THE POEMS OF

THOMAS CAREW.
THOMAS CAREW.

Aetal. aux 35. 1633

from a medallion of him by Varin
THE POEMS OF

THOMAS CAREW

SEWER IN ORDINARY TO CHARLES I. AND A GENTLEMAN
OF HIS PRIVY CHAMBER.

NOW FIRST COLLECTED AND EDITED WITH NOTES FROM THE
FORMER EDITIONS AND NEW NOTES AND A
MEMOIR BY W. CAREW

HAZLITT.

THE TEXT FORMED FROM A COLLATION OF ALL THE OLD PRINTED
COPIES AND MANY EARLY MSS.

PRINTED FOR THE ROXBURGHE LIBRARY

M DCCC LXX
THE POEMS OF

THOMAS CAREW

SEWER IN ORDINARY TO CHARLES I. AND A GENTLEMAN
OF HIS PRIVY CHAMBER.

NOW FIRST COLLECTED AND EDITED WITH NOTES FROM THE
FORMER EDITIONS AND NEW NOTES AND A
MEMOIR BY W. CAREW HAZLITT.

THE TEXT FORMED FROM A COLLATION OF ALL THE OLD PRINTED
COPIES AND MANY EARLY MSS.

PRINTED FOR THE ROXBURGHE LIBRARY
M DCCC LXX
TO

FREDERIC WILLIAM COSENS, ESQ.

OF CLAPHAM,

THE PRESENT VOLUME IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS SINCERE AND OBLIGED FRIEND,

THE EDITOR.
PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH Oldys has remarked that Carew's sonnets were more in request than any poet's of his time, yet from 1640, the date of the earliest edition of the Poems, to 1845 (or indeed to the present time) the public has shown itself satisfied with seven editions of the Works of Thomas Carew and a volume of selections. The present publication proceeds on a different plan from all its predecessors, which were merely reprints of each other with all the old mistakes preserved and new mistakes introduced. Some trouble has in fact been taken to discover, in public and private libraries, as many MSS. of Carew's poems as possible, with a view to the purification of the text and the supply of any supplemental matter which might be found to exist. The result has been that seventeen MSS. have been applied to the accomplishment of this twofold object; that a large body of misprints and corruptions, common to all the editions, has been removed, and that upwards of thirty additions have been collected or recovered. It was obviously necessary to exercise great care in selecting from early MS. miscellanies; and I have tried to err (if possible) on the side of caution in the admittance, on this very treacherous kind of authority, of poems and readings.
In Carew's time, unfortunately, two or three other writers owned the initials T. C., and it was only where internal evidence or some other collateral proof was at hand, that I allowed myself to be persuaded to make room for the strangers.

I am aware that the authorship of two poems, which were printed as Carew's in 1640 and 1642, and were inserted in Herrick's *Hesperides* in 1648, has been disputed. Lawes, a contemporary, attributed them in his *Ayres and Dialogues* to Herrick, and as the latter writer was living, when his works were published, and all the editions of Carew were posthumous, I am very strongly disposed to adopt the ascription of Lawes. Still, as there seemed to be legitimate ground for doubt, I thought it better to place the two compositions in an appendix.

But besides the collation of the printed and collected poems and the extension of their number by the employment of MSS., I have re-arranged the works to some extent, and instead of grouping them together without order or method, I have classified them under what appeared to be, on the whole, the most appropriate heads. Such of the notes which occur in the editions of 1772 and 1810 (the others are unaccompanied by illustrative matter), as I conceived to be of any interest or value, I have given in their places, and I have added to them a few of my own and the inedited memoranda (mostly bibliographical) found in a copy of the impression of 1651, which belonged to Joseph Hailewood.

In a bookseller's catalogue, some years ago, there was a copy of the first edition of the Poems, described as having MSS. corrections *in the hand of the author*, by some one who was apparently unaware that the book was posthumous.

This volume is embellished with an engraving of the medallion of Carew himself by Jean Varin. The likeness seems to have been executed in 1633, and purports to represent the poet in his thirty-fifth year. It was superfluous to reproduce the portrait by Vandyke, preferred in the Royal Collection at Windsor, and already inserted in Mr. Procter's *Effigies*
Preface.

It appears that Varin also made a likeness of the poet's wife, and that this was in the possession of Mr. Fry, of Bristol, or at least accessible to that gentleman, who proposed to give both in his announced edition. Neither medallion is to be found in the British Museum; but that of Carew was fortunately engraved by Thane in 1794; and from a beautiful impression of this scarce print it is transferred to the present pages. In the memoir below will be found a signature, believed to be the author's autograph; and in a note further on I have given another of a rather less authentic character, but which, after all, may be genuine, and which, if so, belongs of course to a much later period of life; it has been copied from the margin of one of the leaves in Mr. Wyburd's MS., referred to elsewhere.

The notes of Davies, Fry and Haflewood have been distinguished by the addition of the initial D., F., and H. respectively. It must be owned beforehand that many of these are of a somewhat trite and supererogatory character.

It has been presumed that it was hardly necessary to offer any explanation or apology in this case. Carew, in the form of specimens or extracts, occurs in all our collections and selections; and on more than one occasion good judges have declared that a new edition, with such improvements as could be introduced, was a want and desideratum in our early literature.

It seemed proper to annex a particular description of all the former impressions of Carew's Poems; they for the most part follow each other very faithfully, and are all more or less incomplete and unsatisfactory:—

1. Poems./ By/ Thomas Carew/ Esquire./ One of the Gentlemen of the/ Privie-Chamber, and Sewer in/ Ordinary to His Majefty./ London,/ Printed by I. D. for Thomas Walk-ley;/ and are to be sold at the signe of the/ flying Horse, be-weene Brittainis/ Burfe, and York-Houfe./ 1640./

Octavo, A, 2 leaves: B—S 6, in eights. Copies were printed on thick paper.

2. Poems./ By/ Thomas Carew/ Esquire./ One of the
Preface.

Gentlemen of the Privie-Chamber, and Sewer in Ordinary to His Majesty. The second Edition revised and enlarged. London, Printed by I. D. for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at the signe of the flying Horse, betweene Brittains Burse, and Yorke-House. 1642.

Octavo, A—S 6, in eights, the first leaf of A blank. This impression has eight additional poems; but the text is less accurate than that of 1640.

3. Poems, With a Maske: By Thomas Carew Esq.; One of the Gent. of the Privy-Chamber, and Sewer in Ordinary to his late Majestie. The Songs were set in Musick by Mr. Henry Lawes Gent. of the Kings Chappell, and one of his late Majesties Private Musick. The third Edition revised and enlarged. London, Printed for H. M. and are to be sold by J. Martin, at the signe of the Bell in St. Pauls-Church-Yard. 1651.

Octavo, O in eights. The Masque has a separate title, as in the first and second editions.


Octavo, A—P 4, in eights. This impression contains three poems not in those of 1640-2-51. The separate title to the Masque bears date 1670.

Duodecimo, pp. x. + 276. Prefixed is "The Life of Thomas Carew, Esq.; With a Short Character of his Writings," and there are occasional notes.

6. A Selection from the Poetical Works of Thomas Carew. London: Printed for Longman, Hurst, &c./ And sold by/ Thomas Fry & Co. No. 46 High Street, Bristol./ 1810./

Octavo, pp. xvi. + 96. The editor, John Fry, has added a Preface, Biographical Notice, and illustrations. Mr. Fry contemplated a complete edition of the Poet, and in 1814 issued a prospectus, of which I have a copy before me. Mr. Fry there says: "This new edition will be very elegantly printed on fine Drawing-Paper, in small Quarto: it will be illustrated with Portraits of the Author and his Wife, from a rare Medal by Warin [sic]. The price to be charged will be not more than what will cover the expenses incurred. One hundred and fifty copies only will be printed." The design, however, was not carried into execution: nor is it known by the family what became of the materials, if any, collected by Mr. Fry for the purpose. In the Gentleman's Magazine for January, 1811, this edition is said to be in preparation, and in Bibliographical Memoranda, 1816, it is described as being in the press (P. 27).


Octavo, pp. vi and xii + 214. Edited by Mr. Thomas Maitland, a Lord of Session, and only 125 copies (it is said) printed. In an Appendix the poems not contained in the edition of 1640 are added from the editions of 1642 and 1671, but not very correctly. The edition has also the disadvantage of presenting a mixture of original and modern orthography; those poems which form the appendix having been adapted to the existing standard of spelling, while the body of the volume is a literal reprint of the edition of 1640.
Preface.


Small octavo, pp. 224. An edition of no value, and chiefly a reprint of that of 1824.

Cælum Britannicum./ A/ Masque/ At/ White-Hall/ in the Banquet-t/ ting-House, on Shrove-/ Tvesday-Night, The/ 18. of February, 1633./

Non habeo ingenium; Cæsar sed iussit: habebo,
Cur me posse negem, posse quod ille putat?

London:/ Printed for Thomas Walkley, and are to be fold/ at his Shop neare White-Hall./ 1634.

Quarto, B—F 2, in fours, and the title page. In 1640, the title received this addition after "1633:" "The Inventors. Tho. Carew. Inigo Jones."

Some account may here also be properly introduced of the MSS. used on the present occasion. They are in number not fewer than seventeen, and are as follow:—

1. Harl. MS. 6917. A thick 4o MS. (No. 6918 being bound up with it), written in a clear and educated hand of the time probably of Charles II., and containing a variety of poems by Carew, Randolph, Sydney Godolphin, &c. This volume was purchased from the library of Lord Somers. Its readings, so far as Carew is concerned, are not very noteworthy, but it has enabled me to correct a few serious errors in the printed text. On the other hand, the MS. itself is occasionally very corrupt.

2. Addit. MS. 11608. A MS. on paper, the size small folio, containing a variety of songs set to music by Henry and William Lawes, John Hilton, and other celebrated composers of the time of Charles I. and of the Commonwealth. This MS. was formerly (1760) in the possession of the Guise family, and was purchased of them by Mr. Thorpe the bookseller, who sold it to the British Museum in 1839. I have used this MS. merely incidentally.
3. Addit. MS. 11811. A MS. in 4°, on paper, written about the period of the Restoration, or perhaps a little later; containing poems by Carew and others. It has yielded two short pieces, which I have not met with elsewhere, and a few corrections of the printed text. As a rule, however, the readings are of no special importance or value.

4. Addit. MS. 22118. A small octavo MS. purchased for the British Museum, Oct. 21, 1857, of C. Booth. It contains at present forty-nine leaves, but it is in bad condition, and seems to have been mutilated. There are several poems, however, by our author, including a copy of his version of the 104th Psalm; and the MS. supplies one or two desirable elucidations.

5. Ashmole MS. 36. This MS. which is fully described in Mr. Black's Catalogue, contains only two poems by Carew; they have been collated for me by my friend, Mr. George Waring, M.A., of Oxford.

6. Ashmole MS. 38. A folio volume on paper, written after 1638, perhaps about 1640. See Herrick's Works, by Hazlitt, pp. 470-1 Note, and Handb. of E. E. Lit. 1867, art. Carew. In the latter place I gave a lift of the poems by Carew in this MS.; with the exception of the Psalms and the lines, Mr. Carew to his Friend; they all appear to be printed. Of the Psalms, one (No. 137) was published in Bliss's edition of Wood's Athenea, from which source it was transferred to Maitland's edition of Carew's Poems, 1824, 8°, xii—xiv. The copies of Psalms 1 and 137 seem to be unique, as neither is in another MS. presently to be noticed.

The following description of this important MS. is borrowed from Mr. Black's Catalogue of the Ashmolean MSS., 1845, p. 38:—"A folio MS. closely written on paper in the former part of the XVIIth century. A large collection of miscellaneous English Poetry, Songs, Elegies, Epigrams, and Epitaphs, original and selected: with the names of the authors subscribed to their respective pieces, where known to the writer, Nicholas Burghé; and with an Index to the same lately prefixed."
Preface.

7. Ashmole MS. 47. This MS. has also yielded a few readings. It contains several poems by Carew. Mr. George Waring has collated them all for me.

8. A very pretty MS. in octavo, containing altogether eighty-eight leaves, in the possession of Mr. Henry Huth. From some memoranda in the book in his well-known hand it appears to have formerly belonged to the Rev. John Mitford. But the original owner was one R. Berkeley, who has registered his proprietorship on the flyleaf thus: R. Berkeley his Booke Ano. 1640. This MS. contains two pieces by Carew, both printed in the old copies, by Davies in 1772, and by Maitland in 1824.

9. A MS. in duodecimo size in the original vellum binding, in the same collection. It contains 130 leaves, but a portion of the matter is in Latin, being a copy of the Latin drama of Adelphi, performed at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1612-13. This MS. has apparently only one piece by Carew, namely, The Amorous Fly, which is in the editions under a different title, and in Ashmole MS. 38, entitled as here. This is the same MS. which has been already described in Inedited Poetical Miscellanies, 1870, as bearing autographs of the Scattergood family, 1667-8.

10. A MS. on paper, 4° size, containing seventy-one leaves (not including blanks), with the autograph on a flyleaf: E. Libris C. Agard. In the possession of Mr. F. W. Cofens, of Clapham Park. This MS. is referred to in the Notes as MS. Cofens. A. 4°. It contains early and good copies of poems by Carew, Donne, Beaumont, &c. By Carew there are seven pieces, of which two are, I believe, unpublished, and a third so entirely differs from the ordinary text as to deserve to be considered in the same light.

11. A MS. on paper, oblong 8° size, containing (not reckoning many blanks) thirty-nine leaves. In the same collection, for which it was procured some few years since from a bookseller at Ashton-under-Lyne: it is referred to in the Notes as MS. Cofens B. obl. 8°. It has proved
Preface.

extremely serviceable in the present case, for although it has not yielded any unpublished poem by Carew, it has furnished one or two important elucidations, as will be found pointed out elsewhere. The MS. contains six pieces by our author.

12. A MS. written about 1634, on very thick paper, in large folio, and containing in its present mutilated state sixty leaves, of which one is torn in half, one moiety being lost. I have little doubt that this very interesting and valuable MS. (the work though it be of an ignorant and careless copyist) originally included all Carew's writings; but the appearance of the vellum cover too evidently shews that about half the MS. has perished. What remains is in capital preservation, with the single exception just mentioned. The text seems to have undergone revision by erasure and substitution of different words; and in one place, in the margin, occurs what has greatly the air of an autograph attestation by Carew himself, as if the MS. had been executed under his direction and eye. Of the peculiar interest of this volume enough, perhaps, has been said in other places; it may be well, however, to state generally that it has preferred to us the bulk of Carew's Poems, that it is in all likelihood many years earlier than the first printed edition (1640), and that it is, so far as can be ascertained, the sole repository of several poems by our author. Of one I question the authenticity, but I thought it best to give it the benefit of a doubt.

The MS. under notice belongs to Mr. F. Wyburd, who obtained it about three years ago of a dealer at Knightsbridge for a trifle. Its previous history is unknown. That there are the productions of other writers, both in verse and prose, mixed up with Carew's, will not surprise those who are at all conversant with these early miscellanies. Mr. Wyburd considers that the entire MS. proceeded from the same pen—that pen Carew's—but to such an opinion I do not think I should easily become a convert. I have read with care such portions of the MS. as I have not used; and that Carew was not con-
cerned in the authorship of these pieces (they are both in prose and verse) I am perfectly persuaded. Under what circumstances the MS. became a receptacle for the compositions of Carew and others (or at least one other person), I cannot pretend to decide.

13. Harl. MS. 6057. A quarto MS. of 65 leaves, of which the original possessor and part-writer (or copyist), Thomas Croffe, has introduced his name in an acrostic on the opening page. This volume was written probably between 1640 and 1680, and is in three or four hands. It is of some importance and interest, as affording a nearly contemporary text of ten poems by Carew, three of which are inedited. But it is to be remarked that Croffe himself, whose initials correspond with Carew's, has inserted here some of his own productions, which must not be taken as those of the more eminent poet; he subscribes himself indifferently T. C., T. Cr., T. Cro., and T. Croffe.

14. Harl. MS. 6931. An octavo volume, containing poems by Carew, Beaumont, Donne, W. Strode, W. Cartwright, Ben Jonson, &c., and having ninety leaves of poetry, besides many blanks, and a few pages of MS. in prose. This volume is in two or three hands, and appears to have been written between 1660 and 1680. It has supplied some very useful emendations of Carew's text, but at the same time it is incorrecfly and carelessly written in several places.

15. Rawlinson MS. 34. This MS. contains only one poem: The Amorous Fly, with a few unimportant variations.

16. Rawl. MS. 84. This MS. also has but a single poem by Carew: To his Mistref in absence. The variations from the printed copies are not of consequence.¹

17. Rawl. MS. 88. Verfes and Poems by James Shirley. This volume, which was written about 1700, formerly

¹ Mr. Hunter erroneously states that there are some of Carew's poems in Harl. MS. 3157, a copy of one of the works of St. Jerome.
belonged to Hearne. All the poems are inserted in Shirley's Works, 1833, vol. vi.; but some of them also occur (with variations) in the old edition of Shirley's Poems, 1646. One is the Hue and Cry, of which an account will be found elsewhere. See p. 128, and Index, art. Shirley.

The nine Psalms, of which a complete text has been obtained by the collation of the only two MSS. known, of which both are imperfect, can add nothing to Carew's fame. They do not even add anything to his personal history, for of the circumstances under which these paraphrases were composed we have been left in absolute ignorance. The best compliment which it is in our power to pay this partial version of the Psalms is, that it is superior in its poetical tone to many of those which preceded and followed it; but it was probably the work of Carew's latest years, and may have been executed under the disadvantages which attend a man in failing health and with impaired powers. It reads like the languid and defultory exercises of a valetudinarian, with the "narrow house" in his mind's eye. There seems to be something in our Psalmody, which has the effect of paralysing the happiest pens and the most accomplished votaries of the Muses. The mantle of Sternhold and Hopkins is the common and imperishable property of all their successors.

Elaborate pedigrees of the Carew family have been printed by Sir Thomas Phillips in a single folio sheet and by Mr. Maclean in his Life and Times of Sir Peter Carew, 1857; but neither of these gentlemen touches upon the branch with which we are here more immediately concerned.

The registers of Sunninghill in Berkshire, from 1635 to 1641, have been obligingly examined for me by the present vicar, the Rev. A. M. Wale, but no notice of Carew or of his connections could be discovered. The registers of St. James's, Piccadilly, in which I had hoped to find some entry, commence only in 1685.
Probate have also been searched (ineffectually) in the hope of finding the poet's will or letters of administration.

My thanks and acknowledgments are, at the same time, due to the following gentlemen, who have rendered me, in the course of the present inquiry, services and kindneces of various sorts—all, in their way, important. I am indebted to Mr. Henry Huth, Mr. F. W. Cofens, and Mr. F. Wyburd, for the loan of several MSS. miscellanies containing pieces by Carew; the Rev. A. M. Wale, vicar of Sunninghill, examined the parish registers not less obligingly because unsuccessfully, with a view to the discovery of notices of the poet or his family; Mr. Alfred Kingston, of the Record Office, assisted me in respect to the documents preserved there which bear on Carew's personal history; Mr. Vaux, superintendent of the Medal Department, and Mr. Reid, Keeper of the Print Room, at the British Museum, responded to my inquiries with equal promptitude and courtesy; Mr. Thomas Jones, M. A. kindly forwarded to me an exact tracing of a poem by Carew, preserved in MS. in the college library at Manchester under his charge; nor should I omit to express my gratitude for the valuable help which I have derived from the communications of Mr. Yeowell, Mr. Maclean, Dr. Rimbault, and other gentlemen, some years since, to the pages of Notes and Queries.

I also desire to mention that, in reply to a communication on my part, influenced by a reference in Nash's History of Worcestershire, the Right Honourable the Lord Lyttelton was so good as to inform me that there were no papers at Hagley which threw light on the family history of the Carews of Middle-Littleton.

Kensington.
October 1, 1870.

W. C. H.

---

1 There does not seem to be any Visitation of Worcestershire, containing a pedigree of the Carews of Middle-Littleton.
Some Account of Thomas Carew.

It seems that we are not without authority for the belief, that Thomas Carew, of whose poetical writings the present volume seeks to represent the first complete and satisfactory collection, was a younger son of Sir Matthew Carew, of Middle-Littleton, Worcestershire, by his wife Alice InKPenny. Sir Matthew was this lady's second husband; she was the daughter of Sir John Rivers, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1573, and the son of Richard Rivers of Penhurst. Of Lady Carew's first husband we do not happen to have met with any particulars.

---

1 It must be at once stated with all frankness, that this portion of the memoir is based principally on the researches of Monro (Atta Cancellariae, 1847, pp. 3-4) and Nichols (Colle&nea Topographica et Genealogica, 1838, v. 206-7). It seems that there were persons of this name in the county at an earlier date, for Nash says, under Wichbold: "Thomas Carowe, cousin and heir of John Carowe, was lord of Wichbold, 6 Edward VI. It came afterwards by purchase to the Pakingtons of Weftwood."

Sir Matthew Carew, who was bred to the law, and rose to be a master in Chancery, a position which he occupied about five and thirty years, was the tenth of the nineteen children of Sir Wymond Carew, K. B., of East Antony, on the confines of Devonshire and Cornwall, near Plymouth, and of Kingstown, Hackney, Middlesex, by his wife Martha, daughter of Sir Edmund Denny, of Chelshunt, Herts, &c., who died in 1520, and sister of Sir Anthony Denny, K. G., who was one of the executors of King Henry VIII. Sir Matthew was born, probably at Hackney, in 1533-4; was educated at Westminster School under Alexander Nowell, and at Trinity College, Cambridge; took his Master's degree in 1551, and having abandoned his original intention of taking holy orders, followed the law as his profession. He travelled in France and Italy, visited the universities of Louvaine, Paris, Padua, Bologna, and Sienna, obtained his doctor's degree, and was appointed companion and tutor to Henry, Earl of Arundel, in his tour through Italy. Returning home with his pupil, Dr. Carew practised in the Court of Arches till 1576, when he was successful in obtaining a Mastership in Chancery which he held, it is supposed, till his death. The honour of knighthood was conferred on him in 1603. The registers of St. Dunstan's in the West contain the following entry:—"1618. Aug. 2. Mathew Carew, Knight." The tablet erected to his memory in the church, with a long Latin inscription, was in all probability written by

---

1 Nichols (Topographer and Genealogist, iii. 210). But the pedigree there given of the immediate descendants of Sir Wymond Carew seems to be incomplete, only one child (a daughter Elizabeth) being named, although Sir Matthew Carew himself says that he was one of a family of 19 (Collefl. ut jupr.). See Dingley's History from Marble, edit. Nichols, xli.

2 Nichols, Collefl. ubi jupr. It has been stated incorrectly that the poet belonged to the Carews of Gloucestershire, in which county I do not trace the family; but Sir John Carew was sheriff of Somersetshire in 1654. Cal. St. Papers, Ch. i. 1654-5, p. 105.
Thomas Carew. xx1

Carew himself. The first draft of it, supposed to be in his own hand, is in Harl. MS. 1196.

By his wife aforefaid, Sir Matthew had a very large family, and it is curious that he not only followed his father's example here, but shared Sir Wymond Carew's misfortune in surviving nearly all his children. Three only, Martha, Matthew and Thomas, outlived, it appears, the period of childhood.

Sir Matthew Carew the younger, the poet's elder brother, was born at Wickham, in Kent, April 3, 1590. He seems to have entered the military service, and to have distinguished himself in Ireland. He was made a knight banneret in 1609, at the very early age of nineteen. Sir Matthew resided during the first portion of his married life in the parish of St. Dunstan's in the West, as his father had done; and the baptisms of five of his children are recorded in the registers.

Thomas Carew, the author of the Poems contained in the present volume, was perhaps the youngest child of his father, Sir Matthew. The pedigrees which we possess name only Matthew (the eldest son), Martha, whose first husband was Mr. James Cromer, of Kent, afterwards knighted, and

---

1 Nichols, ubi supr.
2 Sir Matthew not only survived his children, but his fortune, for in Land MS. 163, fol. 287, quoted by Mr. Monro, ubi supr., it is said that he lost his whole estate four years before he died. Mr. Monro adds: "For the last year also of his life, he appears to have confined himself, almost entirely, to taking affidavits." But documents preserved at the Record Office shew what immediately occasioned Sir Matthew's misfortunes and pecuniary losses—money lent and never recovered.
3 Naft's Worcesterbire, ii. 105. Naft gives thus the arms of Carew of Worcesterbire: "3 lions impaling a chevron ingrailed between 3 birds."
4 Nichols (Collett, v. 372). Chriltian, one of the daughters of Sir Matthew Carew, was buried at Middle-Littleton, in Smith's Chapel, March 1, 1695-6.—Naft's Worcestrbire, ii. 105.
5 Martha, afterwards Mrs. and eventually Lady Cromer, must have been
Some Account of

Thomas, the poet. Two circumstances join in contradicting the generally received opinion, that the latter was born in or about 1589. The first is, that his elder, if not eldest, brother was not born till 1590; and the second, that a medal of the poet, executed by Jean Varin (his contemporary), expressly states him to have been five and thirty years of age in 1633, or in other words, places his birth in 1598. Moreover, in a letter from his father written between 1613 and 1616, and to be noticed more particularly by and bye, Thomas who, according to the present supposition, would be from fifteen to eighteen, is mentioned in a way which indicates him at that period to have been little more than a mere lad. The date quoted (1598) would represent very well the probable interval between the births of the two brothers; and in the absence of superior testimony we may perhaps accept this view as the correct one.

Carew was educated (more than possibly after a preliminary curriculum at Westminster, where his elder brother was certainly grounded in learning) at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, but, as Wood informs us, left the university without taking a degree.⁠¹ Wood remarks: "[he] had his academical education in Corp. Ch. coll. as those that knew him have informed me, yet he occurs not matriculated as a member of that house, or that he took a scholastical degree."

The truth is, that Carew seems to have developed an unfortunate propensity, at a very early age, for neglecting the work of preparation for making his way in the world, and to have surrendered himself to idle habits or unprofitable and expensive amusements. His father, to little or no purpose,

---

by some years the senior of Matthew, for the baptism of her daughter Elizabeth is recorded in the register of St. Dunstan's in the West as having taken place on the 11th Nov. 1599. Nichols (Collect. v. 368).

¹ Athenæ, by Blis, ii. 657-8.
Thomas Carew.  

diffuaded him from this course, and used all his influence with men of authority, especially Dudley Carleton, our representative at the Hague, a connection of the family by marriage, and George, Lord Carew, who was also collaterally related to our poet's family. There was not any great degree of difficulty, probably, in procuring employment; but Carew invariably misconducted himself or neglected his duties, and was accordingly thrown back on his father who, towards the end of his life, through the unexpected loss of a large sum of money, found himself contending against severe pecuniary straits. We first hear of Carew's doings in the year 1613, when, if the date assigned above be correct, the future poet could not have been more than fifteen or sixteen. In a letter to Dudley Carleton, Feb. 25, 1613, poor Sir Matthew reports "that one of his sons [Thomas?] is roving after hounds and hawkes, the other studying in the Temple, but doing little at law." Carleton, probably for the sake of the father, took young Thomas, in 1614, into his employment as secretary, and it is to be concluded that he retained the post at least two years; for in 1616, we find Sir Matthew expressing a hope that his son may give satisfaction. Here he was soon to be disappointed, for in September of the same year the secretary was discharged in consequence of some aspersions he was understood to have cast on Sir Dudley and Lady Carleton. The next project, which was to obtain occupation through the interest of Lord Carew, is described at large in a letter from the poet to Carleton, at the Hague, dated Sept. 2, 1616:—

"Right Honorable my most singul' good L.¹

"I have bene thus long in giving y'r L. account of y'r success of my business, by reason of my L. Carewes absence from this towne, where after I was arrived & had awhile consulted w'th my fath' & oth' frends, it was thought fitt I should

repayre unto him to ye Queenes Court, w^th then w^th y^e King & Princes was at Woodstock, where I delivered y^e L^e lett^e. His answear to me was, y^e he had alreadely in that employ- ment a M^ of Artes, whose heavne yeares service had not yet deservd to be so displaced, & added, y^e I being his kinsman might expect from him all those greatest curtesies whatsoever, whereunto his neerenef of blood did oblige him, w^th I should alwayes finde him readie to performe, but to admit me into his familie as a servant, it were a thing, sayde he, farr beneath y^e qualitie, & w^th my blood could not suffer w^howt much reluctence. I told him y^e my comming was not to supplant any man, but y^e I thought this late addition of hon^e might have made those small abilities w^th I had acquired by my travells & experience in y^e L^e service, of use to his, w^th I did humbly protest before his L^e whoe if he thought not my youth unworthy so greate honor, I shoulde esteeme my self no wayes disparaged by his service. He replied y^e my languages & whatever serviceable partes I had would ruf^ in his service for want of use, & therefore prayed me to propose to my self any oth^e meanes wherein he might pleasure me; were it y^e service of some oth^e whoe had more employment & better meanes of preferment for a Secretarie, or whatsoever proiect I could devise; wherein he promis^d not only to employe his creditt but his purfe, if neede were, & so referred me to his returne to London for his answear to y^e L^e lett^e, at what time he would talke more at large w^th me & my fath^e about his busines. This is y^e issue of my hopes w^th my L^d Carew, nor am I likely to gayne any thing at his return heth^e from him but sayre wordes & complement.

"Y^e L^e lett^e to my L^d of Arrondell, because it was necessarie for me to wayte uppon my L^d Carew, & could at no time see him but w^th y^e King, from whose side he feldome moveth, I left w^th M^e. Havers to be delivered to him, of whome I learned y^e he was as yet unfurnished of a Secretarie; wherefore according to y^e L^e instructions my fath^e councell & my owne inclination I will labour my
admittance into his service, wherein I have these hopes, ye present vacancie of ye place, ye reference my fath' had to his Grandfath', & ye knowledge w'ch by ye L's means he had of me at Florence, wherein if neede be & if M' Chamberlane shall so think good I will engage my L'd Carew, and whereunto I humbly befeech ye to add ye effectuall recomendation, w'ch I knowe will be of more power than all my oth' pretences, w'ch yow will be pleased w'ch ye most convenient speede to afford me, ye I may at his returne heth' (w'ch will be w'ch ye Kings some 20 dayes hence) meete him w'ch ye L's lett' & ye I may in case of refuall returne to ye service ye sooner from w'ch I profes (notw'chstanding all these faire fhewes of preferment) as I did w'ch much unwillingnes depart, so doe I not w'chowt greate affliction discontinue; my thoughts of th' prop' & regular motion not aspiring higher then the orbe of ye L's service, this irregul' being caufed by ye felf whoe are my Primum mobile, for I ever accounted it hon' enough for me to correre la fortuna del mio Sig' nor did I ever ayme at (sic) greater happines then to be held as I will allways rest

Yr L's
most humbly devoted

"London this 2. of
Septemb' 1616."¹

THO. CAREW."

Nine days later, however, Carew addresed to the same quarter a second letter, in which he appeared to entertain

¹ [endorsed]

Tom Carew the
2d of 7ber 1616.

To the Right Hon'ble my most singul' good L'd S' Dudley Carleton, Knight,
L'd Ambassad' for his Ma'te w'ch the States of ye United Provinces of ye Low Contreyes at the Haghe.
more hopeful expectations, and added some items of miscellaneous news.

"Right Hon: my most singul: good L."¹

"Since my last to y' Lp of ye 2d of this pnt my L: Carewes repaire to towne gave me occasion to attend his resolution at his lodging: w'he delivered w' much passion, protesting y'he did not therefore refuse me because he had no intent to take care or charge of me, for I should uppon any occasion be affured of y' contrary, but merely for y' he should have no employment for me, & therefore prayed me, since he tendred herein my owne good more then his particul: interest, to surcease this suite & prevayle my self of him in an oth'kinde; to ye same effect was his excuse to my fath', so as y' firting hath fayled, but as there was ever more appearance, so doe I conceive better hope of good succefs, w'h my L: of Arondell, & ye rath' because my L: Carew hath so willingly engaged himself in my behalf & promifeth to deale very effectually for me, but chiefly when I shall have ye Lp: recommendation w'h I dayly expect.

"Allthough I know ye Lp hath very particul: advertifments of all ye occurrents here, yet because other mens fayth can not fave me, as neyth' th' pen's discharge my duty, I will be bold to give ye Lp notice of what I have observed or learned since my arrivall.

"My L: Roos tooke his leave this morning of ye King but goes not yet these ten dayes, his bravery entertaynes both Court & citty w'h discourse, his golden liveryes are fo frequent in ye streetes, ye it is thought they have th' severall walkes, & are duly relieved by Sig'. Diegos appoyntment; he came this day to ye Court attended w'h 10 or 12 Gent. 8 pages very richly accoutred in suites of 80 ii a pece, & some 20 staffiers all in gold lace. Sig' Diego protested ye' all ye liveryes (for

¹ Domestic James I. 1616, July—Oct. vol. 88, No. 77.
every man hath two fuites) cost 2500£ ster. besides my Ld giveth to 20 Gent y' attend him 50 d a man to equippe themselves for the voyage; he hath with him 3 Secretaries. Mr. Goldburrough whome y' Ld knew in Italy is one, & Duncomb a second, & two Chaplaines. There goe wth him 12 Gent en compagnon, amongst y' rest S. Ed. Sommerfett, S' Richard Lumley newly knighted for y' voyage, Mr. Giles Bridges, & Mr. Tho. Hopton; they imbarke at Portsmouth, & thence goe by sea to Lifbon. Sig Diego leaves my Ld at ye seaside.

"My Ld Dingwell is returned from Venice, hath seene France & Italy & brought home a chayne of 2000 scudi, wch is all ye effect of his iourney.

"Mr. Albert Morton hath taken his leave of ye K. & doth wth 15 dayes take his iourney for Heidelbergh; his waye, unlefs he bee comanded to the contrary (he fayes) shall lye by ye Haghe.

"S' Ed. Cecill arrived here on Sunday laft & went this morning wth my Ld Roos to kifs y' K's handes.

"My Lady Winwood hath bene lately at ye point of death & is not yet past danger. M' Kantfield told me y' he left M' Anne Wood now Lady Harrington (whome y' Ld knowes) irrecoverably sick, so as he peremptorily fayde she was by y' time deade.

"I was told by a Gent of good credit that there is lately happened a greate breach betwene y' new created Vifcount Villiars & M'. Secretary Winwood, wch is likely much to impayre M'. Secretaryes credit wth his Ma'v, and caft all at least y' gaynfull employment uppon S' Tho. Lake; ye occasions of th' particul' disguits I can not yet learne.

"Sig Diego & Duncomb have bene very busy at ye Exchange in compounding in th' Ld name wth y' Spanish Merchants for a Shipp of th' lately taken in Spayne, whereof y' King is determined to make a present to my Ld Roos, & wch he is bound to restore, but ye merchants offer my Ld for composition or rath' a gratuittie 5000£. This money wth y' 5000£ ex-
traordinary he hath from ye King & 6th per diem since the first of May, considering my Lord goes to Lisbon by sea & shall from thence be defrayed to Madrid, will with little addition discharge his voyage.

"But ye I should be to injurious to ye Lord's pleasure I would add ye principal discourses of my Lord Cooke, but they are so various & so uncertain they serve only to rompre la teste, only ye more populous & general bruine hath given him a Baronry in lieu of his Chief Justicehipp, wherewith it had invested Mr. Record Mountague, but he for being too corrupt is now supplanted, & ye aura popularis hath conferred ye lord on Baron Tanfield.

"These enclosed Mr. Attorney Grals Secretary recommended to my address this morning.

"It is thought Viscount Villiers & Sr John Deckam of ye Dutchie office shall shortly be prefard to ye Counsell table.

"Mr. Shireburn perfwades me to attempt Viscount Villiers service, who hath only Mr. Packer (a man though well skild in home businessess, yet altogether ignorant of forrayne); but as I have no waye open to him, so have I no appetite if I sayle-in my present project, to hazard a third repulse; howsoever I shall governe my self according to ye Lord's letter with ye recommendation to my Lord of Arondell I doe with greate devotion attend.

"Thus I in all humilitie take leave & rest

Yr Lordship's most humbly de
of 7th 1616. it's voted to ye service

Tho. Carew."

Lord Carew recommended his young relative to the Earl of Arundel, who at first held out a contingent hope of assistance, as appears from the following letter:

1 [endorsed] "Tom Carew the 11th of 7th 1616."
"Right Honble my moft singul' good Ld."

"But that I could not let this messenger goe emptie, I should not have given ye Lp the trouble of these lines at this time, not having any thing worth ye Lp knowledge, nor being able as yet to resolve yow of ye effect of my busines by reason of my Ld of Arondells indefinite answere, whereby he holdes me in suspense though not wthout hope of good success; for he protesteth ye if he can by any means satisfy the pretences of two competitors, whose are wth dayly importunitie recommended unto him from his honble and especiall good frendes (he sayes) he will endeavour & hopes to effect, he will then wth all willingness embrace my service, ye tender whereof he takes very kindly; thus much he hath professed unto my Ld Carew whoe made the first overture to M'r Shireborn, who in ye Lp name seconed ye recommendation, & to my self craving besides a fortnights respite, wth doth wthin these fewe dayes expire; in ye meane time my Ld Carew doth promise to omit no occasion or argument of persuasion, so as if ye Lp recommendatory lett wth would very opportunely arrive in this conjuncture, & ye attending whereof may happily be occasion of my Ld of Arondells delaye) should meete wth these circumstances I might well hope this busines would fort to ye wished issue. I have in this interstice had leysyre to see my sifter, Grandmoth', & oth' my frends in Kent, whoe remember th' most affectionate services to ye Lp & my Lady. I came down yesterday & will on Monday returne to London, at what time the King will be there: when it is expected ye resolution abowt my Ld Chief Justice & many oth' businesses will be taken, of ye effect whereof I will be bold to adverfite ye Lp.

"My Ld Roffes coimiuration here is uppon new businesses prolonged, ye negotiatio whereof will alfoe lengthen his residence in Spayne; he hath taken a second leave of ye King (at what time M'r Giles Bridges was knighted), but departeth not yet thefe 8 dayes.
"Not having wherewth to give y' Lp furth' trouble, I humbly take leave, [and] rest

Yrs.

Most humbly devoted
to y'r service

Tho: Carew

"Tunstall this
20th of 7ber 1616. ft° vet."

But subsequently the Earl hesitated to avail himself of Carew's services, on learning the circumstances under which he had been dismissed by Carleton. Lord Arundel eventually declared his inability to provide any employment, and in spite of the repeated exertions and prayers of his father, Carleton declined, it seems, to receive him back into his service. On the 4th October, 1617, in a letter to Carleton, Sir Matthew confesses that his son has nothing to do, and is leading a loose and debauched life. In a later letter to Lady Carleton (March 24, 1618), no improvement in Carew's prospects had occurred, but it is to be collected that he had expressed sorrow for his irregularities, and that he was living with his father.

1 [endorfed]  "To the Right Honble my most fig' good L° S' Dudley Carleton Knight, L° Amb' for his Ma'th with the States of the United Prov's of the Low Countreyes at the Haghe."

"Tom Carew y° 20th of 7ber 1616."
These by no means satisfactory glimpses of the earlier portion of the career of the poet, with the few scattered facts throwing light on his origin and family, which have now for the first time been brought together, represent, it is to be feared, all that can ever be known of the private or personal history of Thomas Carew. For all further information we must, with one exception to be indicated in due course, go to different sources—the occasional and generally vague allusions to Carew which occur in the writings of his own, or of the succeeding, age. To begin, however, with Wood:—"Afterwards," says this not very trustworthy authority, signifying the time subsequent to Carew's sojourn at Christ Church, "improving his parts by travelling, and conversation with ingenious men in the metropolis, he became reckon'd among the chiefeft of his time for delicacy of wit and poetic fancy. About which time being taken into the royal court for his most admirable ingenuity, he was made gentleman of the privy chamber, and fewer in ordinary to King Charles I., who always esteemed him to the last one of the moft celebrated wits in his court." Wood adds "that Carew was much valued by his King, and that he was a great favourite among his poetical and other acquaintance," among whom must not be omitted Walt. Montague, afterwards Lord Abbot of Poitou, Aurelian Townfend of the same family with those of Raynham in Norfolk, Tho. May, afterwards the long parliament's historian, George Sandys the traveller and poet, Will. Davenant, &c."

It is not at all surprizing that Wood, with his limited opportunities, should have remained ignorant of some of the moft important among the not very many known incidents of Carew's life. It was not generally known till of late years, that Charles I. signalized his partiality for the poet in a very substantial manner, by granting him the royal demefne of Sunninghill, which then formed part of the forest of Windsor, and

1 Athenæ, ubi supr.
which was alienated from the crown in favour of the subject of this imperfect notice. Search has been made without success for the original grant, or any other document shewing at what time and for what consideration (if any) the alienation was made; but the fact is established by evidence of an indirect though positive character, which shall be adduced presently. Besides the manor of Sunninghill, which he disforested and enclosed, Carew seems to have had a regular residence in King Street, St. James's, in the latter part of his life. This fact we owe to a passage in one of Davenant's poems, printed in 1638. It is a copy of verses addressed—

"To Tho: Carew." 2

I.

"Upon my conscience, when so e're thou dy'st,
(Though in the black, the mourning time of Lent)
There will be seen in King-street (where thou ly'st)
More triumphs than in dayes of Parliament.

II.

"How glad and gaudy then will Lovers be?
For ev'ry Lover, that can Verses read,
Hath beene so injur'd by thy Mufe and thee,
Ten thousand thousand times he wish'd thee dead.

III.

"Not but thy Verses are as smooth and high,
As Glory, Love, or Wine from Wit can rayse;
But now the Devil take such deflinie!
What should commend them, turns to their dispraye.

1 Lysons says merely: "Sunninghill Park was formerly part of the royal demesnes; and is suppos'd to have been granted by King Charles I. to the family of Carey. Sir Thomas Draper of Sunninghill Park, who was created a baronet in 1660, married an heiress of that family."—Magna Britannia, i. 382.
2 Davenant's Poems, 1638, pp. 136-7.
Thomas Carew.

IV.
"Thy Wit’s chiefe Virtue is become its Vice;
For ev’ry Beauty thou hast rays’d so high,
That now coarfe Faces carry such a price
As muft undoe a Lover, if he buy.

V.
“Scarce any of the Sex admits commerce;
It names mee much to urge this in a Friend;
But more, that they should so miitake thy Verse,
Which meant to conquer, whom it did commend.”

In Stowe’s time, King Street was no doubt a sufficiently fashionable and respectable resort, as it still in a measure remains. In the Survey of London, the street is described as we may very fairly suppole it to have presented itself in Carew’s day: “King’s-street, a good handsome Street, which fronts St. James’s Square Eastwards, and Westwards it hath a Passage through an open paved Alley, called Little King’s-street, into St. James’s street. On the South side is Angel Court, not over well built or inhabited; and near unto this is a long Yard for Coaches and Stablings, useful for the Gentry in these Parts.”

The intimacy of Carew and Davenant, of which of course there is abundant evidence in the following pages themselves, seems to receive a little further illustration from a short piece in a volume by Clement Barksdale,—Nympha Libethris: Or the Cotswold Muse, 1641. This slight link in the chain of biographical evidence belongs to the year 1638, when Davenant’s “Madagascar, and other Poems” came from the press. If I may be allowed to guess, the subjoined lines refer to a copy of Davenant’s little volume, dispatched to Carew by Barksdale, while the former was staying at Saxham in Suffolk with his good friends the Crofts’:

---

1 Surv. of Lond. 1720, book vi. p. 81.
Some Account of

"Ad Thomam Carew, apud J[oh.] C[rofts?] cum Davenantii Poematis.

"Teque meum, cum triste fuit mihi tempus, amorem,
Officiis dico demeruisse tuis:
Meque tuum, si forte oceasio detur, amorem,
Officiis dices demeruisse meis.
Si placet, interea, hoc grandis non grande Poete
Ingenii dignum munus habeto tui."

Wood, it will have been observed perhaps, does not profess to specify all Carew's literary associates; but it is surely rather strange that he should have overlooked men like John Hales of Eton, Lord Chancellor Clarendon, and James Howell. With all these eminent persons and brother-authors he must have been on the friendliest terms.

With the second Carew was intimate, when both were in the spring of life. The future statesman was the friend of our poet's youth.

In the Life of Lord Chancellor Clarendon,¹ it is said: "whilst he was only a student of the law, and stood at gaze, and irresolute what course of life to take, his chief acquaintance were Ben Johnfon, John Selden, Charles Cotton, John Vaughan, Sir Kenelm Digby, Thomas May, and Thomas Carew, and some others of eminent faculties in their several ways. . . . Mr. Carew was a younger brother of a good family, and of excellent parts, and had spent many years of his youth in France and Italy; and returning from travel followed the court; which the modesty of that time disposed men to do sometime, before they pretended to be of it; and he was very much esteemed by the most eminent persons in the court, and well looked upon by the King himself, some years before he could obtain to be fewer to the king: and when the King conferred that place upon him, it was not without the regret even of the whole Scotch nation, which united themselves in recom-

¹ Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon, 3rd ed. 1827, i. 34, 40.
mending another gentleman to it: of so great value were those relations held in that age, when majesty was beheld with the reverence it ought to be. He was a person of a pleasant and facetious wit, and made many poems (especially in the amorous way) which for the sharpness of the fancy, and the elegance of the language in which that fancy was spread, were at least equal, if not superior, to any of that time: but his glory was that, after fifty years of his life spent with less severity or exactness than it ought to have been, he died with the greatest remorse for that licence, and with the greatest manifestation of Christianity, that his best friends could desire.”

In a letter which he dates April 5, 1636, James Howell tells Sir Thomas Hawk that he had been the evening before to “a solemn supper” at Ben Jonson’s, and that Carew was among the guests. “I was invited,” says Howell, “yesternight to a solemn supper by B. J. where you were deeply remembered; there was good Company, excellent Cheer, choice Wines, and jovial welcome: One Thing intervened, which almost spoiled the relish of the rest, that B. began to engross all the Discourse, to vapour extremely of himself, and by vilifying others to magnify his own Muse. T. Ca. buzzed me in the Ear, that tho’ Ben had barrelled up a great deal of knowledge, yet it seems he had not read the Ethics which, among other Precepts of Morality, forbid Self-commendation.” Such anecdotes as this, slight as they may appear, bring us a little nearer to a man who, although the biographical records touching his short and checkered life are scanty and dim enough, must have occupied, at least towards the

---

1 This appears to be a statement made at random, for the poet can hardly have been more than forty, when he died. Wood conjectured that Carew died about 1639. Out of these two accounts, of which it may be said that the latter is accurate in comparison with the former, the earlier biographers have constructed an hypothetical declaration that the poet was born about 1589, by taking fifty years back from Wood’s approximate date.

