Between two cockles stew'd,  
 Is meat that's easily chew'd ;  
 Tailles of wormes, and marrow of mice,  
 Do make a dish that's wondrous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,  
 Serve for our minstrelle ;  
 Grace said, we dance a while,  
 And so the time beguile :  
 And if the moon doth hide her head,  
 The gloe-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewie grasse  
 So nimbly do we passe ;  
 The young and tender stalk  
 Ne'er bends when we do walk :  
 Yet in the morning may be seen  
 Where we the night before have been.

[SIR WALTER RALEIGH. 1593.]

## THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

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.

Go, tell the Court—it glows  
 And shines like rotten wood ;  
 Go, tell 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 rule affairs of state—  
 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 lacks 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 over-wiseness.  
 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 ;  
 Tell—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,  
 Yet stab at thee who will,  
 No stab the soul can kill.

~~~~~  
 DULCINA.

[Ascribed to SIR WALTER RALEIGH on doubtful  
 authority.]

AS at noon Dulcina rested  
 In her sweet and shady bower,

Came a shepherd, and requested  
 In her lap to sleep an hour  
 But from her look  
 A wound he took  
 So deep, that for a further boon  
 The nymph he prays.  
 Whereto she says,  
 Forego me now, come to me soon.

But in vain she did conjure him  
 To depart her presence so ;  
 Having a thousand tongues to allure him  
 And but one to bid him go ;  
 Where lips invite,  
 And eyes delight,  
 And cheeks, as fresh as rose in June,  
 Persuade delay ;  
 What boots she say,  
 Forego me now, come to me soon ?

He demands what time for pleasure  
 Can there be more fit than now ;  
 She says, night gives love that leisure,  
 Which the day can not allow.  
 He says, the sight  
 Improves delight ;  
 Which she denies : night's murky noon  
 In Venus' plays  
 Makes bold, she says ;  
 Forego me now, come to me soon.

But what promise or profession  
 From his hands could purchase scope,  
 Who would sell the sweet possession  
 Of such beauty for a hope ?  
 Or for the sight  
 Of lingering night  
 Forego the present joys of noon ?  
 Though ne'er so fair  
 Her speeches were,  
 Forego me now, come to me soon.

How, at last, agreed these lovers ?  
 She was fair, and he was young :  
 The tongue may tell what th'eye discovers.  
 Joys unseen are never sung.  
 Did she consent,  
 Or he relent ;  
 Accepts he night, or grants she noon ;  
 Left he her a maid,  
 Or not ; she said,  
 Forego me now, come to me soon.



[G. WITHER. 1588—1667.]

## SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP!

SLEEP, baby, sleep! what ails my dear,  
 What ails my darling thus to cry?  
 Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,  
 To hear me sing thy lullaby.  
 My pretty lamb, forbear to weep;  
 Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou blessed soul, what canst thou fear?  
 What thing to thee can mischief do?  
 Thy God is now thy father dear,  
 His holy Spouse thy mother too.  
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Though thy conception was in sin,  
 A sacred bathing thou hast had;  
 And though thy birth unclean hath been,  
 A blameless babe thou now art made.  
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
 Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

While thus thy lullaby I sing,  
 For thee great blessings ripening be;  
 Thine Eldest Brother is a king,  
 And hath a kingdom bought for thee.  
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Sweet baby, sleep, and nothing fear;  
 For whosoever thee offends  
 By thy protector threaten'd are,  
 And God and angels are thy friends.  
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

When God with us was dwelling here,  
 In little babes He took delight;  
 Such innocents as thou, my dear,  
 Are ever precious in his sight.  
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

A little infant once was He;  
 And strength in weakness then was  
 laid  
 Upon His virgin mother's knee,  
 That power to thee might be convey'd,  
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

In this thy frailty and thy need  
 He friends and helpers doth prepare,  
 Which thee shall cherish, clothe, and feed,  
 For of thy weal they tender are.  
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

The King of kings, when he was born,  
 Had not so much for outward ease;  
 By Him such dressings were not worn,  
 Nor such like swaddling-clothes as these.  
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Within a manger lodged thy Lord,  
 Where oxen lay, and asses fed:  
 Warm rooms we do to thee afford,  
 An easy cradle or a bed.  
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

The wants that He did then sustain  
 Have purchased wealth, my babe, for  
 thee;  
 And by His torments and His pain  
 Thy rest and ease secur'd be.  
 My baby, then forbear to weep;  
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou hast, yet more, to perfect this,  
 A promise and an earnest got  
 Of gaining everlasting bliss,  
 Though thou, my babe, perceiv'st it not,  
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

## SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR

SHALL I, wasting in despair,  
 Die because a woman's fair?  
 Or make pale my cheeks with care  
 'Cause another's rosy are?  
 Be she fairer than the day,  
 Or the flow'ry meads in May,  
 If she be not so to me,  
 What care I how fair she be?

Should my heart be griev'd or pin'd  
 'Cause I see a woman kind?  
 Or a well-dispos'd nature  
 Join'd with a lovely feature?



Be she meeker, kinder than  
Turtle-dove or pelican,  
If she be not so to me,  
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move  
Me to perish for her love?  
Or her well-deservings, known,  
Make me quite forget my own?  
Be she with that goodness blest  
Which may gain her name of best,  
If she be not such to me,  
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,  
Shall I play the fool and die?  
Those that bear a noble mind,  
Where they want of riches find,  
Think what with them they would do  
That without them dare to woo;  
And unless that mind I see,  
What care I how great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,  
I will ne'er the more despair:  
If she love me, this believe,  
I will die ere she shall grieve:  
If she slight me when I woo,  
I can scorn and let her go;  
For if she be not for me,  
What care I for whom she be?

I LOVED A LASS, A FAIR ONE.

I LOV'D a lass, a fair one,  
As fair as e'er was seen;  
She was indeed a rare one,  
Another Sheba Queen.  
But, fool as then I was,  
I thought she lov'd me too:  
But now, alas! she's left me,  
Falero, lero, loo.

Her hair like gold did glisten,  
Each eye was like a star,  
She did surpass her sister,  
Which pass'd all others far;  
She would me honey call,  
She'd, oh—she'd kiss me too:  
But now, alas! she's left me,  
Falero, lero, loo.

Many a merry meeting  
My love and I have had;

She was my only sweeting,  
She made my heart full glad;  
The tears stood in her eyes,  
Like to the morning dew:  
But now, alas! she's left me,  
Falero, lero, loo.

Her cheeks were like the cherry,  
Her skin as white as snow;  
When she was blythe and merry,  
She angel-like did show;  
Her waist exceeding small,  
The fives did fit her shoe:  
But now, alas! she's left me,  
Falero, lero, loo.

In summer time or winter  
She had her heart's desire;  
I still did scorn to stint her  
From sugar, sack, or fire;  
The world went round about,  
No cares we ever knew:  
But now, alas! she's left me,  
Falero, lero, loo.

To maidens' vows and swearing  
Henceforth no credit give;  
You may give them the hearing,  
But never them believe;  
They are as false as fair,  
Unconstant, frail, untrue:  
For mine, alas! hath left me,  
Falero, lero, loo.

[THOMAS HEYWOOD. 1607.]

GOOD-MORROW.

PACK clouds away, and welcome day,  
With night we banish sorrow;  
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, larks, aloft,  
To give my love good-morrow.  
Wings from the wind to please her mind,  
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;  
Bird, prune thy wing; nightingale, sing,  
To give my love good-morrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast;  
Sing, birds, in every furrow;  
And from each hill let music shrill  
Give my fair love good-morrow.  
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,  
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow;  
You pretty elves, among yourselves,  
Sing my fair love good-morrow.



YE LITTLE BIRDS THAT SIT  
AND SING.

*Faire Maide of the Exchange.*

YE little birds that sit and sing  
Amidst the shady valleys,  
And see how Phillis sweetly walks  
Within her garden alleys;  
Go, pretty birds, about her bower,  
Sing, pretty birds; she may not lower.  
Ah me! methinks I see her frown:  
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go tell her through your chirping bills  
As you by me are bidden,  
To her is only known my love,  
Which from the world is hidden.  
Go, pretty birds, and tell her so;  
See that your notes strain not too low,  
For still methinks I see her frown:  
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go tune your voices' harmony,  
And sing I am her lover;  
Strain loud and sweet, that every note  
With sweet content may move her;  
And she that hath the sweetest voice,  
Tell her I will not change my choice;  
Yet still methinks I see her frown:  
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Oh, fly, make haste; see, see, she falls  
Into a pretty slumber;  
Sing round about her rosy bed,  
That, waking, she may wonder.  
Sing to her, 'tis her lover true  
That sendeth love by you and you;  
And when you hear her kind reply,  
Return with pleasant warblings.

[SIR HENRY WOTTON. 1568—1639.]

YOU MEANER BEAUTIES.

You meaner beauties of the night,  
That poorly satisfy our eyes  
More by your number than your light,—  
You common people of the skies,  
What are you when the moon shall  
rise?

Ye violets that first appear,  
By your pure purple mantles known,

Like the proud virgins of the year,  
As if the spring were all your own,—  
What are you when the rose is blown?

Ye curious chanters of the wood,  
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,  
Thinking your passion understood  
By your weak accents,—what's your  
praise  
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

So when my mistress shall be seen,  
In sweetness of her looks and mind,  
By virtue first, then choice, a queen,  
Tell me if she was not design'd  
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY  
LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught  
That serveth not another's will,  
Whose armour is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,  
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death,  
Untied unto the world by care  
Of public fame or private breath.

Who envies none that chance doth  
raise,  
Nor vice hath ever understood;  
How deepest wounds are given by praise,  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumours freed,  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray  
More of his grace than gifts to lend,  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile hands,  
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;  
Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
And having nothing, yet hath all.



[WILLIAM WALSH. 1663—1709.]

RIVALRY IN LOVE.

OF all the torments, all the cares,  
With which our lives are curst;  
Of all the plagues a lover bears,  
Sure rivals are the worst!  
By partners of each other kind,  
Afflictions easier grow;  
In love alone we hate to find  
Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see  
Are labouring in my breast;  
I beg not you would favour me,  
Would you but slight the rest.  
How great soe'er your rigours are,  
With them alone I'll cope:  
I can endure my own despair,  
But not another's hope.

[EDMUND WALLER. 1603—1687.]

GO, LOVELY ROSE!

Go, lovely rose!  
Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
