



UNIVERSITY OF IBADAN



THIS THESIS SUBMITTED BY

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WAS ACCEPTED IN PART FULFILMENT OF
THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF
DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY IN ENGLISH
IN THE FACULTY OF

ARTS

THE DEGREE WAS AWARDED ON

8 June, 1970.

15/7/70
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thesis submitted for the degree of doctor of philosophy
of the University of Ibadan, June 1970.

A BIBLIO-TEXTUAL STUDY AND EDITION OF
THE POEMS OF ANDREW MARVELL



by

BEATRICE OLABIMPE ABOYADE

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Thesis submitted for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy
of the University of Ibadan, June 1970.

Great men have been among us; hands that penned
And tongues that uttered wisdom - better none:
The later Sidney, Marvell...

[Wordsworth, 1802]

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I would like to express my thanks to all those who in various ways have helped me in the course of this research, particularly to:

The Library of the University of Ibadan, for making at great cost all the **In grateful remembrance** research.

The **of** my parents Mr. & Mrs. T.A.J. Odubanjo for allowing and my sister Titilola their care; the whose assiduous care and struggle for my survival and progress I have no other way of acknowledging.

and all the other libraries which have supplied me with copies of Marvell's works in their possession.

The late H.J. Margolis for his pioneering work on the text of Marvell;

Dr. Yemi Kure of the Classics Department, University of Ibadan, for his assistance with the Latin poem.

Professor A.S. Thomson, Head of the Department of English at the University of Ibadan, for reading through the final draft and making suggestions which have considerably improved the language.

My supervisor, Professor David Whitwell, from whose many years of experience as a linguist and literary critic this thesis has benefited. I cannot thank him enough for his painstaking

criticism of my work at every stage for his unflinching
criticism and encouragement throughout.

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The Library of the University of Ibadan for acquiring at great cost all the materials I needed for the research.

The Curators of the Bodleian Library, Oxford, for allowing me to reproduce parts of some manuscripts in their care; the British Museum for supplying the unique copy of the Miscellaneous Poems; and all the other libraries which have supplied me with copies of Marvell's works in their possession.

The late H.M. Margoliouth for his pioneering work on the text of Marvell.

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criticism of my work at every stage, and for his unflagging enthusiasm and encouragement throughout.

I need only add that I am solely responsible for any error of judgment or other blemishes this thesis may contain.

*Bimpe Aboyade

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Volume II Poems and Textual Notes

A B S T R A C T

The introduction of recent bibliographic techniques into editorial practice raised hopes of finally finding objective solutions to many seemingly insoluble textual problems. Yet as the eminent bibliographer Fredson Bowers points out (Bibliography and Textual Criticism, 1964) such hopes - either because the techniques are still not completely developed, or because of their inherent limitations - have not been fully realized. Walter Greg, another pioneer in the field, had earlier warned that the new techniques could not be expected to carry the textual critic the whole way to perfection (Bibliography - An Apologia, 1932). The present thesis represents an attempt to apply the techniques to, and to overcome their limitations in, the editing of Marvell's poems - with what success the sequel will show.

Chapter 1 considers the circumstances surrounding the first printing of most of Marvell's poems in 1681 at the instance or with the connivance of that Mary Palmer who falsely claimed to be his widow. It is shown that certain items intended for inclusion in the Miscellaneous Poems were cancelled because of the political upheavals of the year; that these cancelled poems deal with Cromwell and would have been likely to remind the public of the Civil War and the Regicide at a time when repetition of both catastrophes had been

narrowly averted; that because of the cancellations, the 1681 edition actually survives in three states. It is further suggested that the volume was printed by 'casting-off' the copy, that, during printing, other materials not supplied by Mary Palmer were added, and that none of those directly concerned with the printing can be expected to have exercised salutary control over the process of publication.

Chapter 2 discusses the various theories of textual criticism evolving from editorial practices in the fields of Biblical, Classical, and Modern Bibliographical scholarship. The objective common to all three is the determining^{of} the text closest to the author's original by tracing the descent of surviving copies through the use of various methods: by Dom Quentin's theory of intermediaries, by Paul Maas's system of stemmatics, by Walter Greg's calculus of variants, and the like. For Marvell, with only one edition to be followed, the common problem of preferring one of a series of early editions does not exist; the real difficulty is to ascertain the poet's own intention whenever there is cause for doubt, always bearing in mind the not-too-favourable ambiances of poems either published posthumously or circulated anonymously. In addition to the problem of establishing Marvell's intention in authenticated poems, there is the problem of authenticating, or trying to authenticate, the anonymous poems attributed to his authorship. The conclusion is that because of

the peculiarities of transmission and survival, an edition of Marvell's poems must necessarily be based not upon one but upon several methods of approach.

Chapter 3 examines the background and technique of the 'copy-text', the use of which is made obligatory by the repeated successes of the bibliographical school of textual critics in its application to earlier English works. Where only one copy of unquestionable superiority can be singled out, no one need quarrel with this technique; difficulties begin to arise when there are several copies of comparable authority available. To insist upon a 'copy-text' even in this case is justified by what Greg calls the 'accidentals' of a text (i.e. the spelling modes, the punctuation system, etc.). It is even more justified when it ensures that a modern edition retains significant 'accidentals', whatever they be, to the point where all linguistic traits of the author's period, all significant indications of linguistic and philological peculiarities, whether temporal, or social, or private, should be transmitted through the text. In the case of Marvell, the setting-up of a 'copy-text' without thorough exploration of 'accidentals' is scarcely feasible. That completed, the final question is the degree to which the results of that exploration, the resolutions of the difficulties it reveals, must be followed.

Chapter 4 considers many of the peculiarities of the English language in Marvell's time, particularly those (consequent upon the tangle of vowel-shifts known as The Great Sound Shift) which have immediate effectiveness for the 'copy-text' technique. Thanks to research by philologist-linguists like Luick, Sweet, Wyld, Whitehall, Dobson, Nist, Trager - Smith, et al., the overall pattern of Early Modern English, particularly that of the sonantal system, emerges with some clarity. Here the results are schematized on a phonemic basis, and the confusions that might confront an editor, especially those reflected in spellings and rhymes, are broadly charted. From this exercise emerge several linguistic guide-lines to be followed, or at least considered, in editing Marvell.

Chapter 5 attempts to demonstrate how the study of para-linguistic factors of metre, rhythm, rhyme, and repetitive sound-patterning facilitates the editorial task, especially for rhymed verse. Here the metre and rhythms of Marvell's verse are analyzed in some detail and from several points of view. The most obvious prosodic feature is the maintenance of a strict syllable count - so strict that any apparent violation can be attributed to an error of transmission. In the octosyllabic couplet, his favourite form, Marvell not only makes good use of traditionally accepted variations, modulations, and metrical equivalences but

is also able to absorb into his verse the principles of the 'Classical plain style,' the so-called sermo. In him, this is not merely a matter of achieving post-Elizabethan elegance and colloquial ease of diction and syntax: it also, and more importantly, involves the natural ordering of syntactic units in such a fashion that the pauses bordering and segmenting them can be varied as freely and unaffectedly in verse as they normally are in prose and speech - all this within the strict metrical framework of syllable count. As a result, there is remarkably free positioning of the 'caesuras', which fall at various places in a line after odd- as well as even-numbered syllables and not - as advocated by certain Elizabethan poets and authorities - in a fixed medial position. Following the method of Ants Oras (Pause Patterns in Elizabethan and Jacobean Drama, 1960), an attempt is made to graph pause distribution profiles for the two famous poems "To His Coy Mistress" and "An Horatian Ode" on the basis of both printed punctuation and syntactic analysis of actual readings.

Chapter 6 brings forward the argument that capitalization is a device employed to indicate emphasis - particularly in stress bearing words of a poem - and is therefore an important 'accidental' to be reckoned with in editing verse. This fact is revealed in the analysis of Marvell's On a Drop of Dew, and is confirmed by the practice of contemporary poets, by printing practice, and by

statements of printers at the time. What emerges is that this poem as printed in 1681 (and probably some other poems) seems to have fewer printed capitalized words than appeared in the original manuscript. In editing the poems, while it may not be possible to restore all the capitalization that Marvell intended, it is at least possible to detect words wrongly capitalized, if they destroy what seems to be the intended rhythm and sense.

Chapters 7 to 9 deal with the problem of attributing to Marvell some poems written anonymously. In Chapter 7 the various methods of determining the authorship of disputed works are reviewed. These fall into two main groups: internal evidence of style and ideas, and the external evidence of direct statements by the author or his contemporaries, or statements from letters, diaries, and so forth. For Marvell external evidence is found to be rather weak - sometimes contradictory. Internal stylistic evidence is relatively unhelpful mainly because the characteristic styles of the lyrical poems are different from those of the political poems. On the other hand, evidence from ideas seems important because of the feasible comparison between the views expressed in his prose writings and those in the political poems.

For this purpose, Marvell's activities and attitudes as a politician are examined in Chapter 8. The picture given is that of a loyal citizen with a deep reverence for law and the constitu-

tion, and a strong belief in the providential guidance of affairs of state. In a mixed constitution such as that of England at the time when the political poems were written, Marvell was determined to support equally the prerogatives of the King and the privileges of Parliament; and rejected any action - from Parliament or King - that might upset the balance.

Finally, in Chapter 9, the political poems attributed to Marvell are re-examined individually. After this consideration, only four of the sixteen poems printed by Margoliouth - The Last Instructions, The Loyall Scott, Bludius et Corona and Scaevola Scoto-Brittannus - are found to be fully acceptable as Marvell's. Four others - Clarendon's House-Warming, Britannia and Rawleigh, and The Second and Third Advices - are probably his. All the others, it appears, have been wrongly ascribed to him.

CHAPTER 1

THE PRINTING OF THE MISCELLANEOUS POEMS, 1681

Most of Andrew Marvell's lyrical poems were printed for the first time in 1681 long after the poet's death. The opening address in this volume, "To the Reader", by one 'Mary Marvell', which has caused Marvell's biographers to puzzle over his marital status, was at last explained in an article by Professor F.S. Tupper.¹ Apart from giving an account of this woman who fraudulently claimed to be Marvell's wife, the article also threw some light on the circumstances surrounding the printing of these poems, which perhaps might otherwise have never seen the light of day.

The woman, Mary Palmer, had been Marvell's landlady when he lodged in Westminster. In 1677 he took a house in Great Russell Street in her name, in which he hid Edward Nelthorpe and Richard Thompson, his friends, who at the time were undischarged bankrupts and were therefore in danger of going to prison. He also helped these men by depositing £500 of theirs with a goldsmith in his own name. Marvell died unexpectedly on 16 August, 1678 before their difficulties had been resolved. Thereupon, Thompson (Nelthorpe died shortly after Marvell) and another bankrupt, John Farrington, who was in the same trading

partnership with Marvell's friends, had to find means of recovering the money vital to their existence. They hatched a plot with Mary Palmer, by which she declared herself Marvell's widow, in order that the money might be claimed by her without the Commissioner of Bankruptcy being able to seize it. The note "To the Reader" in the 1681 volume was no doubt inserted as part of the scheme to lend credence to the story of her assumed status. Eventually, the schemers quarrelled, and, during the legal tussle that followed, John Farrington proved that she was really not Marvell's widow. The bankrupts won the money in the end, though not before 1684. Since the legal action to recover the money dragged on for a very long time, the printing of the poems was probably envisaged as a means of providing money immediately for the bankrupts and Mary Palmer. The note to the reader was dated 15 October, 1680. Copies of the book were already being sold by the following January.²

It appears then that the motive behind the printing of the poems was largely mercenary. The bankrupts needed money desperately; Mary Palmer was herself the poor widow of the keeper of a tennis court who had died in poverty. She could not even afford to pay the fee for taking out administration on Marvell's estate. The schemers could rest assured that the poet's reputation as patriot would sell the edition quickly.

Indeed, as Bradbrook and Lloyd Thomas have noted, the lyrical poems were not to the taste of the time, and sold only on the reputation of their author.³ In most copies of the book the portrait of Marvell is missing as though it had been taken out presumably for framing by admirers.

According to Mary Palmer's story in court, when she went to Marvell's lodging at Maiden Lane she found only "a few books and papers of a small value", including, one may guess, the manuscripts containing the lyrical poems. Being "so mean a person" without any intellectual pretensions, she could hardly be expected to exercise any influence on the process of printing once she had delivered the manuscripts to the printer or publisher.

Of the printer nothing is known except what can be inferred from his device on the title page. This was a time when printers' names rarely appeared in the imprint of a book. The device, "Anchora Spei" (number 195 according to McKerrow's classification), was originally owned by Richard Badger, a printer in London early in the century. It was later used successively by other printers - T. Vautrollier, R. Field and George Miller. From George Miller the device was passed on to his sons who were printers at various times in London towards the end of the century. One of these was probably the printer

of the Miscellaneous Poems.

The 'undertaker', whose name appeared in the imprint, was Robert Boulter. He was a bookseller in London at the time, and seems to have belonged to a group of booksellers and stationers who, in addition to handling books, also carried in stock some of the current panaceas prepared for popular consumption. In one of the advertisements for these products he is mentioned as selling "Pillulae in Omnes Morbos, or Pills against all Diseases" around 1680.⁴ Such men were usually in business on a fairly modest scale - at least modest enough for them to need to supplement their regular trade with other business.

"The papers of a small value" indeed provided most of the material for the 1681 volume; but there are indications that not all of Marvell's poems are therein contained. The political satires were of course not there since the author could not be found in possession of writings that could be regarded as treasonable at the time.⁵ Some poems, like "To his Noble Friend Mr Richard Lovelace, upon his Poems", "Ad Regem Carolum Parodia", "Upon the Death of the Lord Hastings" and "An Elegy upon the Death of My Lord Francis Villiers", which had been published earlier, were also not included in the 1681 printing. It appears, however, that one such poem previously published

and not included among Mary Palmer's discoveries was later brought in during the printing. This is "A Dialogue between Thrysis and Dorinda" which had been published several times before 1681.⁶ Margoliouth rightly notes that this poem should have been grouped with the other pastorals in the 1681 volume, and that it is out of place between "On the Victory Obtained by Blake" and the "Character of Holland". It appears "as if it had turned up in the course of printing".⁷ When one looks closely at the make-up of the volume, his view that the poem had been added at the last minute is confirmed. There is so much space after "On the Victory Obtained by Blake" that it could easily have started on page 108, and also so much space after it and before "The Character of Holland" that the latter could have been begun on page 110. In most parts of the volume, a poem does not necessarily begin on a fresh page - a rule is used to indicate the end of one poem and the beginning of another. The inclusion of prose pieces like "Janae Oxenbrigiae Epitaphium" (page 65), "To Sir John Trott" (page 67) and "An Epitaph Upon - " (page 70) in a work entitled Miscellaneous Poems also suggests some padding in parts.

The necessity to fill gaps can only arise if there has been some miscalculation about space allotment to each poem. But that could not have occurred if the text had been composed

the way we expected in a first edition - that is, composing successive pages as they appear in the finished book. The explanation which suggests itself is that the text was composed by forme, a process which requires that the printer first 'cast off' his copy. This means that he has to predetermine which parts of the text are to be accommodated on each of the various pages of the quire to be printed. The necessary calculation may not always be accurately made, though it is much easier to do this for verse than for prose. The forme is the typographical unit required to print one side of a sheet of paper. Even when composition is by successive pages, these pages have still got to be imposed or grouped together in a certain order to make up the formes of the quire before they can go to the press. In a folio in fours, as the 1681 volume is, pages 1 and 8 are imposed in the same forme, 2 is paired with 7, 3 with 6, and 4 with 5 (see illustrations below).

I

Outer formes

1	8
---	---

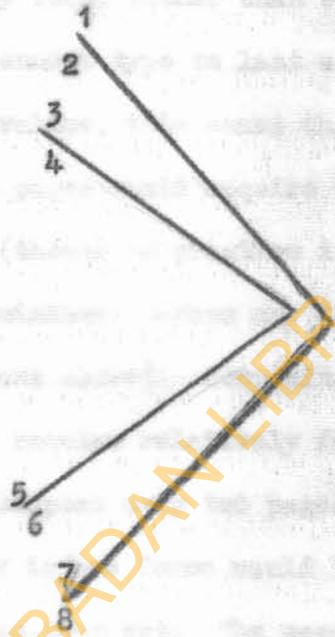
3	6
---	---

Inner formes

7	2
---	---

5	4
---	---

printer should want to copy II by some other than the printer.
 First, the printer may not have time to do so. For the printer
 must composition. For the printer must composition. For the printer
 compositor, working by successive forms, type is set at least five pages (the
 necessary to spread this narrow column. The printer could be printed (see illustrations
 forms, on the other hand, would require the printer to set types since the compositor had
 process of printing. The printer could be printed as soon as another form is set. The printer
 is that it would make it possible to set the copy on successive



Therefore, if a compositor is to proceed immediately from page 1 to 8, or if, as is most likely, he is to begin work with the inner forme of the innermost sheet - that is, pages 4 and 5 - he must know exactly what part of the copy to set on these pages. He must know to the very letter where to begin and end each page, so that there will be no overlapping between pages being set and those already being printed. Casting off, therefore, requires considerable care and much effort. Hence, composing by forme would not be undertaken without good reasons.

Charlton Hinman in his Printing and Proof-Reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare advances two major reasons why a

printer should want to compose by forme rather than by page.⁸ First, the printer may not have enough type to last a page by page composition. For the 1684 volume, this means that a compositor working by successive pages would require enough type to set at least five pages (though in practice it is necessary to exceed this barest minimum) before any sheet could be printed (see illustrations above). Composing by formes, on the other hand, would require relatively fewer types since the compositor need compose only two pages before presswork begins. The types used in one forme would be distributed as soon as another forme had been set. The second reason is that it would make it possible for more than one compositor to work on a book at the same time, thereby keeping the press busy all the time and making the printing quicker.

Robert Boulter and his printer, as indicated above, most likely operated on a modest scale, and therefore had a limited supply of types. In fact, most printers of the time were of necessity in business only on a modest scale, because of the various press restrictions in force during the seventeenth century. In 1615, the number of printers in London was limited to fifteen, exclusive of those who had royal patents for printing particular volumes. The Star Chamber decree of 1637 made no exceptions and limited their number to twenty, that of type-

founders to four. These restrictions were broken during the Civil War, with presses for both sides actively engaged in producing innumerable political pamphlets and news-sheets. Following the Restoration, however, a Licensing Act was passed in 1662, which restored all the restrictions of the Star Chamber decree of 1637, and enforced them even more rigorously. Needless to say, all these regulations helped to cripple the printing trade in England during the period, and it was not until after the Licensing Act had lapsed, in 1695, that the English press achieved a measure of freedom and was able to develop like those of the other countries of Europe.

As to the probable employment of more than one compositor for the 1681 volume, there is no positive evidence either way. The possibility cannot entirely be ruled out, for many printing offices of the time engaged more than one. In this connection, however, it is worth noting that, except for "Thrysis and Dorinda" which is more corrupt than any other poem in the text, there is no great variation in the standard of accuracy from part to part of the 1681 edition.

If we rely on the information in the note "To the Reader" preceeding the poems, the printing was probably finished by October 1680 and was on sale shortly afterwards. There was no entry for it in the Transcript of the Stationers Register, but

it was entered in February, 1681 in the Term Catalogue. There is only one edition of the Miscellaneous Poems, but among the copies that have survived three states of the edition are known to exist.⁹ They collate as follows:

(i) π^2 (unpaged) B - C² (pp. 1 - 8) D - Q⁴ (pp. 9 - 112)
 R - S¹ (pp. 113 - 116) T₂, T₃, T₄ (pp. 131 - 136)
 U¹ (pp. 137 - 138) X¹ (p. 139, verso blank).

(ii) π^2 , B - C² (pp. 1 - 8) D - U⁴ (pp. 9 - 144)

(iii) π^2 , B - C² (pp. 1 - 8) D - T⁴ (pp. 9 - 136)
 U¹ (pp. 137 - 138) X¹ (p. 139).

All but two of the surviving copies collate as (i). From these copies "An Horatian Ode", "The First Anniversary of the Government under O.C." and "A Poem upon the Death of O.C." are missing. To judge from the irregularity in the collation, it appears these poems were deliberately cancelled after they had been printed.

It is noteworthy that the three missing poems are on Cromwell, and an understanding of the events of the period is necessary in order to see why these particular poems were

cancelled. It could not be purely on account of the restoration of the monarchy after Cromwell's Commonwealth. If that had been the reason, the missing poems would never have been printed in the first place. From the survival of the unique copy containing these poems, it would appear that a few copies were already out of reach of the printer before cancellation was effected on copies yet unsold.

Although one cannot call Marvell an enthusiastic supporter of the Republican cause, there is no doubt that he was a great admirer of Cromwell as a man of destiny. He was, in fact, one of the Protector's two Secretaries. And as member for Hull in Parliament during the reign of Charles II, he was closely associated with the Opposition. The tone of some of his letters about events in Parliament show that on most issues he was not in agreement with the Government.

Parliament between 1661 and 1679 was Royalist and Cavalier. With the fall of Danby's government in 1679, the Opposition, later organized into the Whig Party, rose to a position of power amidst the national hysteria caused by the series of Popish Plots. The period witnessed in particular the rise of Shaftesbury to an eminent position in and out of Parliament. A rabble rouser and an adept at manipulating political machinery, he tried to pervert a genuine national emergency for the narrow interest of

his party.

Actively involved with the Popish Plots was James, heir apparent to the throne. In order to prevent the overthrow of the Anglican religion by the accession of a papist king, the Royalists, later organized into the Tory Party, proposed to limit his powers. But the Whigs wanted to exclude him totally from the throne. The new Parliament and two subsequent ones were mainly Whig in sympathy and dominated by the influence of Shaftesbury. He pursued his policy of 'Exclusion' vigorously and tried to carry bills in its support in successive Parliaments. King and Parliament were at loggerheads. The spirit of 1641 was abroad and with it the risk of another Civil War - old Republicans reappeared, and there was a revival of alliance of merchants and Dissenters against an alliance of Court and Cavalier. A national crisis was fast turning into war of parties with political groups coalescing into organized parties. The Whigs in particular thrived on the national hysteria. Their hold on most of the constituencies filled the Anglican gentry with fear that along with James they too were doomed to 'Exclusion', and that their enemies would make religion a pretext for political proscription. In spite of his Popery the Tories accordingly adopted James. By now the nation was faction-ridden. In 1681, the year

Marvell's Miscellaneous Poems was published, the 'Exclusion' quarrel reached a climax. There were threats, mob excesses and judicial murders. The Whigs overreached themselves by threatening to repeat the catastrophe of 1641. They also resorted to violence against their Tory rivals and to a systematic intimidation of the moderates among themselves. On January 10, 1681, the King prorogued Parliament; then dissolved it. On March 21, he summoned a new Parliament at Oxford - a town Royalist in sympathy and physically and emotionally separated from London, where the Whigs had their greatest support. The Whigs still refused to consider for the sake of peace any compromise short of complete 'Exclusion'. And on March 28, the King dissolved the Oxford Parliament, although Shaftesbury was reported to have attempted to deny the King's right to dissolve it and to have made efforts to keep it in session, despite the Royal Dissolution. But removed from London and their supporters, the Whigs were at a disadvantage.