2 Notes and Queries, 2nd Series, vi. 12.
Some Account of

close of his career, a high position in the favour of his sove-
reign and in the estimation of his literary contemporaries.

But John Hales of Eton was bound to Carew by even a
closer tie than that of mere social intimacy; he was connected
with him by marriage: for the poet's sister, Lady Crowmer,
had re-married after her first husband's death Sir Edward
Hales. Hales of Eton seems to have been regarded by Carew
and by the poet's friends as a kind of Mentor, whose services
were to be put in requisition, whenever it was thought neces-

tary to read a lecture, or to receive assurances of reform and
contrition. Isaak Walton, in his MSS. collections for the life
of Hales, prefers an anecdote, which belongs of course to
a comparatively late period in Carew's life: "Then was I told
this by Mr. Anthony Faringdon, and have heard it discoursed
by others, that Mr. Thomas Cary, a poet of note, and a
great libertine in his life and talk, and one that had in his
youth been acquainted with Mr. Hales, sent for Mr. Hales,
to come to him in a dangerous fit of sickness, and desired his
advice and absolution, which Mr. Hales, upon a promise of
amendment, gave him (this was, I think in the country). But
Mr. Cary came to London, fell to his old company, and into
a more visible scandalous life, and especially in his discourse,
and being very sick, that which proved his last, and
being much troubled in mind, procured Mr. Hales to come
to him in this his sickness and agony of mind, defying ear-
nestly, after confession of many of his sins, to have his prayers
and his absolution. Mr. Hales told him he should have his
prayers, but would by no means give him either the sacra-
ment or absolution."

It is a more important piece of testimony, perhaps, than

---

1 Notes and Queries, 2nd Series, vi. 12.
2 The story is told with some variations in Hunter's Chorus Vatum
(Addit. MSS. B. M. 24489, fol. 254). Here Lady Salter is said to have
been the narrator; and this is likely enough, since the Salters resided in the
vicinity of Eton.
might at first sight appear, to the date of Carew's death, that in Lord Falkland's poem to the memory of Jonson, Carew's name is mentioned as if he had been then alive. Jonson died on the 6th August, 1637. Falkland says:

"Let Digby, Carew, Killigrew and Maine,
Godolphin, Waller, that inspired train,
Or whose rare pen besides deserves the grace,
Or of an equal, or a neighbouring place,
Answer thy wish."

But no tribute from the pen of our poet occurs in Jonsonus Virbius, printed early in 1638. Clement Barkdale, in sending Carew a copy of Davenant's Poems, published early in March, 1638,¹ addressed to him some lines inserted elsewhere; the writer was evidently under the impression that Carew was living. Davenant himself, in that very volume, has a set of stanzas inscribed to his friend, then living or staying in King's Street, St. James's; they occur near the close of the book, as if they had been quite lately composed; and the writer must be supposed to have been not only ignorant of the death of his associate, but assured of the contrary, when the copy was sent to press, or he would not have preferved the allusion to Carew's possible decease or even the playful raillery at his expense. All the scattered particles of evidence we possess seem to point to the conclusion that Carew died suddenly, possibly of the complaint which had brought him low at least twice previously, between February and April, 1638. We ought not to be surprised, if it should be found hereafter, that he breathed his last at the house of his friend, John Crofts, where (if my conjecture be right) Barkdale clearly expected his book and verses to find him; and perhaps it was to Saxham, that Hales of Eton was summoned to attend him, according to the anecdote of Isaak Walton already related.

That Carew was no more in April, 1638, appears to be

¹ These were licenced Feb. 26, 1637-8.
made sufficiently clear by the circumstance, unknown to his former biographers (in common with the fact of the grant itself), that very shortly after his death a petition was addressed to the Crown by the Vicar of Sunninghill, of which the following is an exact copy:

"To the Kings most Excellent Maiestie."

"The most humble Petition of John Robinson Vicar of Sunninghill in ye Countie of Berks.

"Shewing that before yo' Ma'te was graciously pleased to part with ye Parke of Sunninghill in ye Forrest of Windfor to M't. Tho. Carew, yo' Ma'te, when it was full flored with deare, out of yo' love and bounty to ye Church gave to ye Vicar of Sunninghill xx'd for one Lodge and 3' 4'd for ye other p anii. Besides yo' Ma'te Keeper knowing the Vicarage to bee worth at moft but 20 marks p anii allowed ye said Vicar ye going of a Nagg for nothing, and 6 or 8 Cowes for 6 [pence?] a weke. But since it came to the hands of the said M'Carew, notwithstanding (as it may bee truely said) it is disparked, for there are onely some 8 or 10 deere kept, to colo' ye' keeping of ye Tithes from ye' poore Vicar, the Ground being let to Tenants & devided into severall parts, some for pasture & meadowe, & other for arable, & at ye' present there is great store of Corne growing upon some part of ye' said ground to their verie greate advantage, they doe not onely deny ye' Tithes with ye' Peti'tion (upon ye' converting it to ye' improvm' aforefaid) conceaves to bee due unto him, but also ye' former benefit allowed by yo' Ma'te and Keeper, when ye' said Parke was full flored with deere as aforefaid, and will onely give him a marke p anii, saying if hee will have more hee must get it by Lawe.

"But the Petitioner being a poore man charged with wife and children, and altogether unable to wage Law with them—

1 Domestic Charles I. 1638, April 1—17, vol. 387, No. 31.
Thomas Carew.

"Most humbly beseecheth yo' Ma' to bee graciously pleased to referre y' particulars to y' consideracion of y' Most Reverend Father in God the Lord Arch. Bp. of Canterbury, his Grace, and y' Lord Keeper of yo' Ma's Great Seale of England, authorising them to call y' Exectus of y' said Mr. Carew, or such others as it may concerne, before them & upon hearing y' Pet' & such witnesses as hee shall produce, & examinacion of y' Allegations herein, to settell such a Course for releife & maintenance of y' Pet' & his Successors in that Church as in their grave wisdomes shall bee thought fitt.

"And the Petitioner, &c."

The question was referred to the Archbishops of Canterbury and the Lord Keeper who, on the 30th May in the same year made the ensu'ing report and order, which are the last that we hear of the matter. Probably the vicar concluded that it was wiser not to go to law, the issue being question-able.

31 May.¹

Lo. A[rchbishop]
Lo. Keep[er.]

"This day upon a Reference fr his Ma', theire Lo'n heard the mater of Complaynt exhibited by John Robinson, Clerke, Vicar of Suninghill Co. Berks, against the heirs and exec's of Thomas Carew esq', touching the tyeths of the Parke there; w'ch the pet' claymeth as Vicar and as ferm' of the Rectorie Impropriat to St. John's Colledge in Cambridge; and in regard it was aleged against the p' that xij' iiij' had used to have byn paid in lieu of all tyethes in that pte, & that the heirs were now under age & the Exe'n but in trust, & therefore nothing could by theire assent bee done w'out judice to themselves. It is by theire Lo'n ordred that the pet' shall forthwith bring

Some Account of

his action at Law upon the Stat. of Ed. 6. for not setting forth of tythes against Mr. Carewe and Mr. Fyshe; whereto the Defts shall shortly appeare gratis & plead this terme, so as the matter may proceed to tryall att the next assizes for y' Contey; & no advantage to bee taken on either side, but to insist upon the right only, whether there bee such a rate or noe, & (admitting there bee) whether it will barre the Pet', the Pet being now for ye moft part employed for tyllage & other uses and very few deere in ye fame. And their Lordships this next Term will further consider how the Pet' (in case the tryall fall out against the Pet') may bee relieved.¹

Wood leads us to understand that Carew, gay and dissolute in his course of life, was a person of polished manners and attractive conversation, whose society was sought not only by all the literary men of distinction at that time, but by the King and Court. The author of the *Athene* says:—

"He was much respected, if not ador'd by the poets of his time, especially by Ben Johnson; yet Sir Joh. Suckling, who had a great kindnes for him, could not let him pass in his *Sessions of [the] Poets*, without this character [Poems, 1646, p. 8]:—"

"Tom Carew was next, but he had a fault,  
That would not well stand with a Laureat.  
His muse was hard bound, and th' issue of 's brain  
Was seldom brought forth but with trouble and pain."

Among the works of our author Carew, who by the strength of his curious fancy hath written many things which still maintain their fame amidst the curious of the present age, must be remembered his—[here follows a list of his works more fully described elsewhere.] "The songs in the said poems were fet to music, or if you please were wedded to the charming notes

¹ [endorsed] 30° May 1638.  
An Order touching ye  
Parson of Sunninghill.  
Cit.
of Hen. Lawes, at that time the prince of musical composers, gentleman of the Kings Chappel, and one of the private music to K. Ch. I."

Wood and others have omitted to notice that Suckling has a copy of verses, purporting to be a dialogue between Carew and himself upon the Countes of Carlisle, the Lucinda of the following pages. When the meagre character of the information which has come down respecting Carew is considered, I trust that I shall be pardoned for introducing such a purely collateral piece of illustrative matter as this fame Dialogue will be seen to be:—

Vpon my Lady Carlifles walking in
Hampton-Court-Gardens.

**Dialogue.**

*Th*omas *Carew*.  *Jo*hn *Suckling*.

**Thom.**

Didst thou not find the place insp"r'd,
And flow'rs, as if they had defired
No other Sun, start from their beds
And for a fight fleal out their heads?
Heardst thou not mufick when he talkt?
And didst not find that, as he walk't,
She threw rare perfumes all about,
Such as bean-bloffoms newly out,
Or chafed spices give?

**J. S.**

I muft confesse thofe perfumes (*Tom*)
I did not smell, nor found that from
Her paffing by ought sprung up new:
The flow'rs had all their birth from you;
For I paff't o'er the selfsame walk,
And did not find one fingle flalk
Of any thing that was to bring
This unknown after after spring.

---

1 Suckling's *Fragmenta Aurea*, 1646, pp. 26-7.
Some Account of

Thom.
Dull and insensible, couldst see
A thing so near a Deity
Move up and down, and feel no change?

J. S.
None, and so great, were alike strange.
I had your Thoughts, but not your way:
All are not born (Sir) to the Bay;
Alas! Tom, I am flesh and blood,
And was consulting how I could,
In spite of masks and hoods, descry
The parts deni'd unto the eye;
I was undoing all she wore,
And had she walkt but one turn more,
Eve in her first state had not been
More naked, or more plainly seen.

Thom.
'Twas well for thee she left the place;
There is great danger in that face.
But hadst thou view'd her legg and thigh,
And upon that discovery
Searcht after parts that are more dear
(As Fancy seldom flops so near),
No time or age had ever seen
So lost a thing as thou hastt been."

All this partakes of the playful, but not always too delicate, raillery of Suckling, and the little poem itself throws a slight ray of additional light on the subject immediately in hand. After all, these lines are well worth their room, if they assist in bringing us a little nearer to those times and these two men.

In a tract printed after Carew's death, there is a passage which might almost seem too long for transcription; but the desire has been in this case to draw together all the notices of Carew discoverable, which had a value as proceeding from men, who either were personally acquainted with him, or had abundant opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of his character and career. This further testimony is therefore
Thomas Carew.

added;¹ it is in a part of the tract described below, where the
author of the Civil War newspaper entitled Diurnal Occurrences challenges Carew as a jurymen:

"The Pris'ner also crav'd he might be heard,
While he againft a jury-man preferr'd
A just exception: his requesit was granted,
And fraught with malice, though much wit he wanted.
He gentle Mr. Cary did refufe,
Who pleas'd the Ladies with his courtly mufe:
He said that he by his luxurious penne
Deferv'd had better the Trophonian Denne
Then many now which flood to be arraign'd;
For he the Thespian Fountaine had distain'd
With foule conceits, and made their waters bright
Impure, like thofe of the Hermaphrodite.
He said that he in verse more loofe had bin
Than old Chærephanes, or Aretine
In obfene portraitures, and that this fellow
In Helicon had reard the firft Bardello;
That he had chang'd the chaft Castalian Spring
Into a Carian Well, whose waters bring
Effeminate defires and thoughts uncleane
To minds that earft were pure and moft serene.
Thus fpake the pris'ner, when a furious glance
Was darted from Apollos countenance."

Scaliger then rifes, and after aferting that he had endeavoured to purify the literature of the time by his criticifms, proceeds to vindicate Carew:

"For I have try'd my induftry and wit
Both Arts and Authours to refine and mend,
As well as times, yet can I not defend
But fome luxuriant Witt will often vent
Lascivious Poems againft my confent:
Of which offence if Cary guilty be,
Yet may fome chaffer Songs him render free.

¹ The Great Afiſſes Holden in Parnaffes by Apollo and his Aſſiſſours, &c. 1645, 4°, pp. 24-6. One of the aſſiſſors or jurors is Carew himſelf.
From Cenfure sharp, and expiate those crimes
Which are not fully his, but rather Times:
But let your Grace vouchsafe that he may try,
How he can make his own Apology:
Apollo then gave Cary leave to speake,
Who thus in moste fort did silence breake.
   In wifdomes nonage and unriper yeares
Some lines flipt from my penne, which since with teares
I labou'red to expunge. This Song of mine
Was not infus'd by the Virgins nine,
Nor through my dreames divine upon this Hill
Did this vain Rapture\(^1\) issue from my quill.
No Thesopian waters, but a Paphian fire,
Did me with this foule extasie inspire:
I oft have wish'd, that I (like Saturne) might
This Infant of my folly smother quite;
Or that I could retraft what I had done
Into the bosome of Oblivion.
Thus Cary did conclude: for, prest by griefe,
Hee was compell'd to be concife and briefe:
Phoebus at his contrition did relent,
And Edicts soon through all Parnassus sent,
That none should dare to attribute the shame
Of that fond rapture unto Caryes name,
But Order'd that the infamy should light
On thee, who did the same read or recite.”

[Robert Baron speaks of Carew as an intimate acquaintance
in a poem entitled: Truth and Tears:—\(^2\)]

“Sweet Suckling then, the glory of the Bower,
Wherein I've wantoned many a geniall hower.
Fair Plant! whom I have seen Minerva wear,
An ornament to her well-plaited hair.
On higheft daies remove a little from
Thy excellent Carew; & thou, dearest Tom,
Love's oracle, lay thee a little off
Thy flourishing Suckling, that between you both
I may find room: then, strike when will my fate,
I'll proudly part to such a princely feat.
But you have crownes: our god's chaft darling tree
Adorn[s] your brows with her fresh gallantry.”

---

\(^{1}\) Carew's piece so called. See present volume, p. 62.
\(^{2}\) [Pocula Caflalia, 1650, p. 102. Mr. Haslewod's Note.]
Thomas Carew.

In his poems, written between 1636 and 1653, which still remain in MS.1 George Daniel of Befwick thus introduces Carew in company with some of his poetical compeers and contemporaries:

"The noble Falkland, Digbie, Carew, Maine,
Beaumont, Sands, Randolph, Allen, Rutter, May:
The devine Herbert and the Fletchers twaine:
Habinton, Shirley, Stapilton. I stay
Too much on names: yet may I not forget
Davenant and Suckling, eminent in wit."

Shirley, in a poem "To his Honoured Friend Thomas Stanley, Esquire, upon his Elegant Poems," thus refers to Carew:—

"Carew, whose numerous language did before
Steer every genial soul, must be no more
The oracle of love; and might he come
But from his own to thy Elysium,
He would repent his immortality
Given by loose idolaters, and die
A tenant to these shades; and by thy ray
He need not blush to court his Celia."

In Stipendiariæ Lachrymae, 1654, an anonymous poetica. tribute to Charles I. exhibiting more than the usual degree of merit found in such pieces, the author feigns himself in the shades, where he saw many departed celebrities, among them Carew:—

"There (purged of the folly of disdain)
Laura walk'd hand in hand with Petrarch join'd,
No more of Tyrant Goblin Honour plain'd:
There Sidney in rich Stella's arms lay twind:
Carew and Suckling there mine eye did find."

1 Addit. MS. Brit. Mus. 19255, fol. 18. This beautiful volume, which was formerly in Mr. Caldecott's library, was purchased at his sale in 1833 by Lord Kingcthorough, and in 1852 was acquired for the British Museum.
2 Dyce's Shirley, 1833, vi. 427.
Two years after the appearance of *Stipendiariæ Lachrymae*, Samuel Holland published his little volume entitled *Don Zara del Fogo, a mock-romance*, and there introduced a group of the English poets, who had lived in the preceding age, comfortably installed in Elysium, as the author of the *Lachrymae* had done before: "Spenser waited upon by a numerous troop of the best book-men in the world: Shakespeare and Fletcher surrounded with their life-guard: viz. Goffe, Massinger, Decker, Webster, Sucklin, Cartwright, Carew, &c." [Headley has remarked: "The consummate elegance of this gentleman [Carew] entitles him to very considerable attention. Sprightly, polished, and perspicuous, every part of his works displays the man of sense, gallantry and breeding. Indeed, many of his productions have a certain happy finish, and betray a dexterity both of thought and expression much superior to any thing of his contemporaries, and (on similar subjects) rarely surpassed by his successors. Carew has the ease without the pedantry of Waller, and perhaps less conceit. He reminds us of the best manner of Lord Lyttelton. Waller is too exclusively considered as the first man who brought verification to any thing like its present standard. Carew's pretensions to the same merit are seldom sufficiently either considered or allowed. Though Love had long before softened us into civility, yet it was of a formal, ostentatious and romantic cast; and, with a very few exceptions, its effects on composition were similar to those on manners. Something more light, unaffected, and alluring was still wanting; in everything but sincerity of intention it [Poetry] was deficient. Carew and Waller jointly began to remedy these defects."

---

1 There is a volume in the Bodleian Library, marked MSS. Rawl. Poet. 147, with the following couplet:—

"To Tho. Carew.
No Lute or Lover durst contend with thee,
Hadst added to thy love but charity.
C[lament] P[aman]."—H.
In them Gallantry, for the first time, was accompanied by the Graces."

In Lloyd's *Worthies*, Carew is likewise called "elaborate and accurate." However the fact might be, the internal evidence of his poems says no such thing. Hume has properly remarked, that Waller's pieces "aspire not to the sublime, still less to the pathetic." Carew, in his beautiful *Masque*, has given instances of the former; and, in his *Epitaph on Lady Mary Villiers*, eminently of the latter.¹

Two or three writers had anticipated Carew in the name which he has chosen for his mistress. In 1594, William Percy printed *Sonnets to the fairest Coelia*; Sir David Murray of Gorthy celebrated the same unknown goddess in 1611; and about 1625 William Browne, the Devonshire poet, composed fourteen stanzas similarly superimposed. The Sonnets of Percy and Murray are scarcely worth discussion; some of Browne's are excellent both in matter and manner; but on the whole Carew may certainly be allowed to excel in purity and pernicuity of diction, in exquisite happiness and elegance of sentiment, in the harmony of his numbers, in a certain

¹ Mr. Haflewood's note. It may be added that in some laudatory lines prefixed to Lovelace's *Lucafa*, 1649, the writer couples Carew and Waller together:

"Well might that charmer his faire Coelia crowne,
And that more polifht Tyterus renowne
His Sacrifice, when in groves and bowre
They could repose their limbs on beds of flowers:"

*Poems*, by Hazlitt, p. 10.

According to Philips, whose testimony, however, is not worth a great deal, Carew's reputation survived the Restoration. "*Thomas Carew,*" he says, in his customarily dry and monotonous style, "one of the Gentlemen of the Bed-chamber [Privy Chamber] to his late Majesty King Charles the first: he was reckoned among the chiefest of his time for delicacy of wit and poetic fancy; by the strength of which his extant Poems still maintain their fame amidst the curious of the present age."—*Theatrum Poetarum* (1675), edit. 1824, p. (14.)
Some Account of

charming finish of style, and in peculiar freedom from affectation, pedantry, and false taste.

It is to be regretted that here and there (but very occasionally) are to be found exceptionable descriptions or allusions, which place Carew in this respect at a disadvantage in comparison with the politer Waller; but the licentiousness of Carew's muse proceeds from an unpruned luxuriance of fancy and a tolerated freedom of expression; and although it outrages modern ideas of decorum, it is not either prurient or nauseous, like many of the obscenities in Herrick's Hesperides.

The writings of Carew abound with conceits, but, unlike the conceits of some of his less noted contemporaries, they generally reconcile themselves to us by good taste in the treatment and delicacy of execution.

We look back with changed feelings and different eyes upon these things; time has wrought a powerful alteration in the position before the world of old Sir Matthew Carew, the respectable and ill-fated Master in Chancery: his gallant son Sir Matthew, who was doubtless viewed as the hope and mainstay of the family: and the scapegrace youth to whom no one would have anything to say, and of whom his relatives despaired. For while the lives and fortunes of the high judicial functionary and the brave young knight-banneret are forgotten, while the persons of rank, fashion and influence with whom they mixed have passed, for the most part, completely away, and while even Sir Dudley Carleton is familiar only to a few antiquaries, the lustre which one man of genius has shed on the name of Carew remains unfaded, and can never decline.

It is almost impossible for us at this time to clear up the confusion between Thomas Cary, son of Henry, Lord Lepington, who was afterwards Earl of Monmouth, and Thomas Carew. This confusion is, perhaps, increased by the twofold circumstance, that both these accomplished men had literary tastes, and that both held an office at court. Cary was a
gentleman of the bed-chamber; Carew, a gentleman of the privy-chamber, and fewer-in-ordinary. Even Lawes attributes to Cary the poem commencing:—"Farewell, dear Saint," which occurs in none of the editions of Carew; and Lawes ought to have been acquainted with the true state of the case. Can it be the fact, then, that some of the pieces, constantly ascribed to Carew, proceeded from the pen of the Honourable Thomas Cary, his contemporary and friend? This question of authorship, where so many persons, with the same initials, not to say an almost identical name (for Cary and Carew are still frequently pronounced alike), is one very difficult to determine; but certainly in the small collection of pieces, which is comprised in the Poems of Carew, there is a correspondence of style, tone, and treatment, which seems to indicate the existence of one and the same hand throughout. Upon the whole, I am disposed to think that Lawes has erred in the attribution to Cary of the Bed-chamber of the line before mentioned; such mistakes were by no means rare in those days; and the whole texture of the composition tempts us to claim it for the more distinguished author. The same view must, I think, be entertained with regard to the other poem first published by Fanshawe, in his English version of Guarini, 1648 and 1664; there also the writer is said to have been "Mr. T. C. of his Majesties Bed-Chamber;" but the character and style of the production betrays its parentage, unless Cary was a happier imitator of Carew, than any man before or since.

The truth seems to be, however, that Cary of the Bed-chamber has proved, not only that his style was totally distinct from that of Carew, but that he was incapable of attaining the excellence which marks the compositions of the latter. In his translation of Puget La Serre's Mirrour which flatters not, 1639, 8vo. are some of Cary's metrical interpolations and

1 Ayres and Dialogues, Book i. table.
additions, which shew him to have been utterly destitute of the poetical faculty. I entertain, therefore, very little doubt that all the poems which have come down to us, as written by Thomas Cary or Thomas Carew, were from one and the same pen—that pen, our author's; and that Lawes was at fault in ascribing to Cary of the Bed-chamber the lines beginning, "Farewell, dear Saint."

My conclusion upon the whole is, that there were certainly two persons coexistent, both of whom were known as Thomas Cary or Cary, the second syllable of Carew being then, as now, more usually than otherwise pronounced short; that Thomas Carew the Poet, and not Thomas Cary of the bed-chamber, was the writer of all the poems which are extant in print or MS. with the name Carew or Cary attached to them, and that Cary's poetical efforts were exclusively confined to the very poor metrical compositions to be found in his translation of La Serre, 1639. Following up this deduction from such testimonies as I have been able to collect for myself, I have included, in the present edition, both the pieces printed by Fanshawe, with his Pastor Fido, in 1648, and attributed (as I consider, by mistake) to Cary in the Ayres and Dialogues, 1653.¹

¹ I have little or no doubt that the Thomas Cary, who received the grant of a pension of £500 a-year in 1625 from Charles I., was the gentleman of the Bed-chamber, as he is termed indeed in the instrument (Rymer's Foedera, edit. 1749, viii. Part 1, p. 69), and not the poet.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CONTENTS.</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>THE Spring</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To A. L. Perfusions to Love</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To his Mistrefle retiring in Affection</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lips and Eyes</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Divine Mistrefle</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>His Perplexed Loue</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Beautiful Mistrefle. Song</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Crueell Mistrefle</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murking Beautie. Song</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Mistrefle Commanding Me to Return her Letters</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Secresie protested</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Prayer to the Wind. Song</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mediocrity in Love rejected</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good Counfel to a Young Maid. Song</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To my Mistrefle sitting by a Rivers Side. An Eddy</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conquest by Flight. Song</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To my Inconstant Mistrefle. Song</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Perfusions to Joy. Song</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Deposition from Love</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ingratefull Beauty threatened</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Disdaine returned</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Looking Glasse</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On his Mrs. looking in a Glasse</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Elegie on the La. Pen. sent to my Mistrefle out of France</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To my Mistrefle in Absence</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Excuse of Absence .......................... 28
A Ladies Prayer to Cupid .................. 28
To her in Absence. A Ship ................ 29
Eternitie of Love protested. Song ......... 30
Upon some Alterations in my Mistresse, after my Departure into France ......... 30
Good Counsell to a Young Maid .......... 31
Celia bleeding. To the Surgeon .......... 32
To T. H. a Lady resembling my Mistresse . . 33
To Saxham ................................ 34
Upon a Ribbon tyed about his arme by a Lady ...... 36
Another Verfion ................................ 37
To the King at his entrance into Saxham, by Mafter Io. Crofts ....... 38
Upon the Sickneffle of E. S. ............... 40
A New-Yeares Sacrifice. To Lucinda, 1632 .... 41
To one who when I prais'd my Mistres' beautie said I was blind. Song .... 43
To my Mistres, I burning in Love. Song .. 43
To her againe, the burning in a feaver. Song .... 44
Upon the Kings fickneffe .................... 45
To a Lady not yet enjoy'd by her husband. Song .. 46
The Willing Prifoner to his Mistres. Song .... 47
A Flye that flew into my Mistres her Eye .... 48
"I saw fayre Celia walk alone" .............. 49
On a Lady [Celia] finging to her Lute in Arundell Garden. Song .... 49
Celia finging. Song ......................... 50
To One that defired to know my Mistres. Song .... 51
In the Perfon of a Lady to her Inconftant Servant .. 52
Truce in Love entreated ................. 53
To my Rivall ................................ 53
Boldneffe in Love ............................ 54
A Pastorall Dialogue ......................... 55
Griefe ingroft ................................ 57
A Pastorall Dialogue ......................... 58
Red and White Rofes ........................ 60
To my Cousin C. R. marrying my Lady A. ...... 60
A Lover upon an Accident necessitating his departure consults with reafon .... 61
Parting, Celia weepes ....................... 62
A Rapture ................................... 62
Ode .......................................... 68
The Mournfull Partynge of two Lovers caufed by the difproportion of eftates .... 68
A Health to his Mistrells .................... 69
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Contents.</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Epitaph on the Lady Mary Villers</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Another</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Another</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Epitaph on Lady S[alter] wife to Sir W. S[alter].</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Inscription on the Tombe of the Lady Mary Wentworth</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Inscription on the Tombe of the Duke of Buckingham</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The other Inscription on the same Tombe</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foure Songs, by way of Chorus to a Play.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I. The first of Jealouse. Dialogue</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. Feminine Honour</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III. Separation of Lovers</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV. Incommunicabilitie of Love</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Other Songs in the Play.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I. A Lover, in the Disguise of an Amazon, is dearly beloved of his Mistrefle</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. Another. A Lady rescued from death by a Knight</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Ben Jonfon</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Hymeneall Dialogue</td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Obsequies to the Lady Anne Hay</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To the Countesse of Anglefie</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Elegie upon the Death of Dr. Donne, Dean of Paul’s</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In answer of an Elegiacall Letter upon the Death of the King of Sweden</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Upon Master W. Montague his returne from travell</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Master W. Montague</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To his Vnconftant Mrs.</td>
<td>101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the mariage of T[homas] K[illigrew] and C[ecilia] C[rofts]: the morning flourr</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For a Picture, where a Queen laments over the Tombe of a slaine Knight</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a Lady that defired I would love her</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To A. D. unreasonoble distrustful of her owne beauty</td>
<td>108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To my Friend G[ilbert] N[evill?] from Wref</td>
<td>111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The New-Years Gift. To the King</td>
<td>114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To the Queene</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To the New Yeare, for the Countesse of Carlile</td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Comparifon</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Sparke</td>
<td>119</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Complement</td>
<td>121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On fight of a Gentlemewoman’s Face in the Water</td>
<td>123</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Verfes</td>
<td>124</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Song—“Ask me no more where Jove beffows”</td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song—“Would you know what’s soft?”</td>
<td>126</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
liv

Contents.

The Second Rapture .................................................. 127
The Hue and Cry ...................................................... 128
Another Version ....................................................... 129
Another Version ....................................................... 130
To his Mistress confined. Song ..................................... 131
The Tinder ............................................................. 132
A Song—"In her faire cheekes" ....................................... 133
The Carver. To his Mistress ......................................... 134
To the Painter ......................................................... 135
Love's Courtship ....................................................... 136
To Celia ................................................................. 137
On a Damask Rose flicking upon a Lady's breast .......... 138
The Proteftation. A Sonnet ........................................ 139
The Tooth-ach cured by a Kiffe ................................... 140
To his Jealous Mistress ............................................. 140
The Dart ............................................................... 141
The Miftake ............................................................ 141
The Prologue to a Play presented before the King and Queene 143
The Epilogue to the fame Play .................................... 144
To my Lord Admirall, on his late Sickness and Recovery 145
The retired Blood exhorted to returne in the cheeks of the Pale Sifters 147
M's Katherine and M's Mary Nevill .............................. 147
To Mistresse Katharine Nevill, on her Greene Sickness 148
Aisine an other of the fame. Song ................................ 149
Upon a Mole in Celia's Bofom ...................................... 149
An Hymeneal Song on the Nuptials of the Lady Ann Wentworth 150
and the Lord Lovelace ................................................ 150
A Married Woman ..................................................... 152
A Divine Love .......................................................... 153
Loves Force ............................................................. 155
A Fancy ................................................................. 155
To his Mistres .......................................................... 156
Song—"Come, my Celia" ............................................. 157
In Praife of his Mistres ............................................. 158
To Celia upon Love's Ubiquity ................................... 159
On his Mistres going to Sea ....................................... 161
"Tell me, Eutrefia, since my fate" ................................. 162
Mr. Carew to his Frind ................................................ 164
"When, Celia, I intend to flatter you" ............................ 165
On Munday of Oxford ................................................ 165
Epigram ................................................................. 166
On one that Dyed of the Wind-Collick ......................... 166
On a Child's Death ................................................... 166
## Contents

### Commendatory Verses.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Verse</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>To my honoured friend, Master Thomas May, upon his comedic, The Heire</td>
<td>167</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To my worthy friend Master George Sandys, on his translation of the Psalms</td>
<td>169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To my much honoured friend, Henry Lord Cary of Lepington, upon his translation of Malvezzi</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To my worthy friend, M. D'Avenant, upon his excellent play, The Juft Italian</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To the Reader of Master William Davenant's Play</td>
<td>173</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To my friend, Will. D'Avenant</td>
<td>174</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Will. Davenant my friend</td>
<td>175</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### A Paraphrase of Certain Psalms.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Psalm</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Psalme 1</td>
<td>176</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Psalme 2</td>
<td>177</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Psalme 51</td>
<td>178</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Psalme 91</td>
<td>180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Psalme 104</td>
<td>181</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Psalme 113</td>
<td>184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Psalme 114</td>
<td>185</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Psalme 119</td>
<td>186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Psalme 137</td>
<td>191</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Coelum Britannicum. A Masque

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Masque</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Supplement

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Supplement</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>237</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Index of Names, &c.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Index</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>239</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE WORKS OF
THOMAS CAREW.

THE SPRING.¹

Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes; and now no more the frost
Candies² the grasse, or casts an ycie creame
Upon the siluer lake or chryftall streame:
But the warme sunne thawes the benummed earth,
And makes it tender; gives a second³ birth
To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsie cuckow and the humble-bee.
Now doe a quire of chirping minstrels sing,
In triumph to the world, the youthfull Spring:
The vallies, hills, and woods in rich araye
Welcome the comming of the long'd-for May.

¹ Old printed copies; Add. MS. Brit. Mus. 11811, fol. 4.
² This beautiful idea seems closely imitated from Drayton. See, his Quest of Cimibis, in Poems, 4°, [folio] 1627, p. 137.
³ "Since when those frosts that Winter brings,
Which candy every greene."
³ Sacred—old printed copies.
Now all things smile; onely my Love doth lowre;
Nor hath the scalding noon-day sunne the power
To melt that marble yce, which still doth hold
Her heart congeal'd, and makes her pittie cold.
The oxe, which lately did for shelter flie
Into the stall, doth now securely lie
In open field; and love no more is made
By the fire-side, but in the cooler shade.
Amyntas now doth by his Cloris sleepe
Under a fycamoure, and all things keepe
Time with the seafon: only shee doth carry
June in her eyes, in her heart January.

To A. L.

Perswasions to Love.¹

THINKE not, 'caufe men flatt'ring say,
Y'are fresh as Aprill, sweet as May,²
Bright as is the morning starre,
That you are so; or, though you are,
Be not therefore proud, and deeme
All men unworthy your esteeme:
For, being so, you loose the pleasure
Of being faire, since that rich treasure

¹ Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (imperfect at the beginning); Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 4 (where it is called His counsell to his Mistrefle); Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 39 (with the same title); Harl. MS. 6931, fol. 25 (ditto); Ashmole MS. 47, art. 101 (where the title is: An Admonition to coy acquaintance).

² Fayre as Helen, fresb as May.—Addit. MSS. 11811 and 22118, and Harl. MS. 6931. Aio in a MS. seen and collated by Haslewood, and in Ashm. MS. 47.
Of rare beauty and sweet feature
Was beftow’d on you by nature
To be enjoy’d; and ’twere a finne
There to be scarce, where she hath bin
So prodigall of her beft graces.
Thus common beauties and meane faces
Shall have more paftime, and enjoy
The sport you loose by being coy.
Did the thing for which I sue
Onely concerne my felfe, not you:
Were men so fram’d, as they alone
Reap’d all the pleafure, women none,
Then had you reafon to be fcant;
But ’twere a madneffe not to grant
That which affords (if you content)
To you the giver more content
Than me the beggar. Oh then bee
Kinde to your felfe if not to mee;
Starve not your felfe, becaufe you may
Make me thereby to pine away;
Neither let brittle beautie make
You your wifer thoughts forfake;
For that now lovely face will faile:
Beautie is fweet, but beautie’s fraile;
’Tis fooner paft, ’tis fooner done,
Than fummer’s raine, than winter’s fun;
Most fleeting when it is moft deare:
’Tis gone while wee but fay ’tis here.
These curious locks, fo aptly twin’d,
Whose every 1 haire a foule doth bind,
Will change their abroun hue, and grow

1 Addit. MSS. 11811 and 22118 read feuerall, i.e. each distinct hair. This is a technical term. Mr. Fry thought that there was “a great similarity between this poem and Daniel’s ‘Description of Beauty,’ translated from Marino, particularly the four stanzas commencing: ‘Old trembling age.’"
The Works of

White and cold as winter's snow.
That eye, which now is Cupid's nest,
Will prove his grave, and all the rest
Will follow; in the cheek, chin, nose,
Nor lily shall be found nor rose:
And what will then become of all
Those whom you now do servants call?
Like swallowes when the summer's done,
They'll flye and seeke some warmer fun.
Then wisely chose one to your friend,
Whose love may, when your beauties end,
Remaine still firme: be provident,
And thinke, before the summer's spent,
Of following winter; like the ant,
In plenty hoord for time of scant.
Cull out amongst the multitude
Of lovers, that seeke to intrude
Into your favour, one that may
Love for an age, not for a day;
One that will quench your youthfull fires,
And feed in age your hot desires.
For when the stormes of time have mov'd
Waves on that cheek which was belov'd,
When a faire lady's face is pin'd,
And yellow spread where red once shin'd,
When beauty, youth, and all sweets leave her,
Love may returne, but lovers never:
And old folkes ¹ say there are no paynes
Like itch of love in aged vaines.
O love me then, and now begin it,
Let us not loose this present minute;
For time and age will worke that wrack
Which time and age shall ne're call backe.

¹ fools—Addit. MSS. 11811 and 22118.
Thomas Carew.

The snake each yeare fresh skin resumes,  
And eagles change their aged plumes;  
The faded rose each spring receives  
A fresh red tincture on her leaves:  
But if your beauties once decay,  
You never shall know a second May.  
O then be wise, and whilst your season  
Affords you days for sport, doe reason;  
Spend not in vain your lives short hour,  
But crop in time your beauty's flower,  
Which will away, and both together  
Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

To his Mistresse retiring in Affection.¹

LY not from him whose silent miserie  
Breath's many an unwitnes'd sigh to thee;  
Who having felt thy scorn, yet constant is,  
And whom thy self thou haft call'd onely his.  
When first mine eyes threw flames, whose spirit move'd thee,  
Had it not thou lookt againe, I had not lov'd thee.  
Nature did nere two different things unite  
With peace, which are by nature opposite.  
If thou force nature, and be backward gone,  
O blame not me thy friend to draw thee on:  
But if my constant love shall fail to move thee,  
Then know my reason hates thee, though I love thee.

The Works of

LIPS AND EYES\(^1\).

In Celia's face a question did arise,  
Which were more beautifull, her Lips or Eyes?  
We (said the Eyes) send forth those poynted darts  
Which pierce the hardeft adamantine hearts.  
From us (reply'd the Lips) proceed those blifes  
Which lovers reape by kind words and sweet kisses.  
Then wept the Eyes, and from their springs did powre  
Of liquid orientall pearles a shower;  
Whereat the Lips, mov'd with delight and pleafure,  
Through a sweete smile unlockt their pearlie treasure,  
And bad Love judge, whether did add more grace,  
Weeping or smiling Pearles to Celia's face.

A DIVINE MISTRIS.\(^2\)

In Nature's peeces still I see  
Some error that might mended bee;  
Something my wiſh could ſtill remove,  
Alter, or adde; but my faire Love  
Was fram'd by hands farre more divine;  
For she hath every beauteous line:  
Yet I had beene farre happier,  
Had Nature, that made me, made her;  
Then likenes might (that love creates)  
Have made her love what now she hates:

\(^1\) This poem is included in all the old printed copies; in Mr. Huth's "Scattergood" MS.; in Cofens MS. A 4\(^{o}\); in Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 10; Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 43; and in Witts Recreations, 1640, No. 179, or reprint, 1817, ii. 18. In Witts Recreations the lines are headed, On Celia.

\(^2\) Old printed copies; Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 6 (where it is called His M'ſe. ber perfection); Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 40 (with the same title).
Yet I confesse I cannot spare
From her just shape the smalllest haire;
Nor need I beg from all the store
Of heaven for her one beautie more:
Shee hath too much divinity for mee:
You Gods! teach' her some more humanitie.

His Perplexed Love.

F she must still denye,
Weepe not, but dye:
For my faire will not giue
Loue enough to let me liue,
Nor dart from her faire eye
Scorne enough to make me dye.
Then let me weepe alone, till her kind breath
Or blow my teares away, or speake my death.  

A Beautiful Mistris.  

Song.

F when the Sun at noone displayes
His brighter rayes
Thou but appeare,
He then, all pale with flame and feare,
Quencheth his light,

1 Send—Addit. MSS.
2 Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 7 verso; Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 40. Not in the editions.
3 Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 17 (where it is headed On his Beautiful mistris); Ashmole MS. 38, art. 218 (subscribed Tho. Carew); Lawes' Ayres and Dialogues, 1653, p. 18 (with the music).
The Works of

Hides his darke brow, flyes from thy fight,
    And growes more dimme,
Compar'd to thee, than starrs to him.
If thou but shew thy face againe,
When darkenesse doth at midnight raigne,
The darkenesse flyes, and light is hurl'd
Round about the silent world:
So as alike thou driv'lt away
Both light and darkenesse, night and day.

A Cruell Mistris. ¹

²EE read of kings and gods that kindly tooke
A pitcher fil'd with water from the brooke;
But I have dayly tendred without thankes
Rivers of teares that overflow their bankes.
A slaughter'd bull appeased angry Jove,
A horfe the sun, a lambe the god of love;
But shee disdaines the spotleffe sacrifice
Of a pure heart that at her altar lyes.
Vesta is not displeas'd if her chaste urne
Doe with repayred fuell ever burne;
But my faint frownes, though to her honour'd name
I confecrate a never-dying flame.
Th' Assyrian king did none i' th' furnace throw
But thofe that to his image would not bow;
With bended knees I daily worship her,
Yet she consumes her owne idolater.
Of such a goddeffe no times leave record,
That burnes the temple where she is ador'd.

¹ Old printed copies; Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 6 verso (where the lines are headed His loue neglected); Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 40 (with the same heading); Ashmole MS. 47, art. 83 (unsigned).
LE gaze no more on her bewitching face,
Since ruine harbours there in every place;
For my enchanted soule alike thee drownes
With calmes and tempests, of her smiles and frownes.
I'le 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 ayre
Her beams of wrath, she kills me with despaire;
If thee behold me with a pleasing eye,
I surfet with excessive of joy, and dye.

MY MISTRIS COMMANDING ME TO RETURNE
HER LETTERS.

O grieues th' adventrous merchant, when he throwes
All the long toyl'd-for treasure his shipp stowes
Into the angry maine, to save from wrack
Himselfe and men, as I grieve to send backe
These letters; yet so powerfull is your sway,
That, if you bid me die, I must obey.
Goe then, blest papers, you shall kiss those hands
That gave you freedome, but hold me in bands,

---

1 Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (imperfect at end); Add. MS. 11811, fol. 4 verso (where the lines are headed *On bis Mistresse*); Harl. MS. 4057, fol. 10 (where it is headed *A Charming Beauty*), and the 3rd and 4th stanzas 5th and 6th.

2 Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 7 verso; Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 41-2; Harl. MS. 6931, fol. 36; Ashmole MS. 47, art. 132 (imperfect).
The Works of

Which with a touch did give you life, but I,
Because I may not touch those hands, must die.
Me thinkes, as if they knew they should be sent
Home to their native foile from banishment,
I see them smile, like dying saints, that know
They are to leave earth, and tow'rd heaven goe.
When you returne, pray tell your soveraigne
And mine, I gave you courteous entertaine;
Each line receiv'd a teare, and then a kiffe;
First bath'd in that, it 'scap'd unscorcht from this:
I kist it 'caufe her hand had once been there;
But, 'caufe it was not then, I shed a teare.
Tell her, no length of time, no change of ayre,
No crueltie, disdain, absence, dispaire:
No, nor her stedfaft confiance: can deterre
My vaflall heart from ever honouring her.
Though these be powerfull arguments to prove
I love in vaine, yet I must ever love;
Say, if she frowne when you that word rehearse,
Service in prose is oft call'd love in verfe:
Then pray her, since I send back on my part
Her papers, she will send me back my heart.
If she refuse, warne her to come before
The god of love, whom thus I will implore:
Trav'ling thy countries road (great God) I spide
By chance this lady, and walkt by her side
From place to place, fearing no violence;
For I was well arm'd, and had made defence,
In former fights 'gainst fiercer foes than shee
Did at the first encounter seeme to bee.
But, going farther, every step reveal'd
Some hidden weapon, till that time conceal'd.
Seeing those outward armes, I did begin
To feare some greater strength was lodg'd within.
Looking into her mind, I might survay
An hoaft of beauties that in ambush lay;
And won the day before they fought the field;
For I, unable to resist, did yield.
But the insulting tyrant so destroys
My conquer'd mind, my ease, my peace, my joys,
Breaks my sweet sleepes, invades my harmless rest,
Robbs me of all the treasure of my breast,
Sparest not my heart, nor (yet a greater wrong)—
For, having stolen my heart, she binds my tongue.
But at the last her melting eyes unseal'd
My lips, enlarg'd my tongue; then I reveal'd
To her owne eares the story of my harms,
Wrought by her vertues and her beauties charmes.
Now heare, just judge, an act of savagenesse;
When I complaine, in hope to find redresse,
Shee bends her angry brow, and from her eye
Shootes thoufand darts. I then well hop'd to die;
But in such soveraigne balme love dips his shot
That, though it wounds a heart, it kills it not.
Shee saw the bloud gush forth from many a wound,
Yet fled, and left me bleeding on the ground,
Nor sought my cure, nor saw me since: 'tis true
Absence and Time (two cunning leaches) drew
The flesh together; yet, sure, though the skin
Be clos'd without, the wound festers within.
Thus hath this cruell lady us'd a true
Servant and subject to her selfe and you;
Nor know I (great Love,) if my life be lent
To shew thy mercy or my punishment;
Since by the onely magic of thy art
A lover still may live that wants a heart.
If this enditemt fright her so as shee
Seeme willing to returne my heart to mee,
But cannot find it, (for perhaps it may,
'Mongst other trifeling things, be out o' th' way;)
If she repent, and would make me amends,
Bid her but send me hers, and we are friends.
SECRESI PROTESTED.¹

FEARE not, dear Love, that I'lle reveale
Those houres of pleafure we two flreate;
No eye fhall fee, nor yet the fun
Descry, what thou and I have done;

No eare fhall heare our love, but wee
Silent as the night will bee.
The God of Love himfelfe (whose dart
Did firft wound mine, and then thy heart)

Shall never know that we can tell
What fweets in ftolene embraces dwell.
This only meanses may find it out:
If, when I dye, physicians doubt

What cauf'd my death, and then to view
Of all their judgements which was true,
Rip up my heart, Oh! then, I feare,
The world will fee thy picture there.