That now she knows,  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,  
And shuns to have her graces spied,  
That had'st thou sprung  
In deserts where no men abide,  
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth  
Of beauty from the light retired:  
Bid her come forth,  
Suffer herself to be desired,  
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she  
The common fate of all things rare  
May read in thee,—  
How small a part of time they share  
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

ADDITIONAL STANZA BY KIRKE WHITE.

[Yet, though thou fade,  
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise;

And teach the maid  
That goodness Time's rude hand de-  
fies,—  
That virtue lives when beauty dies.]

ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confined  
Shall now my joyful temples bind:  
It was my heaven's extremest sphere,  
The pale which held that lovely dear.  
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,  
Did all within this circle move!—  
A narrow compass! and yet there  
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair.  
Give me but what this ribbon bound,  
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

OLD AGE.

THE seas are quiet when the winds give  
o'er;  
So calm are we when passions are no  
more;  
For then we know how vain it was to  
boast  
Of fleeting things too certain to be lost.  
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes  
Conceal that emptiness which age de-  
scries.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and  
decay'd,  
Lets in new light through chinks that  
time has made:  
Stronger by weakness wiser men become  
As they draw near to their eternal home:  
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they  
view  
That stand upon the threshold of the  
new.

[GEORGE HERBERT. 1593—1633.]

VIRTUE.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky,  
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to night,  
For thou must die.  
Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,  
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,



Thy root is ever in its grave,  
 And thou must die.  
 Sweet spring, full of sweet days and  
 roses,  
 A box where sweets compacted lie,  
 My music shows you have your closes,  
 And all must die.  
 Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
 Like seasoned timber, never gives ;  
 But when the whole world turns to coal,  
 Then chiefly lives.

[THOMAS CAREW. 1580—1639.]

MEDIOCRITY IN LOVE  
 REJECTED.

GIVE me more love, or more disdain ;  
 The torrid or the frozen zone  
 Brings equal ease unto my pain ;  
 The temperate affords me none :  
 Either extreme, of love or hate,  
 Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm ; if it be love—  
 Like Danaë in a golden shower,  
 I swim in pleasure ; if it prove  
 Disdain, that torrent will devour  
 My vulture hopes ; and he's possess'd  
 Of heaven, that's but from hell releas'd.  
 Then crown my joys, or cure my pain ;  
 Give me more love, or more disdain.

ON CELIA SINGING.

You that think love can convey  
 No other way  
 But through the eyes into the heart  
 His fatal dart ;  
 Close up their casements, and but hear  
 This syren sing,  
 And on the wing  
 Of her sweet voice it shall appear  
 That love can enter at the ear.  
 Then unveil your eyes, behold  
 The curious mould  
 Where that voice dwells ; and as we know  
 When the cocks crow  
 We freely may  
 Gaze on the day,  
 So may you, when the music's done,  
 Awake and see the rising sun.

HE THAT LOVES A ROSY  
 CHEEK.

HE that loves a rosy cheek,  
 Or a coral lip admires,  
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek  
 Fuel to maintain its fires ;  
 As old Time makes these decay,  
 So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,  
 Gentle thoughts and calm desires,  
 Hearts with equal love combin'd,  
 Kindle never-dying fires ;  
 Where these are not, I despise  
 Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

ASK ME NO MORE.

ASK me no more, where Jove bestows,  
 When June is past, the fading rose ;  
 For in your beauties' orient deep,  
 These flow'rs, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more, whither do stray  
 The golden atoms of the day ;  
 For, in pure love, heaven did prepare  
 Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more, whither doth haste  
 The nightingale, when May is past ;  
 For in your sweet dividing throat  
 She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more, where those stars light,  
 That downwards fall in dead of night ;  
 For, in your eyes they sit, and there  
 Fix'd become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more, if east or west,  
 The phoenix builds her spicy nest ;  
 For unto you at last she flies,  
 And in your fragrant bosom dies.

MURDERING BEAUTY.

I'LL gaze no more on her bewitching face,  
 Since ruin harbours there in every place ;  
 For my enchanted soul alike she drowns  
 With calms and tempests of her smiles  
 and frowns.



I'll love no more those cruel eyes of hers,  
Which, pleas'd or anger'd, still are murderers :

For if she dart (like lightning) through  
the air

Her beams of wrath, she kills me with  
despair ;

If she behold me with a pleasing eye,  
I surfeit with excess of joy, and die.

#### A PRAYER TO THE WIND.

Go, thou gentle whispering wind,  
Bear this sigh ; and if thou find  
Where my cruel fair doth rest,  
Cast it in her snowy breast ;  
So inflam'd by my desire,  
It may set her heart a-fire :  
Those sweet kisses thou shalt gain,  
Will reward thee for thy pain.  
Boldly light upon her lip,  
There suck odours, and thence skip  
To her bosom ; lastly, fall  
Down, and wander over all ;  
Range about those ivory hills  
From whose every part distils  
Amber dew ; there spices grow,  
There pure streams of nectar flow :  
There perfume thyself, and bring  
All those sweets upon thy wing :  
As thou return'st change by thy pow'r  
Every weed into a flow'r ;  
Turn each thistle to a vine,  
Make the bramble eglantine ;  
For so rich a booty made,  
Do but this, and I am paid.  
Thou canst with thy pow'ful blast,  
Heat apace, and cool as fast :  
Thou canst kindle hidden flame,  
And again destroy the same :  
Then, for pity, either stir  
Up the fire of love in her,  
That alike both flames may shine,  
Or else quite extinguish mine.

#### UNGRATEFUL BEAUTY.

KNOW, Celia, since thou art so proud,  
'T was I that gave thee thy renown :

Thou hadst, in the forgotten crowd  
Of common beauties, liv'd unknown,  
Had not my verse exhal'd thy name,  
And with it impt the wings of Fame.

That killing power is none of thine,  
I gave it to thy voice and eyes :  
Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine ;  
Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies ;  
Then dart not from thy borrowed sphere  
Lightning on him that fix'd thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,  
Lest what I made I uncreate :  
Let fools thy mystic forms adore,  
I'll know thee in thy mortal state.  
Wise poets, that wrap truth in tales,  
Knew her themselves through all her  
veils.

#### RED AND WHITE ROSES.

READ in these roses the sad story,  
Of my hard fate, and your own glory :  
In the white you may discover  
The paleness of a fainting lover ;  
In the red the flames still feeding  
On my heart with fresh wounds bleeding.  
The white will tell you how I languish,  
And the red express my anguish :  
The white my innocence displaying,  
The red my martyrdom betraying :  
The frowns that on your brow resided,  
Have those roses thus divided.  
Oh ! let your smiles but clear the weather,  
And then they both shall grow together.

#### THE PRIMROSE.

ASK me why I send you here  
This firstling of the infant year ;  
Ask me why I send to you  
This primrose all bepearl'd with dew ;  
I straight will whisper in your ears,  
The sweets of love are wash'd with tears :  
Ask me why this flow'r doth show  
So yellow, green, and sickly too ;  
Ask me why the stalk is weak,  
And bending, yet it doth not break ;  
I must tell you, these discover  
What doubts and fears are in a lover.



## THE PROTESTATION.

No more shall meads be deck'd with  
flowers,  
Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bowers ;  
Nor greenest buds on branches spring,  
Nor warbling birds delight to sing ;  
Nor April violets paint the grove ;  
If I forsake my Celia's love.

The fish shall in the ocean burn,  
And fountains sweet shall bitter turn ;  
The humble oak no flood shall know  
When floods shall highest hills o'erflow ;  
Black Lethe shall oblivion leave ;  
If e'er my Celia I deceive.

Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,  
And Venus' doves want wings to fly ;  
The sun refuse to shew his light,  
And day shall then be turn'd to night,  
And in that night no star appear ;  
If once I leave my Celia dear.

Love shall no more inhabit earth,  
Nor lovers more shall love for worth ;  
Nor joy above in heaven dwell,  
Nor pain torment poor souls in hell ;  
Grim Death no more shall horrid prove ;  
If e'er I leave bright Celia's love.

[RICHARD LOVELACE. 1618—1658.]

## TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

WHEN love with unconfined wings  
Hovers within my gates,  
And my divine Althea brings  
To whisper at my grates ;  
When I lie tangled in her hair,  
And fetter'd to her eye,  
The birds that wanton in the air  
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,  
With no allaying Thames,  
Our careless heads with roses bound,  
Our hearts with loyal flames ;  
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,  
When healths and draughts are free,—  
Fishes that tipple in the deep  
Know no such liberty.

When linnet-like confinèd, I  
With shriller throat shall sing  
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,  
And glories of my king :  
When I shall voice aloud how good  
He is, how great should be,—  
Enlargèd winds that curl the flood  
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage ;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for a hermitage :  
If I have freedom in my love,  
And in my soul am free,—  
Angels alone that soar above  
Enjoy such liberty.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO  
THE WARS.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,—  
That from the nunnery  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind  
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,  
The first foe in the field ;  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such  
As you, too, shall adore ;  
I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honour more.

[SIR JOHN SUCKLING. 1613—1641.]

I PRITHEE, SEND ME BACK MY  
HEART.

I PRITHEE send me back my heart,  
Since I cannot have thine ;  
For if from yours you will not part,  
Why, then, shouldst thou have mine ?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,  
To find it were in vain ;  
For thou'st a thief in either eye  
Would steal it back again.



Why should two hearts in one breast lie,  
And yet not lodge together?  
O Love! where is thy sympathy,  
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,  
I cannot find it out;  
For when I think I'm best resolv'd,  
Then I am most in doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe;  
I will no longer pine;  
For I'll believe I have her heart,  
As much as she has mine.

### WHY SO PALE AND WAN?

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?  
Prithee, why so pale?  
Will, when looking well can't move her,  
Looking ill prevail?  
Prithee, why so pale?

Who so dull and mute, young sinner?  
Prithee, why so mute?  
Will, when speaking well can't win her,  
Saying nothing do't?  
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame, this will not move,  
This cannot take her;  
If of herself she will not love,  
Nothing can make her.  
The devil take her!

### TRUE LOVE.

No, no, fair heretic, it needs must be  
But an ill love in me,  
And worse for thee;  
For were it in my power  
To love thee now this hour  
More than I did the last;  
Twould then so fall,  
I might not love at all;  
Love that can flow, and can admit  
increase,  
Admits as well an ebb, and may grow  
less.

True love is still the same; the torrid  
zones,  
And those more frigid ones  