Soon after the dissolution of the Oxford Parliament, Tory reaction against the Whigs had full licence. The general atmosphere was that of revenge. After the excesses of Shaftesbury, there was a popular reaction in favour of the King. A large number of London apprentices even offered to serve the King wherever he pleased and at their own expense.¹⁰ Devotion

to the Crown became unbounded and extravagant. The King set about revolutionizing the structure of local government in order that he might be assured of the loyalty of justices, mayors, sheriffs and council men. Larger towns, the chief Whig strongholds, had to surrender their charters and thus forfeit their municipal independence. There was a revival of severity against Protestant Dissenters. Individual Whigs saw the forces of law set against them; Shaftesbury was sent to the Tower on charge of high treason; Edward Fitsharris, another Whig, was tried and executed. Even lesser men with Whig sympathies were not spared. There was the case of a joiner named Stephen College who was put on trial and later executed for seditious words and actions at Oxford during the meeting of Parliament. Though rash in openly showing his sympathies for the Whigs, he was in reality quite harmless. Nevertheless, he was charged with having prepared arms at Oxford to wage war against the King in a trial described as one of the most unfair in a period abounding in judicial murders.¹¹

Clearly this was no time to show sympathy for or espouse the cause of any non-Royalist. It was no time to remind the people of Cromwell and his opposition to the Crown or publish anything that smacked of the Civil War. That would have landed the publisher and printer in trouble and made it impossible for

the book to sell, even if it were not totally banned. For a small scale publisher laying out money on a small printing venture the most obvious thing to do was to cancel the offending poems as being out of tune with the mood of the time. From the fact that the Whigs fell from power in March 1681, we can assume that the printer probably set about cancelling the poems almost immediately, before he could be ranked with anti-Royalist elements.

As for the poems themselves, it was not just the mere mention of Cromwell's name and reminders of the period in which Charles II was deprived of his birth-right that would have been found objectionable. Though the extravagant praise lavished on Cromwell in itself could cause irritation, what appears to have been particularly objectionable and dangerous at the time was the comparison between Cromwell and monarchs generally, in which the monarchy comes out very badly. In the "Horatian Ode", the King has justice and ancient rights on his side, but Cromwell is propelled by fate and chosen by destiny to displace the King. Charles I is dignified even at the hour of his death, but Cromwell is the 'greater spirit':

Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the antient Rights in vain:

But those do hold or break
 As men are strong or weak.
 Nature that hateth emptiness,
 Allows of penetration less:
 And therefore must make room
 Where greater Spirits come. [37 - 44]

In the "First Anniversary" Cromwell is rated as being even greater than a king:

For to be Cromwell was a greater thing
 Then ought below, or yet above a king. [255 - 226]

He - like Gideon of the Bible - has grown great by the conquest of kings. In just one year he has accomplished for the nation what would take hereditary monarchs generations to perform:

'Tis he the force of scatter'd Time contracts
 And in one Year the work of Ages acts:
 While heavy Monarchs make a wide Return,
 Longer, and more Malignant than Saturn:
 And though they all Platonique years should reign,
 In the same Posture would be found again.
 Their earthy Projects under ground they lay,
 More slow and brittle then the China clay:
 Well may they strive to leave them to their son,
 For one thing never was by one King don. [13 - 22]

Kings generally are depicted as lazy. They are 'ignorantly bred' (line 117) and it needs someone like "Angelique Cromwell who outwings the wind" (line 126) to shake them out of their "Regal sloth" (line 122). They oppress their subjects instead of promoting their welfare. In comparison Cromwell, depicted as almost godlike, is a blessing for the people. "A Poem upon the Death of O.C." still repeats and enlarges upon this godlike image of Cromwell and attempts a justification for his assumption of power, which Charles II was bound to regard as a wicked usurpation of his divine rights.

Such a comparison could not possibly go down well at a time when the reigning King, himself a victim of the Civil War, was assiduously promoting the doctrine of Royal Pre-eminence, his hand strengthened by the Whig disturbances of 1680 - 81. Charles II was inclined to associate absolute kingship with order, and political experiment with anarchy. And he was not alone in this conviction. Many of his subjects shared this view. The maxim that the King could do no wrong was reiterated by the lawyers of the time. Moreover, Clarendon, Chief Minister early in his reign, was known to hold the conviction that the roots of the late rebellion could not be destroyed "until the King's regal and inherent power and prerogative should be fully avowed and vindicated, and till the usurpations of both houses

since the year 1640 were disclaimed and made odious".¹²

Odious this had indeed become among the generality of the people around 1681 after the excess of Shaftesbury and the Whigs; and realisation of this odium appears to be the main reason why the Cromwell poems were cancelled after they had already been printed. This misfortune of untimeliness apart, the printer and publisher, as noted above, were outside the pale of the better established and better known book business of the time. All concerned with the output were chiefly interested in using Marvell's name for gain rather than genuinely concerned about representing him well in print.

¹² H. W. Margoliouth, "Marvell's Poems and Poet", *ibid.* (19 May, 1930).

¹³ G. K. Wilson, *The Poems and Manuscripts of the First Poet of England* (Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1905), pp. 69-70. In fact, there has been a great deal of criticism since that the practice of copying by hand was common among Elizabethan and Jacobean printers in view of the awkward difficulties. See also Wilson, "The Poems of the First Poet of England", *ibid.* (1935), 257-273; J. A. G. Reade, "The Poems of Elizabethan Printers: A Study," *Publications of the Bibliographical Society of America*, XIII (1922), 287-294; G. W. Williams, "Setting by Hand in Quartosetting," *Studies in Bibliography*, II (1933), 59-59; H. E. Warner, "The Composition of the Incomplete Countess", *Studies in Bibliography*, XII (1939), 190-203.

¹⁴ H. W. Margoliouth, ed., *The Poems and Letters of Andrew Marvell*, 2nd ed., Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1924, Vol. 1, p. 200.

FOOTNOTES

- ¹F.S. Tupper, "Mary Palmer, alias Mrs. Andrew Marvell", PMLA, LIII, (June, 1938), 367 - 392.
- ²M.C. Bradbrook and M.G. Lloyd Thomas, Andrew Marvell, Cambridge University Press, 1961, p. 145. They found the date of purchase in the Luttrell copy to be 18 January.
- ³Ibid., p. 148.
- ⁴J. Alden, "Pills and Publishing: Some Notes on the English Book Trade, 1660 - 1715", The Library, 5th ser., VII, (1952), 21 - 32.
- ⁵See Chapter 2.
- ⁶See Textual Notes, vol. 2, p. 203.
- ⁷H.M. Margoliouth, "Marvell's 'Thyrsis and Dorinda'", TLS, (19 May, 1950), 309.
- ⁸G. Hinman, The Printing and Proof-Reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, 2 vols., Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1963, pp. 69 - 73. In fact, there has been a great deal of evidence to show that the practice of composing by forme was quite common among Elizabethan and Jacobean printers in spite of the attendant difficulties. See also Hinman, "Cast-off Copy for the First Folio of Shakespeare", Shakespeare Quarterly, VI (1955), 257 - 273; W.H. Bond, "Casting Off Copy by Elizabethan Printers: A Theory", Publications of the Bibliographical Society of America, XLII (1948), 281 - 291; G.W. Williams, "Setting by Formes in Quarto Printing", Studies in Bibliography, XI (1958), 39 - 53; R.K. Turner, "The Composition of The Insatiate Countess", Studies in Bibliography, XII (1959), 198 - 203.
- ⁹H.M. Margoliouth, ed. The Poems and Letters of Andrew Marvell, 2nd ed., Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1952, vol. 1, p. 206.

¹⁰D. Ogg, England in the Reign of Charles II, 2 vols.;
2nd ed., Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1955, vol. 1, p. 620.

¹¹Ibid.

¹²Ibid., vol. 2, p. 450.

as close as possible to the original.

"The task of textual criticism is not only to establish the true original text, but likewise to trace throughout the history of its transmission".

The second statement shows how the philological approach to textual criticism has widened its scope beyond what previously engaged the attention of classic scholars like Paul Maury, who made the first statement, while at the same time wrong in view the end - the establishment of an author's text.

Basically there are two stages of procedure in the establishment of a text. First, an attempt is made to sift from all surviving copies of the subject or author, the most authoritative form of text. Invariably this form is not the author's original text, and may not even be immediately derived from the original. Then comes the second stage, ascertainment, in which the chosen form or forms are purged of their corruptions to approximate the original.

The first stage lends itself more easily to rules and methods than the second. Given a number of manuscripts or printed

CHAPTER 2TEXTUAL CRITICISM AND THE TEXT OF MARVELL

"The business of textual criticism is to produce a text as close as possible to the original".¹

"The task of textual criticism is not only to establish the true original text, but likewise to trace throughout the history of its transmission".²

The second statement shows how the bibliographical approach to textual criticism has widened its scope beyond what previously engaged the attention of classical scholars like Paul Maas, who made the first statement, while at the same time having in view the same end - the establishment of an author's text.

Basically there are two stages of procedure in the establishment of a text. First, an attempt is made to sift from all surviving copies, by one method or another, the most authoritative form or forms. Invariably this form is not the author's original copy and may not even be immediately derived from the holograph. Then comes the second stage, emendation, in which the chosen form or forms are purged of their corruptions to approximate the original.

The first stage lends itself more easily to rules and methods than the second. Given a number of manuscripts or printed

editions as basis of study, it is possible to formulate some logical steps in discovering the archetype from among them. When it comes to emendation, however, one has to agree with A. N. Housman that "a textual critic engaged upon his business is not at all like Newton investigating the motion of the planets; he is much more like a dog hunting for fleas. If a dog hunted for fleas on mathematical principles, basing his researches on statistics of area and population, he would never catch a flea except by accident".³ As a rejoinder Greg rightly observes that "the fact is that there is only one general principle of emendation, which is that emendation is in its essence devoid of principle. At its finest it is an inspiration, a stirring of the spirit, which obeys no laws and cannot be produced to order. In other words, emendation is an art".⁴

Given this situation then with regard to the two basic stages in textual criticism, one finds that textual critical theories and techniques naturally concentrate most on the first stage of procedure - to obtain the most authoritative form or forms.

The process that precedes emendation in textual criticism was refined and made more scholarly through the introduction of the genealogical method by Karl Lachmann. This method advanced textual criticism beyond the purely numerical relations of manu-

scripts, in which when treated independently a single witness can be easily overborne by the united testimony of several other witnesses. Lachmann's method showed that if the genealogical relationship of these witnesses was first established, it might be found that the several witnesses were on the one hand descended from a single source and therefore could no longer claim superiority by sheer number, or even, on the other hand, that they were descended from the first single witness and that the variations in which they agreed were corruptions.

The basic assumption in this concept is that the oldest manuscript carries the most authority. In his own exposition of the concept Hort says that:

In their prima facie character documents present themselves as so many independent and rival texts of greater or less purity. But as a matter of fact they are not independent: by the nature of the case they are all fragments, usually casual and scattered fragments, of a genealogical tree of transmission, sometimes of vast extent and intricacy. The more exactly we are able to trace the chief ramifications of the tree, and to determine the places of the several documents among the branches, the more secure will be the foundation laid for a criticism capable of distinguishing the original text from its successive corruptions. It may be laid down then emphatically.... that ALL TRUSTWORTHY RESTORATION OF CORRUPTED TEXTS IS FOUNDED ON THE STUDY OF THEIR HISTORY, that is, of the relations of descent or affinity which connect the several documents.⁵

The genealogy of manuscripts is discovered mainly by the study and comparison of the texts: the technique depends on the principle that identity of reading implies identity of origin. It aims at the recovery of the texts of successive ancestors by an analysis and comparison of the varying text of their respective descendants. Each ancestral text so recovered is in its turn used in conjunction with other similar texts to recover the text of a yet earlier common ancestor. According to Hort the method involves three processes:

First the analysis and comparison of the documentary evidence for a succession of individual variations, next the investigation of the genealogical relations between the documents, and therefore between their ancestors, by means of the material first obtained; and thirdly the application of these genealogical relations to the interpretation of the documentary evidence for each variation.⁶

The readings thus established would form the basis for any other consideration of the text by way of emendation.

Dom Henri Quentin tried to systematize the procedure for constructing a genealogical chart of manuscripts, especially in Biblical scholarship. The central principle of his method is that, given three manuscripts A, B, C, if two of them, say A and C, never agree against the third, B, B occupies an inter-

mediary position on the line of transmission connecting the other two. This may mean that B is either the ancestor of A and C, or it is the descendant of one and the ancestor of the other. The essence of this system is, therefore, the search for the intermediary through a comparison of all the manuscripts three by three.

But before one gets to the stage of comparing the manuscripts in threes for intermediaries, one has first to make a complete and accurate collation in order to reveal all the existing variants. In doing this the manuscripts will be found to divide roughly into groups characterised by the same variants. What Quentin calls a "positive critical apparatus" is first constructed to consist of passages which vary from manuscript to manuscript. According to him, about twenty to eighty passages would be sufficient to make such a classification. From the "positive critical apparatus" a table showing the number of agreements among the manuscripts is then constructed. For this, each manuscript is compared with all the others one by one to determine the number of times any two given manuscripts agree in their variant readings. Certain groups of families will then emerge, from which the comparison of manuscripts in smaller groups of three can proceed.

The routine for reaching the remotest ancestor among

surviving manuscripts in classical scholarship, as set out by Paul Maas, is somewhat different. He worked out a method he termed "stemmatics", which is a process of elimination that leads back to the archetype. In this process it is necessary to demonstrate the dependence of one document (B) on another (A) through the examination of their errors - this with the object of eliminating B from further consideration. The characteristics of the errors are first established. They are either errors shared by certain manuscripts - 'conjunctive errors' - or they are peculiar to individual manuscripts - 'separative errors'.

If, for example, two witnesses, A and B, show peculiar errors in common against all other witnesses, and in addition each one shows at least one peculiar error of its own, then both derive from a common exemplar C, from which the remaining documents are not derived. It is possible to reconstruct C where A and B agree, and where A or B agrees with one of the other documents. The text of C is doubtful only where A and B do not agree with each other or with one of the remaining witnesses. Once it is possible to reconstruct C, A and B can be safely eliminated from further consideration.

With the foregoing go the assumptions "that the copies made since the primary slip in the tradition each reproduce one exemplar

only, i.e., that no scribe has combined several exemplars (contaminatio) and that each scribe consciously or unconsciously deviates from his exemplar, i.e. makes peculiar errors".⁷ This means that it is not easy or even possible to establish a 'stemmatic relationship' of the type A, B and C above when, for instance, an error is shared sometimes between A and B against C, and sometimes between C and B against A. In this case the contaminated witness fails to show the peculiar errors of its exemplar (since they have been corrected from another source) but exhibits the peculiar errors of exemplars on which it does not in the main depend. There is no way of eliminating either A or B or C, and they must all be taken on to the next task of examinatio as variants.

During the process of the examinatio, the critic has to find out the relationship of the archetype or variants discovered in the process of the recensio to the original. If the archetype is found in the unlikely event to be entirely free of corruptions, it may well be the original. But if it proves to be corrupt it is now subject to emendation.

At about the same time that Paul Maas was working out the stemma for classical manuscripts, Walter Greg was also engaged in determining the relation of the manuscripts of an English text - the Chester Plays. In his Calculus of Variants, where he

explained his own method, he defined the existing rules of textual criticism and modes of inference in mathematical terms. His aim in converting the basic principles of the genealogical method of criticism into mathematical notation is to make the detection of derivatives more precise and less laborious. His method provides for the recording and resolution of variants to get the necessary genealogical inferences by use of mathematical formulae. No doubt the method affords a way of reducing textual problem into manageable proportions, but one has to have enough grounding in mathematics to use his symbolism.

When we come to printed text, the name of McKerrow is generally associated with the beginnings of modern English textual criticism. With his edition of Thomas Nashe "scholars became aware that McKerrow had set a new standard in editorial method, especially in the establishment of the text".⁸ He, and those of his bibliographical school, first established the importance of bibliography as a valuable analytical technique in the elucidation and establishment of the text. This new way of looking at a text is ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ more successful in editing texts that have survived in printed versions, and obviates the need for adapting techniques that have been established with manuscript-editing in mind.

It is generally agreed in textual criticism that the

question of transmission is basic to any consideration of an author's text, and this is evident in the methods and practices of Classical and Biblical scholars discussed above. The change brought about by the bibliographical outlook is that whereas all other methods have as their starting point the subject matter of the text for the revealing of evidence of descent or dependence of one text on another, bibliography views the text not primarily as a literary composition, but in terms of its material peculiarities. It considers the text in terms of sheets of paper bearing certain conventional signs, the way in which these materials are put together, the relations of the signs in one book to those of another, and the subsequent adventures of the text through time. In the words of Fredson Bowers "bibliography may be said to attack textual problems from the mechanical point of view, using evidence which must deliberately avoid being coloured by literary considerations [while] non-bibliographical textual criticism works with meanings and literary values".⁹

The bibliographical method is still in its formative years; and more new possibilities are being discovered for it. It is to be noted, however, that as one of the pioneers in the field has stressed, it is not co-extensive with textual criticism and can only lead the critic part of the way.¹⁰ Like other

methods used since Lachmann it can undertake the initial narrowing down of the number of witnesses, though it is not faced with such complexity as confronts editors of manuscripts. Bibliographical findings too can often set limits to the scope of a critic's conjecture and positively direct the path of his reasoning and line of emendation. Through this, causes of certain textual errors can be easily understood and easily corrected. Sometimes even hidden corruptions are ferreted out.

Bibliography as applied to textual criticism has as its immediate concern the recovery of the author's text underlying the printed copy.¹¹ When there is only one edition an attempt is made to discover the form of the manuscript used by the printer. When there is more than one edition, the bibliographer traces in addition the transmission of the text and determines the forms of copies used for later editions than the first. These may be a different manuscript, a corrected earlier edition or an uncorrected one, a private transcript, foul papers, a prompt-book, or the like. In determining the manner in which the printer's copy has been turned into print, a distinction is made between which details of the printed text can be attributed to the compositor and which cannot. This will go a long way to show a critic how much confidence may be reposed in the authority of any particular text.

Such investigations embrace inquiries into printing practices environing the production of the text: the number of compositors engaged in setting the type, the number of presses used, whether or not the work was divided among several printers, the exact method of reading proof, the author's involvement in the actual process of printing, and any other factors that may affect textual transmission.

Hinman's The Printing and Proof-Reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare is a classic example of the way such investigations are conducted and of the factual evidence they may reveal to aid the editor in his task. Using the evidence of distinctive types - those becoming distinctive through physical injuries - he demonstrates the order in which the different parts of the Folio were produced. The general belief had been that compositors, especially when working on first editions, composed successive pages in the order in which we read them in the finished book. Hinman shows, however, that this was not always so and that the Folio was set in formes by first casting-off the copy.¹²

That this method of composing could affect accuracy of the transmission is shown by the fact that miscalculations in the process of casting-off often resulted in textual corruption. This is particularly evident when the verselining of the copy

has been tampered with, as in Titus Andronicus and Hamlet, or in the omission of some of the text - as in Much Ado, or in the omission of stage directions between two consecutive speeches of a single speaker, as in Anthony and Cleopatra.¹³ All these represent attempts to accommodate portions of texts that have been marked out for particular pages in the formes. One consequence of the last type of corruption was that in a later edition the editor, failing to realize that the two speeches were interrupted by stage direction, unnecessarily emended one by assigning another speaker to the second speech.

Hinman also shows that proof-reading is a factor affecting accurate textual transmission. After recording and analysing all the press corrections made during the printing of the Folio by Jaggard, he finds that the proof-reading was "arbitrary and unauthoritative throughout, and was generally concerned rather to remove obvious typographical defects than to ensure accuracy".¹⁴ Most of the corrections were made without reference to the copy, with the consequence that a seemingly plausible reading may turn out to be a corruption. As Alice Walker notes,¹⁵ such revelations have shaken editors' confidence in Jaggard's proof-corrections, and many of his corrections in the Folio which had been previously accepted without question have now become suspect. Perhaps by far the most important factor in the transmission

of the printed text was the compositor, the person who stood between the author's manuscript and presswork. The accuracy with which a copy is reproduced depends largely on the particular compositor who set it; hence the importance of identifying the compositor responsible. Studies of Shakespeare's Folio clearly reveal that it was not set by a single compositor.

Alice Walker identifies two of the compositors, using their characteristic spellings as the main clue.¹⁶ By this means she is able to learn something of the general habits of the compositors - who was more accurate and so on, how certain errors were made and on what basis they are to be emended. In Romeo and Juliet (Second Quarto), for instance, she is able to argue that the error chapels for chapless is not just a case of two letters having been accidentally transposed as might at first be imagined. She finds that the termination -lesse and not -les is used invariably throughout the text. She therefore infers that the intention was not to set chaplesse, but that the spelling in the copy being probably chaples (with the termination -les) the compositor mistook this for chapels, a far cry from chaples. In other words, if the spelling in the copy had been chaplesse such an error was unlikely to occur. In emending, the characteristic spelling with the termination -lesse (and not -les) immediately suggests itself.

In his own compositor-study Hinman uses more precise and powerful evidence to identify five compositors' hands in the setting of the Folio, exhibiting their habitual spelling patterns only in confirmation. He identifies the compositors by the cases of type they used:

Material set throughout from the same case proves in general to have been set by the same man, and in any event only one compositor at a time can possibly be supposed to have worked on it. But the use of different cases for the two pages of the same Folio forme almost invariably means that these cases were used simultaneously by different workmen. A two-case forme is practically certain to be a two-compositor forme as well, and as a rule the spelling peculiarities in such a forme not only confirm typographical indications of two-compositor setting but also tell us at once exactly which two compositors these were.¹⁷

From this study Hinman is able to assess how much and in just what ways each one of the compositors was likely to misrepresent the copy. He discovers, for example, that compositor E's work is generally inferior and that he is especially given to certain kinds of errors like inversions, transpositions, single-letter omissions, and errors in spacing and pointing.¹⁸

Such evidence as is provided by typographical considerations is sometimes supported by the study of the water marks in

the paper used. It is generally known, for instance, that in first editions the preliminaries were printed last. The study of the watermarks will demonstrate this fact conclusively by revealing the conjugate leaves of a gathering of which the preliminaries form a part.

Alan Stevenson's study of the watermarks in Shirley's The Opportunities also shows that dissimilar watermarks in various copies can aid the search for press corrections, since textual variants sometimes occur on contrasting papers.¹⁹ He is also able to draw such useful side inferences as that the book was printed in an edition of 1500 copies. Inconsistency in watermarks can also be used to identify cancels, inserted sheets, mixed issues, made-up copies and other irregularities. According to McKerrow, if there is part of a watermark on one leaf, and it is not continued on its corresponding leaf, one of the leaves is a cancel.²⁰

These investigations provide a very objective and factual basis for explaining textual problems. The biblic-textual critic first finds out the physical and mechanical facts about the inked shapes that make up the text. He then tries to establish a relationship between these details and any phenomena in the text requiring explanation. But bibliography is still at a stage when such relationships cannot always be demonstrated

conclusively, and the critic has to bear in mind the three orders of bibliographical evidence established by Fredson Bowers, namely that which is demonstrable, that which establishes probability and that which admits possibility.²¹ This means that not all bibliographical interpretations of textual problems are of equal and absolute authority. Some are at best inferential. And it is not always true that bibliographical analysis can supply the whole solution to textual problems. Yet bibliography can carry the textual critic some way towards his goal. How far depends largely on the nature of the particular text.