¹ Old printed copies; Lawes' *Agnes and Dialogues*, 1655, p. 39 (with the music for one, two, or three voices); Cotgrave's *Wits Interpreter*, 1655, p. 27 (with many variations); Ashmole MS. 38, art. 32, where the title is as follows (I give it just as it stands):—"A gentle man that had a M", and after was confrayned to marry a nother; the firft was a frayd that hee would reveale to his new wyfe thair secreet loves: wherupon hee wrights thus to hur."
A PRAYER TO THE WIND.\(^1\)

_Song._

OE, thou gentle whispering wind,\(^2\)
Beare this sigh; and if thou find
Where my cruel faire doth rest,
Caft it in her snow-white brest,
So, enflamed by my desire,
It may set her heart on fire.
Those sweet kisses thou wilt gaine,
Shall reward thee for thy paine:
Boldly light upon her lip,
There suck odours, and thence skip
To her bosome; lastly fall
Downe, and wander over all:
Range about those ivorie hills,
From whose every part distills
Amber deaw; there spices grow,
There pure streames of nectar flow;
There perfume thyselfe, and bring
All those sweets upon thy wing:
As thou return'ft, change by thy power

---

\(^1\) Old printed copies; Cofens MS. A 4\(^{o}\); Mr. Wyburd’s MS. (imperfect at end;) Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 7 recto and verso (where the poem is called _A Sigb_) Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 39, (with the same title).

\(^2\) Browne’s _Brit. Poes._ b. i. l. 4:

"A western, milde, and pretty whispering gale,
Came dallying with the leaves along the dale."

[Roxb. Lib. edit. i. 118, and compare _ibid._ ii. 270.] Pope seems to have had this passage in view, when he wrote:

"Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away;
To Delia’s ear the tender notes convey."—F.
The Works of

Every weed into a flower;
Turne each thistle to a vine,
Make the bramble egliante:
For so rich a bootie made
Doe but this, and I am payd.
Thou canst with thy powerfull blast
Heat apace, and coole as faft;
Thou canst kindle hidden flame,
And againe destroy the fame.
Then for pittie either stir
Up the fire of love in her,
That alike both flames may shine,
Or else quite extinguish mine.

Mediocritie in Love rejected.

Song.

Give me more love or more disdaine;
The torrid or the frozen zone:
Bring equall ease unto my paine;
The temperate affords me none:
Either extreame, of love or hate,
Is sweeter than a calme estate.

Give me a storme; if it be love,
Like Danae in that golden shoure
I swimme in pleazure; if it prove
Disdaine, that torrent will devour

1 This and the following line are omitted in Addit. MSS. ii. 11 and 22118.
2 Old printed copies; Lawes (Ayres and Dialogues, book i. 1653, p. 21).
In the Ayres and Dialogues it is set to music. See Lovelace's Poems, edit.
Hazlitt, 1864, p. 135 and Note.
Thomas Carew.

My vulture-hopes; and he's possesst
Of heaven, that's but from hell releas'd;
Then crowne my joyes, or cure my paine:
Give me more love or more disdaine.

GOOD COUNSEL TO A YOUNG MAID.¹

Song.

AZE not on thy beauties pride,
Tender maid, in the false tide
That from lovers' eyes doth slide.

Let thy faithful chrysfall shew
How thy colours come and goe:
Beautie takes a foyle from woe.

Love, that in those smooth freames lyes
Under pitties faire disguife,
Will thy melting heart furprize.

Netts of passion's finest thred,
Snaring poems, will be spre'd,
All to catch thy maiden-head.

¹ We shall obferve, once for all, that elegance characterizes all our Poet's Love Pieces. This Song, with the Persuasions to Love, &c. and several other Poems which the judicious reader will easily distinguiih, are incontestable proofs of it.—D.
The Works of

Then beware! for those that cure
Love's disease, themselves endure
For reward a calenture.

Rather let the lover pine,
Than his pale cheek should affigne
A perpetuall blush to thine.

To my Mistris sitting by a Rivers Side.

An Eddy.¹

Mark how yon eddy steales away
From the rude streame into the bay;
There, lockt up safe, she doth divorce
Her waters from the channels course,
And scornes the torrent that did bring
Her headlong from her native spring;
Now doth she with her new love play,
Whilst he runs murmuring away.
Mark how she courts the bankes, whilst they
As amorously their armes display,
T'embrace and clip her silver waves:
See how she strokes their sides, and craves
An entrance there, which they deny;
Whereat she frownes, threat'ning to flye
Home to her streame, and 'gins to swim
Backward, but from the channels brim
Smiling returns into the creeke,
With thousand dimples on her cheeke.

¹ Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 25-6.
Be thou this eddy, and I'le make
My breast thy shore, where thou shalt take
Secure repose, and never dreame
Of the quite forfaken streame:
Let him to the wide ocean haft,
There lose his colour, name, and taste:
Thou shalt save all, and, safe from him,
Within these armes for ever swim.

CONQUEST BY FLIGHT.¹

Song.

ADYES, flye from Love's smooth tale,
Oathes steep'd in teares doe oft prevaille;
Griefe is infectious, and the ayre,
Enflam'd with sighes, will blast the fayre:
Then stop your eares, when lovers cry,
Left yourfelve weep, when no ifoft eye
Shall with a forrowing teare repay
That pittie which you caft away.
Young men, fly, when beautie darts
Amorous glances at your hearts:
The fixt marke gives the shooter ayme;
And ladies' looks have power to mayme;
Now 'twixt their lips, now in their eyes,
Wrapt in a smile or kiffe, Love lyes;
Then flye betimes, for only they
Conquer love that run away.

¹ The second stanza of this song is to be found in Feslum Voluptatis, or the Banquet of Pleasure, by S[amuel] P[ick], 1639, 4°.—F
To my Inconstant Mistris.  

Song.

Then thou, poor excommunicate
From all the joyes of love, shalt see
The full reward and glorious fate
Which my strong faith shall purchase me,
Then curse thine own inconstancie.

A fayrer hand than thine shall cure
That heart, which thy false oathes did wound;
And to my soule a soule more pure
Than thine shall by Love's hand be bound,
And both with equall glory crown'd.

Then shalt thou wepe, entreat, complaine
To Love, as I did once to thee;
When all thy teares shall be as vaine
As mine were then; for thou shalt bee
Damn'd for thy false apostasie.

Perswasions to Joy.

Song.

If the quick spirits in your eye
Now languish, and anon must dye;
If every sweet and every grace
Must fly from that forsaken face;

1 Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 17, verse; Addit. MS. 11, 811, fol. 7 (second and third stanzas only); Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 41 (second and third stanzas only); Lawes' Ayres and Dialogues, 1653, p. 8, (with the music); Lawes omits the second stanza.
Thomas Carew.

Then, Celia, let us reap our joyes,
Ere time such goodly fruit destroyes.

Or, if that golden fleece must grow
For ever free from aged snow;
If those bright suns must know no shade,
Nor your fresh beauties ever fade,
Then fear not, Celia, to bestow
What, still being gather'd, still must grow.
Thus either Time his fickle brings
In vain, or else in vain his wings.

A Deposition from Love.¹

Was foretold, your rebell sex
Nor love nor pity knew;
And with what scorn you use to vex
Poore hearts that humbly sue;
Yet I believ'd, to crowne our paine,
Could we the fortrasse win,
The happy lover sure should gaine
A paradise within:
I thought Love's plagues, like dragons, fate
Only to fright us at the gate.

But I did enter, and enjoy
What happier lovers prove;
For I could kiss, and sport, and toy,
And taste those sweets of love

¹ Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 17, verso.
Which, had they but a lasting state,
Or if in Celia's brest
The force of love might not abate,
Jove were too meane a guest.
But now her breach of faith far more
Afflicts, than did her scorne before.

Hard fate! to have been once poss'd
As victor of a heart,
Achiev'd with labour and unrest,
And then forc'd to depart.
If the stout foe will not resigne,
When I besiege a towne,
I lose but what was never mine;
But he that is cast downe
From enjoy'd beautie feel's a woe,
Onely deposed kings can know.

INGRATEFULL BEAUTY THREATNED.¹

NOW, Celia, (since thou art so proud,) 'Twas I that gave thee thy renowne.
Thou had'st it in the forgotten crowd
Of common beauties liv'd unknowne,

¹ Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (ends imperfectly); Harl. MS. 6931, fol. 57, vero; Lawes' Ayres and Dialogues, 1655, pp. 18, 19 (with the music). An imitation is in Holborn Drollery, or, The Beautiful Chloes surpriz'd in the Sheets, 1673, p. 22. It is to be presumed that this is the piece to which Wood refers, where he says: "Henry Jacob of Merton Coll. the greatest prodigy of criticism in his time, hath most admirably well turn'd into Latin a poem of our author Carew, which Mr. Jacob entitled, Antirex vos, ad ingrate pulchram;" but no copy of the version by Jacob has fallen under my notice.
Had not my verse extoll’d thy name,
And with it ympt the wings of fame.

That killing power is none of thine:
I gave it to thy voyce and eyes;
Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine:
Thou art my starre, shin’d in my skies;
Then dart not from thy borrow’d sphere
Lightning on him that fixt thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
Left what I made I uncreate;
Let foole thy mystique formes adore,
I know thee in thy mortall state:
Wife poets that wrapt Truth in tales,
Knew her themselves through all her vailes.

**Disdaine returned.**

"EE that loves a roifie cheeke,
Or a corall lip admires,
Or, from star-like eyes, doth seeke
Fuell to maintaine his fires;"

---

1. This technical phrase is borrowed from falconry. Falconers say, *To imp a feather* in a hawk’s wing, i.e., to add a new piece to an old stump.—D.

   “His plumes onely imp the Muse’s wings:
   He sleepe with them: his head is rapt with baies.”— Chapman’s *Conspiracie and Tragedie of Charles Duke of Byron*, 1608.

   “Tis thou haft honour’d mufick, done her right,
   Fitted her for a strong and usefull flight.
   She droop’d and flagg’d before as hawks complain,
   Of the sick feathers of their wing and train:
   But thou haft imp’d the wings she had before.”—

   Lines by Charles Colman Doctor in Music, prefixed to Lawes’ *Ayres and Dialogues*, book ii.—H.

2. Old printed copies; Porter’s *Madrigalles and Ayres*, 1632 (with the
The Works of

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 cheekes, or lips, or eyes.

Celia, now, no tears shall win
My resolv'd heart to return;
I have searcht thy soule within,
And find nought but pride and scorne;
I have learn'd thy arts;¹ and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some god in my revenge convey
That love to her I cast away.

A Looking Glass.²

That flattering glass, whose smooth face weares
Your shadow, which a sunne appeares,
Was once a river of my tears.

About your cold heart they did make
A circle, where the brinie lake
Congeal'd into a crystall cake.

music); Ashmole MS. 39, art 8, (signed Mr. Tho. Carew); Colens MS. B. obl. 8°; Lawes' Ayres and Dialogues, book 1, 1653, p. 12 (with the music); Academy of Compliments, 1658. Porter prints the first and second stanzas only; perhaps the remainder was added subsequently.

¹ "I hate those cruel eyes."—Ashm. MS.

² Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; MS. Chetham (Halliwell's Catalogue of Proclamations, &c. 1851).
Gaze no more on that killing eye,  
For feare the native crueltie  
Doome you, as it doth all, to dye.

For feare left the fair object move  
Your froward heart to fall in love,  
Then you yourself my rival prove.

Looke rather on my pale cheekes pin'de,  
There view your beauties, there you'le finde  
A fair face, but a cruell minde.

Be not for ever frozen, coy;  
One beame of love will soone destroy,  
And melt that yce to flouds of joy.

ON HIS Mēd. LOOKEING IN A GLASSE.¹

[Another Version.]

HIS flatteringe glasse, whose smooth face weares  
Your shaddow which a sunne appeares,  
Was once a River of my teares.

About your cold heart they did make  
A circle, where the brinie lake  
Congeal'd into a Chriftall cake.

This glasse and shaddow feeme to fay:  
Like vs, the beauties you furuay  
Will quickly breake or fly away.

¹ This copy, which contains seven, instead of six, stanzas, and has only the first and second in common with the preceding one, occurs in the Cofens MS. A. 4°, and in Harl. MS. 6057, fol. 8, 9.
Since then my teares can onely show
You your owne face, you cannot know
How faire you are but by my woo.

Nor had the world else knowne your name,
But that my sad verse spread the fame
Of the most faire and cruell dame.

Forsake but your disdainefull minde,
And in my songs the world shall finde,
That you are not more faire than kinde.

Change but your scorne: my verse shall chase
Decay far from you, and your face
Shall shine with an immortall grace.

AN ELEGIE ON THE LA. PEN.¹ SENT TO MY MISTRESSE OUT OF FRANCE.

ET him, who from his tyrant mistresse did
This day receive his cruell doome, forbid
His eyes to weep that loffe, and let him here
Open those floud-gates to bedeaw this beere;
So shall those drops, which else would be but brine,
Be turn'd to manna, falling on her shrine.
Let him who, baništ farre from her deere sight,
Whom his soule loves, doth in that absence write,

¹ The time is too distant to trace out this Lady's name with any certainty; probably she belonged to the Pennington family, who were then well known. Our Poet is not so successful in grave elegy as in love sonnets. Perhaps he was not so sincere in his grief as in his love. When the fancy wanders after frivolous pointedness and epigrammatic conceit, it shews too well that the heart is at ease.—D.
Or lines of passion, or some powerfull charmes,
To vent his own griefe, or unlock her armes;
Take off his pen, and in sad verse bemone
This generall sorrow, and forget his owne.
So may those verses live, which else must dye:
For though the muses give eternitie
When they embalme with verse, yet she could give
Life unto that muse by which others live.
Oh, pardon me, faire soule! that boldly have
Dropt, though but one teare, on thy silent grave,
And writ on that earth, which such honour had,
To cloath that flesh wherein thyselfe was clad.
And pardon me, sweet Saint! whom I adore,
That I this tribute pay out of the store
Of lines and tears, that's only due to thee:
Oh, doe not thinke it new idolatrie,
Though you are only soveraigne of this land,
Yet univerfall losses may command
A subsidie from every private eye,
And press each pen to write, so to supply
And feed the common griefe. If this excuse
Prevaile not, take these tears to your owne use,
As shed for you; for when I saw her dye,
I then did thinke on your mortalitie;
For since nor vertue will, nor beautie could,
Preserve from Death's hand this their heavenly mould,
Where they were framed all, and where they dwelt;
I then knew you must dye too, and did melt
Into these tears; but, thinking on that day,
And when the gods resolv'd to take away
A faint from us, I that not knew what dearth
There was of such good soules upon the earth,
Began to feare left Death, their officer,
Might have mistooke, and taken thee for her;
So had'st thou robb'd us of that happiness,

1 All the edits. have did not know.
Which she in heaven, and I in thee posseffe.
But what can heaven to her glory adde?
The prayses she hath dead, living she had;
To say she's now an angell is no more
Praise than she had, for she was one before.
Which of the saints can shew more votaries
Than she had here? Even those that did despise
The angels, and may her, now she is one,
Did, whilst she liv'd, with pure devotion
Adore and worship her. Her vertues had
All honour here, for this world was too bad
To hate or envy her; these cannot rife
So high as to repine at deities:
But now she's 'mongst her fellow-saints, they may
Be good enough to envy her this way.
There's losse i'th'change 'twixt heaven and earth, if she
Should leave her servants here below to be
Hated of her competitors above;
But sure her matchlesse goodnesse needs must move
Those blest soules to admire her excellence;
By this meanes only can her journey hence
To heaven prove gaine if, as she was but here
Worshipt by men, she be by angels there.
But I must weep no more over this urne,
My teares to their own chanell must returne;
And having ended these sad obsequies,
My muse must back to her old exercize,
To tell the story of my martyrdom.
But, oh thou Idol of my soule! become
Once pittifull, that she may change her stile,
Drie up her blubbred eyes, and learne to smile.
Reft then, blest soule! for, as ghosts flye away,
When the shrill cock proclaims the infant day,
So must I hence, for lye! I see from farre
The minions of the muses comming are:
Each of them bringing to thy sacred herfe
In either eye a teare, each hand a verse.
THOUGH I must live here, and by force
Of your command suffer divorce;
Though I am parted, yet my mind
(That's more myselfe) still stays behind;
I breath in you, you keepe my heart;
'Twas but a carkasse that did part.
Then though our bodyes are disjoyn'd,
As things that are to place confin'd,
Yet let our boundleffe spirits fleet,
And in love's sphere each other meet;
There let us worke a mystique wreath,
Unknowne unto the world beneath;
There let our clasp'd loves sweetly twine;
There let our secret thoughts unseen
Like nets be weav'd and intertwin'd,
Wherewith wee'le catch each others mind.
There, whilst our soules doe fit and kisse,
Tasting a sweet and subtle blisse,
(Such as grosse lovers cannot know,
Whose hands and lips meet here below),
Let us looke downe, and marke what paine
Our absente bodyes here sustaine,
And smile to see how farre away
The one doth from the other stray,
Yet burne and languish with desire
To joyne, and quench their mutuall fire.
There let us joy to see from farre
Our emulous flames at loving warre;

1 Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; Rawl. MS. 84 (with a few variations).
The Works of

Whilst both with equall lufter shine,
Mine bright as yours, yours bright as mine.
There, feated in those heavenly bowers,
Wee'le cheat the long and lingring houres,
Making our bitter absence sweet,
Till foules and bodyes both may meet.

Excuse of Absence.¹

You'le ask perhaps wherefore I stay,
Louinge soe much, soe longe away?
O doe not thinke 'twas I did part:
It was my body, not my hart.
For, like a compasse, on your loue
One foote is fixt, and cannot moue.
Th' other may follow the blinde guide
Of giddy Fortune, but not slide
Beyond your service, nor dare venter
To wander farre fro you the center.

A Ladies Prayer to Cupid.²

Since I must needs into thy schoole returne,
Be pittifull (O Loue) and doe not burne
Mee with defier of cold and frozen age,
Nor let me follow a fond boy or page.

¹ This and the succeeding piece occur in Coëns MS. only; they are not found in the old printed copies. Both poems are subscribed with Carew's initials, and accompany productions well known to be from his pen.
² These lines are inserted in Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter, 1655, p. 116, anonymously.
But, gentle Cupid, giue mee, if you can,
One to my loue, whom I may call a man.
Of perfon comely and of face as sweete,
Let him be sober, secret and discreete.
Well practi'd in loues schoole, let him within
Weare all his beard, and none vpon his chinn.

TO HER IN ABSENCE.

A SHIP.

OST in a troubled sea of griefes, I floate
Farre from the shore in a storme-beaten boat;
Where my sad thoughts doe (like the Compass) shew
The several points from which crosse winds doe blow.
My heart doth, like the needle, toucht with love,
Still fixt on you, point which way I would move:
You are the bright Pole-starre which, in the darke
Of this long absence, guides my wandring barke:
Love is the pilot; but, o'recome with feare
Of your displeasure, dares not homewards steare.
My fearefull hope hangs on my trembling fayle,
Nothing is wanting but a gentle gale;
Which pleasant breath must blow from your sweet lip.
Bid it but move; and, quick as thought, this ship
Into your armes, which are my port, will flye,
Where it forever shall at anchor lye.
The Works of

ETERNITIE OF LOVE PROTESTED.¹

Song.

OW ill doth he deserve a lover's name,
    Whose pale weake flame
    Cannot retaine
    His heate, in spight of absence or disdain;
But doth at once, like paper set on fire,
    Burne and expire!
True love can never change his seat;
Nor did he² ever love that can retreat.

That noble flame, which my brest keepes alive,
    Shall still survive
    When my soules fled.
Nor shall my love dye, when my bodyes dead;
That shall waite on me to the lower shade,
    And never fade;
My very ashes in their urne
    Shall, like a hallowed lamp, for ever burne.

UPON SOME ALTERATIONS IN MY MISTRESSE, AFTER MY DEPARTURE INTO FRANCE.

OH, gentle love, doe not forfake the guide
    Of my fraile barke, on which the swelling tide
    Of ruthlesse pride
Doth beat, and threaten wrack from every side.

¹ Old printed copies; Cofens MS. A. 4to; Addit. MS. Br. Mus. 11811, fol. 7 (where it is headed Tbe quality of his loue); Add. MS. 22118, fol. 41.
² Cofens MS. reads they.
Gulfes of disdain do gape to overwhelm me
This boat, nigh sunken with grief; whilst at the helm
Dispair commands;
And round about the shifting sands
Of faithless love and false inconstancy,
With rocks of cruelty,
Stop up my passage to the neighbour lands.

My sighs have ray’d those winds, whose fury bears
My sails or’erboard, and in their place spreads tears;
And from my tears
This sea is sprung, where naught but death appears.
A mystic cloud of anger hides the light
Of my faire star; and everywhere black night
Usurps the place
Of those bright rays, which once did grace
My forth-bound ship; but when it could no more
Behold the vanisht shore,
In the deep flood she drown’d her beauteous face.

**GOOD COUNSELL TO A YOUNG MAID.**

WHEN you the sun-burnt pilgrim see
Fainting with thirst, hast to the springs;
Marke how at first with bended knee
He courts the crystal nymph, and flings
His body to the earth, where he
Prostrate adores the flowing deitie.

---

1 Old printed copies; *Poems*, edit. 1772, p. 34; Mr. Huth’s Berkeley MS.; Addit. MS. Br. Mus. 11811, fol. 12. In the Berkeley MS. it is headed: *Good Counsell to a Maiden, by Mr. Tho. Cary.* An imitation occurs in *Holborn Drollery*, 1673, p. 29.

2 when, Berkeley MS.
The Works of

But when his sweaty face is drencht
   In her coole waves, when from her sweet
Bosome his burning thirst is quencht;
   Then marke how with disdainfull feet
He kicks the banks, and from the place
That thus refreisht him, moves with fullen pace.

So shalt thou be despis'd, faire maid,
   When by the fated lover tafted;
What first he did with teares invade
   Shall afterward with fcorne be wasted;
When all thy virgin-springs grow dry,
Then no ftreame shall be left but in thine eye.  

CELIA BLEEDING. TO THE SURGEON.

FOND man, that canst beleeve her blood
   Will from those purple chanelks flow;
Or that the pure untainted flood
   Can any foule distemper know;
Or that thy weake fteele can incize
The crystall case wherein it lyes.

Know, her quick blood, proud of his feat,
   Runs dauncing through her azure veines,
Whose harmony no cold nor heat
   Disturbs, whose hue no tincture staines;
And the hard rock, wherein it dwells,
The keenest darts of love repels.

1 hotter, Berkeley MS.  2 glutted, Berkeley MS.
3 This little poem is entirely worthy of Carew’s sense and elegance.—D.
But thou reply'ft, Behold, she bleeds!
Foole, thou'rt deceiv'd; and dost not know
The mystique knot whence this proceeds,
How lovers in each other grow;
Thou smuck'st her arm, but 'twas my heart
Shed all the blood, felt all the smart.

To T. H. A LADY RESEMBLING MY MISTRESSE.¹

AYRE copie of my Celia's face,
Twin of my loue, thy perfect grace
May clayme with her an equall place.

Disdain not a divided heart,
Though all be hers, you shall have part;
Love is not tyde to rules of art.

For as my soule first to her flew,
Yet stay'd with me; so now 'tis true
It dwells with her, though fled to you.

Then entertaine this wand'ring guest,
And if not love, allow it rest;
It left not, but mistooke, the nest.

¹ Old printed copies; Cofens MSS. A. 4º and B. obl. 8º (the latter imperfect); Mr. Wyburd's MS.; Harl. MS. 6057, fol. 8; To a lady y' had a resemblance of bis M'
—Cofens MS. A. 4º; in Mr. Wyburd's MS. it is headed, Of one like bis Celia. In Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 10, it is entitled; To a gentle-woman like bis Celia. See an imitation of the lines in Holborn-Drollery, 1673, p. 25, and a reference in Notes and Queries, 2nd S. vii., pp. 146, 184, to parallel passages in Wycherley and Burns.
The Works of

Nor thinke my love or your faire eyes
Cheaper, 'caufe from the sympathies'
You hold with her these flames arise.

To lead, or braffe, or some such bad
Mettall, a Princes ftamp may adde
That valew, which it never had.

But to the pure refined ore
The ftamp of kings imparts no more
Worth, than the mettall held before.

Only the image gives the rate
To subjects of a forraine state:
'Tis priz'd as much for its owne waigt.

So though all other hearts renigne
To your pure worth, yet you have mine,
Only because you are her coyne.

To Saxham.²

THOUGH froft and snow lockt from mine eyes
That beautie which without dores lyes,
Thy gardens, orchards, walkes, that fo
I might not all thy pleasures know:
Yet, Saxham, thou within thy gate
Art of thy felfe fo delicate,

¹ Old printed copy of 1640—sympathise.
² Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd’s MS. (where it is headed: A winters entertainment att Saxham); Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 9; Harl. MS. 6931, fol. 24-5. This poem was probably written in 1634, the year of the great froft. Cartwright has a long poem on this subject (Harl. MS. 6931, fol. 78).
Thomas Carew.

So full of native sweets, that bleffe
Thy rooffe with inward happinesse;
As neither from nor to thy store
Winter takes ough't, or spring addes more.
The cold and frozen ayre had ster'ved
Much poore, if not by thee preserv'd,
Whose prayers have made thy table blest
With plenty, far above the rest.
The seafon hardly did afford
Coarse cates unto thy neighbours board,
Yet thou hadst daintyes, as the skie
Had only been thy volarie;¹
Or else the birds, fearing the snow
Might to another deluge grow,
The pheasant, partridge and the lark
Flew to thy house, as to the arke.
The willing ox of himselfe came
Home to the slaughter, with the lambe;
And every beast did thither bring
Himselfe, to be an offering.
The scallie herd more pleasure tooke,
Bath'd in thy dish than in the brooke;
Water, earth, ayre, did all conspire
To pay their tribute to thy fire,
Whose cherishing flames themselves divide
Through every roome, where they deride
The night and cold abroad; whilst they,
Like suns, within keepe endlessse day.
Those chearfull beames send forth their light
To all that wander in the night,
And seeme to becken from aloofe
The weary pilgrim to thy rooffe;

¹ A great Bird-cage, in which the Birds have room to fly up and down.—D.
Where, when refreft, if hee'll away,\(^1\)
Hee's fairly welcome; but, if stay,
Farre more: which he shall hearty find
Both from the master and the hinde.
The stranger's welcome each man there
Stamp'd on his chearfull brow doth weare;
Nor doth his welcome or his cheere
Grow leffe, 'cause he staies longer here.
There's none observes (much leffe repines)
How often this man sups or dines.
Thou haft no porter at the doore
T' examine or keep back the poore;
Nor locks, nor bolts; thy gates have bin
Made onely to let strangers in;
Untaught to shut, they doe not feare
To stand wide open all the yeare,
Carelesse who enters, for they know
Thou never didst deserve a foe;
And as for theeves, thy bounties such,
They cannot steale, thou giv'ft so much.

The Works of

UPON A RIBBON TYED ABOUT HIS ARME

BY A LADY.\(^2\)

HIS silken wreath, that circles thus mine arme,
Is but an emblem of that mysticke charme,
Wherewith the magick of your beautie binds
My captive soule, and round about it winds

---

\(^1\) The old printed copies read *if refreft, he will away.* The present is the reading of Harl. MS. 6931.

\(^2\) Old printed copies (where it is headed merely *Upon a Ribband*) ; Mr. Wyburd's MS. ; Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 13 ; Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 44 ; Cofens MS. B. obl. 8° (where it is headed as above).
Thomas Carew.

Fetters of lafting love; this hath entwin'd
My flesh alone, that hath empalde my mind.
Time may weare out these soft weak bands; but those
Strong chaines of brasfe fate shall not discompose.
This holy relique may preserve my wrift,
But my whole frame doth by that power subsift:
To that my prayers and sacrifce, to this
I onely pay a superflitious kiffe:
This but an idol, that's the deitie:
Religion is due there, here ceremonie:
That I received by faith, this but in truft;
Here I may tender dutie, there I must.
This order as a layman I may beare,
But I become love's priest when that I weare.
This moves like ayre, that as the center stands;
That knot your vertues tide, this but your hands;
That Nature fram'd, but this was made by Art;
This makes my arme your prifoner, that my heart.

Another Version.¹

HIS filken wreath, which circles in myne arme,
Is but an Embleme of that miftike² charme,
Wherewth the magiq[ue] of yo' beautie binds
My captiue hart, and round³ about it winds
Fetters of lafting loue; y' doth entwyne
My flesh alone: this make[s] my soule yo' shryne.

¹ From the Cofens MS. cited above, which seemed to differ in so many places, and to be so early a copy of the poem, that I thought it desirable to print both texts.
² mistake—MS.
³ runnes—MS.
The Works of

Consuming age may those weake bonds deuide;
But this strong charme noe eye shall see vntyed.
To y', as to a relique, I may gieue
An outward worship; but by this I liue.
My dayly sacrifice and pray'rs to this:
There I but pay a superstitious kiffe.
That is the Idoll, this the dietie:
Religious here is due, there, ceremony:
I am to this, that's given to my trust:
Here I may pay tribute, there I must.
That order as a layman I may beare;
But I become Love's priest, when this I weare,
I over this, that over me comands:
This knott yo' virtues tyes, but that yo' hands.
This Nature made, but y' was made by Art;
This makes my arme yo' prisoner, that my hart.

To the King at his entrance into Saxham,

by Master Io. Crofts.

IR, ere you passe this threshold, stay,
And give your creature leave to pay
Those pious rites, which unto you,
As to our household gods, are due.
In stead of sacrifice, each breft
Is like a flaming altar dreft.

1 Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 18-19. When it is said that these verses were by Mr. John Crofts, the meaning is, that that gentleman merely delivered the address, as written for him by Carew.
With zealous fires, which from pure hearts
Love mixt with loyaltie imparts.
Incense nor gold have we, yet bring
As rich and sweet an offering;
And such as doth both these express,
Which is our humble thankfulnesse;
By which is payd the all we owe
To gods above or men below.
The slaughter'd beast, whose flesh should feed
The hungry flames, we for pure need
Dresse for your supper; and the gore,
Which should be dafht on every dore,
We change into the lustie blood
Of youthfull vines, of which a flood
Shall sprightly run through all your veines,
First to your health, then your faire traines.
We shall want nothing but good fare,
To shew your welcome and our care;
Such rarities that come from farre,
From poore men's houfes banisht are;
Yet wee'le express in homely cheare,
How glad we are to fee you here.
Wee'le have what soe the seafon yeelds
Out of the neighbouring woods and fields;
For all the dainties of your board
Will only be what those afford;
And, having fupt, we may perchance
Present you with a countrie dance.
Thus much your servants, that beare s-way
Here in your abfence, bade me say,
And beg besides, you'd hither bring
Only the mercy of a King,
And not the greatnesse, since they have
A thousand faults must pardon crave,
But nothing that is fit to waite
Upon the glory of your state.
Yet your gracious favour will,
They hope, as heretofore, shine still
On their endeavours, for they swore,
Should Jove descend, they could no more.

**Upon the Sickness of E. S.**

MUST she then languish, and we sorrow thus,
And no kind god helpe her, nor pity us?
Is justice fled from heaven? can that permit
A foule deformed ravisher to sit
Upon her virgin cheek, and pull from thence
The rose-buds in their maiden excellence?
To spread cold paleneffe on her lips, and chase
The frighted rubies from their native place?
To lick up with his searching flames a flood
Of dissolv'd corall flowing in her blood;
And with the dampes of his infectious breath
Print on her brow moyft characters of death?
Must the cleare light, 'gainst course of nature, cease
In her faire eyes, and yet the flames encrease?
Must seavers shake this goodly tree, and all
That ripened fruit from the faire branches fall,
Which princes have desir'd to taste? Must she,
Who hath preserv'd her spotleffe chaftitie
From all solicitation, now at last
By agues and deseases be emcraft?
Forbid it, holy Dian! else who shall
Pay vows, or let one graine of incense fall
On thy negleected altars, if thou bleffe
No better this thy zealous votarissse?
Haste then, O maiden Goddesse, to her ayde;
Let on thy quiver her pale cheeke be layd,
And rock her fainting body in thine armes;
Then let the God of Musick with still charmes
Her restlesse eyes in peacefull slumbers close,
And with soft straines sweeten her calme repose.
Cupid, descend; and whilst Apollo sings,
Fanning the coole ayre with thy panting wings,
Ever supply her with refreshing wind;
Let thy faire mother with her treffles bind
Her labouring temples, with whose balmie sweat
She shall perfume her hairie coronet,
Whose precious drops shall upon every fold
Hang like rich pearles about a wreath of gold;
Her loofer locks, as they unbraded lye,
Shall spread themselves into a canopie,
Under whose shadow let her rest secure
From chilling cold or burning calenture;
Unless the freeze with yce of chaft desires,
Or holy Hymen kindle nuptiall fires.
And when at last Death comes to pierce her heart,
Convey into his hand thy golden dart.

A New-Yeares Sacrifice.
To Lucinda. 1632.

Those that can give, open their hands this day;
Those that cannot, yet hold them up to pray,
That health may crowne the seafons of this yeare,
And mirth daunce round the circle; that no teare
(Unlesse of joy) may with its brinie dew
Discolour on your cheeke the rosie hue;

1 Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (from which the date is ascer-
tained); Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 1.
That no access of yeares presume t'abate
Your beauties ever-flourishing estate.
Such cheape and vulgar wishes I could lay
As triviall offerings at your feet this day;
But that it were apostafie in me
To send a prayer to any deitie
But your divine selfe, who have power to give
Thofe blessings unto others such as live,
Like me, by the sole influence of your eyes,
Whose faire aspects governe our deftinies.
Such incence, vows, and holy rites, as were
To the involved serpent1 of the yeare
Payd by Egyptian priests, lay I before
Lucinda's sacred shrine, whilst I adore
Her beauteous eyes, and her pure altars dresse
With gums and fpice of humble thankfulness.
So may my Goddefe from her heaven inspire
My frozen bofome with a Delphique fire;
And then the world shall, by that glorious flame,
Behold the blaze of thy immortall name.2

1 The Egyptians, in their Hieroglyphics, reprefented the year by a serpent
rolled in a circular form, biting his tail, which they afterwards worshipped:
to which the poet here alludes. This was the famous serpent which Claudian
describes:
   "Perpetuumq; virens squamis, caudamq; reducto
   Ore vorans, tacito religens exordia morfu."—D.

2 In the margin of Mr. Wyburd's MS., at this point, occurs in what may
not improbably be the autograph of Carew: Adbuc T. Car. A facsimile is
annexed:

   _J. Car._
To one who when I prais'd my Mistris' beautie said I was blind.

Song.

WONDER not though I am blind,
For you must bee
In your eyes or in your mind
If, when you fee
Her face, you prove not blind like me.
If the powerfull beames that flye
From her eye,
And those amorous sweets that lye
Scatter'd in each neighbouring part,
Finde a passage to your heart;
Then you'le confesse your mortall fight
Too weake for such a glorious light;
For if her graces you discover,
You grow, like me, a dazel'd lover;
But if thofe beauties you not spy,
Then are you blinder farre than I.

To my Mistris, I burning in Love.

Song.

BURNE and, cruell, you in vaine
Hope to quench me with disdaine;
If from your eyes those sparkles came
That have kindled all this flame,

1 Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. The present text has been collated with Mr. Wyburd's MS. &c.

2 Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; Harl. MS. 6917. The present text has been collated with the MSS.
The Works of

What bootes it me, though now you shrowde
Those fierce comets in a cloude?
Since all the flames that I have felt
Could your snow yet never melt;
Nor can your snow (though you should take
Alpes into your bofome) flake
The heate of my enamour’d heart.
But with wonder learne loves art;
No feas of yce can coole desire,
Equall flames must quench Loves fire:
Then thinke not that my heat can dye,
Till you burne as well as I.

To her againe, she burning in a feaver.

Song.¹

NOW she burnes as well as I,
Yet my heat can never dye;
She burnes that never knew desire,
She that was yce, she now is fire;
She whose cold heart chast thoughts did arme,
So as loves flames could never warme
The frozen bofome where it dwelt
She burnes, and all her beauties melt;
She burnes, and cryes, Loves fires are milde,
Feavers are Gods, and hees a Childe:
Love, let her know the difference
'Twixt the heat of soule and fence;
Touch her with thy flames divine,
So shalt thou quench her fire and mine.

¹ Ibid.
² Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 3. The printed editions have that was.
UPON THE KING'S SICKNESS.

SICKNESS, the minister of death, doth lay
So strong a siege against our brittle clay,
As whilft it doth our weake forts singly win,
It hopes at length to take all mankind in.

First, it begins upon the wombe to waite,
And doth the unborne child there uncreate;
Then rocks the cradle where the infant lyes,
Where, e're it fully be alive, it dyes.
It never leaves fond youth, untill it have
Found or an early or a later grave.

By thousand subtle sleights from heedleffe man
It cuts the short allowance of a span;
And where both sober life and art combine
To keepe it out, age makes them both resigne.
Thus by degrees it onely gain'd of late
The weake, the aged, or intemperate;
But now the tyrant hath found out a way
By which the sober, strong and young decay:

Entering his royall limbes that is our head,
Through us (his mystique limbes) the paine is spread;
That man that doth not feele his part, hath none
In any part of his dominion;
If he hold land, that earth is forfeited,
And he unfit on any ground to tread.

This griefe is felt at Court, where it doth move
Through every joynct, like the true soule of love.
All thole faire starres, that doe attend on him,
Whence they deriv'd their light, wax pale and dim.
That ruddie morning beame of Majestie,
Which shou'd the sun's eclipsed light suply,

1 Charles I.—D. 2 Old printed copies; Mr Wyburd’s MS.
The Works of

Is overcast with mists, and in the liew
Of cherefull rayes sends us downe drops of dew:
That curious forme made of an earth refin'd,
At whose blest birth the gentle planets shin'd
With faire aspects, and sent a glorious flame
To animate so beautifull a frame;
That darling of the gods and men doth weare
A cloude on's brow, and in his eye a teare:
And all the rest (fave when his dread command
Doth bid them move) like liveleffe statues stand;
So full a griefe, so generally worn,
Shewes a good King is sick, and good men mourn.

To a Lady not yet enjoy'd by her husband.

Song.

OME, Celia, fixe thine eyes on mine,
And through those crystalls our soules flitting,
Shall a pure wreath of eye-beames twine,
Our loving hearts together knitting.
Let eaglets the bright sun survey,
Though the blind mole discern not day.

When cleere Aurora leaves her mate,
The light of her gray eyes dispisig,
Yet all the world doth celebrate
With sacrifice her faire up-risig.
Let eaglets, &c.

1 *Blessed*—Wyburd MS.  
2 *Beauteous*—Wyburd MS.  
3 Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 4.
Thomas Carew.

A Dragon kept the golden fruit,
Yet he those dainties never tasted;
As others pin'd in the pursuit,
So he himselfe with plentie wasted.
Let eaglets, &c.

The Willing Prisoner to his Mistris.

Song.

ET fools great Cupid's yoake disdain,
Loving their owne wild freedome better;
Whilest, proud of my triumphant chaine,
I fit and court my beauteous fetter.

Her murdring glances, snaring haires,
And her bewitching smiles so please me;
As he brings ruine, that repaires
The sweet afflictions that disease me.

Hide not those panting balls of snow
With envious vayles from my beholding;
Unlock those lips, their pearly row
In a sweet smile of love unfolding.

And let those eyes, whose motion wheeles
The reflesse fate of every lover,
Survey the paines my sicke heart feel'd,
And wounds themselves have made discover.
A Flye that flew into my Mistris her Eye. ¹

While this Flye liv'd, she us'd to play
In the bright sunshine all the day;
Till, coming neere my Celia's sight,
She found a new and unknowne light,
So full of glory, that it made
The noone-day sun a gloomy shade;
At laft this amorous Flye became
My rivall, and did court my flame.
She did from hand to bosome skip,
And from her breafts, her cheeke, and lip,
Suckt all the incense and the splice,
And grew a Bird of Paradise:
At laft into her eye she flew;
There scorcht in heate and drown'd in dew,
Like Phaeton, from the sun's sphare
She fell, and with her dropt a teare,
Of which a pearle was straight compos'd,
Wherein her ashes lye enclos'd.
Thus she receiv'd from Celia's eye
Funerall flame, tomb, obfequie.

¹ Old printed copies; Ashmole MS. 38, art. 10 (where it is called The Amorous Fly); Ashmole MS. 47, art. 35; Mr. Huth's "Scattergood" MS. (where it is called simply An Elegie on a Flie); Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 11; Harl. MS. 6931, fol. 2 (where the title is: Upon a fly drown'd in a Ladyes eye); Rawl. MS. 34 (with a few trivial variations). "Cleveland has closely imitated this poem in one with the same title. See Poems, ed. 1659, p. 126."—F. Haflewood collated the lines with two early MSS. but the variations are chiefly literal or mere tranスポsitions of words.
SAW fayre Celia walk alone
When feathered rayne came gently downe,
And Joue descended from her bower
To court her in a silver shower:
The wanton snow flew in her brest
Like prettie byrdes into theyr nest,
But overcome with whitenes thare
For greyt yet thawd into a teare;
Whence falling on her garments hem
To decke her freezezd into a gem.¹

ON A LADY [CELIA] SINGING TO HER LUTE
IN ARUNDELL GARDEN.

Song. ²

ARKE, how my Celia with the choyce
Musique of her hand and voyce
Stills the loude wind, and makes the wilde
Enraged Boare and Panther milde.

¹ MS. Ashmole 38, art. 11. In Witts Recreations, 1640, it is printed with Chloris substitutit for Celia. In the MS. it is unsigned, and follows immediately The Amourouse fly. Printed in Pieces of Ancient Poetry, 1814, by Fry, and (under the supposition that it was in Herrick’s stytle) in my edit. of that writer, 1869, ii. 485. After all, it may be Carew’s.

² Old printed copies; Ashmole MS. 36, art. 65; Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 10; Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 42; Harl. MS. 6931, fol. 27. The printed editions have merely this heading: Song. Celia Singing. In the Ashmole copy the lines are entitled: “Upon Celia singing in yœ vault at York-howse;” and in Cofens MS. B. obl. 8vo. it runs: On her singing in yœ Gallery at Yorke-house. In Addit. MS. 11811 and 22118, the heading is: On a Lady singing to her Lute in Arundell garden, as above. The internal evidence is in favour of this being the correct superscription.
The Works of

Marke how those statues like men move,  
Whilft men with wonder statues prove.  
This stiffe rock bends to worship her:  
The idoll turnes idolater.

Now, see how all the new inspir'd  
Images with love are fir'd!  
Harke how the tender marble grones,  
And all the late transformed stones  
Court the faire nymph with many a teare,  
Which she (more flony than they were)  
Beholds with unrelenting mind;  
Whilft they, amaz'd to fee combin'd  
Such matchlesse beautie with disdaine,  
Are turned into ftone againe.

CELIA SINGING.

Song.

OU that thinke love can convey  
No other way  
But through the eyes into the heart  
His fatall dart,  
Close up those casements, and but heare  
This fyren finge;  
And on the wing  
Of her fweet voyce it shall appeare  
That love can enter at the eare:  
Then unvaile your eyes: behold  
The curious mould
Where that voyce dwels, and as we know,
   When the cocks crow,
We freely may
   Gaze on the day;
So may you, when the musiques done,
Awake and see the rising sun.

To One that desired to know my Mistris.¹

Song.

SEEKE not to know my love, for shee
Hath vow'd her constant faith to me;
Her milde aspects are mine, and thou
Shalt only find a stormy brow;
For if her beautie stirre desire
In me, her kisles quench the fire;

Or I can to Loves fountaine goe,
Or dwell upon her hills of snow;
But when thou burn'st, she shall not spare
One gentle breath to coole the ayre.
Thou shalt not climbe those Alpes, nor spye
Where the sweet springs of Venus lye.

Search hidden Nature, and there find
A treasure to inrich thy mind;
Discover arts not yet reveal'd,
But let my Mistris live conceal'd;
Though men by knowledge wiser grow,
Yet here 'tis wisdom not to know.

¹ Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (where it is headed To a gent. curious to know his M'ris.); Afhm. MS. 38, art. 238.
The Works of

In the Person of a Lady to Her Inconstant Servant. 1

When on the altar of my hand
(Bedeaw'd with many a kisse and teare)
Thy now revolted heart did stand
An humble martyr, thou didst sweare
Thus; (and the God of Love did heare,)
By those bright glances of thine eye,
Unleste thou pity me, I dye.

When first those perjur'd lips of thine,
Bepal'd with blasted fighes, did feale
Their violated faith on mine,
From the soft bosome that did heale
Thee thou my melting heart didst steale;
My foule, enflam'd with thy falfe breath,
Poyson'd with kisses, fuckt in death.

Yet I nor hand nor lip will move,
Revenge or mercy to procure
From the offended God of Love;
My curfe is fatall, and my pure
Love shall beyond thy scorne endure.
If I implore the Gods, they'le find
Thee too ingratefull, me too kind.

1 Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 4 (where it is headed To her Inconstant friend); Lawes' Ayres and Dialogues, 1653, p. 9 (with the music).
TRUCE IN LOVE ENTREATED.¹

O more, blind God, for see my heart
Is made thy quiver, where remaines
No voyd place for another dart;
And, alas! that conquest gainses
Small praisfe, that only brings away
A tame and unreftiting prey.

Behold! a nobler foe, all arm’d,
Defies thy weak artillerie,
That hath thy bow and quiver charm’d:
A rebell beautie, conquering Thee;
If thou dar’ft equall combat try,
Wound her, for ’tis for her I dye.

TO MY RIVALL.²

ENCE, vaine intruder, haft away,
Wash not with thy unhallowed brine
The footstepes of my Celia’s shrine;
Nor on her purer altars lay
Thy empty words: accents that may
Some looser dame to love encline;
She muft have offerings more divine;

¹ Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 4 verso.
² Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd’s MS. (first four lines only); Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 4 verso. There is an imitation in Holborn-Drollery, 1673, p. 33.
The Works of

Such pearlie drops, as youthfull May
Scatters before the rising day;
Such smooth soft language, as each line
Might stroake¹ an angry God, or stay,
Jove's thunder, make the hearers pine
With envie; doe this, thou shalt be
Servant to her, rivall to me.

Boldnesse in Love.²

ARKE how the bashfull morne in vaine
Court[e]s the amorous Marigold
With sighing blasts and weeping raine;
Yet she refuses to unfold.
But when the planet of the day
Approcheth with his powerfull ray,
Then she spreads, then she receives
His warmer beames into her virgin leaves.

So shalt thou thrive in love, fond boy;
If thy teares and sighes discover
Thy griefe, thou never shalt enjoy
The just reward of a bold lover.
But when with moving accents thou
Shalt constant faith and service vow,
Thy Celia shall receive those charmes
With open eares and with unfolded armes.

¹ An ancient word for pacify.—D.
² Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (where it is headed The
Marygold).

Compare with this little piece the Sunflower and the Ivy in Langhorne's
Fables of Flora, wherein he seems to have imitated it.—F. But this resem-
blance is pointed out in edit. 1772.
A PASTORALL DIALOGUE.¹

CELIA. CLEON.