It must not know:  
For love grown cold or hot,  
Is lust, or friendship, not  
The thing we have.  
For that's a flame would die  
Held down, or up too high:  
Then think I love more than I can ex-  
press,  
And would love more, could I but love  
thee less.

[SIR CHARLES SEDLEY. 1639—1701.]

### THE GROWTH OF LOVE.

AH, Chloris! that I now could sit  
As unconcerned, as when  
Your infant beauty could beget  
No pleasure nor no pain.

When I the dawn used to admire,  
And praised the coming day,  
I little thought the growing fire  
Must take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,  
Like metals in the mine:  
Age from no face took more away,  
Than youth concealed in thine.

But as your charms insensibly  
To their perfection pressed,  
Fond love as unperceived did fly,  
And in my bosom rest.

My passion with your beauty grew,  
And Cupid at my heart,  
Still, as his mother favoured you,  
Threw a new flaming dart.

Each gloried in their wanton part:  
To make a lover, he  
Employed the utmost of his art—  
To make a beauty she.

Though now I slowly bend to love,  
Uncertain of my fate,  
If your fair self my chains approve,  
I shall my freedom hate.



Lovers, like dying men, may well  
At first disordered be ;  
Since none alive can truly tell  
What fortune they must see.

[RICHARD CRASHAW. 1616—1648.]

EUTHANASIA ; OR, THE HAPPY  
DEATH.

WOULD'ST see blithe looks, fresh cheeks  
beguile  
Age ? would'st see December smile ?  
Would'st see hosts of new roses grow  
In a bed of reverend snow ?  
Warm thoughts, free spirits, flattering  
Winter's self into a spring ?  
In some would'st see a man that can  
Live to be old, and still a man ?  
Whose latest and most leaden hours,  
Fall with soft wings stuck with soft  
flowers ;  
And when life's sweet fable ends,  
Soul and body part like friends ;  
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay—  
A kiss, a sigh, and so—away ;—  
This rare one reader, would'st thou see ?  
Hark hither !—and thyself be he.

EPITAPH.

To these, whom death again did wed,  
This grave's their second marriage-bed.  
For though the hand of Fate could force,  
'Twixt soul and body a divorce,  
It could not sunder man and wife,  
'Cause they both lived but one life.  
Peace, good reader, do not weep ;  
Peace, the lovers are asleep ;  
They (sweet turtles) folded lie,  
In the last knot love could tie.  
And though they lie as they were dead,  
Their pillow stone, their sheets of lead ;  
(Pillow hard, and sheets not warm)  
Love made the bed, they'll take no harm.  
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,  
Till this stormy night be gone,  
And th' eternal morrow dawn ;  
Then the curtains will be drawn,  
And they wake into that light  
Whose day shall never die in night.

O ! THOU UNDAUNTED.

O ! THOU undaunted daughter of desires,  
By all thy dower of lights and fires ;  
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove ;  
By all thy lives and deaths of love ;  
By thy large draughts of intellectual day ;  
And by thy thirsts of love, more large  
than they ;  
By all thy brim-fill'd bowls of fierce desire ;  
By thy last morning's draught of liquid  
fire ;  
By the full kingdom of that final kiss,  
That seal'd thy parting soul, and made  
thee his ;  
By all the heavens thou hast in him,  
Fair sister of the seraphim ;  
By all of him we have in thee,  
Leave nothing of myself in me ;  
Let me so read thy life, that I  
Unto all life of mine may die.

THE TEAR.

WHAT bright soft thing is this,  
Sweet Mary, thy fair eyes expense ?  
A moist spark it is.  
A wat'ry diamond ; from whence  
The very term I think was found,  
The water of a diamond.

O 'tis not a tear,  
'Tis a star about to drop  
From thine eye its sphere,  
The sun will stoop and take it up,  
Proud will his sister be to wear  
This thine eye's jewel in her ear.

O 'tis a tear,  
Too true a tear ; for no sad een  
How sad soe'er  
Rain so tear as thine ;  
Each drop leaving a place so dear,  
Weeps for itself, as its own tear.

Such a pearl as this is  
(Slipt from Aurora's dewy breast)  
The rose bud's sweet lip kisses ;  
And such the rose itself when vexed  
With ungentle flames, does shed,  
Sweating in too warm a bed.



Such the maiden gem,  
By the wanton spring put on,  
Peeps from her parent stem,  
And blushes on the wat'ry sun;  
This wat'ry blossom of thy een,  
Ripe will make the richer wine.

Fair drop, why quak'st thou so?  
'Cause thou straight must lay thy head  
In the dust? O no,  
The dust shall never be thy bed;  
A pillow for thee will I bring,  
Stuff'd with down of angel's wing:

Thus carried up on high,  
(For to heaven thou must go)  
Sweetly shalt thou lie,  
And in soft slumbers bathe thy woe,  
Till the singing orbs awake thee,  
And one of their bright chorus make thee.

There thyself shalt be  
An eye, but not a weeping one,  
Yet I doubt of thee,  
Whether th' hadst rather there have  
shone,  
An eye of heaven; or still shine here,  
In th' heaven of Mary's eye a tear.

[THOMAS STANLEY. 1664—1698.]

### THE DEPOSITION.

THOUGH when I lov'd thee thou wert  
fair,  
Thou art no longer so:  
Those glories, all the pride they wear  
Unto opinion owe.  
Beauties, like stars, in borrow'd lustre  
shine,  
And 't was my love that gave thee thine.

The flames that dwelt within thine eye  
Do now with mine expire;  
Thy brightest graces fade and die  
At once with my desire.  
Love's fires thus mutual influence return;  
Thine cease to shine when mine to burn.

Then, proud Celinda, hope no more  
To be implor'd or woo'd;

Since by thy scorn thou dost restore  
The wealth my love bestow'd;  
And thy despis'd disdain too late shall  
find  
That none are fair but who are kind.

[ROBERT HERRICK. 1591—1634.]

### TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon;  
As yet the early rising sun  
Has not attained his noon.  
Stay, stay,  
Until the hasting day  
Has run  
But to the even-song!  
And, having prayed together, we  
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,  
We have as short a spring,  
As quick a breath to meet decay,  
As you, or any thing.  
We die  
As your hours do, and dry  
Away,  
Like to the summer's rain,  
Or as the pearls of morning dew,  
Ne'er to be found again.

### TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,  
Why do ye fall so fast?  
Your date is not so past,  
But you may stay yet here awhile  
To blush and gently smile,  
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be,  
An hour or half's delight,  
And so to bid good-night?  
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth,  
Merely to show your worth  
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we  
May read, how soon things have  
Their end, though ne'er so brave:



And after they have shown their pride,  
Like you, awhile, they glide  
Into the grave.

NIGHT-PIECE TO JULIA.

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,  
The shooting stars attend thee ;  
And the elves also,  
Whose little eyes glow  
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee !

No Will-o'-the-wisp mislight thee,  
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee !  
But on, on thy way,  
Not making a stay, [thee.  
Since ghost there is none to affright

Let not the dark thee cumber ;  
What though the moon does slumber ?  
The stars of the night  
Will lend thee their light,  
Like tapers clear without number.

Then Julia let me woo thee,  
Thus, thus to come unto me ;  
And, when I shall meet  
Thy silvery feet,  
My soul I'll pour into thee.

THE MAD MAID'S SONG.

GOOD-MORROW to the day so fair,  
Good-morrow, sir, to you ;  
Good-morrow to my own torn hair,  
Bedabbled all with dew.

Good-morrow to this primrose too ;  
Good-morrow to each maid  
That will with flowers the tomb bestrew  
Wherein my love is laid.

Ah, woe is me ; woe, woe is me ;  
Alack and well-a-day !  
For pity, sir, find out that bee  
Which bore my love away.

I'll seek him in your bonnet brave ;  
I'll seek him in your eyes ;  
Nay, now I think they've made his grave  
In the bed of strawberries.

I'll seek him there, I know ere this  
The cold, cold earth doth shake him ;  
But I will go, or send a kiss  
By you, sir, to awake him.

Pray hurt him not ; though he be dead,  
He knows well who do love him,  
And who with green turfs rear his head,  
And who so rudely move him.

He's soft and tender, pray take heed ;  
With bands of cowslips bind him,  
And bring him home ; but 't is decreed  
That I shall never find him.

[NICHOLAS BRETON. 1555—1624.]

PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.

IN the merry month of May,  
In a morn by break of day,  
With a troop of damsels playing  
Forth I went forsooth a maying.

When anon by a wood side,  
Where, as May was in his pride,  
I espied, all alone,  
Phillida and Corydon.

Much ado there was, God wot !  
He would love, and she would not,  
She said, never man was true :  
He says none was false to you ;

He said he had lov'd her long ;  
She says love should have no wrong.  
Corydon would kiss her then ;  
She says, maids must kiss no men,

Till they do for good and all,  
When she made the shepherd call  
All the heavens to witness truth,  
Never lov'd a truer youth.

Then with many a pretty oath,  
Yea and nay, faith and troth.  
Such as silly shepherds use,  
When they will not love abuse ;

Love, which had been long deluded,  
Was, with kisses sweet concluded ;  
And Phillida with garlands gay  
Was made the lady of May.



[MARQUIS OF MONTROSE. 1614—1650.]  
 LL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE.

My dear and only love, I pray  
 That little world of thee  
 Be govern'd by no other sway  
 But purest monarchy:  
 For if confusion have a part,  
 Which virtuous souls abhor,  
 I'll call a synod in my heart,  
 And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,  
 And I will reign alone;  
 My thoughts did evermore disdain  
 A rival on my throne.  
 He either fears his fate too much,  
 Or his deserts are small,  
 Who dares not put it to the touch,  
 To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign and govern still,  
 And always give the law,  
 And have each subject at my will,  
 And all to stand in awe:  
 But 'gainst my batteries if I find  
 Thou storm or vex me sore,  
 As if thou set me as a blind,  
 I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,  
 Where I should solely be,  
 If others do pretend a part,  
 Or dare to share with me:  
 Or committees if thou erect,  
 Or go on such a score,  
 I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,  
 And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain  
 Thy love and constant word,  
 I'll make thee famous by my pen,  
 And glorious by my sword.  
 I'll serve thee in such noble ways  
 As ne'er was known before;  
 I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,  
 And love thee more and more.

[RICHARD ALLISON. 1606.]  
 THERE IS A GARDEN IN HER  
 FACE.

THERE is a garden in her face,  
 Where roses and white lilies grow;

A heavenly paradise is that place,  
 Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;  
 There cherries grow that none may buy  
 Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose  
 Of orient pearl a double row,  
 Which, when her lovely laughter shows,  
 They look like rosebuds fill'd with  
 snow;  
 Yet them no peer nor prince may buy  
 Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still,  
 Her brows like bended bows do stand,  
 Threatening with piercing frowns to kill  
 All that approach with eye or hand  
 These sacred cherries to come nigh,  
 Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

[SIMON WASTELL. 1623.]

MAN'S MORTALITY.

*The Microbiblia.*

LIKE as the damask rose you see,  
 Or like the blossom on the tree,  
 Or like the dainty flower in May,  
 Or like the morning of the day,  
 Or like the sun, or like the shade,  
 Or like the gourd which Jonas had.  
 E'en such is man; whose thread is spun,  
 Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.  
 The rose withers, the blossom blasteth;  
 The flower fades, the morning hasteth;  
 The sun sets, the shadow flies;  
 The gourd consumes,—and man he dies!

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,  
 Or like a tale that's new begun,  
 Or like the bird that's here to day,  
 Or like the pearl'd dew of May,  