The problem presented by the text of Marvell's poems is easy to account for but difficult to overcome. It arises chiefly out of the fact that most of the poems were either published posthumously or circulated anonymously. The majority are contained in the Miscellaneous Volume of 1681, which includes all the poems by which he is famous. Obviously, he had no influence whatsoever on the process of transition from manuscript to printed text and, as I have already noted,²² Mary Palmer and all others connected with the publication were not in a position to exercise any salutary control on the printer in the performance of his duty. Moreover, this 1681 edition exists in three states, reflecting the not-too-favourable circumstances surrounding the printing.²³

The point here then is not that of deciding among series of editions, as only one exists. Once the circumstances surrounding the printing have been established (Chapter 1) the choice of copy-text is limited and relatively simple. The real difficulty, however, lies in ascertaining Marvell's intention in doubtful cases. Bibliographical solutions, as outlined above, may not be readily applied in all these cases. Other relevant matters like close study of language and metre will have to be considered. Consideration has also to be given to printed versions of the few poems published during Marvell's life time, which are also contained in the Miscellaneous Volume used to form the basis for the following edition of the Poems.

The poems which Marvell wrote under cover of anonymity are occasional satires written during the Restoration. These exist in printed version in the series Poems on Affairs of State as well as in a number of manuscripts. They were written at a time of growing dissatisfaction with the administration of Charles II, and, like others of their type, were remarkable for the freedom with which they attacked public figures and institutions. In a time of intense and widespread interest in politics and satire, all kinds of people felt obliged to write on public affairs despite tough laws against libel. Most of such verses had little stylistic distinction, and most of that which

they might have achieved was stifled by the authors' efforts to conceal their identity.

The period 1660 - 1679, in particular, was one of strict censorship; and of the very few satirical verses printed, practically all were from underground presses. Most verse of this kind was circulated surreptitiously, being passed on for copying from hand to hand, the copyists themselves remaining anonymous. A Treason Act passed early in the Restoration subjected to heavy penalties "all printing, writing, preaching, or malicious and advised speaking calculated to compass or devise the death, destruction, injury, or restraint of the sovereign, or to deprive him of his style, honor, or kingly name".²⁴ The Licencing Act of 1662 for suppressing dissident literature gave the Secretary of State, Sir Roger L'Estrange, powers of search and seizure. This man was notorious for the singlemindedness and vigour with which he ferreted out authors and publishers of seditious literature. The Act originally applied to printed libels, but by 1677 L'Estrange had recommended that manuscript material be included because "it is notorious that not one in forty libels ever comes to the press, though by the help of manuscripts they are well nigh as public". As a result one Whig politician, Algernon Sidney, was executed in 1683 merely for possessing the manuscript of a satire. Under

the circumstances, one finds that for such verses "every stage of composition, transcription, and circulation [is] marked by anonymity or illegality or both", with the result that "when the last shred of evidence has been sifted the authors must in most cases remain unknown".²⁵

Apart from the problem of attribution raised by these poems there is also the question whether the manuscripts or the printed versions which started coming out after the fall of James II provide the best source for them. Although the manuscripts were earlier than the printed texts, it is quite conceivable that the latter were based on superior manuscripts now lost. Further complication arises from the fact that not one single copy in either group contains all the satires attributed to Marvell.

The fact of the matter, then, is that because of the manner in which copies of Marvell's poems have survived, an edition must of necessity employ more than one method of approach. In any case, the ultimate goal, as in most editorial tasks, will still be to attempt to unravel what Marvell himself would have wanted to present to his readers as his own.

²⁵ See Chapter 1, pp. 2-7.

FOOTNOTES

- ¹P. Maas, Textual Criticism, 2nd ed., Oxford, 1958, p. 1.
- ²W.W. Greg, "The Function of Bibliography in Literary Criticism", Collected Papers, ed. J.C. Maxwell, Oxford, 1966, p. 268.
- ³A.E. Housman, "Application of Thought to Textual Criticism", Selected Prose, ed. J. Carter, Cambridge, 1962, pp. 132 - 133.
- ⁴W.W. Greg, "Principles of Emendation in Shakespeare", Proceedings of the British Academy, XIV, 1928, 147.
- ⁵F.J.A. Hort, The New Testament in the Original Greek, Cambridge, 1881, pp. 39 - 40.
- ⁶Ibid., p. 62.
- ⁷Maas, op. cit., p. 3.
- ⁸F.P. Wilson, "Preface to the Reprint of 1958", The Works of Thomas Nashe, ed. R.B. McKerrow, Oxford, 1958, vol. 1, p. v.
- ⁹F. Bowers, On Editing Shakespeare and the Elizabethan Dramatists, Richmond, Va., 1955, p. 35.
- ¹⁰W.W. Greg, "Bibliography - An Apologia", Collected Papers, 1966, pp. 249 - 260.
- ¹¹R.B. McKerrow asserts that transmission of text prior to printed form cannot be properly called bibliography. The bibliographer is mainly concerned with the manner in which the printer's copy has been turned into print. See his Polegomena for the Oxford Shakespeare, Oxford, 1939.
- ¹²See Chapter 1, pp. 5 - 7.

- 13C. Hinman, The Printing and Proof-Reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, 2 vols., Oxford, 1963, vol. 2, pp. 507 - 509.
- 14 Ibid., p. 9.
- 15 A. Walker, "Some Editorial Principles", Studies in Bibliography, VIII, 1956, p. 102.
- 16 A. Walker, "Compositor Determination and other Problems in Shakespearian Texts", Studies in Bibliography, VII, 1955, pp. 3 - 15.
- 17C. Hinman, op. cit., vol. 2, p. 509.
- 18 Ibid., vol. 1, pp. 282 - 313, passim.
- 19 A.H. Stevenson, "New Uses of Watermarks as Bibliographical Evidence," Studies in Bibliography, I, 1948-49, pp. 151 -182.
- 20 R.B. McKerrow, An Introduction to Bibliography for Literary Students, Oxford, 1927, p. 225.
- 21 F. Bowers, Bibliography and Textual Criticism, Oxford, 1964, p. 52.
- 22 See Chapter 1.
- 23 Ibid.
- 24 Cited George de F. Lord, ed., Poems on Affairs of State, Augustan Satirical Verse, 1660 - 1714, New Haven, Yale University Press, 1963, vol. 1, p. xxxiii.
- 25 Ibid., p. xxxii.

CHAPTER 3THE CONCEPT AND PLACE OF THE COPY-TEXT
IN TEXTUAL CRITICISM

In the previous chapter the necessity for selecting a 'copy-text' as basis for an edition was more or less taken for granted. The term itself was first introduced into textual criticism by McKerrow in his edition of Thomas Nashe. Although the concept was not unfamiliar in textual criticism, he nevertheless gave it a new twist, which has sparked off a lively controversy about its status and importance. In general sense McKerrow used this term to indicate the early text of the author which he, as editor, made the basis of his own edition. This means that one particular text out of several others extant has been selected as having a superior authority, and that its readings are, therefore, in the main preferred.

This sounds very much like the notion of the 'best manuscript' in the editing of manuscripts of Classical and Biblical writings, for with Lachmann textual criticism in both fields moved away from its eclectic freedom and from its reliance on the personal taste of editors and critics. And certainly the chief aim in devising more objective methods to deal with textual problems is the idea of seeking out the 'best manuscript' as the

basis for a modern edition. Followers of Lachmann, notably in Germany, generated a principle based on the genealogical method: if a manuscript was found to be descended independently from the archetype and to be generally more correct than others, its readings should be followed whenever they were not manifestly impossible.

It was this principle of criticism, called 'scientific' by its adherents, and its mechanical application to texts, that Housman could not accept. During the years 1904 - 1910 when McKerrow was issuing his edition of Nashe and formulating his own concept of the 'copy-text', Housman too was engaged in the editing of his Manilius, Juvenal and Lucan. He, also, had a great deal to say about picking one text as being the most authoritative. He rightly pointed out in his Introduction to Manilius that to say the genealogical method had discovered that certain texts depended on a single document from which all other extant manuscripts were copied is not necessarily to mean that the text of every author must conform to this.

From his own experience Housman noticed three categories of texts, each with its peculiar problems for editors.¹ In his first group he placed those which have come down in one manuscript or the few derived immediately or with little interval from one manuscript. These are the easiest to edit because the editor is

relieved of the problem of choice among variants. In the second group he placed those in which one manuscript is clearly superior to others. These others, though inferior, are nevertheless independently derived. The situation, therefore, is that the superior manuscript can be judiciously corrected here and there from the inferior ones. In the third group he placed texts in which there are a number of manuscripts independently derived and unlike in character but of equal authority. Each of these manuscripts then may be used in turn to correct the faults of the other.

When the 'best manuscript' is used, the 'scientific' school would follow its readings whenever they are not manifestly impossible - the underlying assumption being that whenever scribes made a mistake they produced an impossible reading; in short, that the readings of a manuscript are right whenever possible and wrong whenever impossible. Housman was quick to point out that distinguishing between sense and non-sense in a text is not the same thing as distinguishing between right and wrong readings. "Chance and the common course of nature will not bring it to pass that the readings of a MS are right whenever they are possible and impossible whenever they are wrong".² In prior editions of Manilius, Housman observed that the 'scientific' assumption often led to further corruption of a text. When an apparently impossible

reading presented itself, the editor, instead of trying first to understand its meaning, straight away proceeded to alter it. On the other hand, he could be drawn into defending certain corruptions because they made apparent sense.

The foregoing implies that the idea of the 'best manuscript' is not relevant in many cases of manuscript editing, and, in certain cases, may even be positively injurious. Housman's main grounds for irritation and annoyance he ascribes to the practice of "leaning on one manuscript like Hope on her anchor and trusting to heaven that no harm will come of it",³ to the sweeping generalizations implied in the principles surrounding this idea, and to the mechanical and blind reliance on its authority. Authority in textual criticism is relative and not absolute, he maintains. To what extent a manuscript is superior to others should only be settled by considering every discrepancy between it and other manuscripts on its unique intrinsic merits.⁴ The fact that one manuscript has been generally accepted as better should not tie an editor down to indiscriminate acceptance of all its readings.

This view concedes much to the very eclecticism which the 'scientific' school was trying to avoid. Housman pleads for more reliance on an informed judgment; his disgust with the 'scientific' rules makes him at times downright contemptuous:

Knowledge is good, method is good but one thing beyond all others is necessary, and that is to have a head, not a pumpkin, on your shoulders, and brains, not pudding, in your head.⁵

But he grants, however, that there are times - rare enough - when the authority of a better manuscript can be usefully invoked, not indeed as a good means of arriving at the truth, but as the best means available:

In thus committing ourselves to the guidance of the best manuscript we cherish no hope that it will always lead us right; we know that it will often lead us wrong; but we know that any other manuscript would lead us wrong still oftener. By following any other manuscript we shall only be right in the minority of cases; by following P [that is, the best MS for Juvenal] we shall be right in the majority.⁶

The notion of the 'best manuscript' no doubt forms the basis of McKerrow's concept of the 'copy-text', but owing to the difference in the character of textual study of manuscripts and that of printed texts, the application and relevance of the copy-text to the editing of printed texts is somewhat different from that of the 'best manuscript' to the editing of manuscripts. For one thing the problems of editing manuscripts are more complicated. This is largely due to the fact that most of the

manuscripts which have survived have come down through a number of different lines of descent; whereas with groups of printed texts single lines of descent are the most common, and in most cases the majority of the descendants are still extant.

In his edition of Nashe, McKerrow gives his reason for choosing particular texts as copy-texts and explains his treatment of these preferred texts. His reasons are by and large underlined by "the general principle of making the last edition which seems to have been corrected by the author the foundation of the text".⁷ Some of the works, however, have no such corrections, and the problem reduces itself to choice of the earliest edition after a careful collation of all the editions available. Here, McKerrow found, belong such works as The Anatomy of Absurdity, A Countereuffe given to Martin Junior, Christ's Tears over Jerusalem and a few others.

With Pierce Penilesse His Supplication to the Divell the problem was quite different. McKerrow chose the third edition of 1592 because he detected in it what he regarded as Nashe's own corrections. Although a much later edition of 1593 contained some other corrections, he felt that these did not show clearly the hand of the author. He confessed, however, that he could not say for certain that Nashe actually saw the text of the third edition in proof, and it was only by inference that he

maintained that some of the corrections were made either by the author or some person appointed by him. Amidst these uncertainties, he was faced with two alternatives - either to print from the first edition and adopt the corrections in the third, or vice versa. In the end he chose the second alternative even though he found the third edition often inferior to the first in accuracy of printing.

Later, in editing The Unfortunate Traveller, McKerrow seemed to resolve doubts about the author being actually responsible for corrections in his work:

If an editor has reason to suppose that a certain text embodies later corrections than any other, and at the same time has no grounds for disbelieving that these corrections, or some of them, at least, are the work of the author, he has no choice but to make that text the basis of his reprint.⁸

By this statement he shifted the burden of proof from the editor and relieved him of his responsibility to find evidence to support his claim as long as there was nothing to the contrary. Thus what amounts to probability becomes the basis of a principle of textual criticism. In preferring the second edition of this work, he argued that some of its corrections were such as could not have been made by any other person than the author, even

though "we find in them nothing which especially betrays his hand,"⁹ and that some of these corrections were to the detriment of the text.

On the last point, he declares that even if the changes throughout were for the worse and the second edition as a whole was inferior to the first, it would be no proof that Nashe did not make them himself. And in any case, he avers, it is not for an editor to choose from variant readings those which he himself would prefer from a literary point of view, but to choose those he believes the author intended. In the Preface to R. Green's 'Menaphon', McKerrow was again faced with a choice involving later editions with corrections. His choice of a 1610 edition far removed from the first one of 1589, and published after Nashe died, was even more difficult to defend. But by analyzing the nature of the changes in the text he could support his argument by the same principle enunciated for The Unfortunate Traveller.

Having selected the 'copy-text' it still is to be decided how closely it should be followed in a modern edition. McKerrow's practice in his edition of Nashe was to follow the readings in the copy-text except where they were corrupt. In the note prefixed to this edition he also outlined his other practices in this respect. With regard to spelling he followed his copy

exactly except for obvious misprints. He retained the hyphens but reserved the right to use his judgment when there was doubt as to whether a hyphen was in the original. With word-divisions he allowed himself some freedom to correct where necessary, but preferred to follow the copy-text whenever possible. In matters of typography, the copy-text was followed in the use of italics and capitals, but modern usage in the case of ligatures and the changing of black letters to Roman letters. He preserved the old use of u and v, i and j. Turned letters were corrected if when turned they did not resemble other letters. In matters of punctuation he adopted the principle of keeping the old punctuation wherever it was neither misleading nor actually disturbing to a reader, but altered it, with a note, whenever the sense of the sentence might be affected.¹⁰

By the time McKerrow was engaged in editing the Oxford Shakespeare in the 1930s, he had had time to crystallise his ideas about the copy-text. He did admit in the preface to his Prolegomena for the Oxford Shakespeare that 'scientific' textual criticism had its limitations, and endorsed the importance of the informed and disciplined imagination that Housman often advocated. Nevertheless, unlike Housman, he believes the copy-text has an important and valuable place in textual criticism, and that a choice of a copy-text should be the starting point

in editing any printed text:

Two things are necessary for the production of a good edition of a text: (1) an authoritative text on which to base the reproduction, and (2) conscientious care on the part of the producer.¹¹

For McKerrow the most authoritative text is "...that one of the early texts which on a consideration of their genetic relationship, appears likely to have deviated to the smallest extent in all respects of wording, spelling, and punctuation from the author's manuscript".¹² And the type of text that conforms to this description is one that cannot have been derived from any of the extant ones. This he calls a 'substantive' text as opposed to a 'derived' text. This 'substantive' text may stand in a variety of different relations to the original manuscript.¹³

When an editor is faced with several substantive texts each of which could well be the copy-text, he has to rely largely on his critical judgment:

If a work has been transmitted to us in several manuscripts or printed editions none of which appears to have been copied or printed from another, and all of which may have originated during the lifetime of the author, it will, in

the absence of any external evidence as to the relationship of the texts, be the duty of an editor to select... that text which in his judgment is most representative of the author and most nearly in accord with what, in view of his other works, we should have expected from him at the date to which the work in question is assigned.¹⁴

This indeed would be a difficult thing for the editor to assess, and McKerrow is himself aware that we cannot establish a text conclusively on so slender a probability.

As regards the weight given to 'correctness' of a text, McKerrow feels that the question of which text is more correct in the sense of freedom from obvious errors would not be relevant. If a text is found by external evidence to have been revised throughout by its author it should be made the basis of a modern edition; if, however, such correctness as is found cannot be attributed to the author the correctness of the text does not entitle it to be chosen as the copy-text. When chosen, the copy-text should be reprinted "as exactly as possible save for manifest and indubitable errors"¹⁵ - presumably those which are obvious without reference to any other texts. This last view (usually referred to as 'conservative') is opposed especially by Greg, who is of the belief that it is difficult to follow McKerrow where there are 'substantive' texts of comparable authority. In such cases, he maintains, the claims of each

variant should be weighed individually, the choice of a copy-text notwithstanding.

On this point, Greg's opinion seems to coincide with that held by Housman in respect of manuscript editing. But in his Rationale of Copy-Text, Greg makes further distinctions of importance for printed texts. He distinguishes between 'substantive' readings of a text, by which he means those which significantly affected the author's meaning or the essence of his expression, and those 'accidentals' of text such as spelling, punctuation, word-division and other things which mainly affect its formal presentation. This arises from his observation that composers generally reacted differently to the two aspects of their task in the process of transmission. While their aim may be assumed to be to reproduce the 'substantive' readings accurately, in fact they occasionally departed from their copy either intentionally or otherwise. In matters of 'accidentals' they would normally follow their own habits though, for various reasons and in varying degrees, they might be influenced by the author's copy. In this respect they would at least preserve the spelling of the period. In Greg's view a major reason why an editor should prefer an orthography that has a period resemblance with the author's is because it avoids the obliteration of the wide divergence of pronunciation from period to period. It is also safer

because it is not easy to distinguish between what represents a different phonetic form and what is mere arbitrary variation of spelling. Finally, it is because of the philological peculiarities of English, Greg argues, that the notion of the copy-text is most useful. On this ground he would exempt editors of the classics from the need to use a copy-text, since normalization of the 'accidentals' is the common practice and does not lead to confusion. Earlier in his own prolegomena attached to his Editorial Problem in Shakespeare he had remarked:

It is the decision to preserve what I have called the accidents of the text that binds the critical editor in every case to the choice of a particular edition as his copy. For him the copy-text enters into editorial practice in a double capacity: as the text assumed to have departed least from the spelling and punctuation of the author it supplies him with the basis and texture of his own; again as the most 'authoritative' text it generally governs his choice of reading.¹⁶

He therefore urges that the copy-text be followed always in matters of 'accidentals' unless it is manifestly incorrect or misleading. As regards 'substantives', the copy-text may sometimes give way to another substantive or corrected edition:

Whenever there is more than one substantive text of comparable authority, then although it will

be necessary to choose one of them as copy-text, and to follow it in 'accidentals', this copy-text can be allowed no over-riding or even preponderant authority so far as substantive readings are concerned.¹⁷

The concept of 'copy-text' gets into difficulties much in the same way as the idea of the 'best manuscript' among some Classical critics. The difference, however, is that while many Classical critics rejected 'best manuscript' totally in editorial practice,¹⁸ editors of the printed book tend to accept the 'copy-text' not only as basis for the 'accidentals' of the text, but also as basis for their 'substantives' whenever its superior authority can be unequivocally demonstrated. Like Greg some would even go further and urge the acceptance of the authority of the copy-text in all cases where there is doubt in choosing between variant readings.

On the notion of authority, Greg makes a distinction between what he calls de jure authority, that is, the one which a copy possesses by right of origin - whether it is based on report, a private transcript, a prompt-book, an autograph, or a mixed text - and de facto authority deriving from its "apparent intrinsic correctness" in preserving the source in the process of transmission. It is upon its de jure authority primarily, Greg states, that the editor's decision would normally depend,

but this can be modified in certain circumstances by consideration of its de facto authority.¹⁹ Greg rightly points out that this notion is strictly valid where there is only one line of descent, but also moderately valid where one text is unquestionably better than any other. But there are serious limitations when more than one text is of comparable authority. Since bibliographical practice requires an editor to adopt one text as the basis for a critical edition in which he should not modernize the spelling and punctuation of the original, a text still remains to be selected. Here Greg's distinction between 'substantives' and 'accidentals' is relevant to give the copy-text a locus standi even in such cases.

Where there are texts of comparable authority, a certain amount of eclecticism in the process of editing is necessary to free textual critics of the bibliographical school from what Paul Maas has termed "the tyranny of the copy-text".²⁰ As previously noted, McKerrow, who introduced the idea of the copy-text into the editing of English texts, prefers strict adherence to it for fear of unbridled eclecticism. His handling of Pierce Penniless His Supplication to the Dævell and the Unfortunate Traveller, with their textual uncertainties, betrays this 'tyranny' in cases where a degree of eclecticism might have been desirable. Inflexibility is also reflected in his

use of corrections in the witnesses:

The nearest approach to our ideal of an author's fair copy of his work in its final state will be produced by using the earliest 'good' print as copy-text and inserting into it, from the first edition which contains them, such corrections as appear to us to derive from the author.²¹

On the face of it, this seems to permit some freedom in the choice of readings, but he is quick to point out that he is unhappy with sporadic departures from the copy-text and that he does not mean to concede anything to eclecticism by the above statement. He states categorically:

We are not to regard the 'goodness' of a reading in and by itself... we must accept all the alterations of that edition, saving any which seem obvious blunders or misprints.²²

This statement clearly does not give room for considering each single variant reading on its own merit, even in a situation when one can only infer that certain corrections are to be attributed to the author.

As Greg points out,²³ it cannot be proved with certainty that in the absence of external evidence like statements on title-

pages, prefaces and so on, supported by internal evidence in the text, certain corrections are by the author. On the other hand, one would also agree with him that mere absence of positive evidence that certain corrections are not by the compositor is no reason for attributing them to the author. And again the fact that some of the corrections have clearly been proved to derive from the author should not justify the adoption of others with less claims or of dubious character, as there is no reason why a reprint that contains corrections by the author may not also have undergone other changes by another hand not necessarily that of a compositor.

One has to conclude, therefore, that once the limitations of the copy-text are kept in mind, a critical edition of an English text requires the choice of a copy-text to serve as basis for it. One must also conclude, however, that strict adherence to it cannot always be justified, and that the textual critic must be permitted to exercise his judgment whenever doubts crop up.

As far as editing Marvell is concerned, one can choose a copy-text without getting into many of the difficulties discussed above. The choice of copy-text is strictly valid where there is only one line of descent. Marvell's Miscellaneous Poems came out only in one edition in 1681, and this edition provides, in

one or other of its three states, the undisputed basis for a reprint. As to its authority, there has never been any doubt that the poems were printed from the Marvell papers supplied to the printer by Mary Palmer. How closely the copy-text is to be followed, especially with regard to 'accidentals', is another question, dependent upon other considerations to be explored in subsequent chapters. As far as the 'substantives' are concerned the position of the 'copy-text' is so much in doubt that each variant will have to be considered on its own merit, taking into account, wherever possible, what press activity the particular variant reflects. Poems which have to be selected from manuscripts will be examined in the light of the three categories of text outlined by Housman and stated above. Thus, where there is only one manuscript - or a few manuscripts derived immediately from one - the problem of choosing the 'best manuscript' will not arise. Where one manuscript is clearly superior to others, the superior one will be the basis of the text, but it will be corrected if need be from the inferior ones. Where there are many manuscripts involved, all of equal authority, each variant will have to be considered on its own merits.

¹⁰ See chapter 4 for the importance of punctuation in editing poetry.