As Celia refted in the shade
With Cleon by her side;
The swaine thus courted the yong mayd,
And thus the nymph replide:

Cl. Sweet! let thy captive setters weare
   Made of thine armes and hands,
   Till fuch, as thraldome scorne or feare,
   Envie those happy bands.

Ce. Then thus my willing armes I winde
   About thee, and am fo
   Thy prif’ner; for myfelfe I bind,
   Untill I let thee goe.

Cl. Happy that slave whom the faire foe
   Tyes in fo soft a chaine.
Ce. Farre happier I, but that I know
   Thou wilt breake loofe againe.

Cl. By thy immortall beauties, never!
   Ce. Fraile as thy love ’s thine oath.
Cl. Though beautie fade, my love lafts ever.
   Ce. Time will destroy them both.

¹ Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 5; Lawes’ Ayres and Dialogues, 1653, p. 5 (with the music).

That the reader may not be surprized at our author’s having entitled this piece a Pastoral Dialogue, in which we do not find even the moft ditant allusion drawn from pastoral life, it may be necessary to inform him, that it was a prevailing custom in our author’s time to style almost every poetical dialogue, of which Love was the subjeft, pastoral. Most of the wits of Charles’s court left propriety to be studied by the following age.—D.
Cl. I dote not on that snow-white skin.
Ce. What then? Cl. Thy purer mind.
Ce. It lov'd too soon. Cl. Thou hast not bin
So faire, if not so kind.

Ce. Oh, strange vaine fancie! Cl. But yet true.
Ce. Prove it. Cl. Then make a brade
Of those loose flames that circle you,
    My funnes, and yet your shade.

Ce. 'Tis done. Cl. Now give it me. Ce. Thus thou
    Shalt thine owne errour find;
If these were beauties, I am now
    Lesse faire, because more' kind.

Cl. You shall confess you erre; that haire
    Shall it not change the hue,
Or leave the golden mountaine bare?
    Ce. Aye me! it is too true.

Cl. But this small wreath shall ever stay
    In its first native prime,
And smiling when the rest decay,
    The triumph sing of time.

Ce. Then let me cut from thy faire grove
    One branch, and let that be
An embleme of eternall love;
    For such is mine to thee.

Both. Thus are we both redeem'd from time;
Cl. I by thy grace. Ce. And I
Shall live in thy immortall rime,
    Untill the Muses dye.
By heaven! Ce. Sweare not; if I must weep, Jove shall not smile at me; This kiss, my heart, and thy faith keep. Cl. This breathes my foule to thee.

Then forth the thicket Thirsis ruft, Where he saw all the play: The swain stood still, and smil'd, and blusht; The nymph fled fast away.

GRIEFE INGROST.

HEREFORE doe thy sad numbers flow So full of woe? Why dost thou melt in such soft strains, Whilst she disdaines?

If she must still denying, Weep not, but die; And in thy funneall fire, Shall all her fame expire.

Thus both shall perish; and as thou on thy hearfe Shall want her teares, so she shall want thy verse. Repine not then at thy blest state; Thou art above thy fate.

But my faire Celia will not give Long enough to make me live; Nor yet dart from her eye Scorne enough to make me dye.

Then let me weep alone, till her kind breath, Or blow my teares away, or speake my death.1

1 Compare p. 7 supra, where an imperfect copy of these lines has been given from a MS.
The Works of

A Pastoral Dialogue.¹


Shepherd.

This mossie bank they prest. Ny. That aged oak
Did canopy the happy payre
All night from the danke ayre.

Cho. Here let us fit, and sing the words they spoke,
Till the day breaking their embraces broke.

Shep.

See, Love, the blushes of the morn appeare,
And now she hangs her pearlie store
(Robb'd from the Eastern shore,)
I'th' cowflips bell, and roses rare:
Sweet, I must stay no longer here.

Nymph.

Those streakes of doubtfull light usher not day,
But shew my funne must set; no moone
Shall shine till thou returne;
The yellow planet and the gray
Dawne shall attend thee on thy way.²

¹ Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (begins imperfectly); Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 6.

² This Pastoral Dialogue seems to be entirely an imitation of the scene between Romeo and Juliet, act iii. sc. 7. The time, the persons, the sentiments, the expressions, are the same:—

"Jul. Your light is not day-light, I know it well;
It is some meteor, &c.
To light you on your way to Mantua." — D.

Mr. Fry also remarked this parallelism, without being aware, it seems, that he had been forestalled.

² Todd has already, in his excellent edition of Milton, remarked the similarity between these two lines and Par. Lost, B. vii. v. 370.—F.
Thomas Carew.

Shep.

If thine eyes guild my pathes, they may forbear.
   Their useleffe shine. Nymph. My teares will quite
   Extinguish their faint light.
Shep. Those drops will make their beames more cleare,
Love's flames will shine in every teare.

Cho.

They kist, and wept, and from their lips and eyes,
   In a mixt dew of brinie sweat,
   Their joyes and sorrowes meet;
But she cryes out. Nymph. Shepherd, arise,
The fun betrayes us else to spies.

Shep.

The winged houres flye fast whilst we embrace,
   But when we want their help to meet,
   They move with leaden feet.
Nym. Then let us pinion Time, and chase
The day for ever from this place.

Shep.

Harke! Ny. Aye me! stay. Shep. For ever? Ny. No, arise,
   Wee must be gone. Shep. My neft of spice.
Cho. Neither could say farewell, but through their eyes
Griefe interrupted speach with teares supplyes.

---

1 wept and kist—Wyburd MS.
2 It is impossible to pass over these three lines with inattention. The
delicacy of the thought is equalled only by the simplicity of the description.
Those soft sensations, which arise in lovers, when their joys and sorrows meet,
as a man of genius only can describe them, to a man of taste only can conceive
them.—D.
READE in these Roses the sad story
Of my hard fate and your owne glory;
In the White you may discover
The paleneffe 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 expresse my anguish;
The White my innocence displaying,
The Red my martyrdom betraying.
The frownes that on your brow refided
Have those rosnes thus divided.
Oh! let your smiles but cleare the weather,
And then they both shall grow together.

To my Cousin C. R. marrying my Lady A.²

HAPPY youth, that shalt posseffe
Such a spring-tyde of delight,
As the fated appetite
Shall, enjoying such excesse,
With the flood of pleasure leffe;
When the Hymeneall rite
Is perform'd, invoke the night,

¹ A learned friend has informed me that this is an imitation of Bonefonius.—F.
² Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 6 verso and 7 recto (where it is headed merely To my Cozen on his marriage). Lady A. is forfan Lady Altbam.
That it may in shadowes dresse
Thy too reall happinesse:
Elfe (as Semele)\(^1\) the bright
Deitie in her full might
May thy feeble soule oppresse.
Strong perfumes and glaring light
Oft destroy both smell and sight.

**A Lover upon an Accident necessitating his departure consults with Reason.**\(^2\)

**Lover.**

EEPE not, nor backward turne your beames,
Fond eyes: sad sighes, locke in your breath,
Left on this wind or in those streams
My griev'd soule flye, or sayle to death:
Fortune destroys me if I stay,
Love kills me if I goe away;
Since Love and Fortune both are blind,
Come, Reason, and resolve my doubtfull mind.

**Reason.**

Flye, and blind Fortune be thy guide,
And 'gainst the blinder God rebell,
Thy love-sick heart shall not reside
Where scorne and selfe-will'd error dwell;

---

\(^1\) When Jupiter descended from heaven to Semele, she was dazzled and overpowered by the splendour of his divinity.—D.

\(^2\) Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 19; Lawes' *Ayres and Dialogues*, 1655, p. 30 (with the music). Lawes calls it *A Dialogue betwene a Lover and Reason.*
Where entrance unto Truth is barr’d;
Where Love and Faith find no reward;
For my just hand may sometime move
The wheel of Fortune, not the sphere of Love.
Flye, &c.

Parting, Celia weepes.¹

EEP, not, my deare, for I shall goe
Loaden enough with mine owne woe;
Add not thy heavinesse to mine;
Since fate our pleasures must disjoyne,
Why should our sorrowes meet? if I
Must goe, and lose thy company,
I wish not theirs; it shall relieve
My griefe, to thinke thou doft not grieve.
Yet grieve, and weep, that I may bear
Every sigh and every tear
Away with me, so shall thy breasts
And eyes discharged enjoy their rest:
And it will glad my heart to see,
Thou art thus loath to part with me.

A Rapture.²

WILL enjoy thee now, my Celia, come
And flye with me to loves Elizium;
The giant Honour, that keepes cowards out,
Is but a masquer, and the servile rout

¹ Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 19.
² Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6057, folios 1-4; Ashmole MS. 36, art. 197; Ashmole MS. 38, art. 82; Colems MS. B. obl. 8vo.
   In Cotgrave’s Wits Interpreter, 1655, p. 125, a poem with a similar title occurs anonymously. It commences:—
Thomas Carew.

Of bafer subiects onely bend in vaine
To the vaft idoll, whilst the nobler traine
Of valiant lovers daily fayle betweene
The huge Colossvs legs, and passe unfeene
Unto the blissful shore; be bold and wife,
And we fhall enter; the grim Swiffe denies
Only tame fooles a paffage, that not know
He is but forme, and onely frights in fhow.
Lett thy dull eyes that looke from farre, draw neere,
And thou fhalt fcorne what we were wont to feare.
We fhall fee how the ftalking pageant goes
With borrowed legs, a heavie load to thofe
That made, and beare him; not, as we once thought,
The feed of Gods, but a weake modell wrought
By greedy men, that feeke t' enclofe the common,
And within private arines empale free woman.
Come, then, and mounted on the wings of love
Wee'le cut the fleeting ayre, and foare above
The monfter's head, and in the nobleft feate
Of thofe bleft fhares quench and renew our heate.
There fhall the Queens of Love and Innocence,
Beautie and Nature, banifh all offence
From our clofe twinings; there I will behold
Thy bared snow and thy unbraided gold;
There my enfanchiz'd hand on every fide
Shall o're thy naked polish'd ivory glide.

"Solicet not my chafter eyes"—
This poem contains loofer fentiments than any other part of Carew's works. The chastity which generally characterizes our poet's muse induces us therefore to believe, that it was written rather to prove his abilities than to please his heart. It might have been the child of one of thofe poetical dreams, when poets fancy much more than they ever felt; and, indeed, the title he has given to it seems to imply, that it was written when the fancy had got the ftrat of the judgment.—D. The MSS. vary a good deal, but not for the better, from the printed copies.
No curtaine, though of motte transparent lawne,
Shall be before thy virgin-treasure drawne;
But the rich mine, to the enquiring eye
Expos'd, shall ready still for mintage lye,
And we will coyne young Cupids. There a bed
Of roses and fresh myrtles shall be spread
Under the cooler shade of cypresse groves;
Our pillowes, of the downe of Venus doves,
Whereon our panting limmes wee'le gently lay
In the faint relpites of our active play;
That so our slumbers may in dreams have leisur
To tell the nimble fancie our past pleasure;
And so our soules that cannot be embrac'd,
Shall the embraces of our bodyes taste.
Meanwhile the babbling streame shall court the shore;
Th' enamour'd chirping wood-quire shall adore
In varied tunes the Deitie of Love;
The gentle blafts of westerne wind shall move
The trembling leaves, and through their close boughs breath
Still musick, whilst we rest ourselves beneath
Their dancing shade; till a soft murmur, sent
From soules entranc'd in amorous languishment,
Rouze us, and shoot into our veins fresh fire,
Till we in their sweet extasie expire.
Then, as the empty bee, that lately bore
Into the common treasure all her store,
Flyes 'bout the painted fields with nimble wing,
Deflowring the fresh virgins of the spring—
So will I rifle all the sweets that dwell
In thie delicious paradisfe, and swell
My bagge with honey, drawne forth by the power
Of fervent kisies from each spicie flower.
I'le seize the rose-buds in their perfum'd bed,
The violet knots, like curious mazes spread
O're all the garden; taste the rip'ned cherry,
The warme firm'e apple, tipt with corall berry;
Then will I visit with a wand'ring kiss
The vale of lilies and the bower of blush;
And where the beauteous region doth divide
Into two milky ways, my lips shall slide
Downe those smooth allies, wearing as they goe
A tracke for lovers on the printed snow;
Thence climbing o're the swelling Appenine,
Retire into the grove of eglantine;
Where I will all those ravishs sweets distill
Through loves alimbrique, and with chimimque skill
From the mixt maffe one soveraigne balme derive,
Then bring the great Elixir to thy hive.

Now in more subtill wreathes I will entwine
My fine-sie thighs, my legs and armes, with thine;
Thou like a sea of milke shall lyce display'd,
Whilst I the smooth calme ocean invade
With such a tempest, as when Jove of old
Fell downe on Danae in a storme of gold;
Yet my tall pine shall in the Cyprian straight
Ride safe at anchor, and unlade her fraught;
My rudder with thy bold hand, like a tryde
And skilfull pilot, thou shalt steer, and guide
My bark into Loves channell, where it shall
Dance, as the bounding waves doe rise or fall.
Then shall thy circling armes embrace and clip
My naked bodie, and thy balmie lip
Bathe me in juyce of kisses, whose perfume
Like a religious incense shall confume,
And send up holy vapours to those powers
That bleffe our loves, and crowne our happy howers.
That with fuch halcion calmeneffe fix our foules
In steadfaft peace, that no affright controules.
There no rude sounds shake us with sudden starts;
No jealous eares, when we unrip our hearts,
Sucke our discourse in; no observing spies
This blush, that glance traduce; no envious eyes
Watch our close meetings; nor are we betray'd
To rivals by the bribed chambermaid.
No wedlock bonds untwift our wreathed loves;
We seek no midnight arbors nor dark groves
To hide our kisses; there the hated name
Of husband, wife: chaste, modest: lust and shame:
Are vain and empty words, whose very found
Was never heard in the Elizian ground.
All things are lawfull there that may delight
Nature or unrestrained appetite;
Like and enjoy, the will and act is one;
We only sinne when Loves rites are not done.

The Roman Lucrece there reads the divine
Lectures of Love's great master Aretine,
And knowes as well as Lais how to move
Her plyant body in the act of love.
To quench the burning ravisher, she hurles
Her limbs into a thousand winding curls,
And studies artfull postures, such as be
Carv'd on the barke of every neighbouring tree
By learned hands, that so adorn'd the rinde
Of those faire plants which, as they lay entwined,
Have fann'd their glowing fires. The Grecian dame,
That in her endless webb toyl'd for a name
As fruitlesse as her worke, doth now display
Herselfe before the Youth of Ithaca,
And th' amorous sport of gameesome nights prefer
Before dull dreams of the loth traveller.
Daphne hath broke her barke, and that swift foot,
Which th' angry Gods had fast'ned with a root
To the fixt earth, doth now unfetter'd run
To meet th' embraces of the youthfull Sun;
She hangs upon him, like his Delphique lyre:
Her kisses blow the old, and breath new, fire;
Full of her God, she sings inspired layes,
Sweet odes of love, such as deserve the bayes,
Which she herfelfe was. Next her, Laura lyes
In Petrarch's learned armes, drying thofe eyes
That did in fuch sweet smooth-pac'd numbers flow,
As made the world enamour'd of his woe.
These, and ten thoufand beauties more, that dy'de
Slave to the tyrant, now enlarg'd deride
His cancell'd lawes, and for their time mispent
Pay into Love's Exchequer double rent.
    Come then, my Celia, wee'le no more forbeare
To taste our joyes, ftruck with a pannique feare,
But will depofe from his imperious fway
This proud ufurper, and walke free as they,
With necks unyoak'd; nor is it juft that hee
Should fetter your soft sex with chaftitie,
Which Nature made unapt for abftinence;
When yet this fale fo Impofitor can dispence
With humane juftice and with facred right,
And (maugre both their lawes) command me fight
With rivals and with emulous loves, that dare
Equall with thine their miftrefle eyes or haire.
If thou complain'ft of wrong, and call my fword
To carve out thy revenge, upon that word
He bids me fight and kill, or elfe he brands
With markes of infamie my coward hands:
And yet religion bids from blood-fhed flye,
And damns me for that act. Then tell me why
This goblin Honour, which the world adores,
Should make men atheifts, and not women whores.
ODE.¹

HILLIS, though thy powerfull charms
Have forced me from my Celia's armes,
A sure defence against all powers
But those resifitless eyes of yours,
Think not your conquest to maintaine
By rigour or unjust dislaine;
In vaine, faire nimph, in vaine you strive,
For love doth seldom hope survive.

THE Mournfull Partynge of two Lovers
caused by the disproportion of estates.²

Y once deare loue, haplesse that I no more
Must call the[e] foe, the rich affection's store
That fedd our hopes lies nowe exhaust & spent,
Like so[n]ies of treasure vnto banquerovts lent.
Wee that didd nothing studdy but the way
To loue each other: with which thoughts the day
Rose with delights to vs, and with them fellt.
Muſt learne the hatefull art howe to forgett.
Wee, that did nothing with that heauen might giue
Beyond ourselfes, nor did deſire to live
Beyond that night: all theis nowe cancell muſt,
As is not writt in faith, but woords & dust.
But witneʃfe thofe cleere vowes which lovers make:
Witneʃfe the chaʃt desires that never breake
Into vnruulie heates: witneʃ that breast

¹ Ashmole MS. 36, art. 198. Not in the editions. In the MS. cited it immediately succeeds The Rapture.
² Harl. MS. 6057, fol. 6 verso and 7 recto. Not in the editions. The lines are subcribed T. Car. by the copyift. The text has been given with scrupulous accuracy, but it is by no means free from obscurities.
Which in thy bosome anchorde his whole neft,
Tis noe defaulte in vs; I dare acquite
Thy maiden faith, thy purpose faire & white
As thy pure selfe. Close planetts did confpire
Our sweete felicity and harts desire
Faftcr then vowes could binde, fo that the starre
(When lovers meete) should ftande oppos’d in warre.
Since then some higher destinies coñmand,
Lett vs not stirre or labour to withftand
What is past helpe: the longest date of grefe
Can never yeild a hope of our releife.
And though we wafte our felves in moift laments,
Teares may drown vs, but not our discontents.
Fould back our armes, take honnors frutileffe loues
That mufi newe fortunes trie; like turtle-doues
Dislodged from their haunt, wee mufi in teares
Vnwinde our loues knitt vpp in many yeares.
In this lafte kiffe I heere furrender thee
Backe to thy selfe. Loe, thou againe art free:
Thou in another, sad as that, resign’d
The trueft harte that lover ere did bind.
Nowe turne from each foe farr our severd hartes,
As the divorft foule from the bodie partes.

A Health to his Mistresse.¹

O her, whose beauty doth excell
Stories, wee toffe theis cupps, and fill
Sobrietie, a Sacrifice
To the bright luftre of her eyes.
Each foule that fipps this is divine:
Her beauty deifies the wine.

Epitaph on the Lady Mary Villers.

The Lady Mary Villers lyes
Under this stone; with weeping eyes
The parents that first gave her birth,
And their sad friends, lay’d her in earth.
If any of them, reader, were
Knowne unto thee, shed a teare;
Or if thyselfe possesse a gemme,
As deare to thee, as this to them;
Though a stranger to this place,
Bewayle in theirs thine owne hard case;
For thou, perhaps, at thy returne
Mayest find thy darling in an urne.

Another.

The purest soule that e’re was sent
Into a clayie tenement
Inform’d this dust; but the weake mould
Could the great guest no longer hold;
The substance was too pure, the frame
Too glorious that thither came;
Ten thousand Cupids brought along
A Grace on each wing, that did throng
For place there, till they all oppressed
The seat in which they sought to rest;
So the faire modell broke for want
Of roome to lodge th’ Inhabitant.

1 Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 20.
**Another.**

HIS little vault, this narrow roome,
Of love and beautie is the tombe;
The dawning beame, that 'gan to cleare
Our clouded skie, lyes dark'ned here,
For ever fet to us; by death
Sent to inflame the world beneath.
'Twas but a bud, yet did containe
More sweetnesse than shall spring againe;
A budding fтарre, that might have growne
Into a fun, when it had blowne.
This hopefull beautie did create
New life in love's declining state;
But now his empire ends, and we
From fire and wounding darts are free;
His brand, his bow, let no man feare:
The flames, the arrowes, all lye here.

---

**Epitaph on Lady S[alter] wife to Sir W. S[alter].**

THE harmony of colours, features, grace,
Resulting ayres (the magicke of a face)
Of musicall sweet tunes, all which combin'd
To crown one soveraigne beauty, lies confin'd
To this darke vault. Shee was a cabinet
Where all the choyfelf stones of price were set:

---

1 Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 20-1.
2 Politenefs, as well as charity, muft incline us to believe, that the bard alludes in this expreflion to the heathen mythology, and that by the words "world beneath" he meant the Elyfium of the Ancients.—D.
3 Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (where the heading, by a blunder of the tranfcriber, is An Epitaph on the Lady Psalter); Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 20 (where it is headed merely An Epitaph on a Lady).
The Works of

Whose native colours and pure lustre lent
Her eye, cheek, lip, a dazling ornament;
Whose rare and hidden vertues did expresse
Her inward beauties and mind's fairer dreffe.
The constant diamond, the wise chrysolite,
The devout saphyre, emrauld apt to write
Records of memory, cheerefull agat, grave
And serious onyx, topas, that doth save
The braine's calme temper, witty amathift:
This precious quarrie, or what else the lift
On Aaron's ephod planted had, shee wore;
One only pearle was wanting to her store,
Which in her Saviour's book she found expreft;
To purchafe that she fold Death all the rest.

The Inscription on the Tombe of the
Lady Mary Wentworth.

MARIA WENTWORTH ILLUSTRISSIMI THOMÆ COMITIS CLEVELAND FILIA PRÆ
MORTUÆ PRIMA ANIMAM VIRGINEAM EXHALAUT: JANU:
ANNO DOMINI 1632. ÆTATIS SUÆ 18.¹

OE here the precious duft is layd,
Whose purely-temper'd clay was made
So fine, that it the guift betray'd.

¹ Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (by which the heading has
been corrected and completed); Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 20. "She was the eldeft
daughter of Sir Thomas Wentworth (fourth Lady Wentworth), who was
afterwards (7 Feb. 1625-6) raised to the title of Cleveland, and to several
important dignities in the State, by the intereft of Archbifhop Laud."—D.
Elfe the soule grew so faft within,
It broke the outward shell of finne,
And fo was hatch'd a cherubin.

In height, it soar'd to God above;
In depth, it did to knowledge move,
And spread in breadth to generall love.

Before a pious duty shin'd
To parents, courtesie behind:
On either side an equall mind.

Good to the poore, to kindred deare,
To servants kind, to friendship cleare,
To nothing but her selfe sever.

So though a virgin, yet a bride
To every grace, she justifi'd
A chaste poligamie, and dy'd.

Learne from hence, reader, what small truft
We owe this world, where vertue must,
Fraile as our flesh, crumble to duft.
THE INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMBE OF THE
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

BEATISSIMIS MANIBUS CHARISSIMI VIRI ILLUSTRISSIMA
CONIJUX MOERENS SIC PARENTAVIT. 1

WHEN in the brazen leaves of fame
The life, the death, of Buckingham
Shall be recorded, if truth's hand
Incize the story of our land,
Posteritie shall see a faire
Structure, by the studious care
Of two kings ray'd, that did no leffe
Their wisdom than their power expresse.
By blinded zeale (whose doubtfull light
Made murder's scarlet robe seeme white:
Whole vain-deluding phantomes charm'd
A cloudy fullen foule, and arm'd
A desperate hand, thristie of blood.)
Torne from the faire earth where it stood,
So the majestique fabrique fell.
His actions let our Annals tell;
Wee write no Chronicle; this pile
Weares onely sorrowe's face and stile,

1 Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (from which the heading has been adopted); Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 20-1 (where the lines are simply entitled: On the Duke of Buckingham). "This was George Villiers, the first Duke of Buckingham, who was introduced to the court of James I. as his favourite; and afterwards, in the reign of Charles I., ascended to the highest dignities. He was the admiration and terror of his time."—D.
Thomas Carew.

Which even the envie that did waite
Upon his flourishing estate,
Turn'd to soft pitty of his death,
Now payes his hearfe; but that cheape breath
Shall not blow here, nor th' unpure brine
Puddle those streams that bathe this shrine.
These are the pious obsequies,
Drop'd from his chaft wife's pregnant eyes
In frequent shoures, and were alone
By her congealing sighes made stone,
On which the carver did bestow
These formes and characters of woe;
So he the fashion onely lent,
Whilst she wept all the monument.¹

THE OTHER INSCRIPTION ON THE SAME Tombe.²

siste hospes, sive indigena, sive advena, vichsitudinis
rerum memor, pauca pellege.

READER, when these dumbe stones have told
In borrowed speach what guest they hold,
Thou shalt confesse the vaine pursuit
Of humane glory yeelds no fruit,
But an untimely grave. If Fate
Could contant happinesse create,

¹ This little poem is not deftitute of some pathetic touches, expressive of
the illuftrious lady's grief, who is suppos'd to utter them; but the eight con-
cluding lines, instead of being the mournful monody of a widow, degrade it
into the wretched conceit of a poetafter. But this was the fuffian of the
times.—D.
² Ubi Supr. The heading in Mr. Wyburd's MS., omits the word pauca,
and the poem is a mere fragment there. In Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 21, the
heading is merely: An Epitaph on the Duke of Buckingham.
The Works of

Her ministers, fortune and worth
Had here that myracle brought forth;
They fix'd this child of honour where
No roome was left for hope or feare,
Of more or leffe; so high, so great
His growth was, yet so safe his seate.
Safe in the circle of his friends;
Safe in his loyall heart and ends;
Safe in his native valiant spirit;
By favour safe, and safe by merit;
Safe by the flampe of Nature, which
Did strength with shape and grace enrich;
Safe in the cheerefull curtesies
Of flowing gestures, speach and eyes;
Safe in his bounties, which were more
Proportion'd to his mind than store.
Yet, though for vertue he becomes
Involv'd himfelfe in borrowed summes,
Safe in his care, he leaves betray'd
No friend engag'd, no debt unpay'd.

But though the starres confpire to shower
Upon one head th' united power
Of all their graces, if their dire
Aspects must other brefts inspire
With vicious thoughts, a murderer's knife
May cut (as here) their darlings life.
Who can be happy then, if Nature muft,
To make one happy man, make all men juft?
FOURE SONGS, BY WAY OF CHORUS TO A PLAY,

AT AN ENTERTAINMENT OF THE KING AND QUEENE, BY

MY LORD CHAMBERLAINE:

THE FIRST OF JEALOUSIE. DIALOGUE.¹

Question.

From whence was first this furie hurl’d,
This Jealousie into the world?
Came she from hell? Ans. No, there doth raigne
Eternall hatred, with didaine;
But she the daughter is of Love,
Sister of Beauty. Reply. Then above
She must derive from the third sphere
Her heavenly offspring. Ans. Neither there,

¹ Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd’s MS (where it is merely headed A chorus of jealousy); Harl. MS. 6917 (where this and the other three Songs which follow occur, with a general title as above and in the old edits.).

"These entertainments were frequent in Charles’s court, and had always attached to them a musical interlude or some sumptuous piece of pageantry. On one of these occasions the present Songs were compos’d. They are written in imitation of the ancient manner."—D. Mr. Yeowell writing in Notes and Queries, (2nd Series, vi. 52) remarks: "This song is in [Thomas] Killigrew’s tragi-comedy Cælia and Clorinda, part ii. [written abroad in 1651], act v. sc. 2. Immediately after the song is the following note by Killigrew:

'This chorus was written by Mr. Thomas Carew, cupbearer to Charles I., and sung in a masque at Whitehall, anno 1633. And I presume to make use of it here, because in the first design, 'twas writ at my request upon a dispute held betwixt mistres Cecilia Crofts and myself, where he was present; she being then maid of honour. This I have set down, lest any man should believe me so foolish as to steal such a poem from so famous an author; or so vain as to pretend to the making of it myself: and those that are not satisfied with this apology, and this song in this place, I am always ready to give them a verse of my own. Written by Thomas Killigrew, resident for Charles II. in Venice, 1651."
From those immortall flames, could shee
Draw her cold frozen pedigree.

Queft. If not in heaven nor hell, where then
Has the her birth? Ans. I' th' hearts of men;
Beauty and Feare did her create,
Younger than Love, elder than Hate,
Sister to both, by Beautie's side
To Love, by Feare to Hate, ally'de;
Defpayre her issue is, whose race
Of fruitful mischiefes drownes the space
Of the wide earth in a swolne flood
Of wrath, revenge, spight, rage and blood.

Quef. Ah how can such a spurious line
Proceed from parents so divine?
Ans. As streames, which from their crystall spring
Doe sweet and cleare their waters bring,
Yet, mingling with the brackish maine,
Nor taste nor colour they retaine.

Quef. Yet rivers 'twixt their own bankes flow
Still freh; can jealousie doe fo?
Ans. Yes, whilst shee keepes the stedfaft ground
Of Hope and Feare, her equall bound,
Hope sprung from favour, worth, or chance,
Towards the faire object doth advance;
Whilst Feare, as watchfull sentinell,
Doth the invading foe repell;
And Jealousie thus mixt doth prove
The season and the sallt of love;
But when Feare takes a larger scope,
Stifling the child of Reafon, Hope,
Then fitting on the usurped throne,
She like a tyrant rules alone,
As the wilde ocean unconfin'de,
And raging as the northern winde.

1 Ed. 1640, and Harl. MS.—from.
II. *Feminine Honour.*

In what esteeme did the Gods hold
Faire Innocence and the chaste bed,
When sandall'd vertue might be bold
Bare-foot upon sharpe cultures spread
O're burning coles to march, yet feele
Nor scorching fire, nor piercing Steele?  

Why, when the hard edg'd iron did turne
    Soft as a bed of roses blowne,
When cruell flames forgot to burne
    Their chaste pure limbes, should man alone
'Gainst female innocence conspire,
Harder than Steele, fiercer than fire?

Oh haplesse sex! Unequall s'way
    Of partiall honour! Who may know
Rebels from subiects that obey,
    When malice can on vestals throw
Disgrace, and fame fixe high repute
On the close shamelesse prostitutte?

Vaine honour! thou art but disguife,
    A cheating voyce, a jugling art;
No judge of vertue, whose pure eyes
    Court her owne image in the heart,
More pleaf'd with her true figure there,
Than her false eccho in the eare.

---

1 Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (where it is headed: *Of femall honour betraid*); Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 21.  
2 This alludes to the ancient Ordeal by Fire, a method by which accused persons undertook to prove their Innocence, by walking blindfold and bare-foot over nine red-hot Ploughshares or Pieces of Iron, placed at unequal distances. This barbarous cuftom began before the Conquest, and continued till the time of Henry III.—D.
III. Separation of Lovers.¹

STOP the chafed bore, or play
With the Lyon's paw, yet fear
From the lover's side to tear
Th' idoll of his foule away.

Though love enter by the sight
To the heart, it doth not flye
From the mind, when from the eye
The faire objects take their flight.

But since want provokes desire,
When we lose what we before
Have enjoy'd, as we want more,
So is love more set on fire.

Love doth with an hungrie eye
Glut on beautie, and you may
Safer snatch the tyger's prey,
Than his vitall food deny.

Yet though absence for a space
Sharpen the keene appetite,
Long continuance doth quite
All love's characters efface.

For the sense, not fed, denies
Nourishment unto the minde
Which with expectation pinde,
Love of a consumtion dyes.

¹ Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 22.
IV. INCOMMUNICABILITIE OF LOVE.

Quest.

Why what power was love confinde
To one object? Who can binde,
Or fix a limit to the free-borne minde?

Ans. Nature; for as bodyes may
Move at once but in one way,
So nor can mindes to more than one love stray.

Reply. Yet I feele a double smart,
Love's twinn'd-flame, his forked dart.
Ans. Then hath wilde luft, not love, posseft thy heart.

Qu. Whence springs love? Ans. From beauty. Qu. Why
Should th' effect not multiply
As faft i' th' heart, as doth the cause i' th' eye?

Ans. When two beauties equall are,
Senfe preferring neither fayre,
Desire stands still, distracted 'twixt the paire.

So in equall distance lay
Two fayre lambes in the wolfe's way;
The hungry beast will sferve e're chufe his prey.

But where one is chiefe, the rest
Cease, and that's alone posseft,
Without a rivall, monarch of the breaff.

---

1 Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 23.
OTHER SONGS IN THE PLAY.

I. A Lover, in the Disguise of an Amazon, is dearly beloved of his Mistresse.¹

CEASE, thou afflicted soule, to mourn,
Whose love and faith are paid with scorne;
For I am starv'd that feele the blisses
Of deare embraces, smiles, and kissses
From my soule's idoll, yet complaine
Of equall love more than disdaine.

Cease, beautie's exile, to lament
The frozen shades of banishment,
For I in that faire bosome dwell
That is my paradise and hell;
Banisht at home, at once at ease
In the safe port, and toft on seas.

Cease in cold jealous feares to pine,
Sad wretch, whom rivals undermine;
For though I hold lockt in mine armes
My life's sole joy, a traytor's charmes
Prevaile, whilst I may onely blame
Myselfe, that myne owne rivall am.

¹ Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (where it is merely headed The Amazons Song); Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 23-4.
[II.] Another.

A Lady, rescued from Death by a Knight who in the instant leaves her, complaines thus: ¹

O whither is my fayre sun fled,
Bearing his light, not heat, away?
If thou repose in the moyst bed
Of the Sea Queene, bring backe the day
To our darke clime, and thou shalt lye
Bathed in the sea flowes from mine eye.

Upon what whirlewind didst thou ride
Hence, yet remainst fixt in my heart?
From me and to me, fled and tyde?
Darke riddles of the amorous art!
Love lent thee wings to flye, so hee,
Unfeather'd now, must reft with mee.

Helpe, helpe, brave youth: I burne, I bleed;
The cruel God with bow and brand
Purues that life thy valour freed,
Disarme him with thy conquering hand;
And that thou may'ft the wilde boy tame,
Give me his dart, keep thou his flame.

¹ Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd’s MS. (where it is called The Prince[s] Song); Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 24.
The Works of

To Ben Jonson. 1

Upon occasion of his Ode of Defiance annext to his
Play of the New Inne. 2

IS true (deare Ben) thy just chastizing hand
Hath fixt upon the sotted age a brand
To their swolne pride and empty scribbling due;
It can not judge, nor write, and yet 'tis true
Thy commique mufe, from the exalted line
Toucht by thy Alchymift, doth since decline
From that her zenith, and foretells a red
And blushing evening, when she goes to bed;
Yet such as shall outshine the glimmering light
With which all stars shall guild the following night.
Nor thinke it much (since all thy eaglets may
Endure the funnie tryall,) if we say
This hath the stronger wing, or that doth shine
Trickt up in fairer plumes, since all are thine.
Who hath his flock of cackling geefe compar'd
With thy tun'd quire of swans? or who hath dar'd

1 Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (last nine lines only); Cofens MS. B. obl. 8vo.; Addit. MS. Br. Mus. 11811, fol. 12; Domestic Papers, Charles I. (S. T. O.) vol. 155, No. 79 (where there are many differences of orthography.

2 In the S. T. O. copy, which appears to be autograph, the heading of this piece is: To Ben Johnson, upon occasion of his Ode to Himself. "This was the last of Ben Johnson's dramatic productions, and it bore every mark of departing genius. The New Inn gave him more vexation than all his former pieces had done. It was exhibited at the Theatre without any success; but a great Poet is never tired of fame; he appealed from the stage to the clozet, and published his comedy, having prefixed [annexed at the end] to it an ode addressed to himself, in which he complimented his own abilities, and set the critics at defiance. 'To this ode our poet here alludes.'—D.
To call thy births deform’d? but if thou bind
By Citie-Custome or by Gavell-kind
In equall shares thy love on all thy race,
We may distinguisht of their sexe and place;
Though one hand shape them, and though one brain strike
Soules into all, they are not all alike.
Why should the follies, then, of this dull age
Draw from thy pen such an immodeft rage,
As feemes to blast thy (else-immortall) Bayes?
When thine owne tongue proclaimes thy ytcn of praise.
Such thirst will argue drouth. No, let be hurl’d
Upon thy workes by the detraeting world
What malice can sugget; let the rowte say,
The running sands, that (ere thou make a play)
Count the flow minutes, might a Goodwin frame
To swallow when th’ haft done thy shipwrackt name.
Let them the deare expence of oyle upbraid,
Suckt by thy watchfull lampe, that hath betray’d
To theft the blood of martyr’d authors, spilt
Into thy inke, whileft thou growest pale with guilt.
Repine not at the taper’s thirstie wafte,
That fleekes thy terfer poems, nor is haft
Prayfe, but excuse; and if thou overcome
A knottie writer, bring the bootie home;
Nor thinke it theft, if the rich spoyles fo torne
From conquer’d Authors be as Trophies worene.
Let others glut on the extorted praije
Of vulgar breath, truft thou to after dayes;
Thy labour’d workes shall live, when time devoures
Th’ abortive offspring of their haffie houres.
Thou art not of their ranke, the quarrell yses
Within thine owne verge; then let this suffice—
The wiser world doth greater thee confesse
Than all men else, than thy selfe onely leffe.

1 The Goodwin Sands.—D.
AN HYMENEALL DIALOGUE.

BRIDE AND GROOME.¹

Groome. ELL me, my love, since Hymen ty'de
   The holy knot, haft thou not felt
   A new infused spirit slide
   Into thy brest, whilst thine did melt?

Bride. Firt tell me, sweet, whose words were those?
   For though your voyce the ayre did breake,
   Yet did my foule the fence compose,
   And through your lips my heart did speake.

Groome. Then I perceive, when from the flame
   Of love my scorch'd soule did retire,
   Your frozen heart in her place came,
   And sweetly melted in that fire.

Bride. 'Tis true, for when that mutuall change
   Of soules was made with equall gaine,
   I straight might feele diffus'd a strange,
   But gentle, heat through every veine.

Chorus. O blest disfunction, that doth so
   Our bodyes from our soules divide,
   As two doe one, and one foure grow,
   Each by contraction multiply'de.

¹ Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 25-6.
Thomas Carew.

Bride. Thy bosome then I'le make my nest,
    Since there my willing soule doth parch.
Grome. And for my heart, in thy chaft breft,
    I'le make an everlafting search.
Chorus. O bleft disilunction, &c.

Obsequies to the Lady Anne Hay.

HEARD the virgins sigh, I saw the fleake
And polifht courtier channell his fresh cheeke
With reall teares; the new-betrothed maid
Smil'd not that day; the graver fenate layd
Their businesse by; of all the courtly throng,
Griefe seal'd the heart, and silence bound the tongue.
I, that ne're more of private sorrow knew
Than from my pen some froward mistrefs drew,
And for the publike woe had my dull fense
So fear'd with ever adverfe influence,
As the invader's fword might have unfelt
Pierc'd my dead bosome, yet began to melt;
Grieves' strong instinct did to my blood suggext
In the unknowne losse peculiar interest.
But when I heard the noble Carlil's gemme,
The faireft branch of Dennye's ancient stemme,
Was from that casket stolne, from this trunke torne,
I found just caufe why they, why I, fould mourn.
    But who shall guide my artesfe pen, to draw
Those blooming beauties, which I never saw?
How shall posteritie beleve my story,

1 She was the daughter of James Hay, firft Earl of Carlifie [of that family.]
—D. He was created in 1622, and died in 1636.
If I her crowded graces, and the glory
Due to her riper vertues, shall relate
Without the knowledge of her mortall state?
Shall I, as once Apelles, here a feature,
There steale a grace, and rifling so whole Nature
Of all the sweets a learned eye can see,
Figure one Venus, and say, such was shee?
Shall I her legend fill with what of old
Hath of the worthies of her sex beene told,
And what all pens and times to all dispence,
Reftraine to her by a prophetique fence?
Or shall I to the morall and divine
Exacting lawes shape, by an even line,
A life so straight, as it shou'd shame the square
Left in the rules of Katherine or Clare,
And call it hers? say, so did she begin,
And, had she liv'd, such had her progresse been?
These are dull wayes, by which base pens for hire
Dawbe glorious vice, and from Apollo's quire
Steale holy dittyes, which prophanely they
Upon the herse of every strumpet lay.
We will not bathe thy corps with a forc'd teare,
Nor shall thy traine borrow the blacks they weare:
Such vulgar spice and gums embalme not thee:
Thou art the theame of truth, not poetrie.
Thou shalt endure a tryall by thy peers,
Virgins of equal birth, of equal yeares,
Whose vertues held with thine an emulous strife,
Shall draw thy picture, and record thy life.
One shall enfphere thine eyes, another shall
Impearle thy teeth; a third, thy white and small
Hand shall besnow; a fourth, incarnadine
Thy rosie cheeke, untill each beauteous line,
Drawne by her hand, in whom that part excells,
Meet in one center, where all beautie dwells.
Others in tafke shall thy choyce vertues share,
Some shall their birth, some their ripe growth declare.
Though niggard Time left much unhatch'd by deeds,
They shall relate how thou hadst all the seeds
Of every vertue which, in the pursuit
Of time, must have brought forth admired fruit.
Thus shalt thou from the mouth of envy raise
A glorious journall of thy thrifty dayes,
Like a bright starre shot from his sphere, whose race
In a continued line of flames we trace.
This, if survay'd, shall to thy view impart
How little more than late thou wert, thou art;
This shall gaine credit with succeeding times,
When nor by bribed pens nor partiall rimes
Of engag'd kindred, but the sacred truth
Is storied by the partners of thy youth;
Their breath shall faint thee, and be this thy pride,
Thus even by rivals to be deiside.

To the Countesse of Anglesie

Upon the immoderately-by-her-lamented Death of her Husband [1630.]

Adam, men say you keepe with dropping eyes
Your sorrowes fresh, wat'ring the rose that lyes
Fall'n from your cheeks upon your dear lord's hearse.
Alas! those odors now no more can pierce
His cold pale nothmill, nor the cromfion dye

1 Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 24-5 (where the heading is differently arranged).
Christopher Villiers, third son of Sir George Villiers, by Mary, Countess of Buckingham, was created Earl of Anglesey in 1623, and died April 3, 1630.
Present a gracefull blush to his darke eye.
Thinke you that flood of pearly moyfture hath
The vertue fabled of old Æfon's bath?
You may your beauties and your youth confume
Over his urne, and with your fighes perfume
The solitarie vault which, as you groane,
In hollow ecchoes shall repeate your moane;
There you may wither, and an autumnne bring
Upon your felfe, but not call back his spring.
Forbeare your fruitlefe griefe then, and let thofe,
Whose love was doubted, gaine beliefe with fhowes
To their fuspected faith; you, whose whole life
In every act crown'd you a conftant wife,
May fpare the praftice of that vulgar trade,
Which superflitious cuftome onely made;
Rather (a widow now) of wisedome prove
The patterne, as (a wife) you were of love:
Yet, since you furfet on your griefe, 'tis fit
I tell the world upon what cates you fit
Glutting your forrowes; and at once include
His ftorie, your excufe, my gratitude.
You, that behold how yond' fad lady blends
Thofe afhes with her teares, left, as she fpends
Her tributarie fighes, the frequent guft
Might fcafter up and downe the noble duft,
Know, when that heape of atomes was with bloud
Kneaded to folid flefh, and firmely ftood
On ftately pillars, the rare forme might move
The froward Juno's or chaft Cinthia's love.
In motion active grace, in reft a calme
Attractive sweetneffe, brought both wound and balme
To every heart. He was compof'd of all
The wifes of ripe virgins, when they call
For Hymen's rites, and in their fancies wed
A fhape of studied beauties to their bed.
Within this curious palace dwelt a foule
Thomas Carew.

Gave lufter to each part, and to the whole:
This dreft his face in curteous fmiiles, and fo
From comely gestures sweeter manners flow:
This courage joyn'd to strength; fo the hand bent
Was valour's: open'd, bountie's instrument,
Which did the scale and fword of Justice hold,
Knew how to brandifh feele and fatter gold.
This taught him not to engage his modest tongue
In suites of private gaine, though publike wrong;
Nor misemploy (as is the great man's ufe)
His credit with his master, to traduce,
Deprave, maligne, and ruine innocence,
In proud revenge of some misjudg'd offence.
But all his actions had the noble end
T' advance defert, or grace fome worthy friend.
He chose not in the active ftreame to swim,
Nor hunted honour, which yet hunted him;
But like a quiet eddie, that hath found
Some hollow creeke, there turns his waters round,
And in continuall circles dances free
From the impetuous torrent; fo did hee
Give others leave to turne the wheele of State,
(Whofe reftleffe motions spins the subjedt's fate,)  
Whilft he, retir'd from the tumultuous noyfe
Of Court and fuitors' preffe, apart enjoys
Freedome and mirth, himfelfe, his time, and friends,
And with fweet rellifh tafte he fends.
I could remember how his noble heart
First kindled at your beauties; with what art
He chas'd his game through all oppofing feares,
When I his fighes to you, and back your teares
Convay'd to him; how loyall then, and how
Conftant he prov'd fince to his marriage vow,
So as his wand'ring eyes never drew in
One luftfull thought to tempt his foule to finne;
But that I feare fuch mention rather may
Kindle new griefe, than blow the old away.
Then let him rest join'd to great Buckingham,
And with his brother's mingle his bright flame.
Looke up, and meet their beames, and you from thence
May chance derive a cheerfull influence.
Seeke him no more in dust, but call again
Your scatter'd beauties home, and so the pen,
Which now I take from this sad elegie,
Shall sing the trophies of your conquering eye.

AN ELEGIE UPON THE DEATH OF DR. DONNE,
DEAN OF PAUL'S. 1

AN we not force from widowed poetrie,
Now thou art dead, great Donne, one elegie,
To crowne thy hearfe? Why yet did we not trust,
Though with unkneaded dow-bak'd prose, thy dust,
Such as th' uncizar'd left'rer from the flower
Of fading rhet'rique, short-liv'd as his hour,
Drie as the sand that measures it, might lay
Upon the ashes on the funerall day?
Have we nor tune, nor voyce? Didst thou dispence
Through all our language both the words and fence?
'Tis a sad truth. The pulpit may her plaine
And sober Christian precepts still retaine;

1 This excellent Poet is better known in our age [1772] by his Satires, which were modernized and versified by Mr. Pope, than by his other works, which are scarce. If he was not the greatest poet, he was at least the greatest wit, of James the First's reign. Carew seems to have thought still more highly of him; for in another place he exalts him above all the other bards, ancient and modern:

"—— Donne, worth all that went before."