 Or like an hour, or like a span,  
 Or like the singing of a swan.  
 E'en such is man; who lives by breath,  
 Is here, now there, in life and death.  
 The grass withers, the tale is ended;  
 The bird is flown, the dew's ascended;  
 The hour is short, the span is long;  
 The swan's near death,—man's life is  
 done!



[THOMAS DURFEY. Died 1723.]

STILL WATER.

DAMON, let a friend advise ye,  
Follow Clores though she flies ye,  
Though her tongue your suit is slighting,  
Her kind eyes you'll find inviting :  
Women's rage, like shallow water,  
Does but show their hurtless nature ;  
When the stream seems rough and  
frowning,  
There is still least fear of drowning.

Let me tell the adventurous stranger,  
In our calmness lies our danger ;  
Like a river's silent running,  
Stillness shows our depth and cunning :  
She that rails ye into trembling,  
Only shows her fine dissembling ;  
But the fawner to abuse ye,  
Thinks ye fools, and so will use ye.

[JOHN MILTON. 1608—1664.]

THE INVOCATION AND INTRO-  
DUCTION.

*Paradise Lost.*

OF man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world, and all our  
woe,  
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,  
Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret  
top  
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire  
That shepherd, who first taught the  
chosen seed,  
In the beginning, how the Heavens and  
Earth  
Rose out of Chaos : or, if Sion hill  
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that  
flow'd  
Fast by the oracle of God ; I thence  
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,  
That with no middle flight intends to soar  
Above the Aonian mount, while it pur-  
sues  
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,

And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost  
prefer  
Before all temples the upright heart and  
pure,  
Instruct me, for thou know'st ; thou from  
the first  
Wast present, and, with mighty wings  
out-spread,  
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast  
abyss  
And mad'st it pregnant : what in me is  
dark  
Illumine ; what is low raise and support ;  
That to the height of this great argument  
I may assert eternal Providence,  
And justify the ways of God to man.  
Say first, for Heaven hides nothing  
from thy view,  
Nor the deep tract of Hell ; say first,  
what cause  
Moved our grand parents, in that happy  
state,  
Favour'd of Heaven so highly, to fall off  
From their Creator, and transgress his  
will  
For one restraint, lords of the world be-  
sides ?  
Who first seduced them to that foul re-  
volt ?  
The infernal serpent ; he it was, whose  
guile,  
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceived  
The mother of mankind, what time his  
pride  
Had cast him out from Heaven, with all  
his host  
Of rebel angels ; by whose aid, aspiring  
To set himself in glory above his peers,  
He trusted to have equalled the Most  
High,  
If he opposed ; and, with ambitious aim  
Against the throne and monarchy of God,  
Raised impious war in Heaven, and battle  
proud,  
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty  
power  
Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethe-  
real sky,  
With hideous ruin and combustion, down  
To bottomless perdition ; there to dwell  
In adamant chains and penal fire,  
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to  
arms.



THE FALLEN ANGELS IN THE  
BURNING LAKE.

THE superior fiend  
Was moving toward the shore : his ponderous shield,  
Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,  
Behind him cast ; the broad circumference  
Hung on his shoulder, like the moon,  
whose orb  
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views  
At evening from the top of Fesolé,  
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,  
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.  
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine  
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast  
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,  
He walk'd with, to support uneasy steps  
Over the burning marle, not like those steps  
On Heaven's azure ; and the torrid clime  
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire :

Nathless he so endured till on the beach  
Of that inflaméd sea he stood, and call'd  
His legions, angel forms, who lay intranced,  
Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks  
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades,  
High over-arch'd, imbower ; or scatter'd sedge  
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd  
Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew  
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,  
While with perfidious hatred they pursued  
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld  
From the safe shore their floating carcasses  
And broken chariot wheels : so thick bestrewn,  
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,  
Under amazement of their hideous change.  
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep  
Of Hell resounded. " Princes, potentates,  
Warriors, the flower of Heaven, once yours, now lost,  
If such astonishment as this can seize

Eternal spirits ; or have ye chosen this place,  
After the toil of battle to repose  
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find  
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven ?  
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn  
T' adore the Conqueror ? who now beholds  
Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood  
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon  
His swift pursuers, from Heaven-gates, discern  
Th' advantage, and, descending, tread us down  
Thus drooping, or with linkéd thunderbolts  
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.  
Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen ! "

SATAN PRESIDING IN THE IN-  
FERNAL COUNCIL.

HIGH on a throne of royal state which far  
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,  
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand  
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,  
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised  
To that bad eminence : and, from despair  
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires  
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue  
Vain war with Heaven, and, by success untaught,  
His proud imaginations thus display'd :  
" Powers and dominions, deities of Heaven ;  
For since no deep within her gulf can hold  
Immortal vigour, though oppress'd and fall'n,  
I give not Heaven for lost. From this descent  
Celestial virtues rising, will appear  
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,  
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.  
Me though just right, and the fix'd laws of Heaven,



Did first create your leader; next, free  
 choice,  
 With what besides in counsel or in fight  
 Hath been achieved of merit; yet this  
 loss  
 Thus far at least recover'd, hath much  
 more  
 Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,  
 Yielded with full consent. The happier  
 state  
 In Heaven, which follows dignity, might  
 draw  
 Envy from each inferior; but who here  
 Will envy whom the highest place exposes  
 Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's  
 aim,  
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest  
 share  
 Of endless pain? Where there is then no  
 good  
 For which to strive, no strife can grow up  
 there  
 From faction; for none sure will claim in  
 Hell  
 Precedence; none whose portion is so  
 small  
 Of present pain, that with ambitious mind  
 Will covet more. With this advantage  
 then  
 To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,  
 More than can be in heaven, we now  
 return  
 To claim our just inheritance of old,  
 Surer to prosper than prosperity  
 Could have assur'd us; and, by what best  
 way,  
 Whether of open war, or covert guile,  
 We now debate: who can advise may  
 speak."

ADDRESS TO LIGHT.

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven,  
 first-born,  
 Or of the Eternal coeternal beam,  
 May I express thee unblamed? since God  
 is light,  
 And never but in unapproach'd light  
 Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,  
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate.  
 Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal  
 stream,

Whose fountain who shall tell? Before  
 the Sun,  
 Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the  
 voice  
 Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest  
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
 Won from the void and formless infinite.  
 Thee I revisit now with a bolder wing,  
 Escaped the Stygian pool, though long  
 detain'd  
 In that obscure sojourn, while, in my  
 flight,  
 Through utter and through middle dark-  
 ness borne,  
 With other notes than to the Orphéan lyre,  
 I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;  
 Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture  
 down  
 The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,  
 Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,  
 And feel thy sovran vital lamp: but thou  
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain  
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;  
 So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their  
 orbs,  
 Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more  
 Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt  
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,  
 Smit with the love of sacred song; but  
 chief  
 Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks be-  
 neath,  
 That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling  
 flow,  
 Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget  
 Those other two, equall'd with me in fate  
 So were I equall'd with them in renown,  
 Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides,  
 And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old:  
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary  
 move  
 Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird  
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert  
 hid,  
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the  
 year  
 Seasons return; but not to me returns  
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or  
 morn,  
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's  
 rose,  
 Or flocks or herds, or human face divine;  
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark



Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of  
men  
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair  
Presented with a universal blank  
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and  
rased,  
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut  
out.  
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,  
Shine inward, and the mind through all  
her powers  
Irradiate : there plant eyes, all mist from  
thence  
Purge and disperse, that I may see and  
tell  
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

#### THE ANGELIC WORSHIP.

No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but  
all  
The multitude of angels, with a shout  
Loud as from numbers without number,  
sweet  
As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heaven  
rung  
With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd  
The eternal regions : lowly reverent  
Towards either throne they bow, and to  
the ground  
With solemn adoration down they cast  
Their crowns inwove with amarant and  
gold ;  
Immortal amarant, a flower which once  
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,  
Began to bloom ; but soon for man's  
offence  
To Heaven removed where first it grew,  
there grows,  
And flowers aloft shading the fount of  
life,  
And where the river of bliss through midst  
of Heaven  
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber  
stream :  
With these that never fade the spirits elect  
Bind their resplendent locks inwreathed  
with beams ;  
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off,  
the bright  
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,  
Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.

Then, crown'd again, their golden harps  
they took,  
Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their  
side  
Like quivers hung, and with preamble  
sweet  
Of charming symphony they introduce  
Their sacred song, and waken raptures  
high ;  
No voice exempt, no voice but well could  
join  
Melodious part, such concord is in Heaven.

#### SATAN'S SOLILOQUY IN SIGHT OF PARADISE.

O THOU, that, with surpassing glory  
crown'd,  
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the  
God  
Of this new world ; at whose sight all the  
stars  
Hide their diminish'd heads ; to thee I  
call,  
But with no friendly voice, and add thy  
name,  
O Sun ! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
That bring to my remembrance from what  
state  
I fell ; how glorious once above thy sphere,  
Till pride and worse ambition threw me  
down  
Warring in Heaven against Heaven's  
matchless king :  
Ah, wherefore ! he deserved no such  
return  
From me, whom he created what I was  
In that bright emmence, and with his good  
Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard.  
What could be less than to afford him  
praise,  
The easiest recompense, and pay him  
thanks,  
How due ! yet all his good proved ill in  
me,  
And wrought but malice ; lifted up so high  
I' dained subjection, and thought one step  
higher  
Would set me highest, and in a moment  
quit  
The debt immense of endless gratitude,



So burthensome still paying, still to owe;  
 Forgetful what from him I still received,  
 And understood not that a grateful mind  
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
 Indebted and discharged; what burden  
 then?  
 O, had his powerful destiny ordain'd  
 Me some inferior angel, I had stood  
 Then happy; no unbounded hope had  
 raised  
 Ambition! Yet why not? some other  
 power  
 As great might have aspired, and me,  
 though mean,  
 Drawn to his part; but other powers as  
 great  
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within  
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.  
 Hadst thou the same free will and power  
 to stand?  
 Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or  
 what to accuse,  
 But Heaven's free love dealt equally to  
 all?  
 Be then his love accursed, since, love or  
 hate,  
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe.  
 Nay, cursed be thou; since against his thy  
 will  
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.  
 Me miserable! which way shall I fly  
 Infinite wrath and infinite despair?  
 Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;  
 And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep,  
 Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,  
 To which the Hell I suffer seems a  
 Heaven.  
 O, then, at last relent: is there no place  
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left?  
 None left but by submission; and that  
 word  
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of  
 shame  
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I  
 seduced  
 With other promises and other vaunts  
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue  
 The Omnipotent. Ay me! they little know  
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain.  
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,  
 While they adore me on the throne of  
 Hell.  
 With diadem and sceptre high advanced,

The lower still I fall, only supreme  
 In misery: such joy ambition finds.  
 But say I could repent, and could obtain,  
 By act of grace, my former state; how  
 soon  
 Would height recal high thoughts, how  
 soon unsay  
 What feign'd submission swore? Ease  
 would recant  
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void.  
 For never can true reconciliation grow,  
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced  
 so deep;  
 Which would but lead me to a worse  
 relapse  
 And heavier fall: so should I purchase  
 dear  
 Short intermission bought with double  
 smart.  
 This knows my Punisher; therefore as far  
 From granting he, as I from begging  
 peace:  
 All hope excluded thus, behold, instead  
 Of us outcast, exiled, his new delight,  
 Mankind, created, and for him this world.  
 So farewell hope; and with hope, farewell  
 fear;  
 Farewell remorse! all good to me is lost;  
 Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least  
 Divided empire with Heaven's King I  
 hold,  
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will  
 reign;  
 As man ere long, and this new world,  
 shall know.

---

 PARADISE.

So on he fares, and to the border comes,  
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,  
 Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure  
 green,  
 As with a rural mound, the champain  
 head  
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides  
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque and  
 wild,  
 Access denied: and overhead upgrew  
 Insuperable height of loftiest shade,  
 Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching  
 palm,  
 A sylvan scene; and, as the ranks ascend



Shade above shade, a woody theatre  
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their  
tops  
The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung :  
Which to our general sire gave prospect  
large  
Into his nether empire neighbouring  
round.  
And higher than that wall a circling row  
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest  
fruit,  
Blossoms and fruits at once, of golden  
hue,  
Appear'd, with gay enamell'd colours  
mix'd :  
On which the Sun more glad impress'd  
his beams  
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid  
bow,  
When God hath shower'd the earth ; so  
lovely seem'd  
That landscape : and of pure, now purer  
air  
Meets his approach, and to the heart  
inspires  
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive  
All sadness but despair : now gentle gales,  
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense  
Native perfumes, and whisper whence  
they stole  
Those balmy spoils. As when, to them  
who sail  
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are  
past  
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds  
blow  
Sabean odours from the spicy shore  
Of Araby the blest ; with such delay  
Well pleased, they slack their course, and  
many a league,  
Cheer'd with the grateful smell, old Ocean  
smiles.

---

#### EVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

THAT day I oft remember, when from  
sleep  
I first awaked, and found myself reposed  
Under a shade on flowers, much wonder-  
ing where  
And what I was, whence thither brought,  
and how.

Not distant far from thence, a murmuring  
sound  
Of waters issued from a cave, and read  
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved,  
Pure as the expanse of Heaven ; I thither  
went  
With unexperienced thought, and laid me  
down  
On the green bank, to look into the clear  
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another  
sky.  
As I bent down to look, just opposite,  
A shape within the watery gleam ap-  
pear'd,  
Bending to look on me : I started back,  
It started back ; but pleas'd I soon re-  
turn'd,  
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering  
looks  
Of sympathy and love.

---

#### EVENING IN PARADISE.

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight  
gray  
Had in her sober livery all things clad ;  
Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,  
They to their grassy couch, these to their  
nests,  
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightin-  
gale ;  
She all night long her amorous descant  
sung ;  
Silence was pleas'd : now glow'd the fir-  
mament  
With living sapphires : Hesperus, that led  
The starry host, rode brightest, till the  
Moon,  
Rising in clouded majesty, at length  
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless  
light,  
And o'er the dark her silver mantle  
threw.

---

#### EVE'S CONJUGAL LOVE.

MY author and disposer, what thou  
bid'st,  
Unargued I obey : so God ordains ;  
God is thy law, thou mine : to know  
no more



In woman's happiest knowledge, and her  
 praise.  
 With thee conversing I forget all time ;  
 All seasons and their change, all please  
 alike.  
 Sweet in the breath of Morn, her rising  
 sweet,  
 With charms of earliest birds : pleasant  
 the Sun,  
 When first on this delightful land he  
 spreads  
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit,  
 and flower,  
 Glistering with dew ; fragrant the fertile  
 Earth  
 After soft showers ; and sweet the com-  
 ing on  
 Of grateful Evening mild ; then silent  
 Night,  
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair  
 Moon,  
 And these the gems of Heaven, her starry  
 train :  
 But neither breath of Morn, when she  
 ascends  
 With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising  
 Sun  
 On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit,  
 flower,  
 Glistering with dew ; nor fragrance after  
 showers ;  
 Nor grateful Evening mild ; nor silent  
 Night,  
 With this her solemn bird ; nor walk by  
 moon,  
 Or glittering star-light, without thee, is  
 sweet.

ADAM AND EVE'S MORNING  
HYMN.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of  
 good,  
 Almighty ! Thine this universal frame,  
 Thus wondrous fair : Thyself how won-  
 drous then !  
 Unspeakable, who sit'st above these  
 heavens  
 To us invisible, or dimly seen  
 In these thy lowest works ; yet these  
 declare  
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power  
 divine.

Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of  
 light,  
 Angels ; for ye behold him, and with  
 songs  
 And choral symphonies, day without  
 night,  
 Circle his throne rejoicing ; ye, in Heaven :  
 On Earth join all ye creatures to extol  
 Him first, him last, him midst, and with-  
 out end.  
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the  
 smiling morn  
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy  
 sphere,  
 While day arises, that sweet hour of  
 prime.  
 Thou Sun, of this great world both eye  
 and soul,  
 Acknowledge him thy greater ; sound his  
 praise  
 In thy eternal course, both when thou  
 climb'st,  
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and  
 when thou fall'st.  
 Moon, that now meet'st the orient Sun,  
 now fly'st,  
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb  
 that flies ;  
 And ye five other wandering fires, that  
 move  
 In mystic dance not without song, re-  
 sound  
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up  
 light.  
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth  
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion  
 run  
 Perpetual circle, multiform ; and mix  
 And nourish all things ; let your ceaseless  
 change  
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.  
 Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise  
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky, or  
 gray,  
 Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with  
 gold, [rise ;  
 In honour to the world's great Author  
 Whether to deck with clouds the un-  
 colour'd sky,  
 Or wet the thirsty Earth with falling  
 showers,



Rising or falling still advance his praise.  
 His praise, ye winds, that from four quar-  
 ters blow,  
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops,  
 ye pines,  
 With every plant, in sign of worship  
 wave.  
 Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,  
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his  
 praise.  
 Join voices, all ye living souls: ye birds,  
 That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,  
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his  
 praise.  
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly  
 creep;  
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
 To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh  
 shade,  
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his  
 praise.  
 Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still  
 To give us only good; and if the night  
 Have gather'd aught of evil or conceal'd,  
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark!