¹¹ A. J. Baker, *Introduction to the Study of English Literature*, Oxford, 1922, p. 14, note 1.

FOOTNOTES

- ¹ A.E. Housman, ed., M. Manilii Astronomicon, 2nd ed., Cambridge, 1937, pp. xxx - xxxi.
- ² Ibid., p. xxxi.
- ³ A.E. Housman, "Preface to Juvenal (1905)". His Selected Prose, ed. J. Carter, Cambridge, 1962, p. 53.
- ⁴ Ibid., p. 60.
- ⁵ A.E. Housman, "Application of Thought to Textual Criticism", Selected Prose, 1962, p. 150.
- ⁶ A.E. Housman, "Preface to Juvenal (1905)", Ibid., pp. 60 - 61. Housman gives some examples of this situation from Juvenal, among which is the choice between Cordi and Cordri, a name of a man. The actual name of the man is not known and this is clearly not a case for exercising judgment. And so relying on the authority of the 'best manuscript' one is bound to choose Cordi, the reason being that "since we found P the most trustworthy in places where its fidelity can be tested, we infer that it is also trustworthy in places where no test can be applied".
- ⁷ R.B. McKerrow, Works of Thomas Nashe, 5 vols. Reprinted and edited by F.P. Wilson, Oxford, 1958, vol. 1, p. 143.
- ⁸ Ibid., vol. 2, p. 197.
- ⁹ Ibid., p. 196.
- ¹⁰ See chapter 5 for the importance of punctuation in editing poetry.
- ¹¹ R.B. McKerrow, Prolegomena for the Oxford Shakespeare, Oxford, 1939, p. 14, note 2.

- ¹²Ibid., pp. 1 - 8.
- ¹³McKerrow, for instance, gives these examples - direct composition from the author's manuscript, composition from a manuscript not by the author, a copy of printed edition the whole of which has now perished, and so on.
- ¹⁴McKerrow, op. cit., pp. 13 - 14.
- ¹⁵Ibid., p. 7.
- ¹⁶W.W. Greg, The Editorial Problem in Shakespeare, 3rd ed. Oxford, 1954, pp. liii - liv.
- ¹⁷W.W. Greg, "The Rationale of Copy-Text", His Collected Papers, ed., J.C. Maxwell, Oxford, 1966, pp. 384 - 385.
- ¹⁸Paul Maas, for instance, feels that if after eliminating the purely derivative witnesses there is more than one substantive text, there is no reason at all for choosing any one as copy-text and surrounding it with the aura of the most authoritative text. The next proper thing to do in this case, he says, is to reconstruct their common source since one cannot be sure that a witness exactly reproduces its immediate source, let alone the common source which may be removed by several intermediate steps. Even for the sake of 'accidentals', he objects to the choice of a copy-text in this instance, one of his reasons being that "it enormously increases the variations of critical texts from each other when editors differ in the choice of the most authoritative witness". Review of English Studies, XX, (1944), 77, 74 - 75.
- ¹⁹If, for instance, two distinct editions were printed from the same manuscript, authority may depend on the relative typographical accuracy of the two texts, Greg feels. Editorial Problem in Shakespeare, p. xxvi.
- ²⁰P. Maas, op. cit., p. 76.

²¹R.B. McKerrow, Prolegomena for the Oxford Shakespeare, p. 18.

²²Ibid.,

²³W.W. Greg, The Editorial Problem in Shakespeare, p. xxxvii.

in editing English texts to Greg's view... the peculiarities and peculiar development of the language itself make the use of that technique... in fact that the editor should prefer an orthography... a pronunciation that possesses, at any rate, a partial identity with that of the author - and regarding the... habits of an earlier reader... the... obliteration of significant... of pronunciation... the then and now. In editing... therefore, it is... way to try to... the... the Received English... (RP) of... is particularly... in mind the... 'accidentals' in the... as... by Greg and... The... text, then, is to... extent... spelling habits, contemporary... and so forth can be used to... of... time, and to what extent that... his poetic... Problems of... and

CHAPTER 4

MARVELL'S PRONUNCIATION OF ENGLISH

The chief argument for the use of the 'copy-text' technique in editing English texts is Greg's valid contention that the peculiarities and peculiar development of the English language itself make the use of that technique obligatory. He feels that the editor should prefer an orthography (and I would add, a punctuation) that possesses, at very least, a period resemblance to that of the author - one reflecting the linguistic habits of an earlier rather than a later date, one that avoids obliteration of significant differences of pronunciation between the then and now. In editing Marvell, therefore, it is necessary to try to discover the chief divergencies between seventeenth century pronunciation and the Received British Pronunciation (RP) of today. This is particularly true when we bear in mind the importance of 'accidentals' in the concept of copy-text as first adumbrated by Greg and tacitly accepted ever since.¹ The immediate task, then, is to endeavour to estimate to what extent rhymes, spelling habits, contemporary printing practices, and so forth can be used to elucidate the pronunciation of Marvell's time, and to what extent that pronunciation underlies his poetic texture. Problems of morphology, word-choice, and

syntactic structure can be conveniently relegated to detailed notes in the edition itself.

Marvell was born in 1621, died in 1678. One may reasonably expect that he was subject to linguistic influences operative in the first half of the seventeenth century, and particularly those prevailing during his linguistic monage (1621 - 39) and years of education. Although, during these years, the sound-stock (phonemic inventory) of English was the same or nearly the same as that of the Elizabethan Period, the distribution of the sounds does not always coincide. Moreover, as a cultivated man, expert in several other languages, Marvell must have been subjected to many linguistic influences from outside his Yorkshire family circle and formal education. Three other relevant points may be borne in mind: first, his writings rarely show evidence of Yorkshire dialect;² secondly, he was writing at a period when the linguistic as well as the political confrontation of the Middle and Upper classes was already intense; thirdly, he lived in a period when covert changes in the language were happening with apparent frequency. On this last point, however, a caveat is in order. While it is true that minor sound-changes (allophonic assimilation, dissimilations, reduction of unstressed syllables, epenthesis, apocope, and the like) tend to operate continuously throughout

all stages of English, study of its major sound-changes gives one the impression of leaping and lingering, the rapid dis-integration of an existent pattern followed by a very gradual re-shaping towards another. In Marvell's lifetime, both the continuous minor changes and the gradual phase of a major change were taking place. Thus, as Wyld points out, "although we may be able to say that a sound change in a certain direction has begun, and is well under way by a given period we can rarely say with certainty how far it has gone".³ Moreover, an acceptable competitive variant of one age is often dropped in the next even while - because generations of speakers overlap - a newer variant can co-exist with an older variant and rival it in acceptance. In our case, such difficulties, while serious, are not fatal. The immediate aim is not linguistic but literary: to lay bare such pronunciations as underlie Marvell's sound-patterns, rhymes, and pararhyme devices.

The major phonemic change affecting the English sound-system in its transition from Middle English (ME.) to Early Modern English (EMeE) was the Great Sound Shift - actually a series of phonemic changes, structurally interlinked, which resulted in a basic realignment of vocalic sound-patterns. The causes and some of the details of the Shift are still a matter of dispute, but thanks to the fact that we know the starting and ending points of

the changes, and thanks to the enormous amount of available evidence derived from early phoneticians and orthoepists (English and foreign), from rhymes, from 'occasional' (that is, semi-phonetic) spellings, from the testimony of spelling and printing reformers and early shorthand writers, and from various sound-correspondences found in the Modern English and American dialects, the overall pattern - interpreted in strictly phonemic terms - has recently been found to emerge rather clearly.⁴ There seems to be now no reason why the pronunciation of a Seventeenth Century poet cannot be as validly reconstructed as that commonly accepted for Chaucer.

Such uncertainties as remain are due to three factors: (1) in any generation of speakers, forms reflecting earlier and later developments in the continuum of the Sound Shift would tend to overlap; (2) a middle-class pronunciation, originating in trade-towns of the South Eastern area (perhaps including East London), and with some developments all its own, gradually became more-or-less generalized and seems to have entered into urban competition with Upper Class speech; ultimately, in the Transitional Early Modern English period (c. 1750 - 1830), it was gradually to displace the latter and - in a pruned and regimented form - to become the lineal ancestor of the Received Pronunciation (RP) of today; (3) in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries variant pronunciations

were, therefore, widespread and often co-existed within the same social and intellectual milieu.⁵ As the eighteenth century drew to its close, a choice between such variants was often rigidly enforced by authoritative grammarians and lexicographers (often Irishmen or Scotsmen); but in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, a poet was tacitly at liberty to use any variant or doublet pronunciation that might serve his literary purposes.⁶ Pope's rhyme-pairs, which not seldom reflect this same license, often survive in the nineteenth century as eye rhymes.

Son of a cultivated Yorkshire parson, tutor in the household of Lord Fairfax, an accomplished and well-travelled linguist, Marvell could be expected to use an Upper Class pattern of pronunciation as basis for his earlier and better-known poems; but he was in constant contact with the middle-classes and their interests both as Assistant Latin Secretary to the Commonwealth and as Member of Parliament, and must have been fully conversant with the kind of English they used. On the whole, such evidence as can be adduced from his rhymes and MSS spellings indicates an Upper Class pronunciation not markedly different from that of the Cavalier Poets. It should be pointed out, however, that Marvell did not indulge in 'occasional' spellings and that his printers followed the usual spelling conventions of his period. The internal

linguistic evidence for his pronunciation is thus somewhat limited.

Using South East Midland Middle English as the point of departure, the first phases of the Great Sound Shift may be schematized somewhat as follows: In interpreting the diagrams, one should remember that each Modern English (MnE.) keyword, here placed according to the position of the sonant in the Middle English (ME.) pattern, represents the entire category of words containing that sonant; further, that for the categories represented by bit and butt, here placed in the median high front and median high back positions of IPA [i] and [u], many words had higher allophones, IPA [i] and [u], that survived throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and are still recorded in some British and American dialects.⁷

A. Starting Point: the late ME. Sonant (=Vowel) System:

1. Tongue Positions of Sonants with MnE. keywords

a. The Simple Sonants

	<u>Front</u>	<u>Centre</u>	<u>Back</u>
Highest			
Median High	bit		butt
Median Low	bēt		bott
Lowest		bat	

b. The Complex Sonants

	<u>Front</u>	<u>Centre</u>	<u>Back</u>
Highest	bite, lute		lout
Median High	beet, beauty		boy, boot
Median Low	beat		boat
Lowest		bait, bate, bawl	

2. The Sonants as Phonemes

a. The Simple Sonants

Highest		
Median High	/i/	/u/
Median Low	/e/	/o/
Lowest		/a/

b. The Complex Sonants

Highest	/iy/ /iw/	/uw/
Median High	/ey/ /ew/	/oy/ /ow/
Median Low	/eh/	/oh/
Low	/ay/ /ah/ /aw/	

B. Principles of the Great Sound Shift, ME. to EMnE.

1. Complex sonants outside the triangle interchange glides in such a way that /h/ is exchanged for /y/ or /w/ and /y/ or /w/ are exchanged for /h/, in each case with tensing and raising of the preceding sonant. Hence:

ME.		EMnE.		NE.
/ey/ in <u>beet</u>	>	/ih/	>	/iy/
/eh/ in <u>beat</u>	>	/ey/	>	/iy/ (but cf. <u>steak</u> , <u>great</u> , <u>break</u>)
/ay/ in <u>bait</u>	>	/eh/	>	/ey/
/aw/ in <u>bawl</u>	>	/oh/	>	/oh/
/oh/ in <u>boat</u>	>	/ow/	>	/ow/ (but Brit./ə w/)
/ow/ in <u>boot</u>	>	/uh/	>	/uw/ (but South U.S./ūw/)

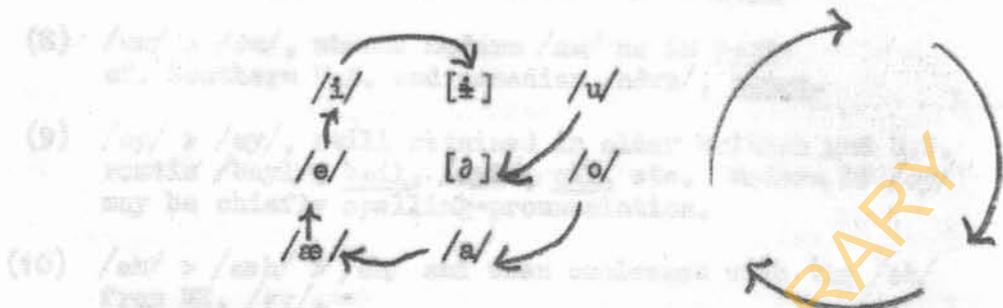
After this change, which has several partial parallels in earlier Germanic and other branches of the Indo-European language family, the sonants before /h/ are always lax and lower, those before /y/ and /w/ always tense and higher.

2. Simple sonants and the sonants of the complexes within the triangle, i.e. those sounds which are structural pillars of the ME pattern, tend to swerve around the median point of the tongue in a clockwise centripetal arc whenever environments (nasalization, close contact with following consonants, back tongue activity in following consonants, etc.) are favourable. They remain unchanged within environments (loose contact, labial influences, etc.) tending to prevent the change. This change, therefore, was never completely carried through, and its results differ today from one variety of English to another. MnE., as represented by RP, has made a choice between the several variants available to speakers in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

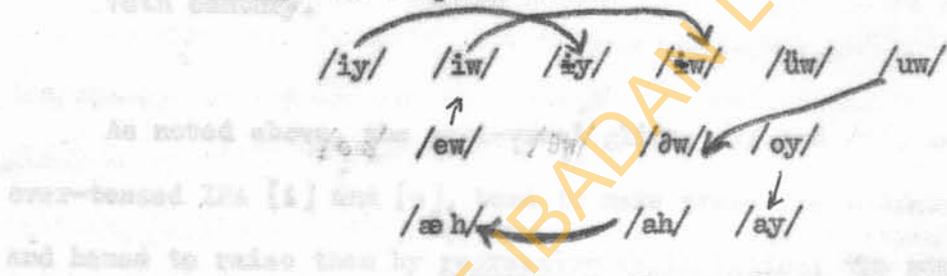
(5) /v/ > /z/ except when prevented by labial consonants
cf. nav /næv/ vaive /vaiv/.

(6) /g/ > /z/ > /s/ since alg /alg/ is in blig.

(7) /a/ > /æ/ a. The Simple Sonants



The final b. The Complex Sonants



Hence:

- (1) /i/ > /ɨ/ before consonants involving back-tongue activity (as in East Coastal U.S. today).
- (2) /e/ > /i/, especially before close-contact stops and nasals: cf. ME. weng, henge, NE. wing, hinge, and 17th and 18th centuries git 'get', kittle 'kettle', etc.
- (3) /a/ > /æ/, but not before loose-contact fricatives; cf. RP pat beside father, path, staff (= /æ/ beside /ah/).
- (4) /o/ > /a/ before close-contact stops but not before loose-contact fricatives; cf. U.S. /hat/, /rak/, /pat/ beside RP /hot/, /rok/, /pot/. In the 16th, 17th and 18th century English, this was general, but has been reversed in RP, partly from the influence of East Anglian mercantile pronunciation, partly from spelling pronunciation.
- (5) /u/ > /ə/ except when prevented by labial consonants: cf. cut /kət/ beside put /put/.
- (6) /iy/ > /ɨy/ > /əy/, whence modern /ay/ as in bite.

- (7) /iw/ > /i^hw/, whence modern /uw/ as in lute.
- (8) /uw/ > /^huw/, whence modern /aw/ as in bout; cf. Southern U.S. and Canadian /h^ows/, house.
- (9) /oy/ > /ay/, still retained in older British and U.S. rustic /bayl/, boil, /ayl/, oil, etc. Modern RP /oy/ may be chiefly spelling-pronunciation.
- (10) /ah/ > /æh/ > /eh/ and then coalesced with the /eh/ from ME. /ay/.

The final change to modern /ey/ is late 17th and early 18th century.

As noted above, the semi-vowel glides /y/ and /w/, actually over-tensed IPA [i] and [u], tend to make preceding sonants tense, and hence to raise them by regressive assimilation; the semi-vowel glide /h/, actually a lax, indeterminate central vowel (IPA [ɘ, ɜ, ə, ɪ]), tends to appear after lax preceding sonants by progressive assimilation. Of the changes schematized above, those under B.1 seem to have been caused: (1) by the tensing effect of /y/ and /w/, upon preceding simple sonants; (2) by the raising of lax diphthongs (viz., simple sonants + /h/) into positions left open by (1).

The progression is thus as follows:

- A. /ey/ and /ow/ > /ih/ and /uh/, and
 /ay/ and /aw/ > [æy] and [ɔw].
- B. /eh/ and /oh/ > /ey/ and /ow/.
- C. [æy] and [ɔw] > /eh/ and /oh/.

From what we know of English in general, it appears that the glide interchange /y/ and /w/ > /h/ originally happened when diphthongs containing /y/ and /w/ occurred (1) before following lax (voiced) consonants, (2) in word-final position, and (3) in pre-sandhi position before an initial sonant in the next word.⁸

On the other hand, the glide interchange /h/ > /y/, /w/ must have happened originally when a diphthong with /h/ as its second element was followed immediately by a tense (voiceless) consonant. In both cases, the change, although restricted at first to specific environments, was eventually phonologized, that is, extended to all words containing the ME. diphthong in any environment. The interesting fact for us is that in Marvell's pronunciation, and in his practice of rhyme, variant reflexes of ME. /ey, ow, eh, oh, and ay, aw/ could, and probably did, co-exist. In so far as such variants may affect rhymes, sound-patterning, and MS. and printed spelling, they may turn out to be of editorial importance.

Sound-changes schematized under B.2 above were sonantal (vocalic), did not, in Marvell's period, involve significant glide interchanges, and were in no case so consistently carried through that all words of any given sonant category were involved, or any two sonant categories completely overlapped. When environing phonemes had distinctive physiological or acoustic features

that might prevent or retard them, these changes did not take place; when environing phonemes had features favouring them, these changes were accelerated and broadened in scope. Over and above the effects of neighbouring consonants, the effects of what we might call phonemic distance and those of possible homophony should not be underestimated. For instance, once /ey/ > /ih/ and /ow/ > /uh/, the original ME. /iy/ and /uw/ must have been pushed quite rapidly into the positions of /iy/ > /ɪy/ and /əw/ > /əw/ to maintain adequate phonemic distance and to avoid the accidental creation of homophones.⁹ As to the influence of neighbouring consonants, we should notice the changes seem to be interrupted by loose contact with or laxness of following consonants, by the influence of the post-sonantal allophones of /r/ and /l/, and by the influence of the preceding lip-rounded consonants /p, b, m, w/ - the latter being particularly operative in the case of back sonants.¹⁰ There remains one other phenomenon closely associated with Great Sound Shift. Throughout its entire development, English has shown a puzzling tendency to 'lengthen' or 'shorten' its sonants, the former in loose contact situations, or through replacement of a lost post-sonantal /x/, /l/, or /r/; the latter when a lax diphthong lost its /h/ element before a consonant in close contact. Both processes were very active in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, and will be

construed, in the light of the foregoing discussion, as representing in the former case an intrusion, in the latter case a suppression, of the /h/-glide. Editorially speaking, the matter is of some importance, for it explains such rhyme-pairs as dull: fool, run: soon, doom: come, and the like.

The principles arrived at in the paragraphs above are, of course, intended to serve as linguistic guidelines to be followed in editing Marvell's Poems, and detailed discussion of individual points will be relegated to the following edition. It may prove useful, however, both to the reader and myself, if I summarize my conclusions about the pronunciation of each one of Marvell's sonants, simple and complex, grouping them according to their ME. counterparts.¹¹ Marvell's consonants offer little or no editorial difficulty and require no similar systematic treatment.

A. Simple Sonants ('Short Vowels') in Stressed Syllables

1. ME./i/

a. In ME., this phoneme seems to have had allophones [I] and [i], the former predominantly before lax, the latter before tense consonants in close contact and before /n/.

b. In EMnE., the [I] allophone was centralized to [ɪ], usually before consonants displaying back-tongue activity, and after /w/.

c. Before /r/, final and preconsonantal, this [ɪ] was lowered to /ə/.

2. ME./e/.

a. In ME., this phoneme seems to have had allophones [ɛ] and [e], the former predominantly before lax, the latter before tense consonants in close contact, and before /n/.

b. In EMnE., the [ɛ] allophone was often raised to [I]; cf. the Standard spellings, hinge, wing for ME., henge, weng and the well attested pronunciations /ɪt/ get, /yit/ vet, /kit'1/ kettle, /čist/ chest, /dris/ dress, /min/ men, /mini/ many, /wil/ well, etc., still preserved in the Southern U.S. and rhymed with the reflex of ME. /i/ by many EMnE. poets.

c. Before /r/, final and preconsonantal, ME./e/ often > [æ]; late ME. [æ r] > EMnE. /ar/, the preferred form in Upper Class English, but ME /er/ was retained, and then > /ɔr/ in Middle Class English. Hence, the doublets /klaɪk/, /kləɪk/ clerk, /dahi/, /dəhi/ Derby, and such forms as /sahjənt/ sergeant, /vəhsiti/, (Un)iversity, and Southern U.S. /vəmin(t)/ vermin, /səhmən(t)/ sermon, etc.

3. ME./a/.

a. In ME., this phoneme (< OE./æ/ retracted) seems to have

had allophones [a] and [a], the former predominantly before lax, the latter before tense consonants in close contact and (in the East and South) before /n/.

b. In EMnE., /ɑ/ > /æ/ south of a line running from the southernmost loop of the River Trent to the Dee estuary, but was retained North of this line.

c. South of the /æ/ - /ɑ/ boundary, ME./a/ was retained (1) after /w-/, (2) before final and preconsonantal /r/ and /l/.

d. In Middle Class English /a/ was also retained before the loose contact fricatives, as in staff, pass, path and later 'lengthened' by intrusion of an /h/ glide, whence the 'Broad A' of Mn.RP: /stahf/, /pahs/, /pahθ/, etc. Upper Class English did not, at first share this development.

e. Before /r/ and /l/, final and preconsonantal, the retained /a/ became progressively diphthongized to /ah/ as the consonants progressively weakened.

f. ME./a/ before /n/ in French words was first nasalized to [ã] and then diphthongized to /ah/: hence RP /ahnt/, aunt, /dahns/ dance, etc.

g. Before close contact consonants and before /n/ in native words, EMnE./æ/ was often raised to /e/, IPA.[ɛ].

4. ME. /o/.

a. In ME., this phoneme seems to have had allophones [ɔ] and [ɒ] and [o], the former predominantly before lax, the latter before tense consonants in close contact and before /n/.

b. In EMnE., /o/ > /a/ south of a line running from the southernmost loop of the River Trent to the Dee estuary, but was retained North of this line. (cf. 3.b above).

c. South of the /a/ - /o/ boundary, ME. /o/ was retained (1) after /w-/, (2) before final and preconsonantal /r/ and /l/.

d. In East Anglia and in Middle Class English, /o/ was also retained before loose contact fricatives, as in doff, loss, moth and later 'lengthened' by intrusion of an /h/ glide; whence /dohf/, /lohsh/, /mohh/ in Coastal North, Eastern U.S. English and some varieties of RP. (cf. 3.c above), and such fossil forms as /powst, pɔwst/ for post.

e. Before nasals and before consonants in close contact, the [o] allophone was often raised to /u/, IPA [ʊ], in EMnE.; cf. MnE. pommel, lumber (ME. Lombard), constable, among, butt ('cask'), monkey, and dialectal /smɔk/ smock, /gɔt/, got, etc. This was a Middle Class development.