He died in the year 1631.—D.
Doctrines it may and wholesome uses frame,
Grave homilies and lectures; but the flame
Of thy brave soule, that shot such heat and light,
As burnt our earth, and made our darknesse bright,
Committed holy rapes upon the will,
Did through the eye the melting heart distill,
And the deepe knowledge of darke truths so teach,
As fence might judge what fancy could not reach——
Must be defir'd for ever. So the fire
That fills with spirit and heate the Delphique quire,
Which, kindled first by thy Promethean breath,
Glow'd here awhile, lyes quencht now in thy death.
The Muses' garden, with pedantique weedes
O'respread, was purg'd by thee, the lazie seeds
Of fervile imitation throwne away,
And fresh invention planted; thou didst pay
The debts of our penurious banquerout age:
Licentious thefts, that make poetique rage
A mimique furie, when our soules must be
Poffefst, or with Anacreon's extafie,
Or Pindar's, not their owne; the subtle cheate
Of flie exchanges, and the jugling feate
Of two-edg'd words, or whatsoever wrong
By ours was done the Greeke or Latine tongue,
Thou haft redeem'd, and opened as a mine
Of rich and pregnant fancie, drawne a line
Of masculine expreflion which, had good
Old Orpheus feene, or all the ancient brood
Our superstitious fooles admire, and hold
Their leade more precious than thy burnifht gold,
Thou hadft beene their exchequer, and no more
They each in others dung had search'd for ore.
Thou shalt yeeld no precedence but of time
And the blind fate of language, whose tun'd chime
More charmes the outward fense; yet thou may'ft claime
From fo great disadvantag greater fame,
Since to the awe of thy imperious wit
Our troublesome language bends, made only fit,
With her tough thick-rib'd hoopes, to gird about
Thy gyant fancie, which had prov'd too stout
For their soft melting phrahes. As in time
They had the start, so did they cull the prime
Buds of invention many a hundred yeare,
And left the rifled fields, besides the feare
To touch their harvest; yet from those bare lands,
Of what was onely thine, thy onely hands
(And that their smallest worke) have gleaned more
Than all those times and tongues could reap before.

But thou art gone, and thy strickt lawes will be
To hard for libertines in poetrie;
They will recall the goodly exil'd traine
Of gods and goddeses, which in thy just range
Was banish'd nobler poems; now with these
The silenc'd tales i' th' Metamorphoses
Shall stuffe their lines, and swell the windie page,
Till verse, refin'd by thee in this last age,
Turne ballad-rime, or those old idols be
Ador'd againe with new apostasie.

O pardon me, that breake with untun'd verse
The reverend silencie that attends thy hearfe:
Whose solemne awfull murmurs were to thee,
More than those rude lines, a loude elegie,
That did proclaime in a dumbe eloquence
The death of all the arts, whose influence,
Growne feeble, in these panting numbers lyes
Gasping short-winded accents, and so dyes.
So doth the swiftly-turning wheele not stand
In th' instant we withdraw the moving hand;
But some short time retaine a faint weake course
By vertue of the first impulsive force;
And so, whilst I cast on thy funerall pile
Thy crowne of bayes, O let it crack awhile,
Thomas Carew.

And spit disdain, till the devouring flashes
Suck all the moisture up, then turn to ashes.

I will not draw the envy, to engrosse
All thy perfections, or weep all the loss;
Those are too numerous for one elegie,
And this too great to be express'd by me.
Let others carve the rest; it will suffice
I on thy grave this epitaph incize:
Here lies a King that rulest, as he thought fit
The universal monarchie of wit;
Here lies two Flamens, and both those the best:
Apollo's first, at last the true God's priest.

In answer of an Elegiacall Letter upon the Death
of the King of Sweden from Aurelian Townsend, inviting me to write
on that subject.

Why dost thou found (my deare Aurelian)
In so shrill accents from thy Barbican
A loude allarum to my drowsie eyes,
Bidding them wake in teares and elegies
For mightie Sweden's fall? Alas! how may
My lyrique feet, that of the smooth soft way
Of love and beautie onely know the tread,
In dancing paces celebrate the dead

1 Alluding to his being both a poet and a divine.—D.
2 Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (where it is called simply Thomas Carew his answer to Aurelian Townsend); "Guftavus Adolphus, the great protector of the Protestants in Germany, who, after having subdued Ingria, Livonia, and Pomerania, was killed at the battle of Lutzen, near Leipsic [in 1632].—D.
Victorious King, or his majefticke hearfe
Prophane with th' humble touch of their low verse?
Virgil nor Lucan, no, nor Tasso—more
Than both, not Donne, worth all that went before—
With the united labour of their wit
Could a just poem to this subject fit.
His actions were too mighty to be rais'd
Higher by verse: let him in prose be pray'd,
In modest faithful story, which his deeds
Shall turne to poems: when the next age reades
Of Frankfort, Leipsigh, Wurzburg, of the Rhyne,
The Leck, the Danube, Tilly, Wallenstein,
Bavaria, Pappenheim, Lutzen-field, where hee
Gain'd after death a posthume victorie,
They'le thinke his acts things rather feign'd than done,
Like our romances of the Knight o' th' Sun.
Leave we him then to the grave Chronicler
Who, though to annals he can not refer
His too-briefe story, yet his Journals may
Stand by the Caesar's yeares; and, every day
Cut into minutes, each shall more containe
Of great designements then an emperour's raigne;
And (since 'twas but his church-yard) let him have
For his owne ashes now no narrower grave
Than the whole German continent's vast wombe,
Whilft all her cities doe but make his tombe.
Let us to suprême Providence commit
The fate of monarchs, which first thought it fit
To rend the empire from the Auffrian graffe;
And next from Sweden's, even when he did claffe
Within his dying armes the soveraigntie
Of all those provinces, that men might see
The Divine wisedome would not leave that land
Subject to any one King's sole command.
Then let the Germans feare, if Caesar shall,
Or the united princes, rise and fall.
But let us, that in myrtle bowers fit
Under secure shades, use the benefit
Of peace and plenty, which the blessed hand
Of our good King gives this obdurate land;
Let us of Revels sing, and let thy breath
(Which fill'd Fame's trumpet with Gustavus' death,
Blowing his name to heaven) gently inspire
Thy Pastorall Pipe, till all our swaines admire
Thy song and subject, whilst they both comprise
The beauties of the Shepherds Paradise;
For who like thee, (whose loose discourse is farre
More neate and polisht than our Poems are,
Whose very gate's more gracefull than our dance,) In sweetly-flowing numbers may advance
That glorious night when, not to act foule rapes,
Like birds or beasts, but in their angel-shapes,
A troope of deities came downe to guide
Our steerereffe barkes in passion's swelling tide
By vertue's carde, and brought us from above
A patterne of their owne celestiall love.
Nor lay it in darke fullen precepts drown'd,
But with rich fancie and cleare action crown'd,
Through a misterious fable (that was drawne
Like a transparant veyle of pureft lawne
Before their dazelling beauties) the divine
Venus did with her heavenly Cupid shine.
The storie's curious web, the masculine file,
The subtile fence, did time and sleepe beguile;
Pinnion'd and charm'd they stood to gaze upon
Th' angellike formes, gestures and motion;
To heare those ravishing sounds, that did dispence
Knowledge and pleasure to the foule and senfe.

1 Ingratefull—Wyburd MS.
2 The title of a Poem written by [the Honourable Walter Montague].—D.
It fill'd us with amazement to behold  
Love made all spirit: his corporeall mold,  
Dissected into atomes, melt away  
To empty ayre, and from the grosse allay  
Of mixtures and compounding accidents  
Refin'd to immateriall elements.

But when the Queene of Beautie did inspire  
The ayre with perfumes and our hearts with fire,  
Breathing from her celeftiall organ sweet  
Harmonious notes, our foules fell at her feet,  
And did with humble reverend dutie more  
Her rare perfections than high state adore.

These harmless pastimes let my Townfend sing  
To rurall tunes; not that thy Muse wants wing  
To foare a loftier pitch, for she hath made  
A noble flight, and plac'd th' heroique shade  
Above the reach of our faint flagging ryme;  
But these are subjects proper to our clyme.

Tourneyes,¹ masques, theaters better become  
Our Halcyon dayes; what though the German drum  
Bellow for freedome and revenge, the noyfe  
Concernes not us, nor shou'd divert our joyes;  
Nor ought the thunder of their carabins  
Drowne the sweet ayres of our tun'd violins.

Believe me, friend, if their prevailing powers  
Gaine them a calme securitie like ours,  
They'll hang their armes upon the olive bough,  
And dance and revell then, as we doe now.

¹ This species of entertainment, we suppose, was akin to our modern Routs, the expression seeming to be borrowed from the Spanish Tornado, or Hurricane.—D.
Upon Master W. Mountague his returne
From travell.

EADE the black bull to slaughter, with the bore
And lambe; then purple with their mingled gore
The ocean's curled brow, that so we may
The sea gods for their carefull waftage pay;
Send gratefull incense up in pious smoake
To those mild spirits, that cast a curbing yoake
Upon the stubborne winds, that calmly blew
To the wish'd shore our long'd-for Mountague.
Then, whilst the aromatique odours burne
In honour of their darling's safe returne,
The Muse's quire shall thus with voice and hand
Blesse the fayre gale that drove his ship to land:
Sweetly breathing vernal ayre,
That with kind warmth doest repayre
Winter's ruins, from whose breast
All the gums and spice of th' east
Borrow their perfumes; whose eye
Guilds the morne and cleares the skie:
Whose dishevel'd tresses shed
Pearles upon the violet bed,
On whose brow, with calm smiles drest,
The halucion fits and builds her nest;
Beautie, youth, and endless spring,
Dwell upon thy roffie wing.
Thou, if stormie Boreas throwes
Downe whole forrests when he blowes,
With a pregnant flowery birth
Canst refresh the teeming earth;
If he nip the early bud,
If he blast what's faire or good,
The Works of

If he scatter our choyce flowers,
If he shake our hills or bowers,
If his rude breath threaten us,
Thou canst stroake great Æolus,
And from him the grace obtaine
To binde him in an iron chaine.
Thus, whilft you deale your body 'mongst your friends,
And fill their circling armes, my glad soule sends
This her embrace: Thus we of Delphos greet:
As laymen claspe their hands, we joyne our feet.

To Master W. Mountague.

Sir, I areft you at your countreyes suit,
Who, as a debt to her, requires the fruit
Of that rich flock, which she by Nature's hand
Gave you in trust, to th' use of this whole land.
Next, she endites you of a felony,
For stealing what was her proprietie—
Your selfe—from hence: so seeking to convey
The publike treasure of the state away.
More, y'are accus'd of oftracisme, the state
Impos'd of old by the Athenian state
On eminent vertue; but that curse, which they
Caft on their men, you on your countrey lay.
For, thus divided from your noble parts,
This kingdome lives in exile, and all hearts,
That relish worth or honour, being rent
From your perfections, suffer banishment:
These are your publike injuries; but I
Have a just private quarrell to defie,
And call you coward, thus to run away
When you had pierc'd my heart, not daring stay
Thomas Carew.

Till I redeem'd my honour; but I swear,
By Celia's eyes, by the same force to tear
Your heart from you, or not to end this strife
Till I or find revenge, or lose my life.
But as in single fights it oft hath beene,
In that unequall equal tryall seen,
That he who had receiv'd the wrong at first
Came from the combat oft too with the worst;
So, if you foyle me when we meet, I'll then
Give you fayre leave to wound me so again.

To his Unconstant Mr. 1

But say, O very woman, why to mee
The fitt of weakenes and inconstancy?
What forfett haue I made of word or vow,
That I am rackt on thy displeafure nowe?
If I haue done a fault, I, doe not shame
To cite itt from thy lipps, give itt a name.
I ask the ba\ñes: stand forth, & tell mee why
Wee should not in our wonted loue comply?
Did thy cloy'd appetit urge the[e] to trye,
If any other man could doo't as I?
I see freinds are, like clothes, layd vp whilst newe,
But after wearinge caste, though nere foe true.
Or did thy fi[e]rece ambition longe to make
Some lover turne a martir for thy fake:
Thinking thy beauty had deferv'd no name,
Vnleffe some one had perisht in the flame;
Vppon whose loueinge duff this sentence lyes:
Here one was murthered by his mistres' eyes?

1 Harl. MS. 6057, fol. 11—12 (subscribed Tb: Car.). Not in the editions.
Or was't because my loue to thee was such
I could not chuse but blabb it—swear how much
I was thy slawe, and (dotinge) lett the[e] knowe
I better could my selfe than the[e] forgoe.

Harken, yee men, thet soe shall love like mee,
Ile give you counsell gratis! if you bee
Possesse of what you like, lett yo' faire freind
Lodge in yo' bosome, but noe secretts send
To seeke their lodginge in a female breast,
For soe much is abated of yo' rest.
The steed, that comes to understand his strength,
Growes wilde, and cafts his manager at length;
And that tame lover that vnlocks his harte
Vnto his mistresse, teaches her an art
To plunge him selfe: shewes her the secret way
Howe shee may tyrannize another day.

And nowe my faire vnkindneffe thvs to thee,
Marke how wife passion and I agree:
Heare, and be sorry for't, I will not dye
To expiate thy crime of levity.
I walke (not crofs-arm'd neither), eate and liue,
Yea for to pitty thy neglect not grieue,
Nor envy him that by my losse hath won,
That thou art from thy faith and promisfe gon.
Thou shalt beleive thy changinge moone-like fitts
Haue not infected mee nor turned my witts
To lunacy: I doe not meane to weepes,
When I should eate, or sighe when I shou'd sleepe.
I will not fall vppon my pointed quill,
Bleed incke, and Poems or invention spill,
To contrive ballads, or weaue elegies
For nurses wearings, when the infant cries,
Nor, like th' enamour'd Tristrams of the tyme,
Dispaise in profe, or hange my selfe in ryme;
Nor thether runn vppon my verses feete,
Where I shal none but fooles and madd men meete
Thomas Carew.

Who, 'midst the silent shades and mirtle walkes,  
Pule and doe penance for their mistref's faults.  
I'me none of thofe (Poeticke malecontents)  
Borne to make paper deare with my laments,  
Or vile Orlando that will rayle and vex,  
And for thy sake fall out with all thy sex.  
No, I will love againe, and seek a prize  
That shall redeeme mee from thy poore dispise;  
I'll court my fortune nowe in such a shape  
That will not faigne dye, nor fterne cullor take;  
Thus launch I of[f] with triumph from thy shore  
To which my laste fare-well: for never more  
Will I touch there to' putt to sea againe,  
Blowne with the churlifh winde of thy disdaine;  
Nor will I topp the course, till I haue found  
A coaste that yeilds safe harbour and firme ground.  
Smile yee, Loues fstars; wing'd with desires, fly  
To make my wished-for discovery,  
Nor doubt I but for one that proves like you,  
I shall finde tenn as faire, and yeit more true.

On the marriage of T[homas] K[illigrew] and  
C[ecilia] C[rofts]: the morning stormie.  

Such should this day be, so the sun should hide  
His bashfull face, and let the conquering bride  
Without a rivall shine, whilst he forbeares  
To mingle his unequall beames with hers;  
Or if sometimes he glance his squinting eye  
Betweene the parting cloudes, 'tis but to spute,

1 MS. has I.
Not emulate her glories; so comes dreft
In vayles, but as a masquer to the feast.
Thus heaven should lower, such stormy gusts should blow,
Not to denounce ungentle fates, but show
The cheerefull bridegroome to the clouds and wind
Hath all his teares and all his sighes assign'd.
Let tempefts struggle in the ayre, but rest
Eternall calmes within thy peacefull brest,
Thrice happy youth; but ever sacrifice
To that fayre hand that dry'de thy blubberd eyes,
That croun'd thy head with roses, and turn'd all
The plagues of love into a cordiall,
When first it joyn'd her virgin snow to thine,
Which when to-day the priest shall recombine,
From the misterious holy touch such charmes
Will flow, as shall unlock her wreathed armes,
And open a free passage to that fruit
Which thou haft toy'd for with a long pursuit.
But ere thou feed, that thou may'ft better taste
Thy present joyes, thinke on thy torments past;
Thinke on the mercy freed thee; thinke upon
Her vertues, graces, beauties, one by one;
So shalt thou relish all, enjoy the whole
Delights of her faire body and pure soule.
Then boldly to the fight of love proceed:
'Tis mercy not to pity, though she bleed;
Wee'le strew no nuts, but change that ancient forme,
For till to-morrow wee'le prorogue this storme,
Which shall confound with its loude whistling noyfe
Her pleasing shreikes, and fan thy panting joyes.
FOR A PICTURE, WHERE A QUEEN LAMENTS OVER THE TOMB OF A SLAINE KNIGHT.

BRAVE youth, to whom Fate in one hower
  Gave death and conquest, by whose power
  Those chains about my heart are wound,
  With which the foe my kingdom bound:
  Freed and captiv’d by thee, I bring
  For either act an offering;
  For victory, this wreath of bay;
  In signe of thraldome, downe I lay
Scepter and crown; take from my right
Those royall robes, since fortune’s spight
Forbids me live thy vertue’s prize,
I’ll dye thy valour’s sacrifice.

TO A LADY THAT DESIRED I WOULD LOVE HER.

I.
OW you have freely given me leave to love,
  What will you doe?
Shall I your mirth or passion move
  When I begin to wooe?
Will you torment, or scorne, or love me too?

II.
Each pettie beautie can disdain, and I,
  Spite of your hate,
Without your leave can see, and die;
  Dispence a nobler fate;
’Tis easie to destroy, you may create.
Then give me leave to love, and love me too,
   Not with designe
To rayse, as Love's curt rebel's doe,
   When puling poets whine,
Fame to their beautie from their blubber'd eyne.

Griefe is a puddle, and reflectts not cleare
   Your beautie's rayes ;
Joyes are pure streames; your eyes appeare
   Sullen in fadder layes,
In chearfull numbers they shine bright with prayse

Which shall not mention, to expresse you fayre,
   Wounds, flames, and darts,
Stormes in your brow, nets in your haire,
   Suborning all your parts,
Or to betray, or torture captive hearts.

I'le make your eyes like morning suns appeare,
   As milde and faire,
Your brow as crystall smooth and cleare,
   And your dihevell'd hayre
Shall flow like a calme region of the ayre.

Rich Nature's store (which is the poet's treasure)
I'le spend to dresse
Your beauties, if your mine of pleauure,
   In equall thankfulnesse,
You but unlocke, so we each other bleffe.

I.

Heare this and tremble, all
Usurping beauties, that create
A government tyrannicall
In Love's free state:
Justice hath to the sword of your edg'd eyes
His equall ballance joyn'd, his sage head lyes
In Love's soft lap, which must be just and wise.

II.

Harke how the sterne law breathes
Forth amorous sighs, and now prepares
No fetters, but of silken wreathes
And braded hayres;
His dreadfull rods and axes are exil'd,
Whilst he sits crown'd with roses: Love hath fil'de
His native roughnesse, Justice is growne milde.

III.

The golden age returns:
Love's bowe and quiver uselesse lye:
His shaft, his brand, nor wounds, nor burnes,
And crueltie
Is sunke to hell; the fayre shall all be kind;
Who loves shall be belov'd, the froward mind
To a deformed shape shall be confin'd.

---

\(^1\) "Sir John Finch was made Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, 21 Jan. 1635[-6], and was succeeded 27 Jan. 1639[-40]. The marriage did not take place. The lady was Lady Ann Wentworth, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Cleveland. She afterwards married Lord Lovelace. Her mother was a Crofts of Saxham."—Hunter's \textit{Chorus Vatum}, iii. 255 [Addit. MSS. Brit. Mus. 24489).
IV.

Aftrea hath posleft
An earthly seate, and now remains
In Finche's heart, but Wentworth's brest
That guest containes;
With her she dwells, yet hath not left the skies,
Nor lost her сфере; for, new-enthron'd, she cries
I know no heaven but faire Wentworth's eyes.

TO A. D. UNREASONABLE DISTRUSTFUL OF HER OWNE BEAUTY.

AYRE Doris, breake thy glasse; it hath perplexed
With a darke comment beautie's clearest text;
It hath not told thy face's story true,
But brought false copies to thy jealous view.
No colour, feature, lovely ayre, or grace,
That ever yet adorn'd a beauteous face,
But thou maist reade in thine, or justly doubt
Thy glasse hath beene suborn'd to leave it out;
But if it offer to thy nice survey
A spot, a staine, a blemish, or decay,
It not belongs to thee—the treacherous light
Or faithleffe stone abuse thy credulous sight.
Perhaps the magique of thy face hath wrought
Upon th' enchanted crystall, and so brought
Fantafticke shadowes to delude thine eyes
With ayrie repercussive forceries;
Or else th' enamoured image pines away
For love of the faire object, and so may
Waxe pale and wan, and though the substance grow
Lively and fresh, that may consume with woe;
Give then no faith to the false specular stone,
But let thy beauties by th' effects be knowne.
Looke, sweetest Doris, on my love-fick heart,
In that true mirrour see how fayre thou art;
There, by Love's never-erring penfill drawne,
Shalt thou behold thy face, like th' early dawne,
Shoot through the shadie covert of thy hayre,
Enameling and perfuming the calme ayre
With pearles and rofes, till thy suns display
Their lids, and let out the imprison'd day;
Whilst Delfique priests, enlightned by their theame,
In amorous numbers count thy golden beame,
And from Love's altars cloudes of sighes arise
In smoaking incence to adore thine eyes.
If then love flow from beautie as th' effect,
How canst thou the refistleffe cause suspect?
Who would not brand that foole, that should contend
There was no fire, where smoke and flames ascend?
Diftruft is worse than scorne: not to beleue
My harmes, is greater wrong than not to grieve.
What cure can for my feestring fore be found,
Whilst thou beleev'ft thy beautie cannot wound?
Such humble thoughts more cruell tyrants prove
Than all the pride that e're usurp'd in love,
For Beautie's herald here denounceth war,
There are false spies betray me to a snare.
If fire, disguis'd in balls of snow, were hurl'd,
It unsuspected might consume the world;
Where our prevention ends, danger begins,
So wolves in sheepes', lyons in ass's skins,
Might farre more mischiefe worke, because lesse fear'd;
Those the whole flock, these might kill all the herd.
Appeare then as thou art, break through this cloude,
Confesse thy beauty, though thou thence grow proud;
Be faire, though scornfull; rather let me find
Thee cruell, than thus mild and more unkind;
Thy crueltie doth only me defie,
But these dull thoughts thee to thy selfe denye.
Whether thou meane to bartar, or beftow
Thy selfe, 'tis fit thou thine owne valew know.
I will not cheate thee of thy selfe, nor pay
Less for thee than th' art worth; thou shalt not say
That is but brittle glasse, which I have found
By strict enquirie a firme diamond.
I'le trade with no such Indian fool, as sells
Gold, pearles and pretious stones for beads and bells;¹
Nor will I take a present from your hand,
Which you or prize not or not understand.
It not endeares your bountie that I doe
Esteeme your gift, unlesse you doe fo too;
You undervalew me, when you beftow
On me what you nor care for, nor yet know.
No, lovely Doris, change thy thoughts, and be
In love first with thy selfe, and then with me.
You are afflicted that you are not faire,
And I as much tormented that you are.
What I admire, you scorn; what I love, hate;
Through different faiths, both share an equall fate;
Fast to the truth, which you renounce, I stick;
I dye a martyr, you an heretique.

¹ Alluding to the ignorance of the Indian tribes in South America, who used to barter their Riches for the Toys and Trinkets of the Europeans.—D.
BREATHE, sweet Ghib, the temperate ayre of Wreſt,
Where I, no more with raging stormes oppreſt,
Weare the cold nights out by the bankes of Tweed,
On the bleake mountains, where fierce tempefts breed,
And everlafting winter dwells; where milde
Favonius and the vernall windes exilde,
Did never ſpread their wings; but the wilde north
Brings ſterill fearne, thiftles, and brambles forth.
Here; ſleep'd in balmie dew, the pregnant earth
Sends forth her teeming wombe a flowrie birth,
And, cheriſht with the warme fun's quickning heate,
Her porous boſome doth rich odours ſweate,
Whose perfumes through the ambient ayre diſſufe
Such native aromatiques, as we ſe
No forraigne gums nor effence fetct from farre,
No volatile ſpirits nor compounds that are
Adulterate; but at Nature's cheape expence
With farre more ſenuine ſweetes reſtreſh the ſenſe.
Such pure and unſeompounded beauties bleſſe
This mansion with an uſeful comelinesſe,
Devoide of art, for here the architect
Did not with curious ſkill a pile erect
Of carved marble, touch, or porpherie,
But built a houſe for hospitalitie;
No ſumptuous chimney-peece of ſhining ſtone
Invites the stranger's eye to gaze upon,
And coldly entertaines hisſight, but cleare
And cheerfulſſe flames cheriſht and warme him here;
No Dorique nor Corinthian pillars grace
With imagery this ſtructure's naked face.
The Works of

The lord and lady of this place delight
Rather to be in act, than seeme in fight;
In stead of statues to adorne their wall,
They throng with living men their merry hall,
Where, at large tables fill’d with wholsome meates,
The servant, tenant and kind neighbour eates.
Some of that ranke spun of a finer thred
Are with the women, steward and chaplain, fed
With daintier eates; others of better note,
Whom wealth, parts, office, or the herald’s coate,
Have sever’d from the common, freely fit
At the lord’s table, whose spread sides admit
A large access of friends, to fill those seats
Of his capacious circle, fill’d with meates
Of choicest relish, till his oaken back
Under the load of pil’d-up dishes crack.
Nor thinke, because our piramids and high
Exalted turrets threaten not the skie,
That therefore Wrest of narrownesse complaines,
Or firstightned walls, for she more numerous traines
Of noble guests daily receives, and those
Can with farre more conveniencie dispose
Than prouder piles, where the vaine builder spent
More cost in outward gay embellishment
Than reall use, which was the sole designe
Of our contriver, who made things not fine,
But fit for service. Amaltheas horne
Of plentie is not in effigie worn
Without the gate, but she within the dore
Empties her free and unexhausted store.

1 Amalthea was the daughter of Melissus, King of Crete. She is fabled to have fed Jupiter, while an infant, with the milk of a goat, whose Horn the god afterwards made her a present of, endued with this virtue, that whoever possessed it should have everything they wished for. Hence it was called the Horn of Plenty.—D.
Nor, croun'd with wheaten wreathes, doth Ceres stand
In stone, with a crook'd sickle in her hand;
Nor on a marble tunne, his face besmear'd
With grapes, is curl'd uncizard Bacchus rear'd:
We offer not in emblemes to the eyes,
But to the taste, those ufefull deities.
We preffe the juycie God, and quaffe his blood,
And grinde the yeallow Goddesse into food.
Yet we decline not all the worke of art;
But where more bounteous Nature beares a part,
And guides her handmaid, if she but difpence
Fit matter, she with care and diligence
Employes her skill; for where the neighbour fourfe
Powers forth her waters, she directs their course,
And entertaines the flowing streams in deepe
And spacious channells, where they flowly creepe
In snakie windings, as the shelving ground
Leades them in circles, till they twice surround
This ifland mansion which, i' th' center plac'd,
Is with a double cryftall heaven embrac'd,
In which our watery constellations floate,
Our fifties, swans, our water-man and boate,
Envy'd by those above, which wish to flake
Their starre-burnt limbses in our refreshing lake.
But they fliek faft nayl'd to the barren sphere,
Whilft our encreafe, in fertile waters here
Disport and wander freely where they please,
Within the circuit of our narrow feas.
With various trees we fringe the water's brinke,
Whose thirstie rootes the soaking moysture drinke;
And whose extended boughes in equall rankes
Yeeld fruit, and shade, and beautie to the bankes.
On this fide young Vertumnus fits, and courts
His ruddie-cheek'd Pomona; Zephyre sports
On th' other with lov'd Flora, yeelding there
Sweetes for the smell, sweetes for the palate here.
The Works of

But did you taste the high and mighty drink
Which from that fountaine flowes, you'd clearly think
The god of wine did his plume clutters bring,
And crush the Falerne's grape into our spring;
Or else, disguis'd in watery robes, did swim
To Ceres' bed, and make her big of him,
Begetting so himself on her; for know
Our vintage here in March doth nothing owe
To theirs in autumne, but our fire boyles here
As lustie liquor as the sun makes there.
Thus I enjoy myself, and taste the fruit
Of this blest peace; whilst, toy'd in the pursuit
Of bucks and stags, th' embleme of warre, you strive
To keepe the memory of our armes alive.

The New-Yeares Gift.

To the King.

OOKE back, old Janus, and survey,
From Time's birth till this new-borne day,
All the successful season bound
With laurel wreathes and trophies crown'd;
Turne o're the annals past, and where
Happie auspicious dayes appeare,

---

1 The grape of Falerne is celebrated by all antiquity. It was produced from vines of a peculiar strength and flavour, which grew in the Falernian fields in Campania.—D.

2 Janus, who was painted with two faces. He was worshipped as a god, war had a temple built to him. In time of peace it was shut; in time of and it was open.—D.
Mark'd with the whiter stone, that cast
On the darke brow of th' ages past
A dazeling lufter, let them shine
In this succeeding circle's twine,
Till it be round with glories spread;
Then with it crowne our Charles his head,
That we th' ensuing yeare may call
One great continued festivall.
Freh joyes, in varied formes, apply
To each distinct captivitie.
Seafon his cares by day with nights
Crown'd with all conjugall delights;
May the choyce beauties that enflame
His royall brest be still the same;
And he still thinke them such, since more
Thou canst not give from Nature's store.
Then as a father let him be
With numerous issue blest, and see
The faire and God-like offspring growne
From budding flarres to suns full blowne.
Circle with peacefull olive bowes
And conquering bayes his regall browes.
Let his strong vertues overcome,
And bring him bloodlesse trophies home;
Strew all the pavements where he treads
With loyall hearts or rebels' heads;
But, Byfront, open thou no more
In his blest raigne the temple dore.
TO THE QUEENE.

THOU great commandresse, that dost move
Thy scepter o're the crowne of love,
And through his empire with the awe
Of thy chaste beams dost give the law;
From his prophaner altars we
Turne to adore thy deitie:
He only can wilde luft provoke,
Thou those impurer flames canst choke;
And where he scatters looser fires,
Thou turn'st them into chaf't desires;
His kingdome knowes no rule but this:
Whatever pleaseth, lawfull is;
Thy sacred lore shewes us the path
Of modestie and constant faith,
Which makes the rude male satisfied
With one faire female by his side;
Doth either sex to each unite,
And forme love's pure hermaphrodite.
To this thy faith behold the wilde
Satyr already reconciled,
Who from the influence of thine eye
Hath fuckt the deepe divinitie.
O free them then, that they may teach
The centaur and the horsman preach
To beasts and birds sweetly to rest,
Each in his proper lare and nest:
They shall convey it to the floud,
Till there thy law be understood:
So shalt thou with thy pregnant fire
The water, earth, and ayre inspire.
To the New Yeare,
for the Countesse of Carlile.

IVE Lucinda pearle nor stone;
Lend them light who else have none;
Let her beauties shine alone.

Gums nor spice bring from the east,
For the phenix in her brest
Builds his funerall pile and nest.

No tyre thou canst invent,
Shall to grace her forme be sent;
She adornes all ornament.

Give her nothing; but restore
Those sweet smiles, which heretofore
In her chearfull eyes she wore.

Drive those envious cloudes away,
Vailes that have o're-caft my day,
And eclipft'd her brighter ray.

Let the royall Goth mowe downe
This yeare's harvest with his owne
Sword, and spare Lucinda's frowne.

Janus, if, when next I trace
Those sweet lines, I in her face
Reade the charter of my grace,

Then from bright Apollo's tree
Such a garland wreath'd shall be,
As shall crowne both her and thee.
THE COMPARISON.

EAREST, thy twin'd haires are not threads of gold,
Nor thine eyes diamonds, nor doe I hold
Thy lips for rubies; nor thy cheeke to be
Freshe roses, nor thy teeth of Ivorie:
The skin that doth thy daintie bodie sheath
Not alabaster is, nor doft thou breath
Arabian odours: such the earth brings forth,
Compar'd with which would but impaire thy worth.
Such may be others mistrelles, but mine
Holds nothing earthly, but is all divine.
Thy treffles are those rayes that doe arife,
Not from one funne, but two; such are thy eyes;
Thy lips congealed necear are, and such
As but a deitie should none dare touch.
The perfect crimson that thy cheeke doth cloath
(But onely that it farre excells them both)
Aurora's blush resembles, or that redd
Which Iris struts in when her mantles fpread;

---

1 Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6057, fol. 9 (where it is entitled: Upoun his Mistrel); Ashmole MS. 47, art. 57, (where the title is On y' Perfeccion of his m'd); Ashmole MS. 38, art. 229 (where the lines are headed On his M' feature); Wits Recreations, 1640, sign. D 3 (imperfect). In Wits Recreations, it is accompanied by the following:—

THE ANSWER.

If earth doth never change, nor move,
There's nought of earth, sure in thy love,
Sith heavenly bodys with each one
Concur in generation,
And (wanting gravitie) are light,
Or in a borrowed lufter bright;
If meteors and each falling itar
Of heavenly matter framed are:
Earth hath my mistrffe, but sure thine
All heavenly is, though not divine.
Thomas Carew.

Thy teeth in whitenesse Leda's swan exceede;
Thy skin's a heavenly and immortall weede;
And as thou breath'st, the winds are readie straignt
To filch it from thee, and doe therefore wait
Close at thy lips and, snatching it from thence,
Beare it to heaven, where 'tis Jove's frankincense.
Faire Goddeffe (for thy feature makes thee one),
Yet be not such for these respects alone;
But as you are divine in outward view,
So be within as faire, as good, as true.

The Sparke.²

Y firft love, whom all beauties did adorne,
Firing my heart, suppreft it with her scorne;
Sun-like to tinder in my breft it lies,
By every sparkle made a sacrifce.
Each wanton eye now kindles my desire,
And that is free to all that was entire:
Desiring more, by thee (desire) I loft,³
As thofe that in consumptions hunger moft;
And now my wandring thoughts are not confnd
Unto one woman, but to woman kinde.

¹ In Afhm. MSS. 38 and 47 the termination is different. In the former it runs:—
"Yet bee not foe for that repute alone,
Shaped onlye and expofed to the view;
Bee Goddef-like in all: bee good, bee true."

Afhm. MS. 47 corresponds, with the exception of a few verbal alterations.

² Old printed copies; Mr. Huth's "Berkeley" MS. 1640.
³ This and the following line are not in Mr. Huth's MS.
This for her shape I love, that for her face,
This for her gesture or some other grace;
And where I none of these doe use to find,
I choose thereby the kernell, not the rynd:
And so I hope, though my chiefe hope be gone,
To find in many what I lost in one,
And like to merchants after some great loss
Trade by retaile, which cannot doe in grosse.  
The fault is hers that made me goe astray,—
He needs must wander that hath lost his way.
Guiltles I am; shee did this change provoke,
And made that charcoale which at first was oake;
And as a looking glasse to the aspect,
Whilst it is whole, doth but one face reflect,
But being crack't or broken, there are showne
Many leffe faces, where was first but one;
So love into my heart did first preferre
Her image, and there planted none but her;
But since 'twas broke and martird by her scorne,
Many leffe faces in her seate were borne;
Thus, like to tynder, am I prone to catch
Each falling sparkle, fit for any match.

1 Mr. Huth's MS. The old editions read, since my first hopes are, &c.
2 Ibid. Old editions have, that cannot now ingresse.
3 Ibid. Printed copies read, to her.
4 Ibid. Printed copies, from.
5 Ibid. Printed copies read, half faces, which at first were.
6 Ibid. Printed copies, unto proffer.
7 Ibid. Printed copies, face was.
Thomas Carew.

THE COMPLEMENT.¹

MY deereft, I shall grieve thee
When I sweare, yet (fweete) beleeve me:
By thine eyes, that cryftall brooke²
On which crabbed old age looke,
I sweare to thee, (though none abhorre them)
Yet I do not love thee for them.

I do not love thee for that faire
Rich fanne³ of thy moft curious haire,
Though the wires thereof be drawne
Finer than the theeds of lawne,
And are softer than the leaves
On which the subtle spinner weaves.

I doe not love thee for those flowers
Growing on thy cheeks, (Loves bowers)
Though fuch cunning them hath spread,
None can part their white ⁴ and red;
Love's golden arrowes thence are shot,
Yet for them I love thee not.

I do not love thee for those soft
Red corall lips I've kift fo oft;
Nor teeth of pearle, the double guard
To fpeech, whence musicke ftill is heard;
Though from thence a kiffe being taken
Would tyrants melt, and death awaken.

¹ Old printed copies; Ashmole MS. 38, art. 36 (where it is called In praise of the excellent composure of his mistrefs); Harl. MS. 6057, fol. 12 (where it is called Loues Complement). The Harl. MS. has enabled me to correct the text in several places, where the readings of the old copies were clearly wrong.
² Old printed copies have the tempting booke.
³ Harl. MS. 6057 has gem.
⁴ Old printed copy has paint them whıt.
The Works of

I do not love thee, O my fairest,
For that richest, for that rarest
Silver pillar which stands under
Thy round head, that globe of wonder;
Though that necke be whiter farre
Than towers of pollifht ivory are.

I do not love thee for those mountaines
Hill’d with snow, whence milkey fountains
(Suger’d sweets, as sirrop’t berries)
Must one day run through pipes of cherries:
O how much those breasts doe move me!
Yet for them I doe not love thee.

I do not love thee for that belly,
Sleeke as fatten, soft as jelly,
Though within that chriftall round
Heapes of treaure may be found
So rich, that for the least of them
A king would give his diadem.

I do not love thee for those thighs,
Whose alabaster rocks doe rise
So high and even, that they stand
Like sea-markes to some happy land.
Happy are those eyes have seene them,
But happier hee hath sayl’d betweene them.

I do not love thee for that palme,
Though the dew thereof be balme;
Nor for thy pretty legg and foote,
Although it be the precious roote
On which this goodly cedar growes:
Sweete, I love thee not for those.
Thomas Carew.

Nor for thy wit foe pure and quicke,
Whole substance no arithmetick
Can number out; nor for the charmes
Mask't in thy embracing armes;
Though in them one night to lie,
Dearest, I would gladly die.

I love thee not for eye nor haire,
Nor cheekes, nor lips, nor teeth so rare,
Nor for thy necke, nor for thy breast,
Nor for thy belly, nor the rest,
Nor for thy hand, nor foote so small;
But, wouldst thou know, deere sweet?—for all.

On sight of a Gentlewoman's Face in the Water.1

STAND still, you floods, doe not deface
That image which you beare;
So votaries from every place
To you shall altars reare.

No winds but lovers' sighs blow here,
To trouble these glad ftreames,
On which no starre from any sphare
Did ever dart such beames.2

1 Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (where it is headed: On a Mistrefses face in the water).
2 In Mr. Wyburd's MS. this stanza runs thus:—

"Noe windes but louers sighes drawe nigh
To trouble their gladd ftreames,
On which nor starre, nor the worlds eye,
Did euer dart such beames."
The Works of

To christall then in haft congeale,
   Least you should loose your bliss
And to my cruel faire reveale
   How cold, how hard she is.

But if the envious nymphes shall feare
   Their beauties will be scorn’d,
And hire the ruder winds to teare
   That face which you adorn’d;

Then rage and foame amaine, that we
   Their malice may despise;
When from your froath we soone shall see
   A second Venus rise.

Verses.

[Begins imperfectly.]¹

EE gave her Jewells in a Cuppe of Gold,
   Wherein were grave stories done of old;
And in his hand hee held a book, which shew’d
   The birth-starres of the Cittie, when Brute plow’d
The furrows for the wall: on euery page
   A king was drawne, his fortune and his age;
But shee lik’t best, and lou’d to see againe
   The Britifh Princes that had match’d with Spaine.
   Thus entred shee the Court, where euery one
   To entertaine her made provision.
Nays had angled all the night, and took
   The trout, the Gudgeon, with her siluer hook:

¹ Mr. Wyburd’s MS. where they immediately precede the poem which follows. I consider the authorship doubtful. The lines have a tincture of mingled gravity and erudition not characteristic of Carew.
The Graces all were busie in the Downes
In gattering falletts and in wreathing crownes:
The wood-nymphes ran about, and while twas dark,
With light and lowebell caught th' amazed lark:
One with some hayres, pluckt from a Centaures taile,
Made springes for the woodcock in the dale:
One spredd her nett, the Coney to in-fare:
Another with her houndes purfued the hayre.
Diana earely, with her bugle cleare,
Armed with a quiver shott the fallowe deere.
The flately ftagg, hitt with her fatell shaft,
Shedd teares in falling, while the huntrefle laugh't.
All sent their gaines to Hymen for a preffent:
The Buck, the Partridge, and the painted Pheafant;
And Joue, to grace the feast of Hymens ioye,
Sent thither Nectar by his Troyan Boy.
The Graces and the Driades were there, &c.

[Ends imperfectly.]

A Song.¹

SKE me no more where Jove beftowes,
When June is paft, the fading rofe;
For in your beautie's orient deepe
These flowers, as in their caufes, sleepe.

Afke me no more whither doth ftray
The golden atoms of the day;
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders to inrich your haire.

¹ Old printed copies; Wit Restored, 1658, and Westminster Drollery, 1672 (with a parody in each cafe). Collated with an early MS. by Haflewood; in his copy the first stanza stands third. Patherike Jenkyns, in his Amorea, 1661, has a long, “On the Death of his Miitrefs,” which feemed to Haflewood an imitation of Carew. I cannot fee it.
Aske me no more whither doth haft
The nightingale when May is paft;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters and keepes warme her note.

Aske me no more where those fтарres light,
That downewards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they fit, and there
Fixed become as in their sphere.

Aske me no more if east or weft
The Phenix builds her spicý neft;
For unto you at laft shee flies,
And in your fragrant bosome dyès.

SONG.

WOULD you know what's soft? I dare
Not bring you to the downe or aire,
Nor to fтарres to shew what's bright,
Nor to snow to teach you white:

Nor, if you would musique heare,
Call the orbes to take your eare;
Nor, to please your fence, bring forth
Bruised Nard, or what's more worth.

Or on food were your thoughts plac’t,
Bring you Nectar for a taft:
Would you have all these in one,
Name my mistris, and ’tis done.
O, worldling, no, 'tis not thy gold,
Which thou dost use but to behold,
Nor fortune, honour, nor long life:
Children or friends, nor a good wife,
That makes thee happy; these things be
But shaddowes of felicitie.
Give me a wench about thirteene,
Already voted to the Queene
Of luft and lovers; whose soft haire,
Fann'd with the breath of gentle aire,
O'respreads her shoulders like a tent,
And is her vaile and ornament;
Whose tender touch will make the blood
Wild in the aged and the good;
Whose kisles, fastned to the mouth
Of threefcore yeares and longer flouth,
Renew the age, and whose bright eye
Obscures those leffer lights of skie;
Whose snowly breasts (if we may call
That snow, that never melts at all)
Makes Jove invent a new disguise,
In spite of Junoe's jealousies;
Whose every part doth re-invite
The old decayed appetite;
And in whose sweet embraces I
May melt myselfe to luft, and die.
This is true blissé, and I confesse
There is no other happinesse.
The Hue and Cry.

In Love's name you are charged hereby
To make a speedy hue and cry
After a face, who t' other day
Came and stole my heart away;
For your directions in brief
These are best marks to know the thief:
Her hair a net of beams would prove,
Strong enough to captive Jove,
Playing the eagle: her clear brow
Is a comely field of snow,
A sparkling eye, so pure a gray
As when it shines it needs no day.
Ivory dwelleth on her nose;
Lilies, married to the rose,
Have made her cheek the nuptial bed;
[Her] lips betray their virgin red,
As they only blush'd for this,
That they one another kis;

---

1 This piece is taken from the Wittie Faire One, performed as early as 1628 (Shirley's Works, edit. 1833, i, 311); Mr. Dyce was evidently unaware of the circumstance that this poem was inserted (with material variations) as Carew's in all the editions of his Works. The ordinary version and a third (totally different) from a MS. will be given also presently. There is very little or no probability that a writer of Carew's ability and original genius would have appropriated the work of another man; and as it is well known that songs written long before by other pens were often inserted in plays, it is not altogether unlikely that Shirley may have had Carew's permission to make use of the Hue and Cry in this way, and that the production thus found its way into the printed copy of the Wittie Faire One, 1633. On this supposition I have given in the text all the versions.
But observe, beside the rest,
You shall know this felon best
By her tongue; for if your ear
Shall once a heavenly music hear,
Such as neither gods nor men
But from that voice shall hear again,
That, that is she: oh, take her t' ye;
None can rock heaven asleep but she.

Another Version.¹

In Love's name you are charg'd hereby,
To make a speedy hue and cry
After a face which, t'other day,
Stole my wandring heart away.
To direct you, thefe, in briefe,
Are ready markes to know the thiefe.

Her haire a net of beames would prove
Strong enough to captive Jove
In his eagle's shape; her brow
Is a comely field of snow;
Her eye so rich, so pure a grey,
Every beame creates a day;
And if she but sleepe (not when
The fun sets) 'tis night ajen.
In her cheekes are to be feene
Of flowers both the king and queene,
Thither by the Graces led,
And fresly laid in nuptiall bed;
On whom lips like nymphes doe waite,
Who deplore their virgin state;

¹ Old printed copies.
The Works of

Oft they blush, and blush for this,
That they one another kiss;
But obferve besides the rest,
You shall know this fellon best
By her tongue, for if your eare
Once a heavenly musicke heare,
Such as neither gods nor men,
But from that voice, shall heare again—
That, that is she. O strait surprize,
And bring her unto Love’s affize.
If you let her goe, she may
Antedate the latter day,
Fate and philofophy controle,
And leave the world without a foule.

Another Version.

GOOD folk, for gold or hire,
One help mee to a Cryer;
For my poore heart is gone astray
After two eyes that past this waie.
If there be anie man
In towne or Country can
Bring mee my heart againe,
Ile paie him for his paine;
And by these markes I will you shewe,
That onelie I this heart doe owe.

1 Mr. Wyburd’s MS. only. This seems to be by Carew also. There is a piece called A Hue and Cry after Cupid, perhaps imitated from the present, in Le Prince d’Amour, 1660, 8°, a copy of which, set to music, is in Addit. MS. Br. Mus. 11608, fol. 81.
Thomas Carew.