~~~~~

SATAN, IN HIS EXPEDITION TO  
 THE UPPER WORLD, MEETS  
 SIN AND DEATH.

MEANWHILE, the adversary of God and  
 man,  
 Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest  
 design,  
 Puts on swift wings, and towards the  
 gates of Hell  
 Explores his solitary flight: sometimes  
 He scours the right hand coast, some-  
 times the left;  
 Now shaves with level wing the deep,  
 then soars  
 Up to the fiery concave towering high.  
 As, when far off at sea, a fleet descried  
 Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial  
 winds  
 Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles  
 Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants  
 bring  
 Their spicy drugs; they, on the trading  
 flood,

Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,  
 Ply stemming nightly toward the pole:  
 so seem'd  
 Far off the flying fiend. At last appear  
 Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid  
 roof,  
 And thrice threefold the gates; three  
 folds were brass,  
 Three iron, three of adamant rock  
 Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,  
 Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there  
 sat  
 On either side a formidable shape;  
 The one seem'd woman to the waist and  
 fair;  
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold  
 Voluminous and vast; a serpent arm'd  
 With mortal sting: About her middle  
 round  
 A cry of Hell-hounds, never ceasing,  
 bark'd  
 With wide Cerberian mouths full loud,  
 and rung  
 A hideous peal; yet, when they list,  
 would creep,  
 If aught disturb'd their noise, into her  
 womb,  
 And kennel there; yet there still bark'd  
 and howl'd,  
 Within unseen. Far less abhor'd than  
 these  
 Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that  
 parts  
 Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian  
 shore;  
 Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when,  
 call'd  
 In secret, riding through the air she  
 comes,  
 Lured with the smell of infant blood, to  
 dance  
 With Lapland witches, while the labour-  
 ing Moon  
 Eclipses at their charms. The other  
 shape,  
 If shape it might be call'd that shape had  
 none  
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;  
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow  
 seem'd,  
 For each seem'd either: black it stood as  
 night,  
 Fierce as ten furies, terrible as Hell,



And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd  
 his head  
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on.  
 Satan was now at hand, and from his  
 seat  
 The monster moving onward came as  
 fast  
 With horrid strides; Hell trembled as he  
 strode.  
 The undaunted fiend what this might be  
 admired,  
 Admired, not feared; God and his son  
 except,  
 Created thing naught valued he, nor  
 shunn'd;  
 And with disdainful look thus first began:  
 "Whence and what art thou, execrable  
 shape,  
 That darest, though grim and terrible,  
 advance  
 Thy miscreated front athwart my way  
 To yonder gates? through them I mean  
 to pass,  
 That be assured, without leave ask'd of  
 thee:  
 Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by  
 proof  
 Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of  
 Heaven."  
 To whom the goblin full of wrath re-  
 plied:  
 "Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he,  
 Who first broke peace in Heaven, and  
 faith, till then  
 Unbroken; and in proud rebellious arms  
 Drew after him the third part of Heaven's  
 sons  
 Conjured against the Highest; for which  
 both thou  
 And they, outcast from God, are here  
 condemn'd  
 To waste eternal days in woe and pain?  
 And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of  
 Heaven,  
 Hell-doom'd, and breathest defiance here  
 and scorn,  
 Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee  
 more,  
 Thy king and lord? Back to thy punish-  
 ment,  
 False fugitive! and to thy speed add  
 wings,  
 Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue

Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this  
 dart  
 Strange horror seize thee, and pangs un-  
 felt before."  
 So spake the grisly Terror, and in  
 shape,  
 So speaking and so threatening, grew  
 tenfold  
 More dreadful and deform. On the  
 other side,  
 Incensed with indignation, Satan stood  
 Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,  
 That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge  
 In the arctic sky, and from his horrid  
 hair  
 Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the  
 head  
 Levell'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands  
 No second stroke intend; and such a  
 frown  
 Each cast at the other, as when two black  
 clouds,  
 With Heaven's artillery fraught, come  
 rattling on  
 Over the Caspian, then stand front to  
 front,  
 Hovering a space, till winds the signal  
 blow  
 To join their dark encounter in mid air:  
 So frown'd the mighty combatants, that  
 Hell  
 Grew darker at their frown; so match'd  
 they stood;  
 For never but once more was either like  
 To meet so great a foe: and now great  
 deeds  
 Had been achieved, whereof all Hell had  
 rung,  
 Had not the snaky sorceress that sat  
 Fast by Hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,  
 Risen, and with hideous outcry rush'd  
 between.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 From her side the fatal key,  
 Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;  
 And, towards the gate rolling her bestial  
 train,  
 Forthwith the huge portcullis high up  
 drew,  
 Which but herself, not all the Stygian  
 powers  
 Could once have moved; then in the key-  
 hole turns





L'ALLEGRO (MILTON).

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest and youthful Jollity.—P. 99.







The intricate wards, and every bolt and  
bar  
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease  
Unfastens. On a sudden open fly,  
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,  
The infernal doors, and on their hinges  
grate  
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom  
shook  
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut  
Excell'd her power; the gates wide open  
stood,  
That with extended wings a banner'd  
host,  
Under spread ensigns marching, might  
pass through  
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose  
array;  
So wide they stood, and like a furnace  
mouth  
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy  
flame.  
Before their eyes in sudden view appear  
The secrets of the hoary deep; a dark  
Illimitable ocean, without bound,  
Without dimension, where length, breadth,  
and height,  
And time, and place are lost; where  
eldest Night  
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold  
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise  
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.  
For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four  
champions fierce,  
Strive here for mastery, and to battle  
bring  
Their embryon atoms; they around the  
flag  
Of each his faction, in their several clans,  
Light arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth,  
swift, or slow,  
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the  
sands  
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,  
Levied to side with warring winds, and  
poise  
Their lighter wings. To whom these  
most adhere,  
He rules a moment: Chaos umpire sits,  
And by decision more embroils the fray,  
By which he reigns: next him high ar-  
biter  
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss,