5. ME./u/.

a. In ME., this phoneme seems to have had allophones [v] and [u], the former predominantly before lax, the latter before tense consonants in close contact and before nasals.

b. South of the Trent-Dee boundary (cf. 3.b, 4.b above) ME./u/ tended to be centralised to [u,ʊ] and latter lowered to /ə/; North of this boundary, it tended to be lowered and centralized to [e], a sound still found in the regional dialects of the N.W. Midlands.

c. ME./u/ was usually retained after preceding and following labial consonants.¹²

d. Before /r/, the centralization process was accelerated, and /ur/ fell together with /ir/, /er/ under /ər/ - a coalescence reflected in the erratic spellings of MnE.

In general, the EmnE. developments of the ME. simple sonants show an underlying pattern of interlocking symmetries. The clue to this pattern, however, lies on the allophonic rather than the phonemic level of analysis and often eludes explanation except in allophonic terms. Even so, and despite the co-existence of variant and doublet forms, sufficient certainty can be established to permit an editor of Marvell to approach the poet's pronunciation

with some degree of confidence. The chief area of uncertainty is in the high position. Here, if anywhere, considerations of rhyme, assonance, and spelling will demand the utmost editorial caution.

B. The Complex Sonants ('Long Vowels and Diphthongs') of Stressed Syllables

1. ME./iy/ = IPA [i:] = Phil. \bar{i} .¹³

a. This complex syllabic nucleus > /iy/, rapidly dissimilated to /ɔy/; the latter is almost certainly Marvell's reflex. Nothing in the Poems, or for that matter in the contemporary evidence, indicates the differentiation /ɔy - ɔh/, the former before tense, the latter before lax consonants and in final position, shown today in Southern U.S. and some English dialects in the developments /ay - ah/ = cf. Southern U.S. /bayt/ bite, /bahd/ bide, /ha(h)/ by, etc.

b. ME./ix/, orthographic -igh, as in die, lie, tie (ME. dighen, lighen, tighen) and night, fight, light, right, commonly palatalized /x/ through [ç] to /y/; the resulting /iy/ was then levelled with original ME./iy/ and developed accordingly. In die, lie, tie, however, the development /ix/ > /iy/ was delayed, and

/iy/ or /ɨy/, surviving through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, is often reflected in rhymes.

2. ME./iw/(ew)/ = IPA./iu,eu/ = Phil. iu, er, ū

Levelled under /iw/ in late ME., these > /ɨw/ and /w/.
Marvell's reflex could well have been either.

3. ME./ey/ = IPA[e:] = Phil. ē¹

a. This complex syllabic nucleus > /ih/ at an early date, and > /iy/ by Marvell's time, particularly before tense consonants in close contact.

b. Before final and pre-consonantal /r/, the stage /ih/ was retained; hence MnE. [iɹ] in peer, deer, etc.

4. ME./eh/ = IPA [ɛ:] = Phil. ē²

a. This complex syllabic nucleus > /ey/, but seems to have been retained as /eh/ for some time before lax consonants and in final position. These reflexes, and especially the former, remained through the entire seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in Upper Class English, ultimately, to be replaced (except in the fossils, steak, break, great) by the 'Abstumpfung' development /ih/ > /iy/ from Middle Class English.

b. Before final and pre-consonantal /r/, /eh/ was retained in Upper Class but raised to /ih/ in Middle Class English.

Marvell's reflex was probably the former, but his rhymes prove little, if anything.

5. ME./ah/ = IPA [a:] = Phil. ā

This complex syllabic nucleus > [æh] and then /eh/, whence MnE./ey/, first developed before tense consonants in close contact. From such rhyme sequences as hair: air: are (= ME. ahren), it appears that Marvell's sound was at the stage /eh/.

6. ME./ay/ = IPA [ai] = Phil. ai

This complex syllabic nucleus > [æh], then /eh/. At that stage, it became levelled with the reflex of ME. /ah/ and shares with it the subsequent development, at least in Upper Class English. There are strong grounds for believing that in Middle Class English the /y/ glide was retained and that the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries developments differed from that of ME./ah/¹⁴

7. ME./aw/ = IPA [au] = Phil. au

This complex syllabic nucleus, rather rare in the native vocabulary of ME., > [ɔh] > /oh/. Marvell's rhymes all: crawl,

Gaul: Hannibal, would indicate [ɒh], an allophone of his /ah/ phoneme, as his pronunciation.

8. ME./oh/ = IPA [ɔ:] = Phil. \bar{o}^2

This complex syllabic nucleus > /ow/, and thus fell together with the rare ME./ow/ in Upper Class English. In Middle Class English, an 'Abstumpfung' development to /uh/ seems to have taken place (as it undoubtedly did in many dialects) and may be fossilized in one, in seventeenth and eighteenth century: /ruhm/ Rome, /luhm/, loam, /huhm/, home, /luhv, love, in poor and moor and in the East Anglian - Eastern New England 'short o' words /bɔt/ boat, /stɔn/, stone, etc. To judge from seventeenth century rhymes and other evidence, this development penetrated Upper Class English, especially before /r/, as in door, whore, board, fore, as /duhr, huhr, buhrd, fuhr/, etc. This may be compared with the parallel development of ME./eh/ before /r/. (cf. 4.b above.)

9. ME./oy/ = IPA [ɔi] = Phil. oi

This relatively rare, non-native complex syllabic nucleus > /ay/ through the intermediate state [ɔy] or [ɛy]. The intermediate stages, rather than /ay/, must underlie such well-known rhyme-pairs as line: join, kind: joined.

10. ME./ow/ = IPA [o:,ou] = Phil. \bar{o}^1

a. This complex syllabic nucleus > /uh/ and then /uw/ at a relatively early date.

b. Before final and pre-consonantal /r/, it was retained at the stage /uh/, whence MnE. [vθ].

c. Especially before close contact tense consonants, the complex at the stage /uh/ was often ('shortened', i.e. lost its /h/ glide, and could thus be rhymed with the reflex of retained ME./u/.

11. ME./uw/ = IPA [u:] = Phil. \bar{u}

a. The complex syllabic nucleus /uw/ > /ew/ which was rapidly dissimilated to /ɔw/, the usual reflex in Marvell's time and for a century later. This stage of development is still retained before tense consonants in the speech of Tidewater Virginia and, to some degree, before all consonants, tense or lax, in Ontario, Canada. There is little in the evidence to indicate a differentiation [ɛw] - [ɔw], the former before tense, the latter before lax consonants, which underlies the Mn. Southern U.S. distinction between /həws/ house: /hɔwts/ houses, /bəw/ bout: /bɔwd/ boughed, etc. and ultimately the change from /ɔw/ to MnE./aw/.

b. Preceding and following rounded lip consonants tended to prevent the development to /ðw/. Hence, the spelling room (= /ruwm/) for ME. roum, OE. rūm, /wuwnd/ (beside Harley Street /wawnd/) for wound, /swuwnd/ for swound, /gruwp/, group, /suwp/ soup, etc. Doublet pronunciations with /uw/ beside /ðw/ were a conspicuous feature of seventeenth and eighteenth century English, and one readily exploited by poets.

From the foregoing skeletal account of the development of the complex syllabic nuclei, several points of editorial importance emerge. First, as in the case of the simple sonants, the area in which interpretation is least certain is in the high and mid-back tongue positions where variants and levellings of the ME./ow, oh, and uw/ reflexes complicated by 'shortening' possibilities, confuse both the identification of pronunciation and conventions of spelling. To the modern reader, such rhyme-pairs as home:womb, wou'd:blood, room:come, you:now, come:whom, are, to say the least, disturbing. Secondly, the continued separation of sonant categories - notably those of ME./ey/ and /eh/ - which were later merged, leads to spelling confusions bound to be troublesome to the modern editor. Finally, the fact that a fine poet, as poet, is among other things a virtuoso in sound-patterning and sound-repetition means that he is likely to exploit to the fullest

extent the total sound-system in which he is working: its allophonic quirks and exceptional cases as well as the regularities of its overall pattern. Once a 'copy-text' has been decided upon, editorial emendation ought, in any case, to be reduced to the irreducible minimum, with concession neither to regularity nor to analogy. To that end, firm linguistic control seems a sine qua non.

We should not, however, carry the argument too far. In spite of phonological differences, the English language in the seventeenth century was not in essence very different from that of the present-day.

The student of English, who has some vital feeling for the genius of English speech as it was in the age just following Chaucer, and in the age of Elizabeth, discovers, when he continues his studies into the seventeenth century, that he is gradually emerging as the century advances into a new world of language, and one more different from that which he is leaving behind him, than was this... from those early periods through which his studies have led him... As we proceed into the heart of the seventeenth century, we begin to feel that we are getting into our own time as we leave behind us the great writers who were born, and did most of their work, in the sixteenth century. Putting aside Milton... and perhaps Sir Thomas Browne... we feel, when we read the prose of men born during the first and second decades of the seventeenth century... that all, though in varying degrees, speak like the people of our own age... After these men there can be no question that however much it may be possible to indicate here and there

certain characteristic habits of style, tricks, mannerisms, or whatever we may call them, which adorn or disfigure the prose writings of a particular generation, we have reached our own English in very spirit and substance.¹⁵

Moreover, by the seventeenth century, English spelling, although not completely fixed in the modern conventions, had been largely standardized by printers, and only a few of the spellings strike present-day readers as odd. Marvell's Miscellaneous Poems (1681) were printed at a time when the idea of refining and fixing the language was already in the air. The Royal Society, founded in 1662, was not uninterested in doing something for the language, though its main interest was semantic or dogmatic, and had little to do with the earlier interest in spelling reform.

Spelling was, of course, not phonetic nor pretended to be. 'Occasional' spellings reflecting changed pronunciation crept into printing far more often than is usually supposed, but this is by no means consistently so. The phonological changes outlined above, and the spelling of Marvell's time, are only accidentally and occasionally, not systematically, related. Linguistic scholars have, indeed, made good use of 'occasional' spellings to reconstruct earlier phonologies, yet for these they rely not on contemporary 'good spellers' or literary writers, but on those who spell by sound, who, writing privately for private consumption, had no

printer to impose on them the conventional pattern. Moreover, conclusions they derive from these spellings must still be supported by evidence from other sources, from the Orthoëpists, Grammarians, shorthand writers, dialects, and from rhymes.

In the bibliographical sphere, peculiarities of spelling have indeed yielded evidence for compositor determination, and for establishing the descent of editions. But those considerations are part of the preliminary business of sifting all available texts so that the most authoritative may be chosen as copy-text. Once this has been done the significance of the spelling becomes mainly orthographical, only marginally phonological. Only a truly phonemic spelling, in a transcription based on knowledge of the sound changes of the period, can give an idea of how the poetry is to be read aloud, of how it sounded to the poet himself. And that is more the business of the reciter and literary critic than of the editor.

in micrographed form to his
 Duden. Whitman's
 problem is not fixed on an application of the
 phonetic analysis of Modern English to phonemic
 analysis. See Trager and H.C. Smith, Jr., *Foundations of
 Phonetics*, 2nd Printing, Washington D.C., 1939, and
 Whitman's "Phonological Criticism", *Harvard Linguist.*
 1936, 43-44. The Trager-Smith analysis has been
 followed, with slight modifications, by the leading American
 linguists, Fisiore, Hill, Hockett, Lee, Stockwell,
 Matherwell, and his phonemic application to Webster's
 spelling book (1828) is given in Joseph H. Field,
The Development of American Phonology, Ph.D. Dissertation,
 Indiana University, 1932.

FOOTNOTES

¹For example, R.C. Bald, "Editorial Problems - a preliminary Survey", Studies in Bibliography, III, 1950 - 51, 3 - 18. He endorses the selection of copy-text as discussed by McKerrow and Greg.

F. Bowers, Bibliography and Textual Criticism, Oxford, 1964. His first chapter contains a tacit acceptance of the distinction between "accidentals" and "substantives" in editorial practice.

²For traces of Yorkshire dialect in Marvell, see "Upon Appleton House" and Textual Notes, p. 201.

³H.C. Wyld, A History of Modern Colloquial English, 3rd ed., Oxford, 1956, p. 191.

⁴The following analysis closely follows but extends that worked out by Harold Whitehall. "The Sounds in their Courses," Kenyon Review, XVI (1954), 322 - 328, in his review of Helge Kjekeritz, Shakespeare's Pronunciation (New Haven, 1953). With minor modifications, this first account is followed in John Nist, A Structural History of English, New York, 1966, pp. 221 - 223, et. passim, and further developed by Whitehall in his brief article, "The Great Sound Shift" (1968), issued in mimeographed form to his students at the University of Ibadan. Whitehall's interpretation is itself firmly based on an application of the Trager-Smith phonemic analysis of Modern English to panchronic analysis: see G.L. Trager and H.L. Smith, Jr., An Outline of English Structure, 7th Printing, Washington D.C., 1966, and Whitehall's "From Linguistics to Criticism", Kenyon Review, XVIII, 1956, 411 - 421. The Trager-Smith analysis has been followed, with slight modifications, by the leading American linguists, Francis, Hill, Hockett, Ives, Stockwell, Motherwell, et al.; a panchronic application to Webster's American Dictionary (1828) is given in Joseph H. Friend, The Development of American Lexicography, Ph.D. Dissertation, Indiana University, 1962.

⁵On this, see H.C. Wyld, A History of Modern Colloquial English, 3rd ed., Oxford, 1956.

⁶See William Matthews, "Variant Pronunciations in the Seventeenth Century," Journal of English and Germanic Philology, XXXVII, (1938), 189 - 206. Miles L. Hanley, English and American Pronunciation, 16th to 18th Centuries (mimeographed, 1938, Madison, Wisconsin) contains an analysis based on over 700,000 rhymes, arranged according to Middle English vowel categories by Whitehall. The conclusion to be inferred from this great mass of evidence is that before the Romantics, English poets in general rhymed together only those words in which rhyme had some phonetic justification. This, however, does not debar occasional semi-rhymes of the types $V+N_1/V+N_2$ or $V+Fr_1/V+Fr_2$.

⁷See, for example, Whitehall, "The Historical Status of 'Short i'", Language, XVI, (1940), 104 - 124, and (with Teresa Fein), "The Development of Middle English Short y in British and American English," Journal of English and Germanic Philology, XL, (1941), 191 - 219.

⁸This is borne out by developments of diphthongs in British and some American dialects: cf. Southern U.S. /bayt, bahd, bah/ for bite, bide, buy and /bawt, baswd, basw/ for bout, boughed, bough cf. also, [bi^ht, bi^hd, sti^hf, gi^hv] for bit, bid, stiff, give, etc.

⁹What minimum phonemic distance must be maintained, and how many homophones can be tolerated, has never been determined. It is to be noted that some North West Midland dialects, D.21 particularly, can efficiently distinguish between beet as /biyt/ and beat as /biht/ or boot as /buwt/ and boat as /buht/. In the late eighteenth century, after the clash between Upper Class and Middle Class English became serious, phonemic distance was abrogated by the coalescence of the reflexes of ME. /ey/ and /eh/ with an enormous multiplication of homophones: cf. MnE. meet, meat, mete, and so forth. TrMnE. developed, and MnE. exists, with a degree of homophonity that EMnE. would apparently not tolerate.

- ¹⁰For inventories of the words involved, see Luick, Historische Grammatik des Englischen Sprache, Lieferungen, 7 - 9, passim, (Leipzig, 1929).
- ¹¹For my purpose here, I draw freely from the major works by Luick, Kökeritz, Wyld, and Dobson and from Wyld's Studies in English Rhymes from Surrey to Pope, (London, 1923), and A. Gabrielsen, Rime as a Criterion of the Pronunciation of Spencer, Pope, Byron and Swinburne, (Uppsala, 1909).
- ¹²The development of ME./u/ is a complex problem because of the intricate nature of the evidence. For this evidence and an attempted interpretation, see Whitehall and Fein, "Development of Middle English u in Early Modern British and American English," Journal of English and Germanic Philology, XL (1941), pp. 191 - 213.
- ¹³For convenience, I equate the phonemic transcription with the customary symbols of the International Phonetic Association and with the philological symbols used by Wyld, Luick, et al.
- ¹⁴For a discussion and summary of and evidence for this, cf. Harold Whitehall, "The Orthography of John Bate of Sharon, Connecticut," American Speech, XXII (1947), No. 1, Pt 2, under ME.ai, ei.
- ¹⁵See H.C. Wyld, A History of Modern Colloquial English, pp. 148 - 149.

CHAPTER 5

THE RHYTHM OF MARVELL'S VERSE

Marvell's best known poem, "To his Coy Mistress," begins with the lines:

Had we but World enough and Time
This coyness Lady were no crime.

It is almost too obvious to point out that if they had appeared as

Had we but enough World and Time
This coyness were no crime Lady

we should immediately sense something wrong, for rhyme and rhythm have both been disturbed. Yet errors of this type, attributable to early composers, can and do occur in incunabula and near-incunabula texts more frequently than is usually supposed.

Usually, we put them down to carelessness on the part of the composer, but apart from sheer slovenliness, the carelessness is sometimes difficult to explain. How far is it due to a slip in the mechanical handling of the sticks and of the type in the

sticks? How far is it due to lapses of memory and how far did composers depend on memory when setting up their copy in type? To what extent did familiarity or unfamiliarity with the language register of the copy conduce to the making of such errors? No satisfactory general answers can be given, for each compositor was an individual craftsman and, as craftsman, could be individual. Nonetheless, the errors are there and are to be dealt with. In prose works that is not always an easy editorial task; in verse, particularly rhymed verse, the editor's task is facilitated through the guide-lines of metre, rhythm, rhyme, and repetitive sound-patterns, always supposing that, for any given period, these are accurately known.¹

The most obvious prosodic feature in Marvell's poems is that he observes strict syllable counting. This is not surprising in an age whose ostensible prosody was syllabic rather than accentual, whatever the actual rhythm might have been.² In such poems, a missing or added syllable quickly shows up, and any apparent metrical irregularity demands special scrutiny. And to adhere strictly to the number of syllables planned for each line, Marvell, like his brother poets, makes use of words and phrases that can be contracted, expanded, truncated, or sandhi'd whenever the metrical requirement of the line so demands.³ Participles ending in -ed, for example, are often thus contracted so that the

ending is no longer syllabic. In the line

Stand prepar'd to heighten yours
(Resolved Soul 1. 16)

ed is not syllabic, whereas in

Times winged Chariot hurrying near
(To his Coy Mistress 1. 22)

it is syllabic. Other forms of contraction are illustrated in the following lines, of which the last appears to be an extreme case of sandhi:

In th' Oceans bosome unexpy'd (Bermudas 1. 2)

Wer't not a price who'd value God
(Resolved Soul 1. 61)

C. What is't you mean (Clorinda and Damon 1. 16)

Then might y'ha'daily his affection spy'd
(Upon Death of O.C. 1. 43)

Marvell takes cognisance of word doublets, using either as the line demands as in thorough/through:

But through adventitious War (Horatian Ode 1. 11)

Did thorough his own side (Horatian Ode 1. 15)

Heaven is sometimes to be counted as two syllables, sometimes as one:

Is Heaven's and its own perfume (Resolved Soul 1. 30)

To strain themselves through Heaven's Gate
(Upon Appleton House 1. 32)

Shall draw Heav'n nearer, raise us higher
(Upon Appleton House 1. 162)

And Heav'n it self would the great Herald be
(Upon the Death of O.C. 1. 160)

Flower in Marvell is almost always monosyllabic:

How it the purple flow'r does slight
(On a Drop of Dew 1. 9)

I gather flow'rs (my fruits are only flow'rs)
(The Coronet 1. 6)

About the flow'rs disguis'd does fold
(The Coronet 1. 15)

While all flow'rs and all Trees do close
 (The Garden l. 7)

Marvell also frequently uses do, doth, did, to fill out his lines, sometimes, in Leishman's opinion, to the detriment of his verse.⁴

Marvell's favourite verse form is the octosyllabic couplet; poems in heptasyllabics and decasyllabics are less frequent.

The octosyllabic metre being the most popular form for lyrics in the seventeenth century, and Marvell being the kind of poet whose individual talent flourishes within the current tradition of his time, he naturally inclined mostly to this metre too. The most important point to note in his octosyllabic technique is the way he avoids what Byron calls "the fatal facility of the octosyllabic metre", which can result in a sing-song monotony.

In "To his Coy Mistress", Marvell combines strict syllable counting with the maintenance of colloquial intonation as counterpoint to the underlying iambic metrical pattern. He makes each line exactly eight syllables long, and thus shuns the isochronic freedom of a purely accentual metre such as we find in earlier, 'balladic' poems. At the same time, he artfully organizes his phrases in such a way as to suggest the speaking voice. The result is a verse with fixed control and concentration. Yet he makes good use of the traditionally accepted variations in the

iambic metre.⁵ In particular he employs the trochaic inversion or modulation in lines 5, 6, 12, 21, 22, 24, 39, 41, 44, and 45. In lines 5 and 6:

Thou by the Indian Ganges side⁶
Shouldst Rubiës find: I by the Tide [11. 5 - 6]

the inversion in line 6 puts contrastive stress on 'I' as opposed to the 'Thou' of the preceding line. The resulting juxtaposition of two strong stresses is interrupted by the heavy pause ('double cross junction') after find. A similar shift of accent also accompanies and contributes to a change of tone in the second paragraph beginning:

But at my back I always hear
Times winged Chariot hurrying near:⁷ [11. 21 -22]

there the trochaic modulation is hinted by the alliterative But... back. Apart from trochaic inversions, there are also occasional instances of the substitution of a single ionic for two iambic feet, as in these lines:⁸

And the last Age should show your Heart [1. 18]

Our sweetness up into one Ball [1. 42]

Since there are so many monosyllabic word-sequences in the poem, Marvell can manipulate the word-units into taking or not taking metrical stress according to the syntactic and semantic context, or alliterative patterning, or both combined:

And the last Age should show your Heart [1. 18]

Nor would I love at lower rate [1. 20]

But at my back I alwaies hear [1. 24]

Sits on thy skin like morning glew [1. 34]

And while thy willing soul transpires [1. 35]

Such sequences help to give the poem its rhythmical flexibility and make possible a partial reconciliation between the metre and the rhythm of speech.

Marvell has been much praised for his so-called classical urbanity, by which I understand his ability to make his verse conform to what is best in the poetry of his age according to the principle of the Classical plain style designated sermo. This seems to have come into English poetry mainly under the

influence of Jonson and Donne,⁹ and purports to exploit the conversational flexibility of the informal and idiomatic speech of educated men within strict syllabic limits. George Gascoigne had earlier advocated something similar:

You shall do very well to vse your verse after the english phrase, and not after the manner of other languages. The Latinists do commonly set the adiective after the substantive: As, for example, Femina pulchra, sedes altae, etc. but if we should say in English a woman fayre, a house high, etc. it would haue but small grace, for we say a good man, and not a man good, etc... Therefore euen as I haue aduised you to place all wordes in their natural or most common and vsuall pronounciation, so would I wishe you to frame all sentences in their mother phrase and proper Idioma...¹⁰

The main difference between this native English plain style and that of the Classics is best illustrated in the following statement by Dionysius of Halicarnassus in his chapter on "How Verse can Resemble Prose". He says the poet should make

the clauses begin and end at various places within the lines, not allowing their sense to be self-contained in separate verses, but breaking up the measure. He must make the clauses vary in length and form, and will often reduce them to phrases which are shorter than clauses, and will make the periods - those at any rate which adjoin one another - neither equall in size nor alike in construction: for an elastic treatment of rhythms and metres seems to bring verse quite near to prose.¹¹

From the above statement it appears the quality of the Classical plain style in poetry was as much a matter of rhythm as of elegance and colloquial ease of diction and syntax. To its English adherents it means far more than a mere swing away from the mellifluousness of language of the early Elizabethan period, to a language 'that men do use'. That, however desirable in the Wordsworthian sense, is secondary. What is primary is something quite different: a natural ordering of syntactic units - sentences, clauses, phrases, even words - in such a fashion that the pauses bordering and defining them could be as free and unaffectedly varied in verse as in prose and speech. All this, of course, within the strict metrical framing of syllable count. In poetic practice, what emerges in Donne and Jonson - and in Marvell - is free variation in the positioning of the so-called 'caesura',¹² which can fall in several places in the line, either after even syllables ('masculine caesura') or odd syllables ('feminine caesura'). Thus, a decasyllabic line could theoretically contain nine points at which syntactic pause is possible, an octosyllabic line, seven. No poet, of course, will necessarily make use of all these possibilities.