Itt is a wounded heart,
Wherein yett sticks the dart:
Maymde in euerie part throughout it:
Faith and troath writt round about itt.
It was a tame hart and a Deare,
And never vf'd to roame;
But haueing gott this haunt, I feare
’Twill neuer bide at home.
For God’s fake, paffing by the waye,
If you my heart doe fee,
Either impound it for a ftraye,
Or fend it home to mee.

To his Mistris confined.

Song.

THINKE not, Phœbe, ’caufe a cloud
Doth now thy silver brightnes fhrowd,
My wandring eye
Can ftoope to common beauties of the skye.
Rather be kind, and this ecclips
Shall neither hinder eye nor lips,
For wee fhall meete
Within our hearts, and kiffe, and none fhall fee’t.

Nor canft thou in thy prifon be,
Without some living signe of me;
When thou doft fpye
A fun beame peepe into the roome, ’tis I;
For I am hid within a flame,
And thus into thy chamber came,
To let thee fee
In what a martyrredome I burne for thee.
The Works of

When thou dost touch thy lute, thou mayest
Thinke on my heart, on which thou plaiesst,
When each sad tone
Upon the strings doth shew my deeper groane.
When thou dost please, they shall rebound
With nimble ayres, strucke to the sound
Of thy owne voyce;
O thinke how much I tremble and rejoynce.

There's no sad picture that doth dwell
Upon thy arras wall, but well
Refembles me;
No matter though our age doe not agree.
Love can make old, as well as time;
And he that doth but twenty clime,
If he dare prove
As true as I, shewes fourescore yeares in love.

The Tinder.

Of what mould did Nature frame me?
Or was it her intent to shame me,
That no woman can come neere me
Faire, but her I court to heare me?
Sure that mistris, to whose beauty
First I paid a lover's duty,
Burnt in rage my heart to tinder,
That nor prayers nor teares can hinder.
But where ever I doe turne me,
Every sparke let fall doth burne me.
Women, since you thus inflame me,
Flint and steele I'le ever name yee.
A Song.

In her faire cheekes two pits doe lye,
To bury those flaine by her eye;
So, spight of death, this comforts me,
That fairely buried I shall be.

My grave with rose and lilly spread:
O 'tis a life to be so dead!
Come then and kill me with thy eye,
For, if thou let me live, I die.

When I behold those lips againe,
Reviving what those eyes have flaine
With kisses sweet, whose balome pure
Love's wounds, as soon as made, can cure,
Me thinkes 'tis sickenes to be found,
And there's no health to such a wound.
Come then, &c.

When in her chaste breast I behold
Those downy mounts of snow ne're cold,
And those blest hearts her beauty kills,
Reviv'd by climing those faire hills,
Mee thinkes there's life in such a death,
And so t' expire inspires new breath.
Come then, &c.

Nymphe, since no death is deadly, where
Such choice of antidotes are neere,
And your keene eyes but kill in vaine,
Those that are found, as foone as flaine;
The Works of

That I no longer dead survive,
Your way's to bury me alive
In Cupid's cave, where happy I
May dying live, and living die.
Come then and kill me with thy eye,
For, if thou let me live, I die.

THE CARVER.

TO HIS MISTRIS.

CARVER, having lov'd too long in vaine,
Hewd out the portraiture of Venus' funne
In marble rocke, upon the which did raine
Small drifling drops that from a fount did runne;
Imagining the drops would either weare
His fury out, or quench his living flame:
But when hee saw it bootlefTe did appeare,
He swore the water did augment the fame.
So I, that seeke in verse to carve thee out,
Hoping thy beauty will my flame allay,
Viewing my lines impolish't all throughout,
Find my will rather to my love obey;
That with the carver I my work doe blame,
Finding it still th' augmenter of my flame.

TO THE PAINTER.

OND man, that hop'ft to catch that face
With those false colours, whose short grace
Serves but to shew the lookers on
The faults of thy presumption;
Thomas Carew.

Or at the least to let us see
That is divine, but yet not shee:
Say you could imitate the rayes
Of those eyes that outshine the dayes,
Or counterfeite in red and white
That most uncounterfeited light
Of her complexion; yet canst thou
(Great master though thou be) tell how
To paint a vertue? Then desist,
This faire your artifice hath mist;
You should have markt how shee begins,
To grow in vertue, not in finnes;
In stead of that same rosie die,
You should have drawne out modestie,
Whose beauty fits enthroned there,
And learne to looke and blushe at her.
Or can you colour just the same,
When vertue blushes, or when shame,
When sicknes, and when innocence,
Shews pale or white unto the fence?
Can such course varnish ere be fed
To imitate her white and red?
This may doe well elsewhere in Spaine,
Among those faces died in graine;
So you may thrive, and what you doe
Prove the best picture of the two.
Besides, if all I heare be true,
'Tis taken ill by some that you
Should be so insolently vaine,
As to contrive all that rich gaine
Into one tablet, which alone
May teach us superstitition;
Instructing our amazed eyes
To admire and worship imag'ries,
Such as quickly might outshine
Some new saint, wer't allow'd a shrine,
And turne each wandring looker on
Into a new Pigmaleon.
Yet your art cannot equalize
This picture in her lover's eyes;
His eyes the pencells are which limbe
Her truly, as hers coppy him;
His heart the tablet, which alone
Is for that porçtraite the tru'ft ftone.
If you would a truer see,
Marke it in their posteritie;
And you fhall read it truly there,
When the glad world fhall see their heire.

LOVE'S COURTSHIP.¹

ISSE, lovely Celia, and be kind;
Let my defires freedome find;
Sit thee downe,
And we will make the gods confesse
Mortals enjoy some happines.

Mars would disdaine his mistris' charmes,
If he beheld thee in my armes,
And descend,
Thee his mortall Queene to make,
Or live as mortall for thy fake.

¹ Old printed copies. In Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter, 1655, the verfes are headed merely "To Celia," and are printed very imperfectly. The variations, however, are so great, that the poem appears to have been obtained from some independent source. It has rather the appearance of a firft draft of the piece. See the next poem.
Thomas Carew.

Venus must loose her title now,
And leave to brag of Cupid's bow;
Silly Queene,
Shee hath but one, but I can spie
Ten thousand Cupids in thy eye.

Nor may the sunne behold our blisse,
For sure thy eyes doe dazle his;
If thou feare
That he'll betray thee with his light—
Let me eclipse thee from his sight;

And while I shade thee from his eye,
Oh let me heare thee gently cry,
Celia yeelds.
Maids often loose their maidenhead,
Ere they set foote in nuptiall bed.

To Cœlia.¹

RISE, lovely Cœlia, and be kinde:
Let my desires freedome finde;
And we'el make the Gods confess
Mortals enjoy some happines:
Sit thee down.

Cupid hath but one bow, yet can I spie
A thousand Cupids in thy eie;
Nor may the God behold our blis,
For sure thine eyes doe dark'n his.
If thou fearest,

¹ Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter, 1655, p. 28, as cited above. This is only another and shorter copy, much altered, of the poem just printed.
The Works of

That hee'l betray thee with his light,
Let me eclipse thee with his sight;
And whilst I shade thee from his eye,
Oh, let me hear thee gently cry:
I yield.

ON A DAMASKE ROSE STICKING UPON A LADIE'S BREAST.¹

ET pride grow big, my rofe, and let the cleare
And damaske colour of thy leaves appeare;
Let fcent and lookes be sweete, and bleffe that hand
That did transplant thee to that facred land.
O happy thou that in that garden refts,
That paradice betweene that ladie's breafts!
There's an eternall fpring; there fhalt thou lie
Betwixt two lilly mounts, and never die.
There fhalt thou fpring amongft the fertile valleys
By budds, like thee that grow in midft of allyes;²
There none dare plucke thee, for that place is fuch
That, but a good devine, there's none dare touch;
If any but approach, ftraite doth arife
A blufhing lightning flash, and blafts his eyes.
There, 'tfead of raine, fhall living fountaines flow;
For wind, her fragrant breath for ever blow.
Nor now, as earft, one fun fhall on thee shine,
But those two glorious funs, her eyes devine.
O then what monarch would not think't a grace,
To leave his regall throne to have thy place?
My felfe, to gaine thy bleffed feat, do vow,
Would be transform'd into a rofe as thou.

¹ Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 26.
² Lillies.—Harl. MS.
Thomas Carew.

The Protestation,

A Sonnet.

No more shall meads be deck't with flowers,
Nor sweetneffe dwell in roifie bowers,
Nor greenest buds on branches spring,
Nor warbling birds delight to sing,
Nor Aprill violets paint the grove,
If I forfake my Celia's love.

The fish shall in the ocean burne,
And fountaines sweet shall bitter turne;
The humble oake no flood shall know,
When floods shall highest hills o'reflow.
Blacke Læthe shall oblivion leave,
If ere my Celia I deceive.

Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,
And Venus' doves want wings to flie;
The Sun refuse to shew his light,
And day shall then be turn'd to night;
And in that night no starre appeare,
If once I leave my Celia deere.

Love shall no more inhabite earth,
Nor lovers more shall love for worth,
Nor joy above in heaven dwell,
Nor paine torment poor soules in hell;
Grim death no more shall horrid prove,
If ere I leave bright Celia's love.

1 There is a great simillarity between this "sonnet" and a Poem by E. S. in the Paradise of daynty devises, 1576, p. 46.—F.
The Works of

The Tooth-ach cured by a Kisse.

A TE'S now growne mercifull to men,
Turning disease to blisse;
For had not kind rheume vext me then,
I might not Celia kisse.
Phisitians, you are now my scorne,
For I have found a way
To cure diseases, (when forlorne
By your dull art,) which may
Patch up a body for a time,
But can restore to health
No more than chimists can sublime
True gold, the Indies' wealth.
That angell sure, that us'd to move
The poole1 men so admir'd,
Hath to her lip, the seat of love,
As to his heaven, retir'd.

To his Jealous Mistris.

D MIT, thou darling of mine eyes,
I have some idol lately fram'd
That, under such a false disguise,
Our true loves might the leffe be fam'd.
Canst thou, that knowest my heart, suppose
I'le fall from thee, and worship those?

1 The pool of Bethesda, near Jerusalem, which was frequented by all kinds of diseased people, waiting for the moving of the waters. "For an angel," says St. John, "went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water: whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in, was made whole of whatsoever disease he had."—D.
Remember, deare, how loath and slow
I was to caft a looke or smile,
Or one love-line to misbeftow,
Till thou hadft chang'd both face and ftile;
And art thou growne afraid to see
That maske put on thou mad'ft for me.

I dare not call thofe childifh feares,
Comming from love, much leffe from thee,
But wash away with frequent teares
This counterfeit idolatrie;
And henceforth kneele at ne're a fhrine,
To blind the world, but only thine.

THE DART.

Oft when I looke I may defcry
A little face peepe through that eye;
Sure that's the boy which wisely chose
His throne among fuch beames as thofe,
Which, if his quiver chance to fall,
May serve for darts to kill withall.

THE MISTAKE.

When on faire Celia I did spie
A wounded heart of ftone,
The wound had almoft made me cry,
Sure this heart was my owne.
But when I saw it was enthron'd
   In her celestiall brest,
O then I it no longer own'd,
   For mine was ne're so blest.

Yet if in highest heavens doe shine
   Each constant martyr's heart,
Then shee may well give rest to mine,
   That for her sake doth smart.

Where seated in so high a blisse,
   Though wounded, it shall live;
Death enters not in Paradife,
   The place free life doth give.

Or if the place leffe sacred were,
   Did but her saving eye
Bath my sicke heart in one kind teare,
   Then shou'd I never dye.

Slight balmes may heale a slighter sore,
   No medicine leffe divine
Can ever hope for to restore
   A wounded heart like mine.
The Prologue to a Play presented before the King and Queene, att an Entertainement of them by the Lord Chamberlaine at Whitehall Hall [sic].

Song.

SINCE you have pleas'd this night to vnbind Your ferious thoughts, and with your Person lend Your Pallace out, and fo are hither come A stranger: in your owne house not at home; Diuefting state, as if you meant alone To make your Servants loyall heart your throne: Oh, see how wide those values themselues display To entertaine his royall guests! survey What Arches triumphall, Statues, Alters, Shrines Inscribd to your great names: hee these affignes Soe from that stock of zeale, his coarse cates may Borrow some rellish, though but thinly they Coverd his narrow table, foe may theis Succeeding triffles by that title please. Els, gratious Maddam, must the influence Of your faire eyes propitious beames dispence To crowne such pastimes as hee could prouide To oyle the lazie minutes as they slide.

1 Mr. Wyburd's MS., to which this and the Epilogue seem to be peculiar. These two pieces were probably written for Carew's masque or entertainment prepared for the Lord Chamberlain, when he received the King at Whitehall. They therefore may appropriately accompany the Four Songs written for the same occasion.
2 MS. has Argues.
The Works of

For well hee knowes vpon your smile depends
This night[s] success; since that alone comends
All his endeaours, giues the musick praise,
Painters and vs, and guilds the Poet's bayes.

'The Epilogue to the same Play.'

UNGER is sharp, the fated stomack dull:
Feeding delights twixt emptines and full:
The pleafure lyes not in the end, but streames
That flowe betwixt two opposite extreames.
Soe doth the flux from hott to cold combine
An equall temper: such is noble wine,
Twixt fullfome must and vinegar too tart,
Measures the scratching betwixt itch and smart.
It is a shifting Tartar, that still flyes
From place to place: if it stand still, it dyes.
After much reft, labour delights: when paine
Succeeds long travaile, reft growes sweete againe.
Paine is the base, on which his nimble feete
Move in contynuall chaunge from fower to sweete.

This the Contriver of your sports to night
Hath well obferv'd, and foe, to fix delight
In a perpetuall circle, hath applyed
The choyfet objects that care could provide
To euery fence. Onely himfelf hath felt
The load of this greate honour, and doth melt
All into humble thancks, and at your feete
Of both your majeftyes prostrates the sweete
Perfume of gratefull service, which hee sweares
Hee will extend to such a length of yeares,

1 Mr. Wyburd's MS. as above defcribd.
Thomas Carew.

As fitts not vs to tell, but doth belong
To a farre abler pen and nobler tongue.
Our task ends heere: if wee haue hitt the lawes
Of true delight, his gladd heart joyes; yet, 'caufe
You cannot to suceeding pleatures climbe,
Till you growe weary of the instant tyme,
Hee was content this laft peece should grow fower,
Onely to sweeten the insueing hower.
But if the Cook, Muftian, Player, Poett,
Painter, and all, haue fail'd, hee'le make them know itt,
That haue abus'd him: yett muft grieue att this,
Hee shoulde doo pennance, when the fin was his.

To my Lord Admirall, on his late
Sicknesse and Recovery.

With joy like ours, the Thracian youth invade
Orpheus returning from th' Elysian shade,
Embrace the Heroe, and his stay implore,
Make it their publike suit he would no more
Defert them so, and for his Spoufes sake,
His vanifht love, tempt the Lethaean Lake.
The Ladies too, the brightest of that time,
Ambitious all his lofty bed to climbe,
Their doubtfull hopes with expectation feed,
Which shall the faire Euridice succeed;
Euridice, for whom his numerous moan
Makes lift'ning Trees and savage Mountaines groane

1 The Duke of Buckingham, the unhappy favourite of Charles I. by whom he was appointed Lord High Admiral of England.—D. First printed in 1642.
The Works of

Through all the ayre his founding strings dilate
Sorrow like that which touch'd our hearts of late;
Your pining sickness and your restless paine
At once the Land affecting and the mayne.
When the glad newes that you were Admirall
Scarce through the Nation spread, 'twas fear'd by all
That our great Charles, whose wisdome shines in you,
Should be perplexed how to choose a new:
So more then private was the joy and griefe
That, at the worst, it gave our foules relief,
That in our Age such sense of vertue liv'd,
They joy'd so justly, and so justly griev'd.

Nature, her fairest light eclipsed, seemes
Herselfe to suffer in these sad extreames;
While not from thine alone thy blood retires,
But from those cheeks which all the world admires.
The stem thus threatened and the sap, in thee
Droope all the branches of that noble Tree;
Their beauties they, and we our love suspend;
Nought can our wishes save thy health intend:
As lillies over-charg'd with raine, they bend
Their beauteous heads, and with high heaven contend,
Fold thee within their snowy armes, and cry,
He is too faultlesse and too young to die:
So, like Immortals, round about thee thay
Sit, that they fright approaching death away.
Who would not languish, by so faire a train
To be lamented and restor'd againe?
Or thus with-held, what hafty soule would goe,
Though to the Blest? Oe young Adonis fo
Faire Venus mourn'd, and with the precious shoure
Of her warme teares cherisht the springing flower.
The next support, faire hope, of your great name,
And second Pillar of that noble frame,
By los of thee would no advantage have,
But, step by step, pursues thee to thy grave.
And now relentlesse Fate, about to end
The line, which backward doth so farre extend
That Antique stock, which still the world supplies
With bravest spirits and with brightest eyes,
Kind Phæbus interposing, bade me say,
Such storms no more shall shake that house; but they,
Like Neptune and his sea-born niece, shall be
The shining glories of the Land and Sea:
With courage guard, and beauty warm our Age,
And Lovers fill with like Poetique rage.

The retired Blood exhorted to returne in the
cheekes of the Pale Sisters Mr. Katherine
and Mr. Mary Nevill. ¹

Stay, coward blood, and do not yield
To thy pale sisters beauty’s field,
Who, there displaying all her white
Ensigns, hath usurp’d thy right;
Invading thy peculiar throne,
The lip, where thou shouldest rule alone;
And on the cheeke, where Nature’s care
Allotted each an equal share,
The spreading lily only grows,
Whose milky deluge drowns thy rose.
Quit not the field (faint blood) nor rush
In the short sally of a blush

¹ Not in ed. 1640, but first printed in that of 1642; Mr. Wyburd’s MS.; Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 11; Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 44. In the old printed copy it is headed: On Missre’s N. To the Green Sickness. The title given to the poem in the present text is authorized by Addit. MSS. 11811 and 22118.
Upon thy sister foe, but strive
To keep an endless war alive;
Though peace do petty states maintain,
Here war alone makes beauty reign.

To Mistrisse Katharine Nevill, on
her Greene Sickness.¹

White Innocence, that now lyest spread,
Forfaken on thy widdowed bedd,
Cold and alone, if Fear, Love, hate,
Or shame recall thy Crimson Mate
From his dark Mazes to reside
With the[e] his shaft and mayden Bride,
That hee may never backward flowe,
Congeale him to thy virgin snow:
Or if his owne heate with thy paire
Of neighbouring Suns and flameing hayre
Thawe him into a new divorce,
Least to thy heart hee take his course,
Oh lodge mee there, where Ile defeate
All future hopes of his retrreate,
And force the fugitive to seeke
A constant station in thy cheek.
Soe each shall keepe his proper place:
I in your heart, hee in your face.

¹ Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 11; Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 43; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; not in the old editions.
Thomas Carew.

Againe an other of the same.¹

Song.

RIGHT Albion, where the Queene of love
Pressing the pinion of her snow-white Dove,
With silver harnes ore thy faire
Region in Triumph drives her ivory chaire;
Where now retyr'd shee rests at home
In her white frothie bedd and native fome;
Where the graye Morne through miifts of lawne
Snowing soft pearles shootes an eternall dawne
On thy Elizian shade. Thou blest
Empire of love and beautie vnpoffeft:
Chaft virgin kingdome, but create
Mee Monarch of thy free Elective State:
Lett me furround with circling armes
My beauteous Iland, and with amorous charmes,
Mixt with this flood of frozen snowe,
In crimson streames Ile force the redd sea flowe.

UPON A MOLE IN CELIA'S BOSOM.²

THAT lovely spot which thou doft see
In Celia's bofom was a bee,
Who built her amorous spicy neft
I' th' hyblas of her either breaft;

¹ Mr. Wyburd's MS; not in the old editions.
² Old printed copies (but not in first edit.); Mr. Wyburd's MS. (where it is headed A mole betwixt Celias breaft).
But from those ivory hives she flew
To suck the aromatic dew,
Which from the neighbour vale distils,
Which parts those two twin-sister hills;
There feasting on ambrosial meat,
A rowling file of balmy sweat
(As in soft murmurs before death
Swan-like she sung,) chok'd up her breath:
So she in water did expire,
More precious than the Phœnix fire.
Yet still her shadow there remains
Confin'd to those Elysian plains,
With this strict law, that who shall lay
His bold lips on that milky way,
The sweet and smart from thence shall bring
Of the bee's honey and her sting.

An Hymeneall Song on the Nuptials of the Lady
Ann Wentworth and the Lord Lovelace.

BREAK not the slumbers of the Bride,
But let the sunne in Triumph ride,
Scattering his beamy light;
When she awakes, he shall resigne
His rayes: and she alone shall shine
In glory all the night.

For she, till day returne, must keepe
An Amorous Vigill and not sleepe
Her fayre eyes in the dew of sleepe.

1 Printed copies read sweet.
Yet gently whisper as she lies,
And say her Lord waits her uprise,
   The Priests at the Altar stay;
With flow'ry wreathes the Virgin crew
Attend, while some with roses strew,
   And Mirtles trim the way.

Now to the Temple and the Priest
See her convaid, thence to the Feast;
Then back to bed, though not to rest.

For now, to crowne his faith and truth,
Wee must admit the noble youth
   To revell in Loves sphere;
To rule, as chiefe Intelligence,
That Orbe, and happy time dispence
   To wretched Lovers here.

For they're exalted far above
All hope, feare, change, nor try to move
The wheele that spins the fates of Love.

They know no night, nor glaring noone,
Measure no houres of Sunne or Moone,
   Nor mark time's refleffe Glass;
Their kisles measure as they flow,
Minutes, and their embraces shew
   The howers as they passe.

Their Motions the yeares Circle make,
And we from their conjunctions take
Rules to make Love an Almanack.

\[1\] Old copies read or they.
WHEN I shall marry, if I doe not find
A wife thus moulded, I'le create this mind:
Nor from her noble birth, nor ample dower,
Beauty or wit, shall she derive a power
To prejudice my right; but if she be
A subject borne, she shall be so to me:
As to the soul the flesh, so Appetite
To reason is; which shall our wils unite
In habits so confirm'd, as no rough sway
Shall once appeare, if she but learn to obey.
For in habituall vertues sense is wrought
To that calme temper, as the bodie's thought
To have nor blood nor gall, if wild and rude
Passions of Lust and Anger are subdued;
When 'tis the faire obedience to the soule
Doth in the birth those swelling Acts controule.
If I in murder steepe my furious rage,
Or with Adult'ry my hot lust affwage,
Will it suffice to say my sense (the Beast)
Provokt me to't? Could I my soule divest,
My plea were good. Lyons and Buls commit
Both freely, but man must in judgement sit,
And tame this Beast; for Adam was not free,
When in excuse he said, Eve gave it me:
Had he not eaten, she perhaps had beene
Vpunisht; his consent made hers a sinne.

1 First printed in second edition.
2 This correction is suggested in a MS. note to a copy of the edition of 1642 in the Britifh Musem. The old copies read as.
A Divine Love. ¹

I.

WHY should dull Art, which is wise Natures ape,
If she produce a Shape
So far beyond all patternes that of old
Fell from her mold,
As thine, (admîr'd Lucinda!) not bring forth
An equall wonder to expresse that worth
In some new way, that hath,
Like her great worke, no print of vulgar path?

II.

Is it because the rapes of Poetry,
Rifleing the spacious sky
Of all his fires, light, beauty, influence,
Did those dispence
On ayrie creations that surpræst
The reall workes of Nature, she at last,
To prove their raptures vaine,
Shew'd such a light as Poets could not faine?

III.

Or is it 'caufe the factious wits did vie
With vaine Idolatry,
Whose Goddesse was supræme, and so had hurld
Scisma through the world,
Whose Priest sung sweetest layes, thou didn't appeare
A glorious mysterie, so darke, so cleare,
As nature did intend
All should confesse, but none might comprehend?

¹ First printed in 1642.
The Works of

IV.
Perhaps all other beauties share a light
Proportion'd to the sight
Of weake mortality, scatt'ring such loose fires
As stirre defires,
And from the braine distill salt, amorous rhumes;
Whilst thy immortall flame such drofs consumes,
And from the earthy mold
With purging fires fevers the purer gold?

V.
If so, then why in Fames immortall scrowle
Doe we their names inroule,
Whose easie hearts and wanton eyes did sweat
With sensuall heate?
If Petrarkes unarm'd bosome catch a wound
From a light glance, must Laura be renown'd?
Or both a glory gaine,
He from ill-govern'd Love, she from Disdain?

VI.
Shall he more fam'd in his great Art become
For wilfull martyrdom?
Shall she more title gaine to chaste and faire
Through his dispaire?
Is Troy more noble 'caufe to ashes turn'd,
Then virgin Cities that yet never burn'd?
Is fire, when it consumes
Temples, more fire, then when it melts perfumes?

VII.
'Caufe Venus from the Ocean took her form,
Must Love needs be a storme?
'Caufe she her wanton shrines in Islands reares,
Through seas of tears,
Ore Rocks and Gulphs, with our owne sighs for gale,
Must we to Cyprus or to Paphos sayle?
Can there no way be given,
But a true Hell, that leads to her false Heaven?

LOVES FORCE.¹

In the first ruder Age, when love was wild,
Not yet by Lawes reclaim'd, not reconcile'd
To order, nor by Reason mann'd, but flew,
Full-fum'd by Nature, on the instant view,
Upon the wings of Appetite at all
The eye could faire or senfe delightfull call:
Election was not yet; but as their cheape
Food from the Oake, or the next Acorn heape,
As water from the nearest spring or brooke,
So men their undistinguisht females took
By chance, not choice. But soone the heavenly sparke
That in mans bosome lurkt broke through this darke
Confusion; then the noblest breast first felt
Itselfe for its owne proper object melt.

A FANCY.¹

ARKI how this polisht Easernen sheet
Doth with our Northerne tinture meet;
For though the paper seeme to sinke,
Yet it receives and bears the Inke;

¹ First printed in 1642.
And on her smooth soft brow these spots
Seeme rather ornaments then blots,
Like those you Ladies use to place
Mysteriously about your face;
Not only to set off and breake
Shaddowes and Eye-beames, but to speake
To the skild Lover, and relate,
Vnheard, his sad or happy fate.
Nor do their Characters delight,
As careles workes of black and white:
But 'cause you underneath may find
A fence that can informe the mind;
Divine or moral rules impart,
Or Raptures of Poetick Art:
So what at firft was only fit
To fold up filkes, may wrap up wit.

TO HIS MISTRESS.¹

I.

GRIEVE not, my Celia, but with haste
Obey the fury of thy fate:
'Tis some perfection to waste
Discreetly out our wretched state,
To be obedient in this senfe
Will prove thy vertue, though offence.

II.

Who knows but destiny may relent?
For many miracles have been,

¹ First printed in 1671.
Thomas Carew.

Thou proving thus obedient
To all the griefs she plung'd thee in;
And then the certainty she meant
Reverted is by accident.

III.
But yet I must confess 'tis much,
When we remember what hath been,
Thus parting never more to touch,
To let eternal absence in;
Though never was our pleasure yet
So pure, but chance distracted it.

IV.
What, shall we then submit to fate,
And dye to one anothers love?
No, Celia, no, my foul doth hate
Those Lovers that inconstant prove.
Fate may be cruel, but if you decline,
The Crime is yours, and all the glory mine.

Fate and the Planets sometimes bodies part,
But canker'd nature only alters th' heart.

Song.¹

COME, my Celia, let us prove,
While we may, the sports of love;
Time will not be ours for ever:
He at length our good will sever.
Spend not then his gifts in vain;

The Works of

Suns that set may rise again,
But if once we lose this light,
'Tis with us perpetuall night.
Why should we defer our joyes?
Fame and rumour are but toyes.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor houhold spies?
Or his easier eares beguile,
So removed by our wile?
'Tis no fin loves fruit to steal,
But the sweet theft to reveal.
To be taken, to be seen:
These have crimes accounted been.

IN PRAISE OF HIS MISTRESS.¹

I.

YOU, that will a wonder know,
Go with me,
Two Suns in a Heaven of Snow
Both burning be
All they fire, that do but eye them,
But the snow's unmelted by them.

II.

Leaves of Crimson Tulips met,
Guide the way
Where Two Pearly rows be set
As white as day.
When they part themselves a sunder,
She breathes Oracles of wonder.

¹ First printed in 1671.
Thomas Carew.

III.
Hills of Milk with Azure mix'd
Swell beneath,
Waving sweetly, yet still fix'd,
While she doth breath.
From those hills descends a valley,
Where all fall, that dare to dally.

IV.
As fair Pillars understand
Statues Two,
Whiter than the Silver Swan
That swims in Po;
If at any time they move her,
Every step begets a Lover.

V.
All this but the Casket is
Which contains
Such a Jewel, as the mis;
Breeds endless pains;
That's her mind, and they that know it
May admire, but cannot show it.

To Celia upon Love's Ubiquity.¹

¹ First printed in 1671.
So (like a Ball with fire and powder fill'd)
I restles am, yet live, each minute kill'd,
And with that moving torture must retain,
(With change of all things else) a constant pain.
So I stay with you, presence is to me
Nought but a light to shew my misery,
And parting are as racks, to plague love on,
The further stretch'd, the more affliction.
Go I to Holland, France, or further Inde,
I change but only countrys, not my mind.
And though I pass through Air and Water free,
Despair and hopeles fate still follow me.
Whilst in the bosome of the waves I reel,
My heart I'll liken to the tottering Keel,
The Sea to my own troubled fate, the Wind
To your disdain, sent from a soul unkind:
But when I lift my sad looks to the skies,
Then shall I think I see my Celia's Eyes;
And when a Cloud or Storm appears between,
I shall remember what her frowns have been.
Thus, whatsoever course my fates allow,
All things but make me mind my busines—you.
The good things that I meet, I think streams be
From you the Fountain; but when bad I see,
How vile and cursed is that thing, think I,
That to such goodness is so contrary!
My whole life is 'bout you, the center star,
But a perpetual Motion Circular.
I am the Dials hand, still walking round;
You are the Compass; and I never found
Beyond your Circle; neither can I shew
Aught but what first express'd is in you,
That wherefoe'r my Tears do cause me move,
My fate still keeps me bounded with your love;
Which ere it die, or be extinct in me,
Time shall stand still, and moist Waves flaming be:
Yet being gone, think not on me; I am
A thing too wretched for thy thoughts to name;
But when I die, and with all comforts given,
I'll think on you, and by you think on heaven.

On his Mistress going to Sea.¹

AREWELL, fair Saint! may not the seas and wind
Swell like the heart and eyes you leave behind;
But, calm and gentle (as the lookes you beare)
Smile on your face, and whisper in your eare.

Let no bold Billow offer to arise,
That it may nearer look upon your eyes:
Left wind and wave, enamour'd of your Forme,
Should throng and crowd themselues into a storme.

But if it be your fate (vaste Seas) to love,
Of my becalmed breast learn how to move;
Move then, but in a gentle Lovers pace:
No furrows nor no wrinkles in your face.

And ye, fierce wind, see that you tell your tale
In such a breath as may but fill her Sail:
So, whilst ye court her, each his sev'rall way,
Ye will her safely to her Port convay.

And lose her in a noble way of wooing,
Whilst both contribute to your own undoing.

¹ Ayres and Dialogues, by H. Lawes, book i. p. 10; Abraham Wright's
Parnassus Biceps, 1657, p. 120. Not in the edits. The lines also occur with
many literal variations, and a Latin version entitled, Dominae Navigatae, in
Fanfawce's translation of Guarini's Pastor Fido, 1648.
ELL me, Eutrophia, since my fate
And thy more powerful Forme decrees
My heart an Immolation at thy Shrine,
Where it is ever to incline,
How I must love, and at what rate,
And by what steps and what degrees
I shall my hopes enlarge, and my desires confine?

A.
First when thy flames begin,
See they burne all within,
And so, as lookers on may not descry,
Smoake in a fhigh, or fparkle in an eye.
I'de have thy love a good while there,
Ere thine owne heart shoule be aware,
And I my selfe would choose to know it
First by thy care and cunning not to show it.

When my flame thine owne way is thus betrayd;
Must it be still afraidy?

---

1 This, like the preceding piece, not included hitherto in any collection of Carew's writings, occurs at the end of Sir Richard Fanthawe's translation of Guarini's Pastor Fido, 1648, 4to, and 1664, 8vo, among Fanthawe's miscellaneous poems and translations. The present verses are headed: Written by Mr. T. C. of his Maiesties Bed-Chamber, and are much in Carew's usual manner. By a curious (apparent) error in the index to the volume, the two poems are said there to be "by Mistris T. C." and the name of the lady is changed from Eutrophia to Lucretia. Fanthawe has added a Latin version of both productions; on the first he has beftowed the title of Methodus Amandi.

It is to be added that Ellis met with a copy of the present poem in a MS. then belonging to Malone, but not now in the Bodleian, and printed it with modernized spelling in his Specimens of the Early English Poets (edit. 1801, iii. 144-6). The text here used seems, on the whole, preferable.
May it not be sharp-sighted too as well,
And know thou know'st that which it dares not tell;
And by that knowledge finde it may
Tell it selfe ore a lowder way?

B.

Let me alone a while,
For so thou maist beguile
My heart to a consent,
Long ere it meant.
For while I dare not disapprove,
Leaft that betray a knowledge of thy love,
I shall be so accustom'd to allow,
That I shall not know how
To be displeas'd, when thou shalt it avow.

3.

When by loves powerfull secret sympathy
Our Soules are got thus nigh,
And that by one another seene,
There needs no breath to goe betweene,
Though in the maine agreement of our breasts
Our Hearts subscribe as Interest's,
Will it not need
The Tongues signe too as Witnese to the deed?

C.

Speake then, but when you tell the tale
Of what you ayle,
Let it be so disorder'd that I may
Gueffe onely thence what you would say.
Then to speake fence
Were an offence,
And 'twill thy passion tell the subtlest way
Not to know what to say.
IKE to the hand, that hath bine vfd to playe
One lesson longe, still runns the selfe same way,
And waights not what the heavens bidde yt stricke,
But dothe presume by cuftome this will like.
Soe runne my thoughts which are soe perfect growne,
Soe well acquainted with my passion,
That now they dare preuent me with their haft,
And ere I thincke to sighe, my sighe is past:
Its past and flowen to you, for you alone
Are all the object that I thincke vppon;
And did not you supplye my soule with thought,
For want of action ytt to none were brought.
What, though our absent armes may not infolde
Reall embraces, yet wee firmly hold
Each other in poffeision; thus wee fee
The lord enjoyes his lands, whear ere hee bee.
If kings posies no more then whear they fate,
What would they greater then a meane estate?
This makes me firmlye yours, you firmlye myne,
That somthing more then bodies us combine.

HEN, Celia, I intend to flatter you,
And tell you lyes to make you true,
I swear
Theres none so fair;
And you believe it, too.

1 MS. Ashmole 38, art. 81. This is not in the old copies, but has been printed by Blifs in his edition of the Oxford Athena (edit. Blifs, ii. 659).
Thomas Carew.

Oft have I match'd you with the rose, and said
No twins so like hath Nature made;
    But 'tis
Only in this:
    You prick my hand, and fade.

Oft have I said there is no precious stone,
But may be found in you alone,
    Though I
No stone espy,
Unless your heart be one.

When I praise your skin, I quote the wool,
That silkworms from their entrails pull,
    And shew
That new fall'n snow
Is not more beautiful.

Yet grow not proud by such Hyperboles:
Were you as excellent as these,
    While I
Before you lie,
They might be had with ease.¹

On Munday of Oxford.²

God bless the Sabbath! fye on worldly pelse!
The weeke begins on Tuesday: Munday has hanged himselfe.

² This and the following epigrams are inserted on the authority of Harl. MS. 6917, where they occur among other undoubted poems by Carew. They were probably mere jeux d'esprit preferred by accident.
The Works of Thomas Carew.

Epigram.

ALL Phillip flatt-nofe, and he frets at that:
And yet this Phillip hath a nose that's flatt.

On one that Dyed of the Wind-Collick.

HERE lyes John Dumbelow, who dyed because he was so,
If his tayle could have spoke, his hart had not broke.

On a Child's Death.

CHILD, and dead! alas, how could it come?
Surely the thread of life was but a thrumme!
Commendatory Verses.

To my honoured friend, Master Thomas May,
upon his comedie, The Heire.¹

The Heire, being borne, was in his tender age
Rockt in the Cradle of a private Stage,
Where, lifted up by many a willing hand,
The child did from the first day fairly stand;
Since, having gather'd strength, he dares pre-
terre
His steps into the publike Theater,
The World: where he despaireth not but to find
A doome from men more able, not lesse kind.

¹ Old printed copies of Carew's poems; prefixed to the edit. of The Heire, 4th. 1633; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (the first four lines only). This drama was written in or before 1620; but at what period Carew's encomium may have been composed, is slightly uncertain. The probability seems to be, however, that the verses were written in 1633, to accompany the printed copy of the play. "These complimentary verses must be considered rather as a tribute to Friendship than to Genius; for, though May was a competitor with Sir William D'Avenant for the Royal Laurel, his abilities were much les splendid. He translated the Georgics of Virgil and Lucan's Pharsalia, and was the Historian of the Oliverian Parliament."—D.
I but his U[ss]her am, yet if my word
May passe, I dare be bound he will afford
Things must deserve a welcome, if well knowne,
Such as best writers would have with their owne.
You shall observe his words in order meet,
And softly stealing on with equall feet
Slide into even numbers with such grace,
As each word had beene moulded for that place.
You shall perceive an amorous passion spunne
Into so smooth a web, as had the Sunne,
When he pursu'd the swiftly flying Maid,
Courted her in such language, she had slaid;
A love so well express'd must be the same
The Authour felt himselfe from his faire flame.
The whole plot doth alike itselfe disclose
Through the five Acts, as doth a Locke that goes
With letters, for, till every one be knowne,
The Lock's as fast as if you had found none;
And where his sportive Muse doth draw a thread
Of mirth, chaff Matrons may not blusht to reade.
Thus have I thought it fitter to reveale
My want of art, deare friend, than to conceale
My love. It did appeare I did not meane
So to commend thy well-wrought Comick scene,
As men might judge my aime rather to be
To gaine praife to my selfe, than give it thee;
Though I can give thee none but what thou haft
Deferv'd, and what must my faint breath out-laft.
Yet was this garment (though I skillefs be
To take thy measure) onely made for thee,
And if it prove too scant, 'tis caufe the stuffe
Nature allow'd me was not large enough.  

1 Alludes to the fable of Apollo and Daphne.—D.
2 The text of 1640 has been collated with the 4o. edit. of the Heire; it was not thought worth while to note the trivial differences of orthography.
To my worthy friend Master George Sandys,
on his translation of the Psalme.

PRESS not to the quire, nor dare I greet
The holy Place with my unhallowed feet;
My unwaft Muse pollutes not things divine,
Nor mingleth her profane notes with thine;
Here humbly at the Porch she list'ning stayes,
And with glad earesucks in thy Sacred Layes.
So devout penitents of old were wont,
Some without dore, and some beneath the Font,
To stand and heare the Churches Liturgies,
Yet not a-lift the solemn Exercise:
Sufficeth her that she a Lay-place gaine,
To trim thy Vestments, or but bear thy traine;
Though nor in Tune nor Wing she reach thy Larke,
Her Lyricke feet may dance before the Arke.
Who knowes but that her wandering eyes, that run
Now hunting Glow-wormes, may adore the Sun;
A pure Flame may, shot by Almighty Power
Into my brest, the earthy flame devour.
My Eyes in Penitential dew may steepe
That brine which they for sensual love did weep;
So, though ('gainst Natures course) fire may be quencht
With fire, and water be with water drencht,
Perhaps my restlesse Soul, tyr'd with perfuit
Of mortall beauty, seeking without fruit

1 These lines were originally prefixed to A Paraphrase upon the Divine Poems. By George Sandys. Lond. 1638, folio. A second edition appeared in 1648, without place or printer's name, 8°. "Dryden calls him the best versifier of his time."—D.
Contentment there which hath not, when enjoy'd,
Quench't all her thirst, nor satisfi'd, though clow'd;
Weary of her vaine search below, above
In the first Faire may find th' immortall Love.
Prompted by thy Example then, no more
In moulds of Clay will I my God adore;
But teare those idols from my heart, and write
What his blest Sp'rit, not fond love, shall indite;
Then I no more shall court the Verdant Bay,
But the dry leaveleffe Trunke on Golgotha;
And rather strive to gaine from thence one Thorne,
Than all the flourishing Wreathes by Laureats worn.

To my much honoured friend, Henry Lord Cary
of Lepington, upon his translation
of Malvezzi.¹

My Lord,

In every triviall worke 'tis knowne
Translators muft be masters of their owne
And of their Author's language; but your taflke
A greater latitude of skill did aske;
For your Malvezzi first requir'd a man
To teach him speak vulgar Italian.
His matter's so sublime, so now his phrase
So farre above the stile of Bemboe's dayes,

¹ Old printed copies. These lines were originally prefixed to the second edition of Malvezzi's Romulus and Tarquin, translated by Henry Cary, Lord Lepington, Lond. 1638, 12°. There was an edition of this work in 1637 without the verfes by Carew, Suckling and others, and with the translator's name in a monogrammatical disguife.
Old Varchie's rules, or what the Cruflca yet
For currant Tuscan mintage will admit,
As I believe your Marquess, by a good
Part of his natives, hardly understood.
You must expect no happier fate; 'tis true
He is of noble birth, of nobler you:
So nor your thoughts nor words fit common ears;
He writes, and you translate, both to your peers.

To my worthy friend, M. D'Avenant, upon his
excellent play, The Just Italian.¹

I'le not mispend in praise the narrow room
I borrow in this leaf; the garlands bloom
From thine owne feedes, that crowne each glorious page
Of thy triumphant worke; the fullen age
Requires a satyre. What starre guides the foule
Of these our froward times, that dare controule,
Yet dare not learne to judge? When didst thou flie
From hence, clear, candid Ingenuitie?
I have beheld when, pearched on the smooth brow
Of a faire modest troop, thou didst allow
Applause to lighter workes; but then the weake
Spectator gave the knowing leave to speake.

¹ Old printed copies of Carew's Poems; Davenant's Just Italian, 1630, 4º, sign. A. 2 verso and A 3 recto. "This gentleman, who was supposed, but with the greatest improbability, to be a natural son of Shakespeare, was one of the first Poets of his time. It was he who harmonized the stage. He first introduced scenery, and the order and Decorum of the French Theatre, upon the British one. He succeeded Ben Johnson as Poet Laureat to Charles."—D.
Now noye prevails, and he is tax'd for drowth
Of wit that with the crie spends not his mouth.
Yet ask him reason why he did not like;
Him, why he did: their ignorance will strike
Thy soule with corne and pity. Marke the places
Provoke their smiles, frownes, or distorted faces,
When they admire, nod, shake the head,—they're be
A scene of myrth, a double comedie.
But thy strong fancies (raptures of the braine,
Dreft in poetique flames,) they entertaine
As a bold, impious reach; for they're still flight
All that exceeds Red Bull\(^1\) and Cockpit flight.
These are the men in crowded heape that throng
To that adulterate stage, where not a tong
Of th' untun'd kennell can a line repeat
Of serious fence: but like lips meet like meat;
Whilst the true brood of actors, that alone
Keepe natural unstrain'd action in her throne,
Behold their benches bare, though they rehearse
The terfer Beaumont's or great Johnson's verse.
Repine not thou then, since this churlish fate
Rules not the stage alone; perhaps the State
Hath felt this rancour, where men great and good
Have by the rabble beene misunderstood.
So was thy Play, whose cleere, yet loftie straine
Wife men, that governe fate, shall entertaine.

---

\(^1\) After the Restoracion, there were two companies of Players formed, one under the title of the King's Servants, the other that of the Duke's Company, both by patent from the Crown; the first granted to Mr. [Thomas] Killigrew, and the latter to Sir William D'Avenant. The King's Servants acted first at the Red Bull in St. John's Street, and afterwards at the Cockpit in Drury-Lane, to which places our Poet here alludes. It seems by the verses before us that, though Killigrew's company was much inferior to D'Avenant's, it was more succesful, though the company of the latter, who performed at the Duke's theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, acted the pieces of Shakespear, Johnson, Beaumont, and were headed by the celebrated Betterton.—D.
To the Reader of Master William Davenant's Play. 1

T hath been said of old, that playes bee Feasts, Poets the Cookes, and the Spectators Guefts, The Actors Waiters. From this Similie Some have deriv'd an unsafe libertie To use their Judgements as their Tastes, which chuse Without controule this Dish, and that refuse; But Wit allows not this large Priviledge: Either you must confesse, or feele it's edge; Nor shall you make a currant inference, If you transfer your reason to your fense: Things are distinct, and must the fame appeare To every piercing Eye or well-tun'd Eare. Though sweets with yours, sharps best with my taste meet; Both must agree, this meat's or sharpe or sweet: But if I fent an fcent or a perfume, Whilst you smell nought at all, I may presume You have that fense imperfect: So you may Affect a sad, merry, or humorous Play, If, though the kind diftaste or please, the Good And Bad be by your Judgement understood; But if, as in this play, where with delight I feaft my Epicurean appetite With rellifhes fo curious, as dispence The utmoft pleasure to the ravifht fense, You should professe that you can nothing meet That hits your taste either with sharpe or sweet,

1 Old printed copies. These lines were originally prefixed to The Witts, a Comedie, &c. Lond. 1636, 4°, which text has been collated with that of 1640.
The Works of

But cry out, 'tis insipid, your bold Tongue
May doe it's Mafter, not the Author wrong;
For men of better Pallat will by it
Take the just elevation of your Wit.

To my friend, Will. D'Avenant.

Crowded 'mongst the first to see the stage
(Inspir'd by thee) strike wonder in our age,
By thy bright fancie dazled; where each scene
Wrought like a charme, and forc't the audience leane
To th' passion of thy pen. Thence ladies went
(Whose absence lovers sigh'd for) to repent
Their unkind scorne, and courtiers, who by art
Made love before with a converted heart,
To wed those virgins, whom they woo'd t' abuse;
Both rendred Hymen's pros'ligts by thy muse.