The womb of Nature, and perhaps her  
grave,  
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor  
fire,  
But all these in their pregnant causes  
mix'd  
Confusedly, and which thus must ever  
fight,  
Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain  
His dark materials to create more worlds;  
Into this wild abyss the wary fiend  
Stood on the brink of Hell, and look'd a  
while,  
Pondering his voyage.

~~~~~

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE loathed Melancholy,  
Of Cerberus, and blackest Midnight born,  
In Stygian cave forlorn,  
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and  
sighs unholy,  
Find out some uncouth cell,  
Where brooding Darkness spreads his  
jealous wings,  
And the night raven sings;  
There under ebon shades, and low-  
brow'd rocks,  
As ragged as thy locks,  
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell  
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,  
In Heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,  
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,  
Whom lovely Venus at a birth  
With two sister Graces more  
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:  
Or whether (as some sages sing)  
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,  
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,  
As he met her once a maying,  
There on beds of vi'lets blue,  
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,  
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,  
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.  
Haste, thee, Nymph, and bring with  
thee  
Jest and youthful Jollity,  
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
And love to live in dimple sleek;  
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,



And Laughter holding both his sides :  
 Come, and trip it as you go  
 On the light fantastic toe,  
 And in thy right hand lead with thee,  
 The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty ;  
 And, if I give thee honour due,  
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
 To live with her, and live with thee,  
 In unreproved pleasures free :  
 To hear the lark begin his flight,  
 And singing startle the dull night,  
 From his watch-tow'r in the skies,  
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;  
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,  
 And at my window bid good morrow  
 Through the sweetbrier, or the vine,  
 Or the twisted eglantine :  
 While the cock with lively din  
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,  
 And to the stack, or the barn door,  
 Stoutly struts his dames before :  
 Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn  
 Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,  
 From the side of some hoar hill,  
 Through the high wood echoing shrill :  
 Some time walking not unseen  
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,  
 Right against the eastern gate,  
 Where the great Sun begins his state,  
 Rob'd in flames, and amber light,  
 The clouds in thousand liv'ries dight ;  
 While the ploughman, near at hand,  
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,  
 And the milk-maid singeth blithe,  
 And the mower whets his scythe,  
 And ev'ry shepherd tells his tale  
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.  
 Straight mine eye hath caught new  
 pleasures,  
 While the landscape round it measures,  
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,  
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;  
 Mountains on whose barren breast  
 The lab'ring clouds do often rest ;  
 Meadows trim with daisies pied ;  
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide :  
 Tow'rs and battlements it sees  
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,  
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
 The cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.  
 Hard by, a cottage-chimney smokes,  
 From betwixt two aged oaks,  
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,

Are at their sav'ry dinner set  
 Of herbs, and other country messes,  
 Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses :  
 And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,  
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;  
 Or, if the earlier season lead,  
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead.  
 Sometimes, with secure delight,  
 The upland hamlets will invite,  
 When the merry bells ring round,  
 And the jocund rebecks sound  
 To many a youth, and many a maid,  
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade ;  
 And young and old come forth to play  
 On a sunshine holiday.  
 Till the livelong daylight fail ;  
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,  
 With stories told of many a feat,  
 How fairy Mab the junkets ate ;  
 She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said,  
 And he by friar's lantern led ;  
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat  
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
 His shad'wy flail had thresh'd the corn,  
 That ten day-labourers could not end ;  
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,  
 And, stretch'd out all the chimney's  
 length,  
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,  
 And, cropful, out of doors he flings,  
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.  
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.  
 Tow'rd cities please us then,  
 And the busy hum of men,  
 Where throngs of knights and barons  
 bold  
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,  
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
 Rain influence, and judge the prize  
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend  
 To win her grace, whom all commend.  
 There let Hymen oft appear  
 In saffron robes, with taper clear,  
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
 With masque and antique pageantry,  
 Such sights as youthful poets dream,  
 On summer eves, by haunted stream.  
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,  
 Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,  
 Warble his native woodnotes wild.



And ever against eating cares  
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
Married to immortal verse,  
Such as the melting soul may pierce,  
In notes with many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,  
The melting voice through mazes running,  
Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of Harmony ;  
That Orpheus' self may heave his head  
From golden slumber on a bed  
Of heap'd Elysian flow'rs, and hear  
Such strains as would have won the ear  
Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
His half-regain'd Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,  
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

~~~~~  
IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE vain deluding joys,  
The brood of Folly, without father bred !  
How little you bestead,

Or fill the fixed mind with all your  
toys !

Dwell in some idle brain,  
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes  
possess,

As thick and numberless

As the gay motes that people the  
sunbeams,

Or likest hov'ring dreams,

The fickle pensioners of Morpheus'  
train.

But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy !  
Hail divinest Melancholy !

Whose saintly visage is too bright

To hit the sense of human sight,

And therefore to our weaker view

O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue :

Black, but such as in esteem

Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,

Or that starr'd Ethiop queen, that strove

To set her beauty's praise above

The sea-nymphs, and their pow'rs  
offended,

Yet thou art higher far descended ;

Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore

To solitary Saturn bore ;

His daughter she (in Saturn's reign

Such mixture was not held a stain).

Oft in glim'ring bow'rs and glades  
He met her, and in secret shades  
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
While yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,  
Sober, steadfast, and demure,  
All in a robe of darkest grain  
Flowing with majestic train,  
And sable stole of cypress lawn,  
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.  
Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
With even step and musing gait,  
And looks commercing with the skies,  
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :  
There, held in holy passion still,  
Forget thyself to marble, till  
With a sad leaden downward cast,  
Thou fix them on the earth as fast ;  
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,  
Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,  
And hear the Muses in a ring  
Aye round about Jove's altar sing ;  
And add to these retired Leisure,  
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure ;  
But first and chiefest with thee bring  
Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
Guiding the fi'ry-wheeled throne,  
The cherub Contemplation ;  
And the mute Silence hist along,  
'Less Philomel will deign a song,  
In his sweetest, saddest plight,  
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,  
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,  
Gently o'er th' accusom'd oak ;  
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of  
folly,

Most musical, most melancholy !

Thee, chantress, oft the woods among,

I woo to hear thy ev'ning song ;

And missing thee, I walk unseen

On the dry smooth-shaven green,

To behold the wand'ring Moon,

Riding near her highest noon,

Like one that had been led astray

Through the Heav'ns' wide pathless way

And oft, as if her head she bow'd,

Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

Oft on a plat of rising ground

I hear the far-off curfew sound,

Over some wide-water'd shore,

Swinging slow with sullen roar.

Or if the air will not permit,

Some still, removed place will fit,



Where glowing embers through the room  
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,  
Far from all resort of mirth,  
Save the cricket on the hearth,  
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,  
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

Or let my lamp at midnight hour  
Be seen on some high lonely tow'r,  
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,  
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere  
The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
What worlds, or what vast regions hold  
Th' immortal mind, that hath forsook  
Her mansion in its fleshly nook ;  
And of those demons that are found  
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,  
Whose power hath a true consent  
With planet, or with element.

Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy  
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,  
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,  
Or the tale of Troy divine,  
Or what (though rare) of later age,  
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.

But, O sad virgin ! that thy pow'r  
Might raise Musæus from his bow'r,  
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
Such notes as, warbled to the string,  
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
And made Hell grant what Love did  
seek ;

Or call up him that left half told  
The story of Cambuscan bold,  
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,  
And who had Canace to wife,  
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,  
And of the wondrous horse of brass,  
On which the Tartar king did ride ;  
And if aught else great bards besides  
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,  
Of tourneys and of trophies hung ;  
Of forests and enchantments drear,  
Where more is meant than meets the  
ear.

Thus Night oft see me in thy pale  
career,  
Till civil-suited Morn appear.  
Not trick'd and frounc'd as he was  
wont

With the Attic boy to hunt,  
But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,  
While rocking winds are piping loud,  
Or usher'd with a shower still,

When the gust hath blown his till,  
Ending on the rustling leaves,  
With minute drops from off the eaves.

And when the sun begins to fling  
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring  
To arched walks of twilight groves,  
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,  
Of pine or monumental oak,  
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke  
Was never heard, the Nymphs to  
daunt,  
Or fright them from their hallow'd  
haunt.

There in close covert by some brook,  
Where no profaner eye may look,  
Hide me from day's garish eye,  
While the bee with honey'd thigh,  
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,  
And the waters murmuring,  
With such concert as they keep,  
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep :  
And let some strange mysterious dream  
Wave at his wings in airy stream  
Of lively portraiture display'd,  
Softly on my eyelids laid :

And as I wake, sweet music breathe  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,  
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail  
To walk the studious cloister's pale,  
And love the high imbowed roof,  
With antique pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light.  
There let the pealing organ blow,  
To the full-voiced quire below,  
In service high, and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness, through mine  
ear

Dissolve me into ecstacies,  
And bring all Heav'n before mine  
eyes.

And may at last my weary age  
Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
Where I may sit and rightly spell  
Of ev'ry star that Heav'n doth shew,  
And ev'ry herb that sips the dew ;  
Till old Experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,  
And I with thee will choose to live.



## LYCIDAS.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once  
 more,  
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,  
 I come, to pluck your berries harsh and  
 crude ;  
 And, with forced fingers rude,  
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing  
 year.  
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,  
 Compels me to disturb your season due :  
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his  
 peer :  
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he  
 knew,  
 Himself, to sing, and build the lofty  
 rhyme.  
 He must not float upon his watery bier  
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
 Without the meed of some melodious  
 tear.  
 Begin, then, sisters of the sacred well,  
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth  
 spring ;  
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the  
 string ;  
 Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse :  
 So may some gentle muse  
 With lucky words favour my destined  
 urn ;  
 And, as he passes, turn,  
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.  
 For we were nursed upon the self-same  
 hill,  
 Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade,  
 and rill.  
 Together both, ere the high lawns ap-  
 pear'd  
 Under the opening eyelids of the morn,  
 We drove a-field, and both together  
 heard  
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry  
 horn,  
 Battening our flocks with the fresh dews  
 of night,  
 Oft till the star, that rose at evening  
 bright,  
 Toward heaven's descent had sloped his  
 westering wheel.  
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not  
 mute,