Yet if we can rely upon Puttenham's Arte of English Poesie (1589), even the possibilities themselves are strongly at variance

with those advocated for English verse before 1600. In his chapter "Of Cesure", after defining pauses, he says:

Therefore in a verse of twelue sillables the Cesure ought to fall right upon the sixt sillable; in a verse of eleuen upon sixt also, leauing five to follow. In a verse of nine upon the fourth, leauing five to follow. In a verse of eight iust in the midst....¹³

According to this, the caesura is to have a fixed position. But in the 'plain style' of the Classics and English, the caesura is not fixed: the more it is varied within the limitations of the metre, the greater the idiomatic flexibility, and - by inference - the flexibility of the verse rhythm itself. Metre and rhythm, then, diverge. Caesural pauses are determined by syntactic choice, not by metrical count. A line of verse breaks up into two or more rhythmical units (we might call them cadences) which coincide exactly with the pause-bordered word-group units into which the syntactic flow of English can be analyzed. These, and not feet, determine the rhythm; or, to put it in another way, verse rhythm becomes a property of that syntactic ordering which itself predetermines the stress/pause arrangement within the lines. External control and concentration of the rhythm is vested in the four restraining devices at the poet's disposal:

(1) strict syllable count, (2) stress count,¹⁴ (3) end-rhyme and other sound-patterning,¹⁵ (4) syntactic parallelism.

The study of verse prosody is one on which controversy feeds, partly because of different kinds of training among the controversialists, and partly because perception of stress and pause may vary sharply from individual to individual. There are critics of verse who, quite honestly, can hear no more than three degrees of stress in English. There are others who hear the actual rhythm of a line in counterpoint against an abstract metrical scheme. At any rate, the points raised in the last paragraph may need further substantiation, even at the risk of digression. Ideally, that substantiation should be objective, and - if possible - coldly statistical. Fortunately, recent research tends to be both.¹⁶

The matter of internal pauses has been most carefully, indeed exhaustively examined by Professor Ants Oras in his monograph Pause Patterns in Elizabethan and Jacobean Drama (Gainesville, Florida, 1960). Using percentage statistics in three series of graphs, Oras has been able to establish distribution profiles not only for the dramatists, but also for Chaucer and the Chaucerians, for the French and Italian comperes of Chaucer, for Skelton, for the Early Tudor poets, for Spenser and poets influenced by him, for the whole of Shakespeare in a chronological

sequence, and for the non-dramatic works of Donne and Jonson - a monumental task. The conclusions are both revealing and irrefutable: (1) In 'pentameter' lines of English and Alexandrines of French verse, a 'strong pause' is almost mandatory after the fourth syllable (varied in late Chaucer by 'femine caesura' after the fifth) until Spenser; (2) In Spenser and in poets influenced by him we find increasingly another pause after the sixth syllable; (3) In non-dramatic poems by Donne and Jonson, this 'late pause' is as statistically frequent as the fourth (or fifth) syllable caesura; in the Jacobean dramatists and in late Shakespeare it tends to become statistically the dominant pause of the line; (4) The increasing frequency of run-on and dramatic 'split' lines is in direct correlation with the increasing frequency of 'late pauses.'¹⁷ All in all, then, our notion of the 'Classical plain style' being largely dependent upon the rhythmical effects of freely shifting pauses is fully confirmed by the Oras profiles.

Quite recently, attempts have been made to obtain objectivity in the analysis of rhythm by tape-recording the readings of an adequate number of informants and confirming the analysis, if necessary, by use of such electronic instruments as the Sonograph.¹⁸ Results, particularly those reported by Seymour Chatman for Robert Frost's "Mowing" (in Kenyon Review, XVIII,

[1956], p. 421 ff.), may not be in all respects as convincing as might be desired, but in the matter of pause-placement and the rhythmical segmentation of the line into syntactic units by pauses - the theory advanced above - they leave nothing to be desired. From Oras's profiles, and from these recent linguistic researches, we can return to our consideration of Marvell's rhythms with fair confidence.

The first two lines of "To his Coy Mistress" began this chapter. Since that poem almost perfectly exemplifies the English version of the 'Classical plain style' as described by Trimpi¹⁹ and further examined above, it serves as a convenient point of departure here. A pause-syllable count analysis is presented in two forms: Form A, according to punctuation in the original printed text; Form B, according to junctions recorded by a modern reader.²⁰ In A, the bars indicate the ends of lines, and the punctuation marks of the text appear in juxtaposition with numbers of preceding or following syllables; in B, phonemic junction-intonation 'shorthand'²¹ replaces and extends the printed punctuation.

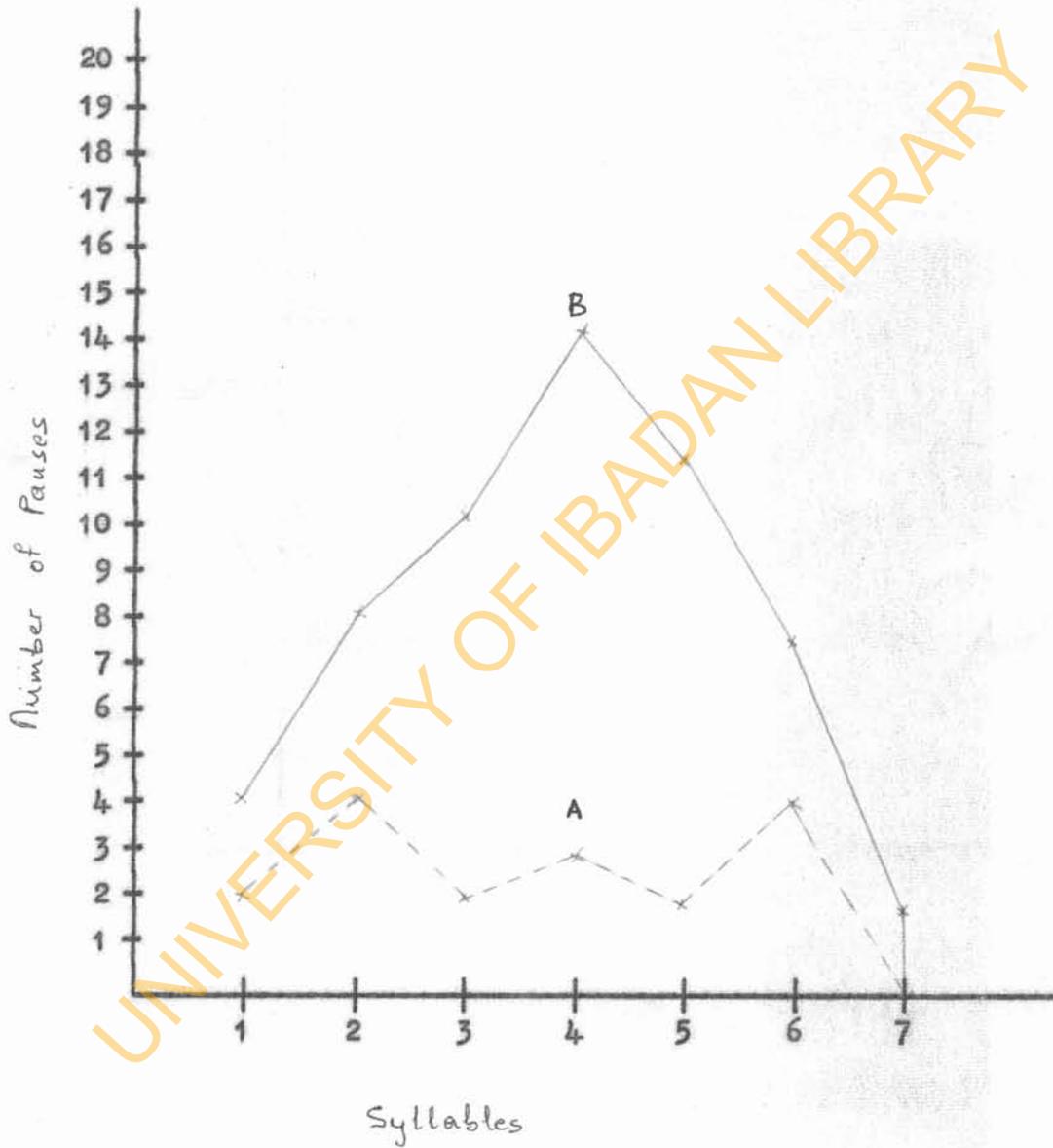
SCHEMATIC PAUSE-SYLLABLE ANALYSISFORM A

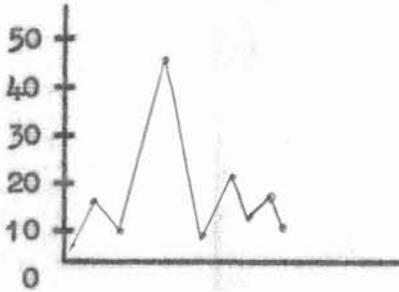
1.	1	6,2,/	1.	11	8/→	1.	21	8/→	1.	31	8,/	1.	41	6,2/→
		8./			5,3./			8:/			8./			3,5:/
		4,4/→			8/→			8/→			3,5/→			8,/
		2,6./			2,6./			8./			8./			8./
	5	8/→		15	8:/		25	8,/		35	8/→		45	1,7/→
		4:4/→			8./			1,5,2/→			8./			2,6./
		6,2/→			8,/			4:4/→			8:/			
		8:/			8./			8:/			2,6./			
		8/→			8:/			8:/			8./			
	10	8./		20	8./		30	8./		40	8./			

FORM B

1.	1	6/2/	1.	11	6/2→	1.	21	4/4→	1.	31	2/6/	1.	41	3/3/2→
		3/3/3//			5/3//			5/3//			2/2/3//			3/5//
		4/4→			4/4→			3/4/1→			3/5→			5/3/
		2/2/4//			2/5/1//			2/6//			4/4/			6/2//
	5	1/7→		15	3/5//		25	3/5/		35	6/2→		45	1/4/3→
		4//1/3→			5/3//			1/5/2→			2/2//			2/6//
		6//2→			2/2/4/			4//4→			1/4/3/			
		4/4//			4/4//			8//			2/6/			
		3/3/2→			3/5/			5/3//			4/4/			
	10	5/3//		20	4/4//		30	5/3//		40	3/5//			

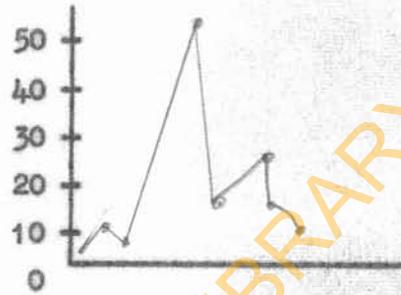
"To his Coy Mistress" seems under-punctuated even according to the practice of the time. Of its 46 lines, 31 show no internal punctuation whatsoever, and of the other 15, 11 have a single comma, 2 (lines 6 and 27) a colon, 1 (line 7) a period, and 1 (line 26) two commas. The pause distribution indicated by these marks is shown in the graph, dotted line A. Form B and Graph B give a greatly increased number of internal pauses, including many where punctuation might be considered almost obligatory and many - especially those between subject phrase and predicate phrase, predicate phrase and complement, and before prepositional phrases - which are not normally punctuated even though an optional pause (= | junction) is both possible and usually actualized in the reading of verse. Granted the small corpus, and the fact that it includes only octosyllabic lines, the profiles in the graphs show a marked resemblance to those given for Donne and Jonson by Oras (page 42) and completely lack the sharp frequency peak after the fourth syllable and the sharp depressions after odd numbered syllables found in most Elizabethan poets and dramatists. The marked absence of sharp depressions in the profile, especially in B, can be attributed to pauses after odd numbered syllables ('feminine caesuras'). These, together with the 15 run-on lines, contribute greatly to the varied fluidity of the rhythmic movement. "To his Coy Mistress" is generally

Graphs for "To his Coy Mistress"



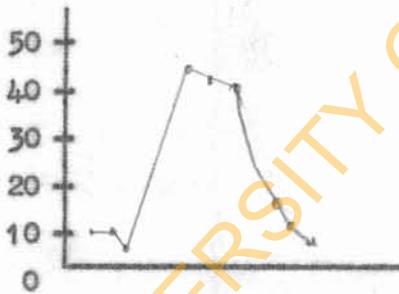
Sidney

Astrophe and Stella



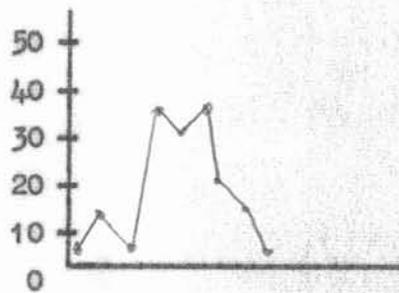
Shakespeare

Sonnets



Jonson

Cynthia's Revels



Donne

Letters to Several Personages

regarded as a technical tour-de-force - one to be mentioned in the same breath with Shakespeare's "The Phoenix and the Turtle", Donne's "Extasie", Raleigh's "Walsingham" and Coleridge's "Kubla Khan." It is gratifying that the short analysis of its pause-patterns given above does much to confirm that critical judgment.

Before leaving the subject of pauses, it is well to notice that their nature, and particularly their relationship to punctuation marks, has been a subject of some dispute. Grammarians and lexicographers of the eighteenth century, who were largely professional elocutionists, made much of duration: a period to have a count of four, a colon, of three, a semi-colon, of two, a comma, of one, and so forth. Linguistically, pauses, if we correlate them with 'junctions', are determined more by the phonological and intonational phenomena that border them than by mere cessation of phonation per se.²² A single bar junction may have a very short or very long cessation according to context and the taste and style of the speaker. The breath intake at a double-cross junction may be rapid or slow. Nonetheless, Marvell was writing at a time when the 'elocutionary' theory of pause was, if not fully developed, in the foreground of men's minds, and is worth passing mention.

Two quotations will suffice. In 1589, Puttenham could say:

The shortest pause or intermission they called comma as who would say a peece of speach cut of. The second they called collon, not a peece, but as it were a member for his larger length, because it occupied twice as much time as the comma. The third they called periodus, for a complement or full pause, and as a resting place and perfection of so much former speach as had bene vttered, and from whence they needed not to passe any further, vnles it were to renew more matter to enlarge the tale.²³

A more nearly contemporary definition of the various pauses, perhaps mirroring the accepted use, is expressed by Thomas Farnaby in his Index Rhetoricus published in 1640:

A period completes a sentence by divisions and members in the right proportion. A comma or division (incisum) is a thought which is not brought to conclusion by a completed rhythmical unit and is extended from two up to seven syllables, or there about, of which a period not infrequently consists... A colon or member completes a thought rounded off according to rhythmical units, but keeps the listener's attention diverted from the period, so that it can progress from the twelfth to the eighteenth and sometimes to the twenty-fourth syllable without completing the sentence.²⁴

The interesting point about this last statement is that Farnaby seems to have recognized the existence of the 'rhythmical unit' between pauses and to have seen how sentences are built up from

such units. Thus he pre-echoes what we have discovered on page 101 above. It may or may not be accidental that such a unit "is extended from two up to seven syllables, or there about" when our analysis of Marvell's poem gives us 88 syntactic units ranging from one to seven syllables in length. Of these, 6 are one syllabled, 12 two syllabled, 23 three syllabled, 19 four syllabled, 13 five syllabled, 13 six syllabled, and 2 seven syllabled. It is unfortunate that the correlation between his "divisions", "members", and "rhythmical units" is not more clearly defined by Farnaby.

Marvell, we have found, is skilled in the art of manipulating pauses within a strict octosyllabic framework. But since these pauses segmentalize the flow of sound into six or seven recognizable syntactic units, and since the end of each unit is signalled by a peak of stress (usually with coincident high pitch and vowel prolongation) on its last pre-pausal word, the pause or junction goes far to establish the actual rhythmic movement. Metrically speaking, the poem is iambic; scansionally, each line consists of four 'feet' in each of which a stressless arsis (x) is followed by a stressed thesis (1) except in the few cases where this order is modified or reversed (see page 97 above). Spoken English, however, makes significant use of four degrees of stress, strong (= s), major (= m), light (= l), and

minimum or zero (= 0), all of which can be heard when a poem is recited. To accommodate this linguistic reality to the metrical abstraction, English poets since Wyatt (and before him, Chaucer) have resorted to a scheme wherein s is always counted as a thesis, o always counted as an arsis, and m and l as either thesis or arsis according to their stress ambience.²⁵ In other words, the four degrees of stress have been construed metrically as though they were two. In the analysis of rhythm, however, this procedure, while doing no particular harm does no particular good.

As we have seen, each syntactic unit is dominated by a final or pre-final peak of stress before pause. This fact predetermines the s-points in the line. Thus a line of two units will tend to have two s's, a line of three units, three s's, and so forth, the intervening stresses being either l or m. In addition, the stress degree applied to any given syllable may be promoted to s, either by 'contrastive' stress induced by the preceding context, or, more commonly by such 'overstressing' devices as alliteration, assonance, internal rhyme, and word-repetition, when these are functionally - not merely ornamentally - used. What all this amounts to is displayed (1) by a stress-pause analysis of a native English speaker's reading of the first paragraph of "His Coy Mistress," and (2) by a complete phonemic

2. ^mh^ond wⁱy b^ut w^oh^rlⁱd i^mh^or / æⁿd t^oy^m /
 ɔⁱs k^ayⁿis / l^eh^di / w^eh^r n^ow k^ro^ym~~✕~~
 wⁱy w^u(h)^d sⁱt d^own / æⁿd oⁱh^ok h^wi^oh w^eh⁻
 ɔ^o w^ah^k / æⁿd p^ah^s / ɔ^wr l^uh^g l^uw^vz d^eh~~✕~~
 ɔ^ow / b^oy ɔⁱ iⁿh^ay^on g^ahⁿjⁱz s^oy^d- 5
 s^u(h)^dst r^uw^bi^oz f^ayⁿd // ɔ^y / b^oy ɔⁱ t^oy^d-
 æ^v h^um^bɔ^r w^uh^d k^am^pl^ehⁿ ✕ ɔ^y w^uh^d-
 l^uw^v y^uw tⁱn y^eh^rz / bⁱf^uh^r ɔⁱ f^lu^hd //
 æⁿd y^uw s^uh^d / i^f y^uw p^le^yz / rⁱfⁱw^z-
 tⁱl ɔⁱ k^an^va^rs^on / ɔ^v ɔⁱ jⁱw^z ✕ 10
 m^oy v^ej^et^ab^ol l^uw^v / s^uh^d g^ro^w-
 v^ah^st^or ɔⁱn e^mp^oy^rz / æⁿd m^uh^r s^lo^w ✕
 æⁿ h^uh^ri^d y^eh^rz / s^uh^d g^ow t^u p^rh^z-
 ɔ^oyn ɔ^yz / æⁿd æⁿ ɔ^oy f^ut^r(h)^od / g^hz ✕
 t^uw h^uh^ri^d / t^u æ^od^uh^r e^hɔ^o b^rh^st ✕
 b^ut ɔ^oh^rtⁱ ɔ^ow^zoⁿd / t^u ɔⁱ r^eh^st ✕ 15
 æⁿ e^hj / æ^t l^eh^st / t^u i^vrⁱ p^ah^rt /
 æⁿd ɔⁱ l^ah^st e^hj / s^uh^d g^ow y^ow^r h^ah^rt ✕
 f^or l^eh^di / y^ow dⁱz^ah^rv ɔⁱs s^te^ht /
 n^or w^uh^d ɔ^y l^uw^v / æ^t l^ow^or r^eh^st ✕ 20

but æt mōy bæc / ðy ahlwēhz hefr→

tōymz wīngid čærīdt / hōriyng nēhr✘

ænd yandōr / ahl bifufir us / liy→

dēzahrts / av vaht itahrnitiy✘

ðy biwti / šahl now muhr biy fōwund/

nōr / in ðy mahrbēl vaht / šahl sēnd→

mōy ekwiŋg saŋg ✘ ðen wōhrnz šahl triy→

ðæt lung prizahrvd vāhrjīntiy✘

ænd yuhr kwēht ōndr / tahrn tū dōht✘

ænd intū ahsiz / ahl mōy lōht✘

ðī grēhvz / ð fōyn ænd prōyvēt plehs/

but nōhn / ðy θirk / du ðehr imbrēns✘

nōw ðehrfuhr / hwōyl ði yuwhōl hiw→

sits an ðy skiŋ / lōyk mārniŋg gliw/

ænd hwayl ðy wiliŋg sōwl / trāhnsþōyrz→

æt ivri puh / wið instænt fōyrz/

nōw / let us spart us / hwōyl wiy mēh/

ænd nōw / lōyk æmrōs bōhrdz av prēh/

rahōr æt uhns / ðwr tōym divōwr/

ðæn lahngwiš / in hiz slōw čæpt pōwr✘

In threading your words together, your style will
be unusually fine if you have a familiar way
And by similar arrangement with others will
now on.

¹l^o ^mrowl / ¹ah^l ^oðw^r str^oŋg^o / æ^ond ^sah^l→²⁹
^oðw^r swi^sytn^ois / ^mup ^oint^u ¹uhⁿ ba^hl^o✕
æ^ond ^mtehr ^oðw^r pl^ēh^zð^rz / wi^o ^mruh^f str^oðy^f/
^oð^oruh^f ^oðⁱ ðy^rðⁿ ^sgehts / æ^o ^sl^oy^r✕³⁰
^sus / ¹uh^f wiy ^mkæⁿ ^onat / ^mm^hk ^oðw^r ^ssun→
^mstæⁿd ^stil / ¹yit ^mwiy ^owil ^mm^hk ^ohim ^srun✕

46

Marvell seems to have been the kind of poet who having gained mastery of one technique went on to master another.

When we come to "An Horatian Ode", we find the rhythm more restrained, the couplets more often closed. Here Horace affords him a remote model for the application of the principles of the sermo - essentially a concentrated prose style - in subject matter, diction and rhythm.