But others, who were proofe 'gainst love, did fit
To learn the subtle dictats of thy wit;
And as each profited, took his degree,
Mafter or bachelor, in comedie.
Wee of th' adult'rate mixture not complaine;
But thence more characters of vertue gaine;
More pregnant patterns of transcendent worth,
Than barren and insipid truth brings forth:
So oft the bastard nobler fortune meets
Than the dull issue of the lawfull sheets.
To Will. Davenant my Friend.¹

When I behold, by warrants from thy Pen,  
A Prince rigging our Fleets, arming our Men;  
Conducting to remotest shores our force  
(Without a Dido to retard his course),  
And thence repelling in successe-full fight  
Th' usurping Foe (whose strength was all his Right)  
By two brave Heroes (whom wee justly may  
By Homer's Ajax or Achilles lay),  
I doubt the Author of the Tale of Troy,  
With him that makes his Fugitive enjoy  
The Carthage Queen, and thinke thy Poem may  
Impose upon Posterity, as they  
Have done on us: what though Romances lye  
Thus blended with more faithfull Historie,  
Wee of th' adult'rate mixture not complaine,  
But thence more Characters of Vertue gaine;  
More pregnant Patterns of transcendent worth,  
Than barren and insipid Truth brings forth:  
So oft the Baffard nobler fortune meets  
Than the dull issue of the lawfull sheets.

¹ This is another, and the original, version of the copy of verses just given. I print them precisely as they occur among the Prolegomena to Madagascar; With other Poems. By W. Davenant. Lond. 1638, 12°. In both texts the conclusion is similar.
A Paraphrase of Certain Psalms.

**Psalme I.**

1.

APPIE the man that dothe not walke 
In wicked counsells, nor hath lent 
His glad eare to the rayling talke 
Of fakers, nor his prompt steeps² bent 
To wicked pathes, where sinners went.

2. But to those safer tracts confinde, 
Which Gods law-giuing finger made, 
Neuer withdrawes his weried mynde 
From practize of that holye trade, 
By noonedayes sunne or midnights shade.

---

¹ MS. Ashmole 38. No other copy seems to be known. It has been printed already in Fry's *Bibliographical Memoranda*, 1816, but for the present purpose the text has been collated with the MS.

² Steps.
3. Like the fayre plante whom neighbouring flouds
   Refresh, whose leafe feele no decayes;
   That not alone with flattering buds,
   But earily fruitts his Lords hope payes:
   So shall he thriue in all his wayes.

4. But the loose finner shall not share
   Soe fixt a state; like the light dust,
   That vpp and downe the empty ayre
   The wylde wynd dries with various gust:
   Soe shall crosse fortunes tos th' unjust.

5. Therefor, att the laft judgement day,
   The trembling finnefull soule shall hyde
   His confused face, nor shall he stay,
   Whear the elected troopes abyde,
   But shall be chafed farrol from theire side.

6. For the clere pathes of righteous men
   To the all-feeing Lord are knowne;
   But the darke maze and dismall den,
   Whear finners wander vpp and downe,
   Shall by his hand be overthrowne.

Psalme 2.¹

¹ MS. Ashmole 38 and Mr. Wyburd's MS. From these sources are also derived Psalms 51, 91, 104, 113 and 114, which follow.
The Works of

4, 5, 6. Alas, the glorious God that hath
His throne in heaven, derides th' vnfound
Plotts of weak mortalls: in his wrath
Thus shall hee speake: my self hath crownd
The Monarch of my holy ground.

7, 8. I will declare what God hath told;
Thou art my sonne: this happie day
Did thie incarnate birth vnfould;
Ask, and the heathen shall obey,
With the remotest Earth, thy way.

9, 10, 11. Thy rodd of iron shall, if Kings rype
Against thee, bruise them into duft
Like potts of clay; therefore bee wise,
Yee Princes, and learne judgments iust:
Serve God with feare: tremble, yet truft.

12. Kiffe and doe hommage to the Sonne,¹
Leaft his displeasure ruyne bring,
For if the fire bee but begunn,
Then happie thofe that themselues fling
Vnder the shelter of his wing.

Psalme 51.

1.

GOOD God, vnlock thy magazins
Of mercie, and forgive my finnes

2. Oh, washe and purifie the foule
Pollution of my fin-staynd foule.

¹ Both the MS. have Sunn.
3. For I confesse my faults, that lye
   In horrid shapes before myne eye.

4. Against the[e] onely and alone,
   In thie fight was this evill donne,
   That all men might thy Iustice see,
   When thou art Iudg'd for Iudging mee.

5. Euen from my birth I did begin
   With mothers milk to suck in finn.

6. But thou lov'ft truth, and shalt impart
   Thy secret wisdome to my heart.

7. Thou shalt with yfopp purge mee, soe
   Shall I seeme white as mountaine snowe.

8. Thou shalt send ioyfull newes, and then
   My broaken bones growe strong againe.

9. Lett not thine eyes my fins survey;
   But cast thosse cancell'd debts away.

10. Oh, make my cleans'd heart a pure cell,
    Where a renewed spiritt may dwell.

11. Cast mee not from thy sight, nor chase
    Away from mee thy spiritt of grace.

12. Send mee thy saueing health againe,
    And with thy Spiritt thosse ioyes mainetaine.

13. Then will I preach thy wayes, and drawe
    Converted sinners to thy lawe.

14, 15. Oh God, my God of health, vnseale
     My blood-shutt lipps, and Ile reveale
     What mercyes in thy justice dwell,
     And with lowd voyce thy praifes tell.

16, 17. Could sacrific haue purgd my vice,
     Lord, I had brought thee sacrific;
The Works of

But though burnt offerings are refus'd,
Thou shalt accept the heart that's bruis'd:
The humbled foule, the spiritt opprest:
Lord, such oblations pleafe the[e] best.

18. Bless Syon, Lord; repaire with pittie
The ruynes of thy holy Cittie.

19. Then will wee holy dower prefent thee,
And peace offeringsthat content thee;
And then thyne Alters fhall be prefet
With many a sacrificed beaft.

Psalme 91.

1, 2, 3.

AKE the greate God thy Fort, and dwell
In him by faith, and doe not care
(Soe shaded) for the power of hell
Or for the cunning Fowler's fnare,
Or poyfon of th' infected ayre.

4, 5. His plumes fhall make a downy bedd,
Where thou shalt reft: hee shall display
His wings of truth over thy head
Which, like a shield, fhall drive away
The feares of night, the darts of day.

6, 7. The winged plague that flyes by night,
The murdering sword that kills by day,
Shall not thy peacefull sleepes affright,
Though on thy right and left hand they
A thousand and ten thousand flay.
Thomas Carew.

8, 9, 10. Yet shall thine eyes behould the fall
Of sinners; but, because thy heart
Dwell with the Lord, not one of all
Those ills, nor yet the plaguie dart,
Shall dare approach neere where thou art.

11, 12, 13. His Angells shall direct thie leggs,
And guard them in the stony streets:
On lyons’ whelps and addars’ eggs
Thy stepps shall march; and if thou meete
With draggons, they shall kifs thy feete.

14, 15, 16. When thou art troubled, hee shall heare,
And help thee for thy loue embrast,
Unto[1] his name; therefore hee’l reare
Thy honours high, and when thou hast
Enioyd them long, saue the[e] att laft.

Psalme 104.2

I.

Y soule the great Gods praiues singes,
Encircled round with glorious wings.

2. Cloath’d with light, o’re whome the skie
Hangs like a starry canopie.

3. Whoe dwells vppon the gliding streames,
Enamel’d with his golden beames:
Enthron’d in clouds, as in a chayre,
Hee rydes in tryvmpth through the ayre.

1 The MSS. have And knowe and And knew.
2 Besides the copies in Ashtm. MS. 38 and in Mr. Wyburd’s MS. there is one in Addit. MS 22, 118, fol. 35-6. All the texts have been collated.
4. The winds and flameing element
   Are on his greate Ambassage sent.

5. The fabrick of the Earth shall stand
   For aye, built by his powerfull hand.

6, 7, 8, 9. The floods that with their watry robe
   Once covered all this earthlie Globe,
   Soone as this thundering voyce was heard,
   Fledd fast, and straight the hills appear'd:
   The humble valleys fawe the Sunn,
   Whilst the affrighted waters runn
   Into their channels, and noe more
   Shall drowne the earth, or passe the shoare.

10. Along those Vales the coole springs flowe,
    And wals the mountaines feete belowe.

11. Hither for drinck the whole heard strayes:
    There the wild afe his thirst alayes.

12. And on the bowghs that shade the spring
    The featherd quire shall sitt and sing.

13, 14, 15. When on her wombe thy dewe is shedd,
    The pregnant Earth is brought to bedd,
    And, with a fruitfull birth encreast,
    Yeelds hearbes and grass for man and beast:
    Heart-strengthening breade, care-drowning wyne,
    And oyle that makes the face to shine.

16. On Lebanon his cedars stand:
    Trees full of sapp, works of his hand.

17. In them the birds their cabines dight:
    The firr-tree is the storks delight.

18. The wild goat on the hills, in cells
    Of rockes the hermitt conye, dwells.
19. The Moone obserues her course; the Sunn
Knowes when his weary race is donne.

20. And when the Night her dark vaile spredds,
The wilder beasts forfake their shedds:

21. The hungrie lions hunt for blood,
And roaring begg from God their food.

22, 23. The Sunn returns: theis beasts of pray
Flye to their denss, and from the day;
And whilst they in dark cavernes lurk,
Mann till the evening goes to work.

24. How full of creatures is the Earth,
To which thy wisdome gaue their birth!

25. And those that in the wide sea breed,
The bounds of number farre exceed.

26. There the huge whales with finny feete
Dance vnderneath the faileing fleete.

27, 28, 29, 30. All theis expect theire nourishment
From thee, and gather what is sent.
Bee thy hand open, they are fedd,
Bee thie face hidd, astonished:
If thou withdraue their Soule, they must
Returne into theire former dust;
If thou send back thy breath, the face
Of th' Earth is spread with a new race.

31. Gods Gloria shall for ever stay;
Hee shall with ioy his works survey.

32, 33. The stedfaft Earth shall shake, if hee
Look downe, & if the mountaines bee
Toucht, they shall smoak; yet still my verse
Shall, whilst I live, his praise rehearse.
34. In him with joy my thoughts shall meete;  
Hee makes my meditations sweete.

35. The sinner shall appeare noo more:  
Then, oh my soule, the Lord adore!

Psalme 113.

1, 2, 3.  
EE children of the Lord, that waite  
Vpon his wille, sing hymnes divine  
From henceforth to tymes endlesse date  
To his name, prais'd from the first shine  
Of th' earthly funn, till it decline.

4, 5, 6. The hoasts of Heauen or earth haue none  
May to his height of glory rife;  
For whoe like him hath fixd his throne  
Soe high, yet bends downe to the skyes,  
And lower[es to] Earth his humble eyes?

7, 8, 9. The poore from loathed duft hee drawes,  
And makes them regall state invest  
'Mongst kings he' gives his people lawes;  
Hee makes the barren mother rest  
Vnder her roofe, with children blest.

1 Ashm. MS. the s Mr. Wyburd's MS. that.
Psalme 114.

1, 2.

HEN the seed of Iacob fledd
From the cruel Pharaohs land,
Iuda was in safety led
By the Lord, whose powerfull hand
Guided all the Hebrew band.

3, 4. This the sea saw, and dismayde
Flyes: swift Iourdane backward makes:
Mountaines skipt like rams affraid;
And the lower hillocks shakes,
Like a tender lambe that quakes.

5, 6. What, Oh Sea, hast thee dismayde?
Why did Iourdane backwards make?
Mountaines why, like rams affraid,
Skipt yee? wherefore did yee shake;
Hillocks, like the lambs that quake?

7, 8. Tremble, Oh thou steadfast Earth,
Att the presence of the Lord,
That makes rocks give rivers birth,
And by virtue of whose word
Flints shall flowing springs afford.
Psalm 119.

Aleph.  Beati Immaculati.  1.

1. LEST is hee that spottles standeth
   In the way of Gods command.

2. Blessed hee that keepes his word:
   Whose intire heart seekes the Lord;

3. For the man, that walketh in
   His iuft paths, comitts noe sin.

4. By thine strict commandes wee are
   Bound to keepe thy lawes with care.

5. Oh that my stepps might not slide
   From thy statutes' perfect guide!

6. Soe shall I decline thy wrath,
   Treading thy commaunded path;

7. Haueing learn'd thy righteous wayes,
   With true heart I'll sing thy praië;

8. In thy statutes I'll persever:
   Then forfake mee not for ever!

Beth.  In quo corriget?  2.

9. How shall youth but by the leuell
   Of thy word bee kept from euill?

1 Mr. Wyburd's MS.  No other copy seems to be known.
Thomas Carew.

10. Lett my soule, that seeke the way
    Of thy truth, not goe astraye.

11. Where leaft my fraile feet might slide,
    In my heart thy words I hide.

12. Blest bee thou, oh Lord: oh, showe
    How I may thy statutes knowe.

13. I haue publisht the divine
    Judgments of thy mouth with myne;

14. Which haue fill'd my soule with pleasure,
    More then all the heaps of treasure.

15. They shall all the subiect prove
    Of my talk and of my love.

16. Those my darlings noe tyme shall
    From my memory lett fall.

Gimel.  Retribue servo tuo.  3.

17. Lett thie grace, O Lord, preserve mee,
    That I may but live to serve thee;

18. Open my dark eyes, that I
    May thy wonderful lawes descry.

19. Lett thy glorious light appeare:
    I am but a pilgrime heere.

20. Yet the zeale of theire desyre
    Hath euen felt my heart on fire.

21. Thy fearce rodd and curse oretaketh
    Him that proudly thee forsaketh.

22. I haue kept thy lawes, Oh God:
    Turne from mee thy curse and rodd.
The Works of

23. Though combined Princes raild,
   Yet thy Servant hath not faild

24. In their studdie to abide;
   For they are my Joy, my guide.

Daleth.  Adhasit pavimento.  4.

25. For thy words fake, give new birth
   To my foule that cleaues to earth.

26. Thou haft heard my tongue vntwine
   All my waies: Lord, teach mee thyne!

27. Make mee knowe them, that I may
   All thie wonderous workes diplay.

28. Thou haft said the word: then bring
   Eafe to my foule languishing.

29. Plant in mee thy lawes' true love,
   And the Vaile of lyes remove.

30. I have choofen truth to lye,
   The fixt obiecT of myne eye.

31. On thy word my faith I grounded:
   Lett me not then bee confounded.

32. When my foule from bonds is freed,
   I shall runne thy wayes with speed.

He.  Legem pone.  5.

33. Teach mee, Lord, thy waies, and I
   From that roade will never fly;

34. Give mee knowledge, that I may
   With my heart thy lawes obey.
35. Vnto that path my stepps move,
    For I there haue fixt my love.

36. Fill my heart with those pure fires,
    Not with covetous defyres.

37. To vaine fights lett mee bee
    Blinde, but thy waies lett mee see.

38. Make thy promife firme to mee,
    That with feare have served thee.

39. 'Caufe thy judgements ever were
    Sweete, divert the shame I feare.

40. Lett not him in justice perifh,
    That defyres thy lawes to cherish.

Vau.  Et venias super me.  6.

41. Lett thy loving mercies cure mee,
    As thy promifes assure mee;

42. Soe shall the blasphemers see,
    I not vainely truft in thee;

43. Take not quite the words away
    Of thy truth, that are my stay;

44. Then I'le keepe thy lawes, even till
    Winged tyme it self stand still;

45. And whilst I pursue thy search,
    With secure stepps will I march.

46. Vnaashamed I'le record
    Euen before greate kings thy word.

47. That shall be my ioy, for there
    My thoughts ever fixt were;
48. With bent mynd and stretch’d out hands
   I will seek thie lov’d commands.

Zaine.  Memor esto Verbi tui.  7.

49. Thinck vppon thy promife made,
    For in that my truft is layd;
50. That my comfort in distrefs,
    That hath brought my life redresse.
51. Though the proud hath scorn’d mee, they
    Made mee not forfake thy waie;
52. Thy eternall judgements brought
    Joy to my remembring thought;
53. With great forrowe I am taken,
    When I see thy lawes forfaken,
54. Which haue made me songs of myrth
    In this pilgrimage of Earth:
55. Which I myndefull was to keepe,
    When I had forgott to sleepe;
56. Thy commaundes I did embrace,
    Therefore I obtain’d thy grace.

Heth.  Portio mea, Domine.  8.

57. Thou, O Lord, art my reward:
    To thy lawes my thoughts are squar’d;
58. With an humble heart I craue
    Thou wilt promis’d mercy haue.
59. I have marked my waies, and now
    To thie waies my feete I bowe.
Thomas Carew.

60. Nor haue I the tyme delaid,
    But with haft this iourney made,

61. Where, though hands of finners lay
    Snareing netts, I keepe my waie.

62. I my self att midnight raife
    Singing thy iust iudgements praife.

63. I converse with those that beare
    To thie lawes obeydient feare.

64. Teach mee them, Lord, by that grace
    Which hath fil'd the worlds wide space.

    [Concludes imperfectly.]

Psalme 137.¹

SITTING by the streames that glide
    Downe by Babell's towring wall,
With our tears wee filde the tyde,
    Whilft our myndfull thoughts recall
Thee, O Sion, and thy fall.

Our neglected harps vnstrunge,
    Not acquainted with the hand
Of the skillfull tuner, hunge
    On the willow trees that f tand
Planted in the neighbour land.

¹ MS. Ashmole 38. No other copy is at pretent known. I have little doubt, however, that Mr. Wyburd's MS. in its original integrity contained this as well as the remainder of Psalm 119.
Yett the spightfull foe commands
Songs of mirthe, and bids vs lay
To dumbe harps our captiue hands,
And to scoffe our sorrowes, say,
Sing vs some sweet Hebrew lay.

But, say wee, our holye strayn
Is too pure for heathen land,
Nor may wee God's himmes prophane,
Or moue eyther voyce or hand
To delight a fawage band.

Holye Salem, yf thy loue
Fall from my forgetfull harte,
May the skill, by which I moue
Strings of musicke tun'd with art,
From my withered hand departe.

May my speachles tongue giue found
To noe accents, but remayne
To my prifon roofe faft bound,
If my sad soule entertayne
Mirth, till thou rejoyce agayne.

In that day remember, Lord,
Edom's breed, that in our groanes
They triumph; and with fier, sword,
Burn their cittie, herse their bones,
And make all one heape of 'stones.

Cruell Babell, thou shalt feele
The reuenger of our groanes,
When the happie victor's fsteele,
As thine our's, shall hew thy bones,
And make all one heape of 'stones.
Men shall bless the hand that teares
From the mothers soft embraces
Sucking infants, and besmeares
With their braynes the rugged faces
Of the rockes and stony places.
COELUM BRITANNICUM.

A MASQUE

AT WHITE-HALL IN THE BANQUETTING-HOUSE

on Shrove-Tuesday-Night, the 18. of February, 1633.
The Description of the Scæne.¹

The first thing that presented itself to the sight was a rich Ornament that enclosed the Scæne; in the upper part of which were great branches of Foliage, growing out of leaves and huskes, with a Coronice² at the top; and in the midst was placed a large compartment, composed of Groteske worke, wherein were Harpies, with wings and Lyons clawes, and their hinder parts converted into leaves and branches: over all was a broken Frontispice, wrought with srowles and masque heads of Children; and within this a Table, adorn'd with a lesser compartment, with this inscription, COELVM BRIT-TANICVM. The two sides of this Ornament were thus ordered: First, from the ground arose a square Basement, and

¹ The present text is from the 4to tract of 1634, collated with the edition of 1640; but the first is the more correct, and appeared, as the only work of Carew which was printed in his lifetime, perhaps under his eye, to be the more suitable for selection and use in the present case. In edit. 1772 there is a long note here on the nature and origin of Masques, which seemed altogether fearlessly worth printing. The full title of the Masque will be found elsewhere.

² The uppermost member of the entablature of a Column, or that which crowns the order.—D.
on the Plinth\(^1\) stood a great vase of gold, richly enchased, and beautified with Sculptures of great Releive,\(^2\) with frutages hanging from the upper part. At the foot of this fane two youths naked, in their naturall colours; each of these with one arme supported the Vaze, on the cover of which stood two young women in Draperies, arme in arme, the one figuring the glory of Princes, and the other Manfuetude;\(^3\) their other armes bore upan Oval in which to the Kings Majesty was this Imprefe, A Lyon with an Imperial Crowne on his head; the word, Animum sub peitore forti. On the other side was the like Composition, but the designe of the Figures varied; and in the Oval on the top, being borne up by Nobility and Fecundity, was this Imprefe to the Queens Majesty, a Lilly growing with branches and leaves, and three leffer Lillies springing out of the Stemme; the word, Semper inclita Virtus. All this Ornament was heightned with Gold, and for the Invention and various composition, was the newest and most gracious that hath beene done in this place.

The curtaine was watchet,\(^4\) and a pale yellow in paines, which flying up on the sudden, discovered the Scæne, representing old Arches, old Palaces, decayed walls, parts of Temples, Theaters, Basilicas,\(^5\) and Therme,\(^6\) with confused heaps of broken Columnes, Bases, coronices, and Statues, lying as under ground, and altogether resembliing the ruines of some great city of the ancient Romans, or civiliz’d Brittaines.

\(^1\) The square member which serves as the foundation to the base of a pillar.—D.

\(^2\) That part of a figure which projects much beyond the ground on which it is carved is called by artifts alto relievo.—D. The editions have releine. This emendation is suggeted in a MS. note to a copy of ed. 1642 in the Britifh Mufeum.

\(^3\) Gentlenefs.—D.

\(^4\) Pale blue.—D.

\(^5\) Basilicas, in Architecture, are public halls with two ranges of pillars, and galleries over them.—D.

\(^6\) Baths.—D.
This strange prospect detain'd the eyes of the Spectators some time, when, to a loud musicke, Mercury descends; on the upper part of his Chariot stands a Cocke, in action of crowing; his habit was a Coat of flame colour girt to him, and a white mantle trimm'd with gold and silver; upon his head a wreath, with small falls of white feathers, a Cadufeus in his hand, and wings at his heeles. Being come to the ground, he dismounts, and goes up to the State.

Mercury.

From the high Senate of the gods, to You
Bright glorious Twins of Love and Majesty,
Before whose Throne three warlike Nations bend
Their willing knees: on whose Imperiall browes
The Regall Circle prints no awfull frownes
To fright your Subjects, but whose calmer eyes
Shed joy and safety on their melting hearts,
That flow with cheerefull loyall reverence,
Come I, Cyllenius, Joves Ambaffadour;
Not, as of old, to whisper amorous tales
Of wanton love into the glowing eare
Of some choyce beauty in this numerous traine;
Those dayes are fled, the rebell flame is quench'd
In heavenly brefts; the gods have sworne by Styx,
Never to tempt yeelding mortality
To loofe embraces. Your exemplar life
Hath not alone transfus'd a zealous heat
Of imitation through your vertuous Court,
By whose bright blaze your Pallace is become
The envy'd patterne of this underworld;
But the aspiring flame hath kindled heaven;
Th' immortall bofomes burne with emulous fires,
Jove rivals your great vertues, Royall sir,
And Juno, Madam, your attractive graces;
He his wild lufts, her raging jealousies
The Works of

She layes aside, and through th' Olympique hall,
As yours doth here, their great Example spreads.
And though of old, when youthfull blood conspir'd
With his new Empire, prone to heats of luft,
He acted incests, rapes, adulteries,
On earthly beauties, which his raging Queene,
Swolne with revengefull fury, turn'd to beasts,
And in despight he transform'd to Stars,
Till he had fill'd the crowded Firmament
With his loose Strumpets and their spurious race,
Where the eternall records of his shame
Shine to the world in flaming Characters;
When in the Chrysfal myrroure of your reigne
He view'd himselfe, he found his loathsome staines;
And now, to expiate the infectious guilt
Of those detested luxuries, hee'll chace
Th' infamous lights from their usurped Spheare,
And drowne in the Lethaean flood their curs'd
Both names and memories. In whose vacant roomes
First you succeed, and of the wheeling Orbe
In the most eminent and conspicuous point,
With dazeling beames and spreading magnitude,
Shine the bright Pole-farre of this Hemisphare;
Next, by your side, in a triumphant Chaire,
And crown'd with Ariadnes Diadem,
Sits the faire Consfort of your heart and Throne;
Diffus'd about you, with that share of light
As they of vertue have deriv'd from you,
Hee'll fix this Noble traine, of either sexe;
So to the Brittfish stars this lower Globe
Shall owe its light, and they alone dispence
To th' world a pure refined influence.

Enter Momus, attired in a long darkish robe, all wrought over
with ponyards, Serpents' tongues, eyes, and eares; his
beard and haire party coloured, and upon his head a
wreath stucke with Feathers, and a Porcupine in the Forepart.

_Momus._

By your leave, Mortals, goodden cozen Hermes! your pardon, good my lord Ambassadour. I found the tables of your Armes and Titles in every Inne betwixt this and Olympus, where your present expedition is registred your nine thoufandth nine hundred ninety-ninth Legation. I cannot reach the policy why your Mafter breeds fo few Statefmen; it suits not with his dignity that in the whole empyraeum there should not bee a god fit to fend on these honourable errands but your felfe, who are not yet fo carefull of his honour or your owne, as might become your quality, when you are itinerant; the Hofts upon the highway cry out with open mouth upon you for supporting pilfery in your traine; which, though as you are the god of petty larcinry, you might proteft, yet you know it is directly againft the new orders, and opposes the Reformation in Diameter.

_Merc._ Peace, Rayler, bridle your licentious tongue, And let this Presence teach you modesty.

_Mom._ Let it if it can; in the meane time I will acquaint it with my condition. Know (gay people) that though your Poets, who enjoy by Patent a particular privilege to draw downe any of the Deities from Twelfnight till Shrove tuesday, at what time there is annually a moft familiar entercourfe betweene the two Courts, have as yet never invited me to these Solemnities; yet it shall appeare by my intrufion this night, that I am a very considerable Perfon upon these occasions, and may moft properly affift at fuch entertainments. My name is _Momus-ap-Somnus-ap-Erebus-ap-Chaos-ap-Demorgorgon-ap-Eternity._ My Offices and Titles are, the Supreme Theomaffix, Hyperecrite of manners, Protonotarie of abufes, Arch-Informer, Dilator-Generall, Vniverfall Calumniator, Eternall Plaintiffe, and perpetuall Foreman of the Grand

D D
Inquest. My privileges are an ubiquitary, circumambulatory, speculatory, interrogatory, redargutory immunity over all the privy lodgings, behind hangings, dores, curtains, through key-holes, chinkes, windowes, about all Veneriall Lobbies, Skonces, or Redoubts, though it bee to the surprize of a perdu Page or Chambermaid; in, and at all Courts of civill and criminal judicature, all Counfels, Consultations, and Parliamentary assemblies, where, though I am but a Wooll-facke god, and have no vote in the fætition of new lawes, I have yet a Prærogative of wrestling the old to any whatsoever interpretation, whether it be to the behoofe, or prejudice, of Jupiter his Crowne and Dignity, for, or against the Rights of either house of Patrician or Plebeian gods. My natural qualities are to make love frowne, Iuno powt, Mars chafe, Venus blum, Vulcan glow, Saturne quake, Cynthia pale, Phæbus hide his face, and Mercury here take his heelles. My recreations are witty mischiefs, as when Saturne guelt his father; the Smith caught his wife and her Bravo in a net of Cobweb-Iron; and Hebe, through the lubricity of the pavement tumbling over the Halfspace, present'd the Embleme of the forked tree, and discover'd to the tann'd Ethiops the snowie cliffs of Calabria, with the Grotto of Puteolum. But that you may arrive at the perfect knowledge of me by the familiar illustration of a Bird of mine owne feather, old Peter Aretine, who reduc'd all the Scepters and Myters of that Age tributary to his wit, was my Parallel; and Frank Rabrais fack'd much of my milke too; but your moderne French Hospitall of Oratory is meere counterfeit, an arrant Mountebanke; for, though fearing no other tortures than his Sciatica, hee discourse of Kings and Queenes with as little reverence as of Groomes and Chambermaids, yet the wants their fangteeth and Scorpions tale; I meane that fellow who, to adde to his stature, thinkes it a greater grace to dance on his tiptoes like

1 Lying in wait to watch anything.—D.
a Dogge in a doublet, than to walke like other men on the soles of his feet.

Merc. No more, impertinent trifeler! you disturbe
The great Affaire with your rude fcurrilous chat:
What doth the knowledge of your abject state
Concerne Joves solemne Message?

Mom. Sir, by your favour, though you have a more especiall Commiffion of employment from Jupiter, and a larger entertainment from his Exchequer, yet, as a freeborne god, I have the liberty to travell at mine owne charges, without your passe or countenance legatine; and that it may appeare a sedulous acute observer may know as much as a dull flegmatique Ambaffador, and weares a treble key to unlocke the misterious Cyphers of your darke seccries, I will discouer the politique state of heaven to this trimme Audience.

At this the Scæne changeth, and in the heaven is discovered a Spheare, with Starres placed in their severall Images, borne up by a huge naked Figure (only a piece of Drapery hanging over his thigh) kneeling and bowing forwards, as if the great weight lying on his foulders oppreft him; upon his head, a Crowne; by all which hee might easily be knowne to be Atlas.

You shall understand, that Jupiter, upon the inspection of I know not what vertuous Presidents extant (as they say) here in this Court, but as I more probably gheffe, out of the consideration of the decay of his naturall abilities, hath before a frequent cŏvocation of the Superlunary Peeres in a solemne Oration recanted, disclaimed, and utterly renounced all the lascivious extravagancies and riotous enormities of his forepast licentious life, and taken his oath on Junos Breviary, religiously kissing the two-leav'd Booke, never to stretch his limbs more betwixt adulterous sheets, and hath with pathetick remonstrances exhorted, and under strict penalties enjoyned, a respective conformity in the severall subordinate Deities; and
because the Libertines of Antiquity, the Ribald Poets, to perpetuate the memory and example of their triumphs over chastity to all future imitation, have in their immortal songs celebrated the martyrdom of those Strumpets under the persecution of the wives, and devolved to Posterity the Pedigrees of their whores, bawds, and bastards; it is therefore by the authority aforesaid enacted, that this whole Army of constellations be immediately disbanded and casheerd, so to remove all imputation of impiety from the Celestiall Spirits, and all lustfull influences upon terrestrial bodies; and, consequently, that there be an Inquisition erected to expunge in the Ancient, and suppress in the moderne and succeeding Poems and Pamphlets, all past, present, and future mention of those abjur'd heresies, and to take particular notice of all ensuing incensities, and punish them in their high Commission Court. Am not I in election to be a tall Statesman, think you, that can repeat a passage at a Council-table thus punctually?

Merc. I shun in vaine the importunity
With which this Snarler vexeth all the gods;
Love cannot escape him: well, what else from heaven?

Mom. Heaven!—Heaven is no more the place it was: a cloyster of Carthusians, a Monastery of converted gods; Love is grown old and fearfull, apprehends a subversion of his Empire, and doubts left Fate should introduce a legall succession in the legitimate heire, by reposissing the Titanian line; and hence springs all this innovation. We have had new orders read in the Presence Chamber by the Vi-President of Parnassus, too strict to bee observed long: Monopolies are called in, sophification of wares punished, and rates imposed on Commodities. Injunctions are gone out to the Nectar Brewers, for the purging of the heavenly Beverage of a narcotique weed which hath rendred the Idaeas confus'd in the Divine intellects, and reducing it to the composition used in Saturnes reigne. Edicts are made for the restoring of decayed house-keeping, prohibiting the repayre of Families to the
Metropolis; but this did endanger an Amazonian mutiny, till the females put on a more masculine resolution of soliciting business in their own persons, and leaving their husbands at home for stallions of hospitality. Bacchus hath commanded all Tavernes to be shut, and no liquor drawne after tenne at night. Cupid must goe no more so scandaloysly naked, but is enjoyned to make him breeches, though of his mothers petticoates. Ganimede is forbidden the Bedchamber, and must only minister in publique. The gods must keep no Pages, nor Groomes of their Chamber, under the age of 25, and those provided of a competent stocke of beard. Pan may not pipe, nor Proteus juggle, but by especiall permission. Vulcan was brought to an Oretenus and fined, for driving in a plate of Iron into one of the Sunnes Chariot-wheele, and frost-nailing his horses, upon the fifth of November last, for breach of a penall Statute prohibiting worke upon Holydayes, that being the annual celebration of the Gygentomachy.¹ In briefe, the whole state of the Hierarchy suffereth a totall reformation, especially in the poynct of reciprocation of conjugall affection. Venus hath confest all her adulteries, and is received to grace by her husband who, conscious of the great disparity betwixt her perfections and his deformities, allowes those levities as an equall counterpoize; but it is the prettieft spectacle to see her stroaking with her ivory hand his collie cheeks, and with her snowie fingers combing his footy beard. Jupiter too beginnes to learne to lead his owne wife; I left him practising in the milky way; and there is no doubt of an univerfall obedience, where the Law-giver hisfelfe in his owne person observes his decrees so punctually, who, besides to eternize the memory of that great example of Matrimoniall union which he derives from hence, hath on his bed-chamber dore and feeling fretted with farres in capittall letters, engraven the inscription of

¹ This alludes to the Gunpowder Plot, and was intended, with the preceding lift of all the Regulations in Heaven, to compliment Charles I. and his Comfort on their temperance, their chastity, their justice, &c.—D.
This is as much, I am sure, as either your knowledge or Instructions can direct you to, which I having in a blunt round tale, without State-formality, politique inferences, or suspected Rhetorical elegancies, already delivered, you may now dexteriously proceed to the second part of your charge, which is the raking of yon heavenly sparks up in the Embers, or reducing the Ethereal lights to their primitive opacity, and grosse darke subsistance; they are all unrivited from the Spheare, and hang loose in their sockets, where they but attend the waving of your Caduce, and immediately they reinvest their pristine shapes, and appeare before you in their owne naturall deformities.

Merc. Momus, thou shalt prevale, for since thy bold Intrusion hath inverted my resolves,
I must obey necessity, and thus turne
My face, to breath the Thunders just decree
'Gainst this adulterate Spheare, which first I purge
Of loathsome Monsters and mis-shapen formes:
Downe from her azure concave thus I charm
The Lyrnean hydra, the rough unlick'd Beare,
The watchfull Dragon, the storme-boading Whale,
The Centaure, the horn'd Goatfish Capricorne,
The Snake-head Gorgon, and fierce Sagittar.
Divested of your gorgeous starry robes,
Fall from the circling Orbe, and e're you sucke
Freh venome in, measure this happy earth;
Then to the Fens, Caves, Forrefts, Deserts, Seas,
Fly, and resume your native qualities.

They dance in these monstrous shapes the first Antimaske\(^1\) of naturall deformity.

---

\(^1\) It is a mistake to suppose (as is generally done) that Antimasque signifies a kind of half-entertainment or Prelude to the Masque itself. The derivation of it is from Antick and Masque, and it means a dance of such strange and monstrous figures, as have no relation to order, uniformity, or even probability.—D.
Mom. Are not these fine companions, trim playfellowes for
the Deities? Yet these and their fellowes have made up all
our conversation for some thousands of yeeres. Doe not you
faire ladies acknowledge yourfelves deeply engaged now to
those Poets your fervants that, in the height of commen-
dation, have rais'd your beauties to a parallell with such
exact proportions, or at leaft rank'd you in their spruce
society? Hath not the consideration of these Inhabitants
rather frighted your thoughts utterly from the contemplation
of the place? But now that these heavenly Mansions are to
be voyd, you that shall hereafter be found unlodged will
become inexcufable; especially since Vertue alone shall be
sufficient title, fine, and rent: yet if there be a Lady not
competently ftock'd that way, she shall not on the instant
utterly depare, if shee carry a sufficient pawn of handfome-
neffe; for however the letter of the Lawe runnes, Jupiter,
notwithstanding his Age and prefent aulterity, will never
refufe to ftrampe beauty, and make it currant with his owne
Impreffion; but to fuch as are deftitute of both I can afford
but small encouragement. Proceed, Cozen Mercury; what
followes?

Merc. Look up, and marke where the bright Zodiacke
Hangs like a Belt about the bref of heaven;
On the right shoulder, like a flaming Jewell,
His shell with nine rich Topazes adorn'd,
Lord of this Tropique, fits the Skalding Crab:
He, when the Sunne gallops in full careere
His annuall race, his gaffly clawes uprear'd,
Frights at the confines of the torrid zone,
The fiery teame, and proudly stops their cours,
Making a solftice, till the fierce Steeds learne
His backward paces, and fo retrograde
Poste downe-hill to th' oppofed Capricorne.
Thus I depose him from his haughty Throne;
   "Drop from the Sky into the briny flood,
   "There teach thy motion to the ebbing Sea;
   "But let those fires that beautifi'd thy shell
   "Take humane shapes, and the disorder show
   "Of thy regressive paces here below."

The second Antimasque is dance'd in retrograde paces,
expressing obliquity in motion.

Mom. This Crab, I confess, did ill become the heavens;
but there is another that more infests the Earth, and makes
such a solstice in the politer Arts and Sciences, as they have
not been observed for many Ages to have made any sensible
advance. Could you but lead the learned squadrons with
a masculine resolution past this point of retrogradation, it
were a benefit to mankind, worthy the power of a god, and
to be payed with Altars; but that not being the worke
of this night, you may pursue your purposes: what now
succeeds?

Merc. Vice that, unbodied, in the Appetite
   Erects his Throne, hath yet in bestiall shapes
   Branded by Nature with the Character
   And distinct flampe of some peculiar ill,
   Mounted the sky, and fix'd his Trophies there:
   As fawning flattery in the little Dog,
   I' th' bigger, churlish Murmur; Cowardize
   I' th' timorous Hare; Ambition in the Eagle;
   Rapine and Avarice in th' adventrous Ship,
   That fail'd to Colchos for the Golden fleece.
   Drunken dystone in the Goblet flowes;
   I' th' Dart and Scorpion, biting Calumny;

1 Old copies have *laugby*.
In Hercules and the Lyon, furious rage;
Vaine Oftentation in Cassiope:
All these I to eternall exile doome,
But to this place their emblem'd Vices summon,
Clad in those proper Figures, by which best
Their incorporeall nature is exprest.

The third Antimasque is danc'd of these severall vices,
expressing the deviation from Vertue.

Mom. From henceforth it shall be no more said in the
Proverbe, when you would express a riotous Assembly,
That hell, but heaven, is broke loose. This was an arrant
Goale-delivery; all the prisons of your great Cities could
not have vomited more corrupt matter; but, Cozen Cyl-
leneus, in my judgement it is not safe that these infectious
persons should wander here, to the hazard of this Island;
they threatened les danger when they were nayl'd to the
Firmament: I should conceive it a very discreet course, since
they are provided of a tall vessell of their owne, ready rigg'd,
to embarque them all together in that good Ship call'd the
Argo, and send them to the plantation in New-England,
which hath purg'd more virulent humors from the politique
body, then Guacum and all the West-Indian druggs have
from the naturall bodies of this kingdom. Can you devise
how to dispose them better?

Merc. They cannot breath this pure and temperate Aire,
Where Vertue lives; but will, with hasty flight,
'Mongst fogs and vapours, seeke unfound abodes.
Fly after them, from your usurped seats,
You foule remainders of that viperous brood:
Let not a Starre of the luxurious race
With his loose blaze stain the skyes chrystall face.

All the Starres are quench'd, and the Spheare darkned.
Before the entry of every Antimasque, the Starres in those
figures in the Spheare which they were to represent, were extinct; so as, by the end of the Antimasques in the Spheare, no more Stars were seen.

Mom. Here is a totall Eclipse of the eighth Spheare, which neither Booker, Allestre, nor any of your prognosticators, no, nor their great master Tycho, were aware of; but yet, in my opinion, there were some innocent, and some generous Constellations, that might have beene referred for Noble uses; as the Scales and Sword to adorn the statue of Justice, since she resides here on Earth onely in Picture and Effigie. The Eagle had beene a fit present for the Germans, in regard their Bird hath mewed most of her feathers lately. The Dolphin, too, had beene most welcome to the French; and then, had you but clapt Perseus on his Pergafus, brandishing his Sword, the Dragon yawning on his backe under the horses feet, with Pythons dart through his throat, there had beene a Divine St George for this Nation: but since you have improvidently shuffled them altogether, it now refts onely that wee provide an immediate succession; and to that purpose I will instantly proclaime a free Election.

O yes, O yes, O yes,
By the Father of the gods,
and the King of Men.

Whereas we having observed a very commendable practice taken into frequent use by the Princes of these latter Ages, of perpetuating the memory of their famous enterprizes, sieges, battels, victories, in Picture, Sculpture, Tapistry, Embroyderies, and other manufactures, wherewith they have embellished their publique Palaces, and taken into Our more distinct and serious consideration the particular Christmas hanging of the Guard-Chamber of this Court, wherein the Navall Victory of 88. is, to the eternall glory of this Nation,

1 The defeat of the famous Spanish Armada, which Philip sent against England, and which was completely ruined by Queen Elizabeth's Fleet in 1588.—D.
exactly delineated; and whereas We likewise, out of a propheticall imitation of this so laudable cuftome, did, for many thousand yeares before, adorne and beautifie the eighth roome of Our cæleftiall Mansion, commonly called the Starre-Chamber, with the military adventures, stratagems, achievements, feats and defeats, performed in Our Owne perfon, whilest yet Our Standard was erected, and We a Combattant in the Amorous Warfare: it hath notwithstanding, after mature deliberation and long debate held firft in our owne incrutable bofome, and afterwards communicated with Our Privy Councell, seemed meet to Our Omnipotency, for caufes to Our felfe beft knowne, to unfurnifh and dif-array our foresaid Starre-Chamber of all thofe Ancient Conftellations which have for fo many Ages been sufficiently notorious, and to admit into their vacant places fuch Perfons onely as fhall be qualified, with exemplar Vertue and eminent Deferit, there to fhine in indelible Charaéters of glory to all Pofterity. It is therefore Our divine will and pleafure, voluntarily, and out of Our owne free and proper motion, meere grace and speciell favour, by these prefents, to specific and declare to all Our loving People, that it fhall be lawfull for any Perfon whatfoever, that conceiveth him or herfelfe to bee really endued with any Heroicall Vertue or transcendent Merit, worthy fo high a calling and dignity, to bring their feverall pleas and pretences before Our Right trufty and Welbeloved Cozen and Councillor, Don Mercury and god Momus, &c. our peculiar Delegates for that affaire, to whom We have Transferr’d an abfolute power to conclude and determine, without Appeale or Revocation, accordingly as to their wifedomes it fhall in fuch cases appeare behoovefull and expedient. Given at Our Palace in Olympus the firft day of the firft moneth, in the firft yeare of the Reformation.

1 Old editions have upon.
212

The Works of

Plutus enters, an old man full of wrinkles, a bald head, a thinne white beard, spectacles on his nose, with a buncht backe, and attir'd in a Robe of Cloth of gold.

Plutus appeares.

Merc. Who's this appeares?

Mom. This is a subterranean fiend, Plutus, in this Dialect term'd Riches, or the god of gold; a Poyson hid by Providence in the bottome of Seas and Navill of the earth from mans discovery; where, if the seeds beganne to sprout above-ground, the excrefcence was carefully guarded by Dragons; yet at last by humane curiosity brought to light to their owne destruction, this being the true Pandora's box, whence issued all those mischiefes that now fill the Univerfe.

Plut. That I prevent the message of the gods
Thus with my haste, and not attend their summons,
Which ought in Justice call me to the place
I now require of Right, is not alone
To shew the just precedence that I hold
Before all earthly, next th' immortall Powers;
But to exclude the hope of partiall Grace
In all Pretenders who, since I descend
To equall tryall, muft by my example,
Waving your favour, clayme by sole Defert.

If Vertue muft inherit, shee's my slave;
I lead her captive in a golden chaine
About the world; shee takes her forme and Being
From my creation; and those barren seeds
That drop from Heaven, if I not cherish them
With my distilling dewes and fotive heat,

1 Plutus was the god of wealth in the mythological creed of the ancients; but it seems questionable whether Pluto and Plutus were not the same.
2 Nourishing.—D.
They know no vegetation; but expos'd
To blasting winds of freezing Poverty,
Or not shoot forth at all, or budding wither.
Should I proclaime the daily sacrifice
Brought to my Temples by the toyling rout,
Not of the fat and gore of abject Beasts,
But humane sweat and blood powr'd on my Altars,
I might provoke the envy of the gods.

Turne but your eyes, and marke the bufie world,
Climbing steepe Mountaines for the sparkling Stone,
Piercing the Center for the shining Ore,
And th' Oceans bofome to rake pearly sands:
Croffing the torrid and the frozen Zones,
'Midst rocks and swallowing Gultes, for gainful trade:
And through oppofing fwords, fie, murdring Canon,
Skaling the walled Towne for precious spoyles.
Plant, in the paffage to your heavenly feats,
These horrid dangers, and then see who dares
Advance his desperate foot; yet am I fought,
And oft in vaine, through thefe and greater hazards:
I could discover how your Deities
Are for my sake fleighted, despis'd, abus'd;
Your Temples, Shrines, Altars, and Images
Uncover'd, rifled, rob'd, and disarray'd
By sacrilegious hands; yet is this treaure
To th' golden Mountaine, where I fit ador'd,
With superftitious solemn rights convoy'd,
And becomes sacred there, the fordid wretch
Not daring touch the confecrated Ore,
Or with prophane hands leffen the bright heape;
But this might draw your anger downe on mortals,
For rendring me the homage due to you;
Yet what is faid may well exprefTe my power,
Too great for Earth, and onely fit for Heaven.

Now, for your pastime, view the naked root
Which, in the dirty earth and bafe mould drown'd,
Sends forth this precious Plant and golden fruit.  
You lufty Swaines, that to your grazing flocks  
Pipe amorous roundelayes; you toyling Hinds,  
That barbe the fields, and to your merry Teames  
Whistle your passions; and you mining Moles,  
That in the bowels of your mother-Earth  
Dwell, the eternall burthen of her wombe,  
Ceafe from your labours, when Wealth bids you play,  
Sing, dance, and keepe a chearefull holyday.

_They dance the fourth Antimasque, consisting of  
Country people, musique, and measures._

**Merc.** Plutus, the gods know and confesse your power,  
Which feeble Vertue feldome can refift;  
Stronger then Towers of brasse or Chastity;  
Love knew you when he courted Danae,  
And Cupid weares you on that arrowes head,  
That stille prevails. But the gods keepe their Thrones  
To enfall Vertue, not her Enemies.  
They dread thy force, which even themselves have felt:  
Witneffe Mount Ida, where the Martiall Maid  
And frowning Juno did to mortall eyes  
Naked for gold their sacred bodies show!  
Therefore for ever be from heaven banisht:  
But since with toyle from undiscover'd Worlds  
Thou art brought hither, where thou first didst breathe  
The thirt of Empire into Regall brefts,  
And frightedst quiet Peace from her meek Throne,  
Filling the World with tumult, blood and warre;  
Follow the Camps of the contentious earth,  
And be the Conqu'rs slave; but he that can  
Or conquer thee, or give thee Vertues flampe,  
Shall shine in heaven a pure immortall Lampe.