Temper'd to the oaten flute ;  
 Rough satyrs danced, and fauns with  
 cloven heel  
 From the glad sound would not be absent  
 long :  
 And old Damoetas loved to hear our  
 song.  
 But, oh ! the heavy change, now thou  
 art gone,  
 Now thou art gone and never must  
 return !  
 Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and  
 desert caves,  
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine  
 o'ergrown,  
 And all their echoes, mourn :  
 The willows, and the hazel copses green,  
 Shall now no more be seen  
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft  
 lays.  
 As killing as the canker to the rose,  
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that  
 graze,  
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay ward-  
 robe wear,  
 When first the white-thorn blows ;  
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.  
 Where were ye, nymphs, when the re-  
 morseless deep  
 Closed o'er the head of your loved Ly-  
 cidas ?  
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,  
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids,  
 lie,  
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard  
 stream :  
 Ah me ! I fondly dream,  
 Had ye been there : for what could that  
 have done ?  
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus  
 bore,  
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,  
 Whom universal nature did lament,  
 When, by the rout that made the hideous  
 roar,  
 His gory visage down the stream was  
 sent,  
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian  
 shore ?  
 Alas ! what boots it with incessant care  
 To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's  
 trade,



And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?  
 Were it not better done, as others use,  
 To sport with Amaryllis, in the shade,  
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?  
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth  
 raise  
 (That last infirmity of noble minds)  
 To scorn delights and live laborious days:  
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred  
 shears,  
 And slits the thin-spun life. "But not  
 the praise,"  
 Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling  
 ears;  
 "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal  
 soil,  
 Nor in the glistening foil  
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour  
 lies,  
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure  
 eyes,  
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;  
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
 Of so much fame in heaven expect thy  
 meed."  
 O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd  
 flood,  
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with  
 vocal reeds!  
 That strain I heard was of a higher  
 mood:  
 But now my oat proceeds,  
 And listens to the herald of the sea  
 That came in Neptune's plea;  
 He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon  
 winds,  
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this  
 gentle swain?  
 And question'd every gust, of rugged  
 wings,  
 That blows from off each beaked promon-  
 tory:  
 They knew not of his story;  
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,  
 That not a blast was from his dungeon  
 stray'd:  
 The air was calm, and on the level brine  
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.  
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark,  
 Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses  
 dark,

That sunk so low that sacred head of  
 thine.  
 Next, Camus, reverend sire, went footing  
 slow,  
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,  
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the  
 edge  
 Like to that sanguine flower inscribed  
 with woe.  
 "Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my  
 dearest pledge?"  
 Last came, and last did go,  
 The pilot of the Galilean lake;  
 Two massy keys he bore, of metals twain,  
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain,)  
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern  
 bespake:  
 "How well could I have spared for thee,  
 young swain,  
 Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,  
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the  
 fold!  
 Of other care they little reckoning make  
 Than how to scramble at the shearers'  
 feast,  
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest;  
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves  
 know how to hold  
 A sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought else  
 the least  
 That to the faithful herdsman's art be-  
 longs!  
 What recks it them? What need they  
 They are sped;  
 And, when they list, their lean and flashy  
 songs  
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched  
 straw;  
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not  
 fed,  
 But, swoln with wind and the rank mist  
 they draw,  
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;  
 Besides what the grim wolf, with privy  
 paw,  
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said:  
 But that two-handed engine at the door  
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no  
 more."  
 Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is  
 past,  
 That shrunk thy streams; return Sicilian  
 Muse,



And call the vales, and bid them hither  
     cast  
 Their bells and flowerets of a thousand  
     hues.  
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers  
     use  
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gush-  
     ing brooks,  
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely  
     looks ;  
 Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd  
     eyes,  
 That on the green turf suck the honey'd  
     showers,  
 And purple all the ground with vernal  
     flowers.  
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken  
     dies,  
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jassamine,  
 The white pink, and the pansy freak'd  
     with jet,  
 The glowing violet,  
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired wood-  
     bine,  
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive  
     head,  
 And every flower that sad embroidery  
     wears :  
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
 And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,  
 To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid  
     lies.  
 For, so to interpose a little ease,  
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false  
     surmise :  
 Ah me! whilst thee the shores and sound-  
     ing seas  
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are  
     hurl'd,  
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
 Where thou, perhaps, under the whelming  
     tide,  
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous  
     world ;  
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows de-  
     nied,  
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,  
 Where the great vision of the guarded  
     mount  
 Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's  
     hold ;  
 Look homeward, angel, now, and melt  
     with ruth :

And O, ye dolphins, waft the hapless  
     youth.  
 Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep  
     no more,  
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,  
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery  
     floor ;  
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,  
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
 And tricks his beams, and, with new-  
     spangled ore,  
 Flames in the forehead of the morning  
     sky :  
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted  
     high,  
 Through the dear might of Him that  
     walk'd the waves,  
 Where, other groves and other streams  
     along,  
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he  
     laves,  
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song  
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and  
     love.  
 There entertain him all the saints  
     above,  
 In solemn troops and sweet societies,  
 That sing, and, singing, in their glory  
     move,  
 And wipe the tears for ever from his  
     eyes.  
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no  
     more ;  
 Henceforth thou art the genius of the  
     shore.  
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be  
     good  
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.  
 Thus sang the uncouth swain to the  
     oaks and rills,  
 While the still morn went out with sandals  
     gray ;  
 He touch'd the tender stops of various  
     quills,  
 With eager thought warbling his Doric  
     lay :  
 And now the sun had stretch'd out all the  
     hills,  
 And now was dropt into the western bay :  
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle  
     blue :  
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures  
     new.



ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN  
PIEDMONT.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints,  
whose bones  
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains  
cold ;  
Even them who kept thy truth so pure  
of old,  
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks  
and stones,  
Forget not : in thy book record their  
groans  
Who were thy sheep, and in their  
ancient fold  
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that  
roll'd  
Mother with infant down the rocks.  
Their moans  
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they  
To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and  
ashes sow  
O'er all the Italian fields, where still  
doth sway  
The triple tyrant : that from these may  
grow  
A hundred fold, who, having learn'd  
thy way,  
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

O NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy  
spray  
Warblest at eve, when all the woods  
are still,  
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart  
does fill,  
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious  
May.  
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,  
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's  
bill,  
Portend success in love ; O, if Jove's  
will  
Have link'd that amorous power to thy  
soft lay,  
Now timely sing, e'er the rude bird of  
hate  
Foretell my hopeless doom in some  
grove nigh ;

As thou from year to year hast sung  
too late  
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why :  
Whether the muse, or love call thee his  
mate,  
Both them I serve, and of their train  
am I.

CROMWELL OUR CHIEF OF  
MEN.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through  
a cloud  
Not of war only, but detractions rude,  
Guided by faith, and matchless fortitude,  
To peace and truth thy glorious way  
hast plough'd,  
And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud  
Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his  
work pursued,  
While Darwen stream with blood of  
Scots imbrued,  
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises  
loud,  
And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet  
much remains  
To conquer still ; Peace hath her vic-  
tories  
No less renown'd than war : new foes  
arise  
Threat'ning to bind our souls with secular  
chains :  
Help us to save free conscience from  
the paw  
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their  
maw.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent  
E'er half my days in this dark world  
and wide,  
And that one talent which is death to  
hide,  
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul  
more bent  
To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, lest he returning chide ;  
Doth God exact day labour, light  
deny'd,  
I fondly ask ? but patience to prevent  
That murmur soon replies, God doth not  
need



Either man's work or his own gifts ;  
 who best  
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best :  
 his state  
 Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,  
 And post o'er land and ocean without  
 rest ;  
 They also serve who only stand and  
 wait.

~~~~~

TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

CYRIAC, this three years' day these eyes,  
 tho' clear  
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,  
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot,  
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear  
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the  
 year,  
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not  
 Against Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate  
 a jot  
 Of heart or hope ; but still bear up, and  
 steer  
 Right onward. What supports me ? dost  
 thou ask :  
 The conscience, Friend, to have lost  
 them overply'd  
 In Liberty's defence, my noble task,  
 Of which all Europe talks from side to  
 side,  
 This thought might lead me thro' the  
 world's vain mask,  
 Content though blind, had I no better  
 guide.

~~~~~

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused  
 saint  
 Brought to me like Alcestis from the  
 grave,  
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad  
 husband gave,  
 Rescued from death by force though  
 pale and faint.  
 Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-  
 bed taint,  
 Purification in the old law did save,  
 And such, as yet once more I trust to  
 have

Full sight of her in Heav'n, without  
 restraint,  
 Came vested all in white, pure as her  
 mind :  
 Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied  
 sight  
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person  
 shin'd  
 So clear, as in no face with more delight.  
 But O, as to embrace me she inclin'd,  
 I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back  
 my night.

~~~~~

HYMN ON THE NATIVITY.

It was the winter wild,  
 While the heaven-born child  
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger  
 lies ;  
 Nature, in awe of him,  
 Had doffed her gaudy trim,  
 With her great Master so to sympa-  
 thise :  
 It was no season then for her  
 To wanton with the sun, her lusty  
 paramour.  
 Only with speeches fair  
 She woos the gentle air,  
 To hide her guilty front with innocent  
 snow ;  
 And on her naked shame,  
 Pollute with sinful blame,  
 The saintly veil of maiden-white to  
 throw ;  
 Confounded, that Her Maker's eyes  
 Should look so near upon her foul de-  
 formities.

But he, her fears to cease,  
 Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace ;  
 She, crown'd with olive green, came  
 softly sliding  
 Down through the turning sphere,  
 His ready harbinger,  
 With turtle wing the amorous clouds  
 dividing ;  
 And, waving wide her myrtle wand,  
 She strikes a universal peace through sea  
 and land.