Horace seems to have wanted a style closely approaching the idiomatic freedom but retaining the cadenced dignity of the prose of his time, and it is said that his lines can be so read that there are few signs left that they are verse. Perhaps the underlying secret can be detected in the advice of Horace to the Pisos:

In threading your words together, your style will be uncommonly fine if you take a familiar word. And by skilful arrangement with others make it a new one.³¹

Compton Marvell, of all English Renaissance admirers of Horace, seems to have most affinity with him.³² By calling his tribute to Cromwell an 'Horatian' ode, he is in fact openly acknowledging his debt to Horace as his mentor. The notable Classical scholar, Professor Archibald Campbell, sees in this poem a full, informed understanding of the structure of Horace's odes. He finds it "thoroughly Horatian in idea; in the occasion, and the poetic uses that is put to, in the marshalled procession of subjects including a short forceful sketch of a great occasion; and in the attempt, at least, to maintain consistently a lofty moral tone".³³

Whether the tone be highly 'moral' or not, it is certainly more formal than that of "To His Coy Mistress." And - details of word-choice apart - one clue to it seems to emerge quite clearly from analysis of the punctuation, as printed:

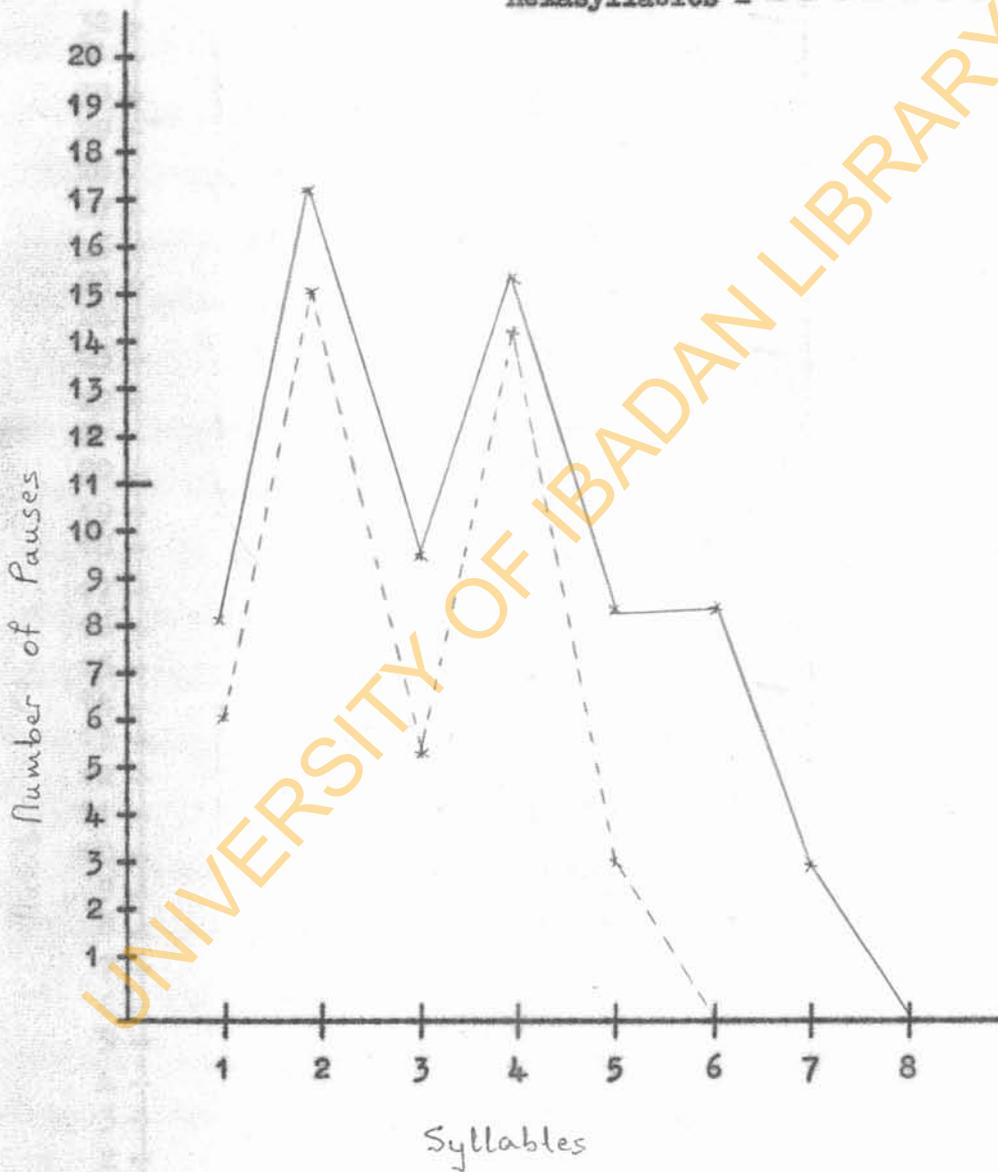
8/8,/6/6./8,/8,/6/6./8/8,/6/6./1,6,1/8,/6/	[11. 1 - 15]
6./8/8;/6/6./8,/8:/6/6./8/8:/1,5,/6./1,6,1/8,/	[11. 16 - 30]
6/6,/8/8,/6/6./8,/8:/6/6./8,/8:/6/6./8,/	[11. 31 - 45]
8?/6/6./1,7,/8,/6/6./8/8:/6/6./8/8:/6/6:/	[11. 46 - 60]
8!/8,/6,/6./8/8/6/6,/8,/8;/6/6./8/8:/6,/	[11. 61 - 75]
6./8,/2,4,2/4,2,/6:/8,/8:/6/6./8/3,5:/1,3,2/6:/8,/8./	[11. 76 - 90]
6/6,/1,3,4,/8;/1,5,/6./8/8!/6/6!/8,/8,/6/6./8/	[11. 91 - 105]
8;/6/6:/8/8;/6/6./8/8:/6/6;/3/8,/6/6./	[11. 106 - 120]

Compared with "To his Coy Mistress" there are more syllables within the pauses, and the rhythmical unit of the line is less often broken up into obvious syntactical units. The many end pauses and stressed end-rhymes keep the rhythm so restrained as never to suggest a prosaic reading, no matter how colloquial the diction. But the printed punctuation within the lines is so scanty that it tells us next to nothing about the internal syntactic segmentation, and nothing about the rhythmic movement - so scanty that it is impossible to graph an A profile for the poem. B profiles based upon a tape recording by the reader of "To His Coy Mistress", are sharply in contrast with the B profile for that poem. The first shows the pause (junction) frequencies for the eight and six syllable lines separately; the second combines the frequencies in a single profile. It will be noticed that both graphs give a strikingly similar two-peaked profile with the highest frequencies after the second and fourth syllables. This is quite unlike the profile developed for "To His Coy Mistress" (page 107 above).

There can be little doubt that the two-peaked profile on these graphs as compared with the relatively flat, continuous, 'house-roof' profile on the graph for "To His Coy Mistress" indicates a basic difference of rhythmic technique in the two poems - one immediately apparent when tapes are compared. The

B-profile I

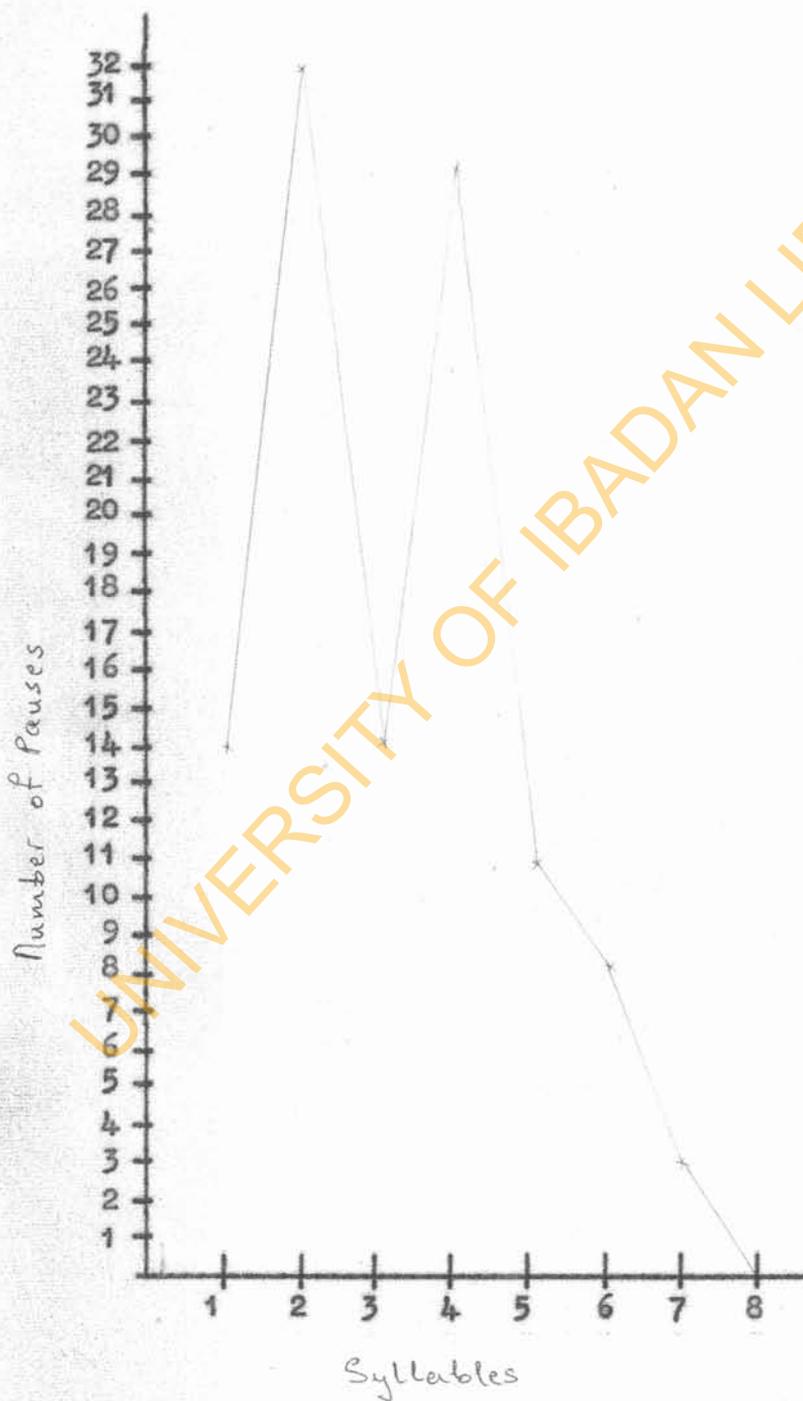
Octosyllabics = _____
 Hexasyllabics = - - - - -



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B-profile II

Octosyllabics and Hexasyllabics Combined



movement of "To His Coy Mistress" is fluid, smoothly continuous, dominated by syntactical (and hence rhythmic) units of from four to six syllables, with high pause frequencies ('feminine caesuras') after the third and fifth syllables, and with a relatively high frequency of run-on lines. The movement of the "Horatian Ode" is more abrupt and concentrated, less fluid, at times almost jerky, dominated by syntactical units of from one to four syllables of which 15 are single words. Run-on lines are scarce: of the 12 that occur (in 120 lines) 11 take off from a line-end unit of no more than one or two syllables. The 'feminine caesura' after the third syllable occurs only nine times in the octosyllabic lines, only seven in the six-syllable lines, where, of course, it is in mid-position. Pause variation is much commoner in the first half of the lines than in the second half; in "To His Coy Mistress" it is relatively evenly balanced on both sides of the mid-line peak. These differences, felt by every reader and listener exist sui generis in the rhythmic structures.

But no statistical analysis of prosodic features - however detailed, however suggestive - could hope to account for all the differences of tone between the two poems or for the semi-gnomic, semi-epigrammatic quality of the six-syllable lines in the "Horatian Ode" which do so much to give it its strongly individual

and Horatian flavour. It is well to remind ourselves constantly of the limitations as well as the critical possibilities inherent in the method of analysis employed above.

As in the "Horatian Ode" compared with "To His Coy Mistress", so in "On a Drop of Dew" compared with either, Marvell demonstrates mastery over a new and different prosodic technique - one hinted at in Herbert, Crashaw, and Vaughan but carried here almost as far as it is in Hopkins. Something like it is found by Thompson³⁴ as early as 1559 in The Mirror for Magistrates. Looked at from the standpoint of syllabic metrics the poem appears at first almost chaotic: a curious melange of lines with eight, six, and ten syllables juxtaposed with lines of seven, one of nine, and, one of four syllables. That, together with the tenuousness of the central metaphysical conceit, may have been responsible for the comparative neglect of this poem in the principal anthologies of English verse. It is neither easy to read aloud nor, in detail, to comprehend. However, a more minute examination reveals a firmer structure and a more coherent metrical texture than might at first be suspected. On both counts, the poem must be regarded as an experimental success.

Structurally, it divides itself into three sections, which might be profitably set off from each other in printing, the first of 14 lines based on seven rhymes, the second of 12 lines based

on six rhymes, the third again of 14 lines based on seven rhymes. This ternary arrangement coincides with the obvious, ternary arrangement of the poem's development: (1) 'Nature and Descent of the Dewdrop'; (2) 'Analogies between the Dewdrop and the Soul'; (3) 'Nature and Ascent of the Soul'. Each section ends with a kind of coda before a final stop: (1) with a four-syllable rhymed with a ten-syllable line; (2) with a ten-syllable couplet; (3) with a ten-syllable couplet.

(1) Like its own Tear,

Because so long divided from the Sphear. [ll. 13 - 14]

(2) Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express

The greater Heaven in an Heaven less [ll. 25 - 26]

(3) Congeal'd on Earth; but does, dissolving, run

Into the Glories of th' Almighty Sun. [ll. 39 - 40]

The two fourteen line sections, (1) and (3), are further segmented internally into stop-punctuated sub-sections of eight and six lines each; but the failure of rhyme-pattern parallels between linked tercets, a quatrain, and couplets in (1) and the two quatrains and couplets of (3) makes one doubt the structural relevance of these sub-divisions. The same is true of the stop

punctuated segmentation of (2) into four and eight lines. On semantic and developmental grounds, however, a good case can be made out for them.

In metrical texture, (1) and (3) differ a good deal. Section (1) is in mixed octosyllabics and hexasyllabics segmentalized by two decasyllabics, and with two septenarii due to a feminine rhyme; section (3) commences with a remarkable series of six septenarii with masculine end-rhymes, leading smoothly, and with the same rhythmic movement, into the following octosyllabics. Section (2) is entirely in octosyllabics except for line 4 (line 18) before the stop and the last two lines (lines 26 - 27) which are decasyllabic. In rhythmical texture, the whole poem seems at first complex - neither wholly syllabic nor accentual, but with features of both.³⁵ Yet if it be considered as possessing an accentual rhythm counterpointed against a syllabic rhythm, the latter is in itself so varied that its tune is hushed to an almost imperceptible whisper. Nor does a foot scansion into iambs and trochees produce any fruitful results: what the reader reacts to is a rhythm so predominantly falling rather than rising that even the decasyllabic lines ending the sections and sub-sections tend to be read as series of trochees after initial unstressed anacruses. The plain fact is that foot scansion is here neither revealing nor profitable. The poem

makes use of all four degrees of the English stress system and all the possibilities of pause in such a way that the hexasyllabics, septenarii, and octosyllabics have three peaks of even-timed stress, the decasyllabics four. In short, as in the 'running rhythm' and 'sprung rhythm' of G.M. Hopkins, we have a return to the age-old isochronic rhythm as preserved in popular tradition but used skilfully here to fashion a sophisticated, highly intellectualized lyric.

The following reading was taped for me by the same reader who taped "To His Coy Mistress" and the "Horatian Ode" for earlier analyses in this chapter. It should be noted that he tends to 'promote' the l stress on modifiers to m, and the m stresses of verbs to s whenever stress or sound-patterning suggest it. He reads the decasyllabic lines terminating sections and sub-sections with a very clearly defined and prolonged pause marked here as //:

On A Drop of Dew

(1)

^sSEE // ^show the ^lOrient ^sDew,³⁶
^mShed from the ^lBosom/ of the ^sMorn→
^linto the blowing ^mRosés,
^oYet careless/ of its ^mMansion ^snew;³⁷
^lFor the clear ^mRegion/ where 'twas ^lborn→ 5
^sRound/ in itself/ ^mencloses:³⁸
^sAnd/ in its little ^lGlobes ^mExtent,
^mFrames/ as it can // its ^lnative ^sElement,
^sHow it/ the purple ^lflow'r/ does ^lslight,
^lScarce ^stouching/ where it ^llies,^m 10
^oBut ^mgazing ^sback/ upon the ^lSkies,
^sShines/ with a ^lmournful ^sLight;
^lLike its own/ ^mTear,
^oBecause so ^llong // ^sdivided from the ^lSphear.³⁹

(2)

^s ^o ^o ^m / ^o ^l ^o ^s
 Restless it rouses / and unsecure, 15
^s ^o / ^s ^o ^m ^o ^s
 Trembling / lest it grow impure:
^l ^o ^l + ^s / ^m ^o ^o ^s ^o ^s,
 Till the warm Sun / pitty it's Pain,
^l ^o ^o ^s // ^o ^m ^o ^s ^o ^m
 And to the skies // exhale it back again.
^m ^o ^s ^o ^s ^o ^s ^o ^s
 So the Soul, that Drop, that Ray→
^l ^o ^l + ^s / ^o ^o ^l ^o ^s, 20
 Of the clear Fountain / of Eternal Day,
^l ^o / ^o ^l ^o ^l ^o ^s / ^o ^m,
 Could it / within the humane flow'r / be seen,
^o ^s ^o ^m / ^o ^l ^o ^s,
 Remembring still / its former height,
^s ^o ^l ^s / ^o ^m ^o ^s 40
 Shuns the sweat leaves / and blossoms green;
^o / ^s ^o ^l ^o ^l ^o ^s 41
 And, / recollecting its own Light,
^m ^l ^o ^m / ^o ^m ^o ^s / ^o ^m→
 Does, / in its pure / and circling thoughts / express→
^o ^m ^o ^s // ^l ^o ^m ^o ^s 42
 The greater Heaven // in an Heaven less.

(3)

In how coy / a Figure / wound,
 Every way / it turns away;
 So the World / excluding round, ⁴³
 Yet receiving in / the Day 30
 Dark beneath, / but bright above:
 Here / disdaining, / there / in Love.
 How loose and easie / hence to go: ⁴⁴
 How girt and ready / to ascend.
 Moving but / on a point / below, 35
 It all about / does upwards bend.
 Such did the Manna's / sacred Dew destill;
 White, / and intire, / though congeal'd and chill.
 Congeal'd on Earth; but does /, dissolving, / run
 Into the Glories // of th^e Almighty Sun. ⁴⁵ 40

Apart from this poem, Marvell's metrical intentions and his handling of rhythm seem clear enough. The experiment here is not, perhaps unfortunately, repeated elsewhere. A poet of considerable aesthetic gift and technical virtuosity, he is highly conscious of the demands of design and pattern in the structure and texture of his poems - even in this. And even in this among all his poems, poetry is certainly not any uncontrolled outburst of feeling. Each poem, conceived with a particular form and genre - possibly a particular model or models in mind - is created with all the technical perfection at his command. By what steps that perfection was sought we have no means of discovering, for there were no Lockwood Libraries in his time and his poems never seem to have been the darlings of the commonplace books. One thing seems certain enough: that apparent metrical irregularities in his lines should be most carefully scrutinized and weighed before editorial emendation 'for metrical reasons' is even considered a remote possibility. The man seems to have known exactly what he was doing, and did what he was doing extremely well - in rhythm as in all else.

FOOTNOTES

- ¹In matters of metre, i.e. the 'measurement' of lines, and 'rhythm', i.e. description of the 'movement' in lines, such accuracy is not always easy to come by. Contrast, for instance, the conclusions in John Thompson's The Founding of English Metre (London, 1961) with the general assumptions made in Helge Kökeritz, "Elizabethan Prosody and Historical Phonology," Annales Academiae Regiae Scientiarum Upsaliensis, V (1961), pp. 79 - 102. Needless to say, metre and rhythm can coincide (as, for the most part, in Gascoigne) but very often diverge.
- ²See Kökeritz, op. cit. He argues against the "tendency to assume that one prosody governs English prosody of whatever period" and stresses the importance of taking into account the theory of prosody under which various poems were composed.
- ³Ibid.
- ⁴J.B. Leishman, The Art of Marvell's Poetry, London, Hutchinson, 1966, pp. 30 and 203. One should point out, however, that the 'completive' verb forms with do/did, were a recognized feature of the spoken language in the seventeenth century and must be expected in verse.
- ⁵The 'permissive' exceptions in regular iambic lines to secure various effects are spelt out in J.C. Ransom, "The Strange Music of English Verse", Kenyon Review, XVIII, (1961), 471. These are: (1) Two unstressed syllables can replace the one which the iambic line permits; (2) An extra unstressed syllable after the tenth (in pentameter line) makes a 'feminine ending' and does not count; (3) In any foot except the last the iambic can be reversed, i.e. replaced by a trochaic foot; (4) Any two successive iambic feet can be replaced by a double or paeonic or ionic foot.
- ⁶Denotation of stress - 1 is used to denote a stressed syllable and x an unstressed syllable.

- 7 It is possible to scan this line with a secondary stress on wing. The alternation of relatively strong and weak stresses of an iambic line will still be maintained.
- 8 A remarkable example of this where a whole line can be considered to be two ionic feet occurs in The Garden l. 48:
 To a green thought in a green Shade.
- 9 For a full account of this, see W. Trimpi, Ben Jonson's Poems: a Study of the Plain Style, Stanford, Stanford University Press, 1962.
- 10 G. Gascoigne, "Certain Notes of Instruction....", Elizabethan Critical Essays, ed. G.G. Smith, Oxford University Press, 1950, vol. 1, p. 53.
- 11 On Literary Composition, ch. 26. Translation as cited in Trimpi, op. cit., p. 128 ff.
- 12 Loc. cit., ch. 6.
- 13 G. Puttenham? "The Arte of English Poesie", Elizabethan Critical Essays, vol. 2, p. 78. See also Sir Philip Sidney's "Apology for Poetry", Ibid., I, p. 205: "...the Cesura, or breathing place, in the midst of the verse.... [which] neither Italians or Spanish haue... the French, and we, neuer almost fayle of." Possibly unfortunate, when true.
 The fixed caesura contributes largely to the failure of the poulter measure in English poetry. See J. Thompson, The Founding of English Metre, London, Routledge and K. Paul, 1961, p. 33 ff.
- 14 For purposes of stress-count, the four actual degrees of English stress are reduced to two: stress and lack of stress. See H. Whitehall and A.A. Hill, "Report on the English Language Seminar," Readings in Applied English Linguistics, ed. H.B. Allen, New York, 1958.

- 15 The role of alliteration, assonance, end-consonance, etc. in controlling rhythm and even in determining it seems to have been much neglected. On this, see Grace E. Eyres, Principles and Technique of the Modern English Dipodic Line, M.A. Dissertation, University of Texas, Austin, 1938.
- 16 The tendency appears to have been established by Roman Jakobson, "Über den Versbau der serbokroatischen Volksepen," Archives néerlandaises de phonétique expérimentale, 7 - 9 (1933); the most complete treatment is in Seymour Chatman, A Theory of Meter (The Hague, 1964). See also The Encyclopedia of Poetry and Poetics, under "Linguistics and Poetics," pp. 450 - 457, for a good bibliography.
- 17 The profiles for Italian hendecasyllabics from Petrarch to Tasso clearly show the splitting of the line into syntactic units bounded by from three to four 'strong pauses.' That Italian practice underlies the English development need not, I think, be doubted. Here is the strongest possible corroboration for Professor F.T. Prince's thesis in his Italian Element in Milton's Verse, Oxford, 1954.
- 18 The leaders here are the American linguists, Chatman, Hill, Epstein and Hawkes, and Smith, all carrying out applications first suggested by Whitehall in his review of G.L. Trager and H.L. Smith, An Outline of English Structure (1951). Similar work had already been carried out by the European linguists, Mukařovský, Jakobson, Lotz, and de Groot, but not, unfortunately, for poems in English. A blending of linguistic expertise with critical finesse has been made by Thompson, Hollander, ~~Wist~~ and Halpern. See the article and bibliography "Linguistics and Poetics" in the Encyclopedia of Poetry and Phonetics, pp. 450 - 457, and the articles "Modern Poetics" and "Prosody" in the same publication. Particularly valuable are Seymour Chatman's Linguistic Style, Literary Style and Performance, Georgetown, Monograph Series in Language and Literature, 13, (1962), and his A Theory of Meter, (The Hague, 1964).
- 19 Op. cit., passim.