**Mom.** Nay stay, and take my benediction along with you.
I could, being here a Co-Judge, like others in my place, now that you are condemn'd, either raile at you, or breake jefts upon you; but I rather chufe to looe a word of good counfell, and entreat you to bee more carefull in your choyfe of company; for you are always found either with Mifers, that not use you at all, or with fooles, that know not how to use you wel. Be not hereafter so reserv'd and coy to men of worth and parts, and so you shall gaine such credit, as at the next Sessions you may be heard with better succeffe. But till you are thus reform'd, I pronounce this positive sentence, That wherefoever you shall chufe to abide, your society shall adde no credit or reputation to the party, nor your discontinuance, or totall absence, be matter of disparagement to any man; and whosoever shall hold a contrary effimation of you, shall be condemn'd to weare perpetuall Motley, unleffe he recant his opinion. Now you may voyd the Court.

_Pænia_ enters, a woman of a pale colour, large brims of a hat upon her head, through which her haire started up like a fury; her Robe was of a darke color, full of patches; about one of her hands was tide a chaine of Iron, to which was faftned a weighty stone, which shee bore up under her arme.

_Pænia enters._

_Merc._ What Creature's this?

_Mom._ The Antipodes to the other; they move like two Buckets, or as two nayles drive out one another. If Riches depart, Poverty will enter.

_Pov._ I nothing doubt (Great and Immortall Powers) But that the place your wisedome hath deny'd My foe, your Iustice will conferre on me; Since that which renders him incapabe Proves a strong plea for me. I could pretend, Even in these rags, a larger Soverainty
Then gaudy Wealth in all his pompe can boast;
For marke how few they are that share the World;
The numerous Armies, and the swarming Ants
That fight and toyle for them, are all my Subjects;
They take my wages, weare my Livery:
Invention too and Wit are both my creatures,
And the whole race of Vertue is my Offspring;
As many mischieves issue from my wombe,
And those as mighty, as proceed from gold.
Oft o're his Throne I wave my awfull Scepter,
And in the bowels of his state command,
When, 'midst his heapes of coyne and hils of gold,
I pine and starve the avaritious foole.
But I decline those titles, and lay clayne
To heaven by right of Diuine contemplation;
She is my Darling; I in my soft lap,
Free from disturbing cares, bargaines, accounts,
Leaves, Rents, Stewards, and the feare of theeves,
That vex the rich, nurfe her in calme repose,
And with her all the Vertues speculative,
Which but with me find no secure retreat.
For entertainment of this howre, I'll call
A race of people to this place, that live
At Natures charge, and not importune heaven
To chayne the winds up, or keepe back the stormes,
To stay the thunder, or forbid the hayle
To thresh the unreap'd care; but to all weathers,
Both chilling frost and skalding Sunne, expose
Their equall face. Come forth, my swarthy traine,
In this faire circle dance, and as you move,
Marke and foretell happy events of Love.

They dance the fifth Antimasque of Gypsys.

Mom. I cannot but wonder, that your perpetuall conversa-
tion with Poets and Philosophers hath furnished you with
no more Logicke, or that you should thinke to impose upon us so grosse an inference, as, because Plutus and you are contrary, therefore whatsoever is denied of the one must be true of the other; as if it should follow of necessity, because he is not Jupiter, you are. No, I give you to know, I am better vers'd in cavils with the gods, then to swallow such a fallacie; for though you two cannot bee together in one place, yet there are many places that may be without you both, and such is heaven, where neither of you are likely to arrive: therefore let me advise you to marry your selfe to Content, and beget sage Apothegms and goodly morall Sentences, in dispraise of Riches and contempt of the world.

Merc. Thou doft presume too much, poore needy wretch, To claiame a station in the Firmament, Because thy humble Cottage or thy Tub Nurses some lazie or Pedantique virtue In the cheape Sun-shine or by shady springs, With roots and pot-hearbs; where thy right hand, Tearing those humane passions from the mind, Vpon whose stockes faire blooming vertues flourish, Degradeth Nature, and benummeth sense, And, Gorgon-like, turnes active men to stone. We not require the dull society Of your necessitated Temperance, Or that unnaturall stupidity That knowes nor joy nor forrow; nor your forc'd Falilly exalted passive Fortitude Above the active. This low abject brood, That fix their seats in mediocrity, Become your servile minds; but we advance Such vertues onely as admit excess: Brave bounteous Acts, Regall Magnificence, All-seeing Prudence, Magnanimity That knowes no bound, and that Heroicke vertue For which Antiquity hath left no name,
But patterns only, such as Hercules,
Achilles, Theseus. Backe to thy loath'd cell!
And when thou seest the new enlightened Spheare,
Study to know but what those Worthies were.

Tiche enters, her head bald behind, and one great locke be-
fore; wings at her shoulders, and in her hand a wheele;
her upper parts naked, and the skirt of her garment
wrought all over with Crownes, Scepters, Bookes, and
such other things as expresse both her greatest and smallest
gifts.

Mom. See, where Dame Fortune comes; you may know
Her by her wheele, and that vaile over eyes, with which
She hopes, like a feel'd Pigeon, to mount above the Clouds,
And search in the eight Spheare: listen, she begins.

Fort. I come not here, you gods, to plead the Right
By which Antiquity affign'd my Deitie,
Though no peculiar station 'mongst the Stars,
Yet generall power to rule their influence;
Or boast the Title of Omnipotent,
Ascrib'd me then, by which I rival'd Love,
Since you have cancell'd all those old records.
But, confident in my good caufe and merit,
Clame a succesion in the vacant Orbe;
For since Astraean fled to heaven, I sit
Her Deputy on Earth; I hold her fkales,
And weigh mens Fates out, who have made me blind,
Because themselves want eyes to see my causes,
Call me inconstant, 'cause my workes surpas'd
The shallow fathom of their human reaon;
Yet here, like blinded Iustice, I dispence
With my impartial hands their constant lots;
And if defertlesse, impious men engroffe

1 Hooded, a term of Falconry.—D.
My best rewards, the fault is yours, you gods,
That scant your graces to mortality,
And, niggards of your good, scarce spare the world
One vertuous for a thoufand wicked men.
It is no error to conferre dignity,
But to bestow it on a vicious man;
I gave the dignity, but you made the vice;
Make you men good, and I'le make good men happy.
That Plutus is refus'd, dismaies me not;
He is my Drudge, and the externall pompe
In which he decks the world proceeds from me,
Not him; like Harmony, that not resides
In stringes or notes, but in the hand and voyce.
The revolutions of Empires, States,
Scepters and Crownes, are but my game and sport,
Which as they hang on the events of Warre,
So those depend upon my turning wheele.
You warlike Squadrons who, in battles joyn'd,
Dispute the Right of Kings, which I decide,
Present the modell of that martall frame,
By which, when Crownes are stak'd, I rule the game.

They dance the fixth Antimafke, being the
representation of a Battell.

Mom. Madam, I shou'd cenfure you, pro falso clamore,
for preferring a scandalous croe-bill of recrimination against
the gods, but your blindnesse shall excuse you. Alas! what
would it advantage you, if vertue were as univerfall as vice is?
It would onely follow that, as the world now exclamies upon
you for exalting the vicious, it would then raile as faft at you
for depreffing the vertuous; so they would still keepe their
tune, though you chang'd their ditty.

Merc. The mifts in which future events are wrap'd,
That oft succeed beside the purposes
Of him that workes, his dull eyes not discerning
The first great cause, offer'd thy clouded shape
To his enquiring search; so in the darke
The groping world first found thy Deity,
And gave thee rule over contingencies,
Which to the piercing eye of Providence
Being fix'd and certaine, where past and to come
Are always present, thou dost disappeare,
Losest thy being, and art not at all.
Be thou then onely a deluding Phantome,
At best a blind guide, leading blindler fooles
Who, would they but survey their mutuall wants,
And helpe each other, there were left no roome
For thy vaine ayd. Wisedome, whose strong-built plots
Leave nought to hazard, mockes thy futile power:
Industrious labour drags thee by the lockes,
Bound to his toyling Car and, not attending
Till thou dispence, reaches his owne reward.
Onely the lazie sluggard yawning lyes
Before thy threshold, gaping for thy dole,
And lickes the easie hand that feeds his sloth;
The shallow, rash and unadvised man
Makes thee his tale, disburdens all the follies
Of his mis-guided actions on thy shouders.
Vanish from hence, and seeke those ideots out
That thy fantasticke god-head hath allow'd,
And rule that giddy superstitious crowd.

Hedone, Pleasure, a young woman with a smiling face, in a
light lascivious habit, adorn'd with silver and gold; her
Temples crown'd with a garland of Roses, and over that
a rainbow circling her head downe to her shouders.

Hedone enters.

Merc. What wanton's this?
Mom. This is the sprightly Lady Hedone: a merry gamester this; people call her Pleasure.

Plea. The reasons (equall Judges,) here alleag'd
By the dismisft Pretenders, all concurre
To strength'ne my juft title to the sphære.
Honour or Wealth, or the contempt of both,
Have in themselves no simple reall good,
But as they are the meanes to purchafe Pleasure:
The paths that lead to my delicious Palace,
They for my fake, I for mine owne, am prized.
Beyond me nothing is; I am the Gole,
The journeys end, to which the sweating world
And wearied Nature travels. For this the best
And wisefte feet of all Philosophers
Made me the seat of suprem'e happinesse;
And though some more auster'e upon my ruines
Did to the prejudice of Nature raise
Some petty low-built vertues, 'twas because
They wanted wings to reach my soaring pitch.
Had they bee[n] Princes borne, themselves had prov'd
Of all mankind the moft luxurious.
For those delights, which to their low condition
Were obvious, they with greedy appetite
Suck'd and devour'd: from offices of State,
From cares of family, children, wife, hopes, feares,
Retir'd, the churlifh Cynicke in his Tub
Enjoy'd those pleasures which his tongue desam'd.
Nor am I rank'd 'mongst the superfluous goods;
My necessary offices preerve
Each fingle man, and propagate the kind.
Then am I univerfall as the light
Or common ayre we breath; and since I am
The generall desire of all mankinde,
Civil Felicity muft reside in me.
Tell me what rate my choyceft pleasures beare,
When, for the short delight of a poore draught
Of cheape cold water great Lysimachus
Rendred himselfe slave to the Scythians?
Should I the curious structure of my seats,
The art and beauty of my severall objects,
Rehearse at large, your bounties would referve
For every sense a proper constellation;
But I present their Person to your eyes.
Come forth, my subtle Organs of delight,
With changing figures please the curious eye,
And charm the ear with moving Harmonie.

They dance the seventh Antimase of the five senses.

Merc. Bewitching syren, guilded rottennesse,
Thou haft with cunning artifice display'd
Th' enamel'd outside and the honied verge
Of the faire cup, where deadly poyson lurkes.
Within a thoufand sorrowes dance the round;
And like a shell Paine circles thee without;
Griefe is the shadow waiting on thy steps,
Which, as thy joyes 'ginne tow'ards their West decline,
Doth to a Gyants spreading forme extend
Thy Dwarfish stature. Thou thy selfe art Paine;
Greedy, intense Defire, and the keene edge
Of thy fierce Appetite oft strangles thee,
And cuts thy slender thread; but still the terror
And apprehension of thy hafty end
Mingles with Gall thy most refined sweets;
Yet thy Cyrcean charmes transforme the world.
Captaines that have refisted warre and death,
Nations that over Fortune have triumphed,
Are by thy Magicke made effeminate;
Empires, that knew no limits but the Poles,
Have in thy wanton lap melted away.
Thou wert the Author of the first excess
That drew this reformation on the gods.
Canst thou then dreame, thofe Powers that from heaven have
Banish'd th' effect, will there enthrone the' caufe?
To thy voluptuous Denne flye, Witch, from hence,
There dwell for ever drown'd in brutifh fense.

*Mom.* I concurre, and am growne so weary of these tedious
pleadings, as I'le packe up too and be gone. Besides, I see a
crowd of other suitors preffing hither; I'le stop 'em, take their
petitions, and preferre 'em above; and as I came in bluntly with-
out knocking, and nobody bid mee welcome, so I'le depart
as abruptly without taking leave, and bid no bodie farewell.

*Merc.* These with forc'd reasons and strain'd arguments
Urge vaine pretences, whilst your Actions plead,
And with a ifent importunity
Awake the droufie Iftice of the gods
To Crowne your deeds with immortality.
The growing Titles of your Anceftors,
These Nations' glorious Acts, joynd to the flocke
Of your owne Royall vertues, and the cleare
Reflexe they take from th' imitation
Of your fam'd Court, make Honors ftorie full,
And have to that secure fix'd state advanc'd
Both you and them, to which the labouring world,
Wading through freames of blood, fweats to aspire.
Thofe Ancient Worthies of these famous Ifles,
That long have flept, in fresh and lively fhares
Shall ftraight appeare, where you fhall fee your felfe
Circled with moderne Heroes, who fhall be
In Act, whatever elder times can boast
Noble or Great, as they in Prophesie
Were all but what you are. Then fhall you fee
The Sacred hand of bright Eternitie

1 In the old copies *ib*.
The Works of

Mould you to Stars, and fix you in the Spheare.  
To you, your Royall halfe, to them shee'll joyne  
Such of this traine, as with industrious steps  
In the faire prints your vertuous feet have made,  
Though with unequall paces, follow you.  
This is decreed by love, which my returne  
Shall fee perform'd; but firft behold the rude  
And old Abiders here, and in them view  
The point from which your full perfections grew;  
You naked, ancient, wild Inhabitants,  
That breath'd this Ayre, and prest this flowery Earth,  
Come from those shades where dwels eternall night,  
And see what wonders Time hath brought to light.

Atlas and the Spheare vaniseth, and a new Scæne appeares  
of mountaines, whose eminent height exceed the Clouds, which  
past beneath them; the lower parts were wild and woody:  
out of this place comes forth a more grave Antimaque of  
Picts, the naturall Inhabitants of this Ifle, antient Scots and  
Irish; these dance a Perica, or Martiall dance.  
When this Antimaque was past, there began to arise out  
of the earth the top of a hill which, by little and little, grew  
to bee a huge mountaine, that covered all the Scæne; the  
under part of this was wild and craggy, and above somewhat  
more pleafant and flourishing; about the middle part of this  
Mountaine were seated the three kingdoms of England,  
Scotland, and Ireland, all richly attired in regall habits,  
appropriated to the several Nations, with Crownes on their  
heads, and each of them bearing the ancient Armes of the  
kingdomes they represented. At a distance above these sat a  
young man in a white embroidered robe; upon his faire hair  
an Olive garland with wings at his shoulders, and holding in  
his hand a Cornucopia fill'd with corne and fruits, repersenting  
the Genius of these kingdomes.


Thomas Carew.

The First Song.

GENIUS.

Raife from these rockie cliffs your heads,
Brave Sonnes, and see where Glory spreads
Her glittering wings; where Majesky,
Crown'd with sweet smiles, shoots from her eye
Diffusive joy; where Good and Faire
United sit in Honours chayre.
Call forth your aged Priests and crystall fireames,
To warme their hearts and waves in these bright beames.

KINGDOMES.

1. From your consecrated woods,
   Holy Druids; 2. Silver floods,
   From your channels fring'd with flowers,
3. Hither move; forfake your bower
1. Strew'd with hallowed Oaken leaves,
   Deck'd with flags and fedgeye sheaves,
   And behold a wonder. 3. Say,
   What doe your duller eyes surwray?

CHORVS OF DRUIDS AND RIVERS.

We see at once, in dead of night,
A Sun appeare, and yet a bright
Nooneday springing from Starre-light.

GENIVS.

Looke up, and see the darkned Spheare
Deprivo'd of light; her eyes shine here.

CHORVS.

These are more sparkling then those were.

G G
The Works of

KINGDOMES.
1. These shed a nobler influence,
2. These by a pure intelligence
   Of more transcendent Vertue move;
3. These first feel, then kindle love;
1. 2. From the bosomes they inspire,
    These receive a mutual fire;
1. 2. 3. And where their flames impure return,
    These can quench as well as burne.

GENIVS.
Here the fare victorious eyes
Make Worth only Beauties prize;
Here the hand of Vertue tyes
'Bout the heart loves amorous chayne;
Captives triumph, vassals reign;
And none live here but the flaine.

CHORVS.
These are th' Hesperian bowers, whose faire trees beare
Rich golden fruit, and yet no Dragon near.

GENIVS.
Then from your impris'ning wombe,
Which is the cradle and the tombe
Of Britifh Worthies, (faire sones) send
A troope of Heroes, that may lend
Their hands to eafe this loaden grove,
And gather the ripe fruits of love.

KINGDOMES.
1. 2. 3. Open thy stony entrailes wide,
   And breake old Atlas, that the pride
   Of three fam'd kingdomes may be spy'd.
CHORVS.

Pace forth, thou mighty Britifh Hercules,
With thy choyce band, for onely thou and these
May revell here in Loves Hesperides.

At this, the under-part of the Rocke opens, and out of a
Cave are feene to come the Masquers, richly attired like ancient
Heroes, the Colours yellow, embroydered with silver, their
antique Helmes curiously wrought, and great plumes on the
top; before them a troope of young Lords and Noble-mens
fonnes, bearing Torches of Virgin-wax. These were apparelled
after the old Britifh fashion in white Coats, embroydered with
silver, girt, and full gathered, cut square coller’d, and round
caps on their heads, with a white feather wreathen about
them. Firft these dance with their lights in their hands, after
which the Masquers defcend into the roome, and dance their
entry.

The dance being paft, there appeares in the further part
of the heaven comming downe a pleafant Cloud, bright and
transparent which, comming softly downewards before the upper
part of the mountaine, embraceth the Genius, but fo as through
it all his body is feene; and then rising againe with a gentle
motion, beares up the Genius of the three kingdoms, and
being paft the Airy Region, pierceth the heavens, and is no
more feene; at that inftant, the Rocke with the three king-
domes on it finkes, and is hidden in the earth. This strange
spectacle gave great caufe of admiration, but especially how fo
huge a machine, and of that great height, could come from
under the Stage, which was but fix foot high.

The fecond Song.

KINGDOMES.

1. Here are shapes form’d fit for heaven;
2. These move gracefully and even.
3. Here the Ayre and paces meet
So just, as if the skilfull feet
Had struck the Vials.—1. 2. 3. So the Eare
Might the tunefull footing heare.

CHORVS.
And had the Musicke silent beene,
The eye a moving tune had seen.

GENIVS.
These must in the unpeopled skie
Succeed, and governe De&inie:
Love is temp'ring purer fire,
And will with brighter flames attire
These glorious lights. I must ascend
And helpe the Worke.

KINGDOMES.
1. We cannot lend
Heaven so much treasure. 2. Nor that pay
But rendring what it takes away.
Why should they, that here can move
So well, be ever fix'd above?

CHORVS.
Or be to one eternall posture ty'd,
That can into such various figures slide?

GENIVS.
Love shall not, to enrich the Skie,
Beggar the Earth: their Fame shall flye
From hence alone, and in the Spheare
Kindle new Starres, whilst they rest here.
Thomas Carew.

KINGDOMES.

1. 2. 3. How can the shaft stay in the quiver,  
Yet hit the marke?

GENIVS.

Did not the River  
Eridanus the grace acquire  
In Heaven and Earth to flow:  
Above in streames of golden fire,  
In silver waves below?

KINGDOMES.

1. 2. 3. But shall not wee, now thou art gone  
Who wert our Nature, wither,  
Or breake that triple Union  
Which thy soule held together?

GENIVS.

In Conco's pure immortall spring  
I will my force renew,  
And a more active Vertue bring  
At my returne. Adieu.

KINGDOMES. Adieu.—CHORVS. Adieu.

The Masquers dance their maine dance; which done, the  
Scene againe is varied into a new and pleasaunt prospect, cleane  
differing from all the other; the nearest part shewing a delici-  
cous garden, with severall walkes and parterra's set round with  
low trees, and on the sides, against these walkes, were fountaines  
and grots, and in the furthest part a Palace, from whence went  
high walkes upon Arches, and above them open Terraces  
planted with Cypreffe trees; and all this together was com-  
posed of such Ornaments as might expresse a Princely Villa.
From hence the Chorus, descending into the room, goes up to the State.

The third Song.

BY THE CHORUS GOING UP TO THE QUEENE.

Whilst thus the darlings of the Gods
From Honours Temple to the Shrine
Of Beauty and these sweet abodes
Of Love we guide, let thy Divine
Aspetis (bright Deity) with faire
And Halyon beames becalme the Ayre.

We bring Prince Arthur, or the brave
St. George himselfe (great Queene) to you:
You'll soon discern him; and we have
A Guy, a Beavis, or some true
Round-Table Knight, as ever fought
For Lady, to each Beauty brought.

Plant in their Martiall hands, Warr's seat,
Your peaceful pledges of warme snow,
And, if a speaking touch, repeat
In Loves knowne language tales of woe:
Say in soft whispers of the Palme,
As Eyes shoot darts, so Lips shed Balme.

For though you seeme, like Captives, led
In triumph by the Foe away,
Yet on the Conquerers necke you tread,
And the fierce Victor prove your prey;
What heart is then secure from you,
That can, though quanquis'd, yet subdue?
The Song done, they retire, and the Masquers dance the Revels with the Ladies, which continued a great part of the night.

The Revels being past, and the Kings Majesty seated under the State by the Queene, for Conclusion to this Masque there appears comping forth from one of the sides, as moving by a gentle wind, a great Cloud which, arriving at the middle of the heaven, stayeth; this was of several colours, and so great, that it covered the whole Scæne. Out of the further part of the heaven beginnes to breake forth two other Clouds, differing in colour and shape; and being fully discovered, there appeared fitting in one of them Religion, Truth, and Wifdome. Religion was appareled in white, and part of her face was covered with a light vaile, in one hand a booke, and in the other a flame of fire: Truth in a Watchet Robe, a Sunne upon her fore-head, and bearing in her hand a Palme; Wifdome in a mantle wrought with eyes and hands, golden rayes about her head, and Apollo's Cithera in her hand. In the other Cloud fate Concord, Government, and Reputation. The habit of Concord was Carnation, bearing in her hand a little faggot of sticke bound together, and on the top of it a hart, and a garland of corne on her head; Government was figured in a coat of Armour, bearing a shield, and on it a Medufa's head, upon her head a plumed helme, and in her right hand a Lance; Reputation, a young man in a purple robe wrought with gold, and wearing a laurell wreath on his head. These being come downe in an equall distance to the middle part of the Ayre, the great Cloud beganne to breake open, out of which stroke beames of light; in the midst, suspiended in the Ayre, fate Eternity on a Globe; his Garment was long, of a light blue, wrought all over with Stars of gold, and bearing in his hand a Serpent bent into a circle, with his tayle in his mouth. In the firmament about him was a troope of fifteene Starres, expressing the stellifying of our Britifh Heroes; but one more great and eminent than the reft, which was over his head, figured his Majesty: and in the lower part
The Works of

was seen, a farre off, the prospect of Windsor Castle, the famous seat of the most honourable Order of the Garter.

The fourth Song.

ETERNITY, EUSEBIA, ALETHIA, SOPHIA, HOMONOIA,
DICÆARCHÉ, EUPHEMIA.

ETERNITIE.

Be fix'd, you rapid Orbes, that beare
The changing seasons of the yeare
On your swift wings, and see the old
Decrepit sphære growne darke and cold;
Nor did love quench her fires: these bright
Flames have eclips'd her fullen light:
This Royall Payre, for whom Fate will
Make Motion cease, and Time stand still;
Since Good is here so perfect, as no Worth
Is left for After-Ages to bring forth.

EVSEBIA.

Mortality cannot with more
Religious zeale the gods adore.

ALETHIA.

My Truths, from human eyes conceal'd,
Are naked to their sight reveal'd.

SOPHIA.

Nor doe their Actions from the guide
Of my exact left precepts slide.
Thomas Carew.

HOMONOIA.
And as their owne pure Soules entwin'd,
So are their Subjects hearts combin'd.

DICÆARCHE.
So just, so gentle is their sway,
As it seemes Empire to obey.

EVPHEMIA.
And their faire Fame, like incense hurl'd
On Altars, hath perfum'd the world.
So. Wisdome.—Al. Truth.—Eus. Pure Adoration.
Ho. Concord.—Di. Rule.—Eup. Cleare Reputation.

CHORVS.
Crowne this King, this Queene, this Nation.

CHORVS.
Wisdome, truth, &c.

ETERNITIE.
Brave Spirits, whose adventrous feet
Have to the Mountaines top aspir'd,
Where faire Defert and Honour meet,
Here from the toyling Presse retir'd,
Secure from all disturbing evil,
For ever in my Temple revell.

With wreathes of Starres circled about,
Guild all the spacious firmament,
And, smiling on the panting Rout
That labour in the steepes ascent,
With your resstleffe influence guide
Of human change th' uncertaine tide.
The Works of

EVS. ALE. SOP.
But oh, you royall Turtles, 
sbed,
When you from Earth remove,
On the ripe fruit of your chaste bed
Those sacred seeds of Love

CHORVS.

Which no Power can but yours dispence,
Since you the pattern beare from hence.

HOM. DIC. EVP.

Then from your fruitfull race shall flow
Endlesse Succession;
Scepters shall bud, and Lawrels blow
'Bout their immortall Throne.

CHORVS.

Propitious Starres shall crowne each birth,
Whilst you rule them, and they the Earth.

The song ended, the two Clouds, with the perfon sitting
on them, ascend; the great Cloud closeth againe, and so
paffeth away overthwart the Scæne, leaving nothing behind it
but a serene Skye. After which, the Masquers dance[d] their
laft dance, and the Curtaine was let fall.
The Names of the Masquers.

The Kings Majesty.

Duke of Lenox,       Lord Feilding,
Earle of Devonshire, Lord Digby,
Earle of Holland,    Lord Dungarvan,
Earle of Newport,    Lord Dunluce,
Earle of Elgin,      Lord Wharton,
Viscount Grandison,  Lord Paget,
Lord Rich,           Lord Salton.

The Names of the young Lords and
Noble-mens Sonnes.

Lord Walden,         Mr Thomas Howard,
Lord Cranborne,      Mr Thomas Egerton,
Lord Brackley,       Mr Charles Cavendish,
Lord Chandos,        Mr Robert Howard,
Mr William Herbert,  Mr Henry Spencer.

FINIS.
The Songs and Dialogues of this Booke were set with apt Tunes to them, by Mr. HENRY LAWES, one of His Majesties Musitians.¹

¹ Not in the 4to of 1634.
Supplement.

THE ENQUIRY.

MONGST the myrtles as I walk't,
Love and my sighes thus intertalk't:
Tell me (sai'd I in deepe distresse)
Where may I find my shepheardesse?

Thou fool, (sai'd love,) knowst thou not this?
In every thing that's good she is;
In yonder tulip goe and seeke,
There thou maist find her lip, her cheeke.

In yon ennamel'd pansie by,
There thou shalt have her curious eye;
In bloome of peach, in rosie bud,
There wave the streamers of her blood.

1 This and the following poem are the two pieces referred to as being of doubtful authorship; but it seems to be tolerably clear that they proceeded from the pen of Herrick.
In brighteft lilies that there stands,  
The emblems of her whiter hands;  
In yonder rising hill there smells  
Such sweets as in her bosome dwells.

'Tis true, (said I,) and thereupon  
I went to plucke them one by one,  
To make of parts a union,  
But on a suddaine all was gone.

With that I stoppt. Said love, these be,  
(Fond man,) resemblances of thee;  
And as these flowres, thy joyes shall die,  
Even in the twinkling of an eye,  
And all thy hopes of her shall wither,  
Like these short sweets thus knit together.

THE PRIMROSE.

SKE me why I send you here  
This sweet Infanta of the yeere?  
Ask me why I send to you  
This primrose, thus bepearl'd with dew?  
I will whisper to your eares,  
The sweets of love are mixt with tears.

Ask me why this flower do's show  
So yellow-green, and sickly too?  
Ask me why the stalk is weak  
And bending, yet it doth not break?  
I will answer, These discover  
What fainting hopes are in a lover.
INDEX OF NAMES, ETC.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Reference</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dolphus, Gustavus, King of Sweden</td>
<td>Carew's verses on his death, 95-8.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aleyn, Charles</td>
<td>Noticed, xiv.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Altham?, Lady</td>
<td>Carew's poem on her marriage to his cousin, 60.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anglesey, Christopher Villiers, Earl of</td>
<td>89.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>—— Countess of</td>
<td>Poem addressed to her on her husband's death, 89-90.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arundel, Henry, Earl of</td>
<td>xx. xxiv. xxvi. xxviii.-xxx.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arundel-Garden, attached to the house of that name in the Strand, 49.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barkdale, Clement</td>
<td>His Nymphæa Libetbris quoted, xxxiii.-iv. xxxvii.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baron, Robert, the poet</td>
<td>His notice of Carew, xlv.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beaumont, Francis, noticed</td>
<td>xlv.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brackley, John Egerton, Viscount</td>
<td>One of the masquers in Calum Britannicum, and also in Milton's Comus. He was the son and heir of John Egerton, first Earl of Bridgewater. This title had originated in Sir Thomas Egerton, who was jocularly known as Viscount Breaklaw. See Whitelocke's Liber Famelicus, edit. Bruce, 53, p. 23.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Browne, William, the poet, noticed</td>
<td>xlvi.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brydges, Sir Giles</td>
<td>xxvii. xxix.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buckingham, George Villiers, Duke of</td>
<td>ob. 1628, two inscriptions for his monument. See Poems relating to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, edit. Fairholt, 1850; Inedited Poetical Miscellanies, 1870, &amp;c. xxii.-viii. 74-5, 92.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>—— Poem on his recovery from an illness, 145-7.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burns, Robert, the poet</td>
<td>33 note.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carew, the Family of</td>
<td>Notices of, xix. et seq.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>—— Christian, xxi.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>—— George, Lord, xxii.-iv. et alibi.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>—— Martha, the poet's sister, xxi. xxix.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>—— Sir Matthew, the poet's father, xix. xx. xxx. xlviii.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>—— (the younger) the poet's brother, xxi. xlviii.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>—— Thomas, the Poet, biographical account of, xxi. et seq.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Index of Names.

Carew, Thomas, bibliography of his poems, ix.-xii.
— account of MSS. remains, xii.-xvii.
— portraits of him, viii.-ix.
— specimens of his handwriting, xxx. 42, note.
— his letters to Sir Dudley Carleton, xxiii. et seq.
— notices of him by his contemporaries, xlii.-vi.
— character of his poetry, xlii.-viii.
— Sir Wymond, the poet's grandfather, xx.
Carleton, Sir Dudley, a relative of Carew by marriage, xxii. et seq. xlviii.
— letters to him from the Carews, xxiv. et seq.
— Lady, xxiii. xxx.
Carlisle, James Hay, Earl of, 87.
— Countess of, the Lucinda of Carew. Through the Dennys she seems to have been connected in blood with the poet, 41, 87, 117.
— singular dialogue upon her between Suckling and Carew, xli.
Cartwright, William, noticed, xlvi.
Cary, Henry, Lord, of Lepton. Carew's lines before his version of Malvezzi's Romulus and Tarquin, 1638. xlix. 170-1.
— Thomas, a gentleman of the bed-chamber, and translator of De la Serre's Mirror which flatters not, 1639. A poem by Carew wrongly given to him by Lawes, xlix.
Cavendish, Mr. Charles, a masquer in Calum Britannicum, 235.
Cecil, Sir Edward, xxvii.
Celia (pseudonym), the name of a lady to whom many of Carew's poems are addressed, 20 et alibi.
Chamberlain, Lord. Prologue and epilogue, and six songs in a play presented by him at Whitehall. The play was probably some revival, 77-83, 143-4.
Chandos, probably William, son of George Bruges or Brydges, sixth Lord, (1621-54). A masquer in Calum Britannicum. He succeeded his father in 1654, 234.
Chapman, George, dramatist and poet, quoted, 21.
Charles I. Carew's poem on his sickness, 45.
— Carew's New Year's Gift to him, 114.
Clarendon, Edward Hyde, Earl of. His early acquaintance with Carew, xxxiv.-v.
Cleveland, John, the poet. His apparent obligation to Carew, 48, note.
— Thomas, Earl of, see Wentworth. Calum Britannicum, a masque by Carew, fo called, 195-235.
Coke, Sir Edward, afterwards Lord, xxviii.
Colman, Charles, Mus. Doct. quoted, 21.
Cotton, Charles (the younger), xxiv.
Cranborne, Lord. This was probably Charles Cecil, son and heir of William third Earl of Salisbury, of that creation; he died v. p. One of the masquers in Calum Britannicum, 234.
Crofts, Cecilia, poem on her marriage, 103-4.
— John, of Saxham, cupbearer to Charles I. He has a Hymn in the second book of Lawes's Ayres and Dialogues, 1655. In Herrick's works, by Hazlitt, p. 286, is a short poem, "To his Faithful Friend, Master John Crofts Cup-bearer to the King," xxxiii. xxxvii. 38, 107, note.
Cromer or Cromwer, Lady (Martha Carew), xxi.
Index of Names.

Crofs, Thomas, his MSS. Poems noticed, xvi.

D. A., a lady to whom Carew addresses a poem, 108-10.
— Samuel, supposed resemblance of a passage in Carew to one in his poems, 3, note.
Davenant, Sir William, the dramatift and poet, noticed, xxxi-iii. xxxvii. 166. — Carew's lines before some of his poems and plays, 171-5.
Deckam, Sir John, xxviii.
Decker, Thomas, noticed, xlvi.
Denny family, of Chelhurst, Herts, &c. connected with the Carews by marriage. See Carlisle. xxx. 87.
Devonshire, Earl of. William Cavendish, third Earl of Devonshire of that line, succeeded his father in 1628. One of the masquers in Calum Britannicum, 235.

Digby, Lord. I suppose that this was George, Lord Digby, fon and heir of John, first Earl of Bristol. He succeeded to the earldom in 1653. One of the masquers in Calum Britannicum, 234.
— Sir Kenelm, xxxiv. xxxvii. xlv.
Dingwall, Lord. Sir Richard Preston, Lord Dingwall, afterwards (1622) created Earl of Defmond. See Douglas (Peerage of Scotland, i. 416) for a particular account of this person, whose only daughter and heir was married James, Lord Thurles, afterwards the great Duke of Ormond, xxvi.

Donne, John, Dean of St. Paul's. Carew's Elegy on him, 92-5. — allusion to. Donne alluredly did not deserve the encomium of Carew or the enthusiastic admiration of his contemporaries, but his works will always remain of standard value and interest. I have before me a thick 4to. MS. written in 1620, containing the bulk of his poetical writings; the differences between the text and that of the old printed copies are worth the attention of any future editor of Donne. See Jonson's Works, 1816, viii. 205. It is somewhat strange, perhaps, that Carew should have formed so high an opinion of a writer, of whose style his own works afford no trace. Yet our poet had, perhaps, in his recollection Donne's Paradox, "Why have Bastards best Fortunes," when he wrote the concluding lines on Davenant's Poems. See supra, pp. 174-5, 96.

Draper, Sir Thomas, of Sunninghill, Berkshire, xxxii. note.
Drayton, Michael, imitation of him by Carew, i. note.

Duncombe, Mr., xxvii.


Dunluce, Randal, Lord, one of the masquers in Calum Britannicum. He was the son of Randal, first Earl of Antrim. His lordship afterwards married (1635) Catherine, widow of George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham. In 1644, he was advanced to the marquisate of Antrim, which higher dignity expired with him. He is mentioned, not in a very complimentary way, in a poem called The Progress, printed in Inedited Poetical Miscellanies, 1870, 235.

Egerton, Mr. Thomas, a masquer in Calum Britannicum, 235.
Elgin, Earl of. Thomas, Lord Bruce of Kinloch, first Earl of Elgin. He was raised to the latter dignity, June 21, 1633. A masquer in *Calum Britannicum*, 235.

*Falkland*, Lucius Cary, Viscount, xxxvii.-xliv.


*Fielding* or *Feilding*, Basil, Lord. He was the son and heir of William, first Earl of Denbigh, and was called to the House of Lords in his father's barony of Feilding in 1627. He succeeded to the earldom in 1643, and died in 1675. One of the masquers in *Calum Britannicum*. See "The Progress (Inedited Poet. Miscell. 1870)."


*Fletcher*, John, the dramatist, noticed, xlvii.

*Fletchers*, the two, i.e. Giles and Phineas, xlv.

*Gavelkind*, law of, noticed, 85.

*Goffe*, Thomas, the dramatist, xlvii.

*Goldborough*, Mr. xxvi.

*Goodwin-Sands*, 85.


*H. T.*, a lady mentioned by Carew, 33.

*Habington*, William, noticed, xlv.


*Hastlewood*, Joseph, the antiquary. His annotated copy of Carew's *Poems*, viii.

*Hawk*, Sir Thomas, xxxv.

*Hay*, Lady Anne, Carew’s Elegy on, 87.

*Headley*, Henry, his criticism on Carew, xlvii.-vii.

*Henrietta-Maria*, Queen, Carew’s new-year’s poem addressed to her, 116.

*Herbert*, Mr. William, a masquer in *Calum Britannicum*, 235.

— George, noticed, xlv.

*Herrick*, Robert, the poet, noticed, viii. xiii. xviiii. 49.


— Samuel, quoted, xlvii.

*Hopton*, Mr. Thomas, xxvii.

*Howard*, Mr. Robert, a masquer in *Calum Britannicum*, 235.

— Mr. Thomas, a masquer in *Calum Britannicum*, 235.

*Howell*, James. His Epilola Ho-etiana quoted for an anecdote of Carew, xxxv.

*Jenkyns*, Patrick or Patherike, supposed imitation of Carew in his *Amorea*, 1661, 125, note.

*Jonson*, Ben. Carew’s Ode to him on the play of the *New June*, 84-5.

— his *Alchemift* noticed, 94.

— noticed, xxxiv.-v. xxxvii.

*Kantfield*, Mr. xxvii.

*Killigrew*, Thomas, dramatist and poet. A song by Carew inferred in his *Cicilia and Clorinda*; 77.

— Poem on his marriage, 103-4.

— noticed, xxxvii.

*King-Street, St James’s*. The residence of Carew, xxxii.-iii. xxxvii.

*L. A.*, Poem addressed to her by Carew, 2-5.
Index of Names.

Lake, Sir Thomas. Respecting this gentleman, and Dr. (afterwards Sir) Edward Lake, see Camden Miscellany, i. and v. xxvii.

Langborne, J., suspected obligation to Carew in his Fables of Flora, 1794, 54, note.

La Serre, Puget, his Mirror which Flatters not, 1639, translated by Thomas Cary, xlix.

Lawes, Henry, the musician, xii.

— His apparent mistake respecting the authorship of one of the poems, xlix.-I.

Lenox, Duke of. One of the masquers in Calum Britannicum. This was Efme Stuart, third Duke, ob. 1637, 235.

London, Custom of the City of, in regard to inheritance, conformable with gavelkind, 85.

Lovelace, Richard, the poet, quoted, xlvii. note, 14, note.

— John, second Lord, of Hurley, co. Berks. He succeeded his father in 1634. See Lovelace's Poems, by Hazlitt, xii. 107, note, 150.-I.

Lumley, Sir Richard, xxvii.

Maffinger, Philip, noticed, xlv.

May, Thomas, the dramatist and poet. Carew's verses before his Heire, 1633, xxxi. xxxiv. xlvii. 167-8.

Mayne, Japhet, noticed, xxxviii. xlvii.

Milton, John, resemblance between a passage in his Paradise Lost and one in Carew, 58.

Montague, the Honourable Walter, son of Edward, first Earl of Manchester, noticed, xxxi. 97, note.

— poems addressed to. I have before me a small folio MS. of miscellanies in verse and prose, written about 1660, in which one of the articles is: "A true Coppie of Mr. Walter Montague's Letter sent from Paris in France 21st of November, 1635, to his Father the right honble the Earle of Manchester, declaring ye reasons of his Conversion to ye Romish Church." Montague wrote a dull pastoral entitled The Shepherds Paradise and a work called Miscellanea Spiritualia, in two parts, 99, 101.

— Chief Justice, xxviii.

Morton, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Albert. See Inedited Poetical Miscellanies, 1870; Lyfons' Environ of London, 1st ed. i. 246, and Hannah's Courtly Poets from Raleigh to Montrose, 1870, pp. 96-8, 232-3; xxvii.

Murray, Sir David, of Gorthy, noticed, xlvii.


— Katherine, 147-8-9.

— Mary. Perhaps these were all the children of Sir Thomas Nevile. See Shirle's Works, vi. 448. In Johnson's Scholar's Guide, 1677, there is an anagram on Maria Nevila —Alia Minerva, 147.

Newport, Mountjoy Blount, first Earl of, (1628-65,) one of the masquers in Calum Britannicum. This is almost certainly the person intended in the Progress (Inedit. Poet. Miscell. 1870), 234.

Nowell, Alexander, Dean of St. Paul's, tutor to Carew's father, xx.

Paget, William, fifth Lord (1629-78), a masquer in Calum Britannicum, 234.

Pennington?], Lady, Elegy upon, by Carew, 24-6.

Philips, Edward, author of the Theatrum Poetarum. His opinion of Carew, xlvii. note.
Index of Names.

Pick, Samuel, his obligation to Carew, in the Banquet of Pleasure, 1639, 17, note.  
Pope, Alexander, noticed, 92, note.  
R. C. the poet's cousin. Verfes on his marriage, 60-1.  
Randolph, Thomas, the poet, noticed, xlv.  
Ribbon, on a, tied round the arm of a lady. Both ribbons andearves were formerly worn as love-favours, 38-40.  
Rivers family, of Penhurst, Kent, related to the Carews, xix.  
Robinfon, John, Vicar of Sunninghill, Berks. His petition against the executors of T. Carew, xxxviii.-xlv.  
He went ambaffador extraordinary to Spain in 1617. See Handb. of E. E. Lit., 1867, p. 297; xxvi. xxvii. xxix.  
Rutler, Joseph, noticed, xlv.  
S. E., a lady on whom Carew has a poem, 40-1.  
Salter, Sir W., 71.  
— Lady, epitaph upon. "In the parish church [of Iver, co. Bucks] is a monument in memory of Sir George and Sir Edward Salter, successively carvers to King Charles I. with the effigies of Mary, Lady Salter (wife of Sir George), rifu from her coffin in a throud."—Lyfons' Magna Britannia, i. 587, 71.  
— noticed, xxxvi. note.  
Saltor or Saltoun, Lord. This was probably Alexander, ninth and (of that family) last Lord (1611-69).  
A masquer in Calum Britannicum. Old editions have Saltine, 235.  
Sandys, George. Carew's verses before his Paraphrase upon the Divine Poems, 1638, 160-70.  
— noticed, xxxi. xlv.  
Saxham, co. Suffolk, the seat of the Carew family, xxxiii. xxxv. 34-6.  
— Carew's poem address'd to, ibid.  
Scatiger, Julius Cæsar, noticed, xliii.  
Shakespeare, W. Imitation by Carew of a passage in Romeo and Juliet, 58.  
— noticed, xlii.  
Shirley, James, the dramatift and poet.  
Poems by Carew printed as his in 1646. Carew's poem of The Hue and Cry inferred in Shirley's Wittie Faire One. The flatement that Mr. Dyce was unaware of this circumstance must be retracted. See Shirley's Works, vi. 410, note. There can be little doubt that Carew was the real author of the three pieces common to his poems and to those of Shirley, viz. The Hue and Cry, Song, Would you know what's Soft, and To his Mijfros Confin'd. Shirley was a palpable imitator of Carew in many pieces to be found among his poems. See the lines headed "To the Painter," &c. (vi. 414) and compare Carew, p. 134, 128, note.  
— his notice of Carew, xlv.  
— noticed, xlv.  
Sidney, Sir Philip, noticed, xlv.  
Somerfet, Sir Edward, xxvii.  
Spencer, Mr. Henry, a masquer in Calum Britannicum, 235.  
Spenfer, Edmund, noticed, xlv.  
Stapylton, Sir Robert, noticed, xlv.  
Stipendiaria Lacryme, 1654, quoted.  
Compare these lines with a passage in Carew (infra, p. 62), xlv.  
Suckling, Sir John, the poet. His intimacy with Carew, xl.  
— his poetical Dialogue with Carew quoted, xlii.-ii.  
— noticed, xlv.-vi.
Index of Names.


Townfend, Aurelian, the poet. Carew's answer to him, 95. noticed, xxxi.

Varin, Jean, the engraver. His medallions of Carew and his wife, viii.-ix.

Vaughan, John (afterwards Sir John), xxxiv.

Villiers, Lady Mary, Carew's epitaphs upon. This was the daughter of George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham of that family, and governess to the Princess Henrietta. Among Sir John Beaumont's Poems, edit. Grofart, p. 157, is "A Congratulation to my Lord Marquess of Buckingham, at the Birth of his Daughter." See also Herrick's Works, edit. Hazlitt, p. 146; xliii. 70-1.

Welden, Lord, a masquer in Caturn Britannicum, 234.

Waller, Edmund. Compared with Carew, xlii.-vii.

Webster, John, noticed, xlv.

Wentworth, Lady Ann. Poems on her projected marriage with Sir John Finch, and on her subsequent union with John, second Lord Lovelace; she was the niece of T. Killigrew, 107, 150-1.

Lady Mary, inscription on her tomb, 72.

Thomas, Lord, Earl of Cleveland. Married a Crofts of Saxham, by whom he had one son, who died vitâ patris. Lord Cleveland survived till 1667, his sole heiress being the above-mentioned Anne, Lady Lovelace; ibid. 107, note.

Wharton, Philip, fourth Lord. A masquer in Caturn Britannicum, 234.

Wickham, co. Kent, the birthplace of Sir Matthew Carew the younger, xxi. xxi.

Winwood, Mr. Secretary (Sir Ralph), xxvii.

Lady, ibid.

Wood, Mrs., afterwards Lady Harlington, xxvii.

Wrefl. Wrefl-House, near Bedford, the seat of the Greys, Dukes of Kent, is probably intended. It lay fix miles to the south of Bedford, 111.

Wyeberley, W., the dramatist, 33, note.

York-House, in the Strand, 49, note.

THE END.