- 20 From a taped reading, attempting to reproduce seventeenth century pronunciation, by Harold Whitehall (transcribed, pages 114 - 116 below).
- 21 The 'shorthand' is as follows:
- + (plus junction) = open transition between contiguous stressed syllables.
 - ✕ (double-cross junction) = breath pause preceded by 3 → 1 intonation.
 - || (double-bar junction) = breath pause preceded by 3 → 4 intonation.
 - | (single-bar junction) = internal pause with suspensive 2 - 2 intonation.
 - = run-on to next line with short pause after the rhyme.
- Stresses are marked in four degrees: s = strong, m = major, l = light, o = minimum (zero).
- 22 See Whitehall, Structural Essentials, Chapter 10.
- 23 Puttenham, op. cit., p. 77.
- 24 T. Farnabii, Index Rhetoricus et Oratorius, (London, 1640), pp. 32 - 33. Cited W. Trimpi, op. cit., p. 126.
- A good deal of seventeenth century theory is extrapolated in E. Bysshe, Art of Poetry, (London 1702). See also, Whitehall, loc. cit.
- 25 See H. Whitehall and A.A. Hill, "Report on the English Language Seminar".
- 26 See chapter 4 above. The reader, again, is Harold Whitehall.
- 27 An alternative reading would be World ^oenough /, but both the following pause and the fact that post-posed modifiers normally carry higher stress than preceding nominals would suggest the reader's World ^menough /.

- 28 Or and ^lmore ^mslow/^s, justified by parallelism with vaster^m (and, of course, onomatopoeitic considerations). On second thoughts, the reader preferred this.
- 29 Here the reader is undoubtedly responding to word-repetition and end-consonance in placing his junctions.
- 30 In the pronunciation /θəruhf/ the reader responds to the suggestion of internal rhyme in the series /ruhf/ 'rough', /θəruhf/ 'through', and /ʔuhf/ 'though'.
- 31 Quintus Horatius Flaccus, "The Art of Poetry or the Epistle to the Pisos", Collected Works, Tr. by Lord Dunsany and M. Oakley, London, Dent, 1961, p. 288.
- 32 For a full exposition of the many aspects in which Marvell and Horace are alike see J.B. Leishman, Translating Horace, Oxford, B. Cassirer, 1956.
- 33 A.Y. Campbell, Horace, a New Interpretation, London, Methuen, 1924, p. 11. He, however, finds the poem lacking in Horatian power. "To His Coy Mistress" seems to him to have more of the genuine spirit of Horace.
- 34 Founding of English Metre, Chapter 2. See also, Fussell, op. cit., pp. 104 ff. and 133 ff.
- 35 Marvell's experiment is not new in English poetry. Similar verses exhibiting features of both accentual and syllabic metres have been found in The Mirror for Magistrate, 1559. See J. Thompson, The Founding of English Metre, chapter 2. Fussell, op. cit., p. 104 ff. sets the period of onset for 'accentualism' at much too late a date.
- 36 SEE is an introductory anacrusis upon which the how of l. 1 and also the How of l. 9 are syntactically dependent.
- 37 In English, a post-positioned modifier has more stress than its noun.

- 38 A difficult line. Is Round an adverbial particle (as the run-on line would indicate) or should it be considered, with the round of l. 29, as a substantive? The latter makes better metaphysical sense.
- 39 Line 13 can be read as Like^l its^o own^m Tear^s or as Like^o its^m own^l Tear^s. Either will serve to introduce the following climatic line.
 was not written in a syllable-stress metre. In the
- 40 green; see footnote above. is a
- 41 The sense suggests a play on re-collect and recollect.
- 42 For less, see footnotes for ll. 4 and 23 above. is
- 43 See Round in l. 6 and discussion in footnote 38. is
- 44 In ll. 33 - 34, note the repetition of the cadence l m o s o, supported by the assonance of easy /ehzi/ and ready /rehdi/.
- 45 In th' Almighty Sun possibly th' Almighty Sun, in the sense the Almighty's Sun. Notice the rare capitalization of the modifier.

CHAPTER 6

CAPITALISATION AND OVERSTRESSING IN MARVELL'S VERSE

In the foregoing chapter it was noted that On a Drop of Dew was not written in a syllable-stress metre. In the other poems discussed, we have the basic iambic metre to indicate where the stresses are expected to fall, but here there is no such indication. How would Marvell then have us read the poem?

In the isochronic accentual verse of Old and Middle English, and in modern dipodic verse, the most commonly employed devices for emphasizing the stress-bearing words are alliteration, word repetition, internal rhyme and, less frequently, assonance.¹

We may begin by examining what use is made of these devices in

On a Drop of Dew:

SEE how the Orient Dew,
 Shed from the Bosom of the Morn
 Into the blowing Roses,
 Yet careless of its Mansion new;
 For the clear Region where 'twas born
 Round in its self incloses:
 And in its little Globes Extent,
 Frames as it can its native Element.
 How it the purple flow'r does slight,
 Scarce touching where it lyes,

Assonance

"

"

<u>But</u> gazing <u>back</u> upon the Skies,	Alliteration	
Shines with a mournful Light;		
Like its own Tear,		
Because <u>so</u> long divided from the <u>Sphear</u>	"	
<u>Restless</u> it <u>roules</u> and unsecure,	"	
Trembling lest it grow impure:		
Till the warm Sun <u>pitty</u> it's <u>Pain</u> ,	"	
And to the Skies exhale it back again.	"	
<u>So</u> the <u>Soul</u> , that <u>Drop</u> , that <u>Ray</u>	"	
Of the clear Fountain of Eternal <u>Day</u> ,	"	20
Could it within the humane flow'r be seen,		
Remembering still its former height,		
<u>Shuns</u> the <u>sweat</u> <u>leaves</u> and blossoms <u>green</u> ;	Assonance	
And, recollecting its own Light,		
Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express		25
The greater <u>Heaven</u> in an <u>Heaven</u> less.	Word Repetition	
In how coy a Figure <u>wound</u> ,	Alliteration	
Every <u>way</u> it turns <u>away</u> :	Word Repetition; Internal	
So the world excluding round,	rhyme	
Yet receiving in the Day.		30
Dark <u>beneath</u> , <u>but</u> <u>bright</u> above:	Alliteration	
<u>Here</u> <u>disdaining</u> , <u>there</u> is Love.	Assonance	
<u>How</u> loose and easie <u>hence</u> to go:	Alliteration	
<u>How</u> girt and ready to ascend.	"	
Moving <u>but</u> on a point <u>below</u> ,		
It all about does upwards bend.	"	
Such <u>did</u> the Manna's sacred <u>Dew</u> <u>destil</u> ;	"	
White, and intire, though <u>congeal'd</u> and chill.	Word Repetition	
<u>Congeal'd</u> on Earth: but <u>does</u> , <u>dissolving</u> , run	" Alliteration	
Into the Glories of th' Almighty Sun.		40

From the markings we can see that all the pararhyme devices are employed. However, in the groups of syllables linked by the devices some carry the stress, some do not (except in lines 3, 17, 26, 28 and 32). And in a poem of forty lines they significantly occur only in seventeen lines. One has to conclude that they are rather decorative than structural - not used in such a consistent manner as to suggest a pattern of stress that will help our understanding of the rhythm of the poem. But occasionally one comes upon lines like those below, in which it is quite clear where to put the stresses:

See how the Orient Dew,
Shed from the Bosom of the Morn [1 - 2]

So the Soul, that Drop, that Ray
 Of the clear Fountain of Eternal Day, [19 - 20]

And it so happens that all the words having the stress-bearing syllables begin with capital letters. This fact suggests some relationship between stressing and capitalization.

At this point we should pause to note that the use of capital letters was not standardized in the early periods according to the printing conventions of today. In the beginnings

of writing, when writing in ideograms gave place to writing in alphabets, only capital letters or majuscles were employed. Later on, in the desire to write more rapidly than the monumental majuscles would permit, the minuscles or small letters gradually evolved. When these became standard, the majuscles were first relegated to special functions in the titles of books, paragraph headings, decorative initials and the like. But nothing about these special functions was fixed. For instance, Elizabethan and earlier penmen felt no necessity to begin a paragraph with a capital letter; very often they began names of towns, countries, rivers and persons with small letters.² There came a time when printers - especially Jacobean and post-Jacobean printers in England, and their contemporaries on the Continent - used capitals for the initials of proper and common nouns.

Among the printers of Marvell's time, there is a fairly clear indication that capital letters were used, along with certain other devices, to denote emphasis. Proper nouns were commonly set in italics. Moreover, according to Joseph Moxon, a master printer writing around 1683 - 84:

Words of great Emphasis are also Set in Italick, and sometimes begin with a Capital Letter: If the Emphasis bear hard upon the Word to be exprest as well as the Thing to be exprest, it ought to begin with a Capital. I shall bring for instance

an Observation I made above forty years ago on the Word that, viz. that that Word may be reiterated five times, and make good Sense: If it be set thus it will seem nonsense, that that that that that; but if it be Set thus, that that That that that Man would have stand at the beginning of the Line should stand at the end; it will, by toning and laying Emphasis on the middlemost That become good sense. Now all the that ought to be Set in Italick, and the Middlemost That ought to begin with a Capital, because it is both the Thing and Word.

Words of a smaller Emphasis may be Set in the running character, viz. Roman, if it be the Series of the Matter; or Italick, if Italick, but begun with a Capital... Yet I know some Authors are now so nice to mark both the Word Thing and the Word Word in Italick.³

A major point to note from this statement is Moxon's recognition that emphasis varied, or, in prosodic terms, that stressed syllables were not all of equal weight. The greatest emphasis was on a proper noun or on other parts of speech used substantively - That was not just a word to be emphasised; it was also used as a substantive. Another point is that from Moxon's experience, authors (some at least) did indicate in their scripts what words they wanted emphasised.

Fortunately we can confirm Moxon's statements from some manuscripts of these authors in cases where there is no question of a printer imposing his own writing habit on the script. So in

Thomas Bullen's Poems Written upon several Occasions dated 1700. In this collection, the use of capitalization for emphasis is apparent throughout. The following passage from The Muse is characteristic:

on several Occasions.

II.

What tho' she do impede my Rise
To Honour, that Fool's Paradise,
A little short-lived, tickling Noises;
Tho' from the Pulpit she may keep me down,
And all my Labours frustrate for a Gown;
Tho' she may interpose so far
To keep me from the profitable Bar;
Tho' she her Al sympathically set
Twist me and being rich or great,
So well I love my Muse that I protest
I woud not change her for my Interest,
(I think that I without her can't be blest.

III.

Why should ye thence, my Friends, by Art or force,
(Friends did I say? - you show it!)
So true a Lover from his Muse divorce,
Or separate me from Poet;
When Nature never meant, I do believe, to do it.
Woud ye pretend more skill than she
In calculating my Nativity?
I must be scribbling or I cannot Be.

Satan.

62

Poems.

Satan avoid, with all thy tricks and wiles,
Hard Nonseuse, John a Nokes and John a Stiles;

I cannot, by such Arguments as these, 35

Or that more charming one of Food,

Be tempt'd, if I know my self, to draw

Injustice to the shape of Law:

Mad woud the Bargain be by my own choice

To Barber Poets for Prices,

40

Or dear Receipt for Jargon, Tricks, and Noise.

IV.

Why should You ever think a Man can Thrive

That you'd have bury'd long since!

By Law and Mammon quite engros'd,

Both at my Muses & my Clients Cost.

45

What Reason I or Rome should so intrude

To quit her Latin for vile Pedlars French;

My lov'd and envy'd Horace's Efforts,

To lose my self in Cokes's prolix Reports;

Or Virgil's admirable Eloquence,

50

all his Weight of Words and Sense,

For

Or that more charming II of Jove,

What tho' she do impede my Rise
 To Honour, that Fool's Paradise,
 A little short-liv'd, tickling Noise; 15
 Tho' from the Pulpit she may keep me down,
 And all my Labours frustrate for a Gown;
 Tho' she may interpose so far
 To keep me from the profitable Bar;
 Tho' she her NO imphatically set 20
 'Twixt me and being rich or great,
 So well I love my Muse that I protest
 I wou'd not change her for my Interest,
 Or think that I without her can be blest. 25

My lov'd and ever true's III

Why shoud ye then, my Friends, by Art or force, 25
 (Friends did I say? - you show it!)
 So true a Lover from his Muse divorce,
 Or sep'rate me from Poet;
 When Nature never meant, I do believe, to do it.
 Woud ye pretend more skill than she 30
 In calculating my Nativity!
 I must be scribbling or I cannot Be.
 Satan avoid, with all thy tricks and wiles,
 Hard Nonsense, John a Nokes and John a Stiles;
 I cannot, by such Arguments as these, 35

Or that more charming one of Fees,
 Be tempted, if I know my self, to draw
 Injustice to the shape of Law:
 Mad would the Bargain be by my own choice
 To Barter Poetry for Price,
 Or dear Recess for Jargon, Tricks, and Noise.

IV

Why should you ever think a Man can Thrive
 That you'd have buried thus alive!
 By Law and Mammon quite ingross'd,
 Both at my Muse's & my Client's cost.

What Reason for Rome should so intrench
 To quit her Latin for vile Pedlars French;
 My lov'd and envyd Horace's Efforts,
 To lose my self in Coke's prolix Reports;
 Or Virgil's admirable Eloquence,
 All his Weight to Words and sense,

The sense of line 20 makes it obvious why NO is fully capitalized. Also in line 25 one notes that Art and not force (both of them substantives) is capitalized; and this is explained in the following line which shows that the poet regards his friends as being that more by Art than by force. In line 32 the important thing the poet wants to stress is the fact that writing poetry for him is what makes him feel alive (the poem was "written upon

the Importunity of some Friends to shake hands with Poetry, and apply himself to the Law") - hence without it he cannot Be. For the sake of emphasis, too, the verbs Barter and Thrive in lines 40 and 42 are capitalized along with other important words around.

Something analogous applies to another piece by Waller On the Marriage of Mrs Frances Cromwell with Mr Rich. This is a much shorter poem, yet it is obvious even here that only words for which emphasis is mandatory are capitalized, irrespective of whether they are substantives or not. Witness Play in line 6 and Lasting in line 16:

Handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page, is visible but illegible due to fading and the watermark.

On the Marriage of ^{the King of France}
 with ^{the} ^{Princess} ^{of} ^{Spain}
 Peace ye loud violing Peace
 when the bride begins to charmer with the bride
 Rivers these course
 And winds their force
 Suspending listen to Noise
 Play ye loud violing Play
 when the bride begins to ^{celebrate} ^{her} ^{marriage}
 Celebrate her Ball
 with measure's pace
 And sprightly grace
 The Minstrels in dance cushioning all 10
 Nor lest they be u' doth the strong
 Of Stars & round about her bee
 fairer than from the Ocean sprung
 Shee from the Prince & rules the sea
 Her beauty & his Marshal fame 15
 are the names for lasting song
 Soe Henry from the Lyon came
 And sweetenest from the strong

Ed. Waller

On the Marriage of Mrs Frances Cromwell with Mr Rich...

Peace ye loud violins Peace,
 When the Bride begins to charm us with her Prince,
 Rivers thire course
 And winds thir force
 Suspending lissen to that Noise
 Play yee loud violins Play.
 When the Bride begins to celebrate the Ball
 With measuring pace
 And sprightly grace
 The Nimphs in Dance outshining all
 Noe lesse then Venus doth the throng
 Of Stars that round about her bee
 Faire Venus from the Ocean Sprung
 Shee from the Prince that Rules the Sea.
 Her Beauty and his Martial fame
 Are Theames for Lasting Song
 Soe Honny from the Lyon came
 And sweatness from the strong

What was Marvell's own practice? Unfortunately no holographs of his poems have yet been discovered. But we do have those of his letters. Moreover, most of his prose works and some of his poems were published in his own life time. In the manuscript copy of his letter to Cromwell attached, apart from names and other words which are by convention capitalized, others beginning with capital letters are the most important, either because they refer

to Cromwell - for example, 'so eminent a Person, your Lordship - or more often because they are the chief points of interest in the items of news or units of thought in the letter. He wants Cromwell for example to note that he is observing his Rules laid down for training young Dutton. He talks about Dutton's Talent, his good qualities like Modesty, his improved physical well being as reflected in his Complexion, and so on. In the sentence: "And in this both he and I ow infinitely to your Lordship, for having placed us in so godly a family as that of Mr Oxenbridge whose Doctrine and Example are like a Book and a Map, not only instructing thi Eare but demonstrating to thi Ey which way we ought to travell" - all the words being likened together are, so to say, thrown into relief by capital letters.

May it please your Excellence,



It might perhaps seem fit for me to seek out words to give your Excellence thanks for my selfe. But indeed the only virtue which it is proper for me to practise with so eminent a Person is to obey you, and to performe honestly the worke that you have set me about. Therefore I shall use the time that your Lordship is pleas'd to allow me for writing, onely to that purpose for which you have given me it; That is to render you some account of M^r Dutton. I have taken care to examine him severall times in the presence of M^r Oxenbridge, as those who weigh and tell over money before some witness, ere they take charge of it. For I thought that there might possibly be some lightnesse in the joynt, or error in the telling, which hereafter I should be bound to make good. Therefore M^r Oxenbridge is the best to make your Excellence an impartiall relation thereof. I shall onely say that I shall serve according to my best understanding (that is according to those Rules your Lordship hath given me) to increase whatsoever Talent he may have already. Truly he is of a gentle and meane disposition; and, as he praish, I can not say that he hath brought with him any guilt impression; and I shall hope to set nothing upon his spirit but what may be of a good Sculpture. He hath in him two things which make youth most easy to be managed, Moderoy which is the bridle to Vice, and Emulation which is the spur to Vertue. And the care which your Excellence is pleas'd to take of him is no small encouragement and shall be so represented to him. But above all I shall labour to make him sensible of his Duty to God. For then we begin to serve faithfully, when we consider that he is our Master. And in this both he and I are infinitely to your Lordship, for having placed us in so godly a family as that of M^r Oxenbridge whose Doctrine and Example are like a Book and a Map, not onely instructing the Eare, but demonstrating to the Eye which way we ought to travell. And M^r Oxenbridge.

hath a great tenderness over him also in all other things. She has
 look'd so well to him that he hath already much mended his complexion:
 And now she is busy in ordering his Chamber, that he may delight
 to be in it as often as his Studies require. For the rest, most
 of this time hitherto hath been spent in acquainting our selves
 with him: and truly he is very chearfull and I hope thinks us
 to be good company. I shall upon occasion henceforward informe
 your Excellence of any particularities in our little affairs.
 For so I esteem it to be my Duty. I have no more at present
 but to give thanks to God for your Lordship, and to beg grace
 of him, that I may approve my selfe

Windsor July 28
 1633

Mr Dutton presents his
 most humble service to your
 Excellency.

Your Excellencies most humble
 and faithfull Servant

Andrew Marvell



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In Marvell's An Account of the Growth of Popery the following passage also illustrates his use of capital letters:

As to matters abroad from the Year 1674, That the Peace was concluded betwixt England and Holland; the French King, as a mark of his displeasure, and to humble the English Nation, let loose his Privateers among our Merchant Men: There was thenceforth no security of Commerce or Navigation notwithstanding the publick Amity betwixt the two Crowns, but at Sea they Murthered, Plundered, made Prize, and Confiscated those they met with. Their Picaroons laid before the Mouth of our Rivers, hovered all along the Coast, took our Ships in the very Ports, that we were in a manner blocked up by Water. And if any made application at his Sovereigns Port for Justice, they were insolently baffled, except some few, that by Sir Elias Leightons Interest, who made a second prize of them, were redeemed upon easier Compolition. In this manner it continued from 1674, till the latter end of 1676 without remedy, even till the time of the Parliaments Sitting: so that men doubted whether even the Conspirators

There is no doubt that all the words with initial capital letters are those denoting the most important actions or things Marvell wants to call attention to.

There has been some argument against the theory of 'emphasis capitals' especially with regard to Shakespeare's First Folio.⁵ Because of the practice of Jacobean printers of using capital letters as the initials of proper and common nouns, it has been argued that some emphatic words would naturally be among those capitalized, but that this would not be intentional. Against this we have the statement above by Joseph Moxon, which indicates that for mid-seventeenth century at least, this argument is not tenable. But the following considerations are also put forward to support a case against emphatic capitals, namely, that (1) "in

every play there are innumerable sentences in which emphatic words are not distinguished by being printed with a capital letter; (2) very many unemphatic words are printed with capital letters, and (3) extant manuscripts of dramas... show no evidence of emphasis capitals".⁶

These considerations are in respect of Shakespeare's First Folio. Consideration of the poems of Thomas Bullen and Edmund Waller above show that the situation has changed by Marvell's time. It is necessary, however, to examine these points one by one with regard to the work of Marvell himself, samples of which are shown (pages 153 and 154) below.

These are extracts from poems published in Marvell's life time. From these as well as from the passage in An Account of the Growth of Popery one can see that capitalization is not restricted to nouns. In the prose passage Murthered, Plundered, Confiscated, which are all verbs, are among words capitalized. In the lines from The Character of Holland words like Rebaptize, Imbark (verbs), Universal (adjective) Westward (adverb) along with other words have the initial capitals. In the lines from The First Anniversary we have Longer, Malignant (adjectives) Wonn, Lost (verbs). At other points in this poem we have lines in which the noun is not capitalized, whereas adjectives are:

Cromwell alone doth with new Lustre spring,
 And shines the Jewell of the yearly Ring.
 'Tis he the force of scatter'd Time contracts,
 And in one Year the work of Ages acts:
 While heavie Monarchs make a wide Return,
 Longer, and more Malignant then Saturn:
 And though they all Platonic years should raign,
 In the same Posture would be found again.
 Their earthy Projects under ground they lay,
 More slow and brittle then the China clay:
 Well may they strive to leave them to their Son,
 For one Thing never was by one King don.
 Yet some more active for a Frontier Town
 Took in by Proxie, beggs a false Renown;
 Another triumphs at the publique Cost,
 And will have Wonn, if he no more have Lost;
 They fight by Others, but in Person wrong;
 And only are against their Subject strong;
 Their other VVars seem but a feign'd contest,
 This Common Enemy is still opprest;

If

'Tis probable Religion after this,
 Came next in order, which they could not miss:
 How could the Dutch but be converted, when
 Th' Apostles were so many Father-men?
 Besides, the Waters of themselves did rise,
 And as their Land, so them did Rebaptize.
 Though Herrings to be God few voices miss;
 And Peter-John to have been th' Evangelist.

Faith, that could never Twins conceive before,
 Never so fertile, spawn'd upon this Shore:
 More pregnant than their Marg'et that laid
 down
 For Hans-in-kelder of a whole Hans-town.

Sure when Religion did it self Imbark,
 And from the East would Westward steer its Ark:
 It struck, and splitting on this unknown Ground,
 Each one thence pillag'd the first piece he found:
 Hence Amsterdam Turk-Christian-Pagan-Jew,
Staple of Sects, and Mint of Schism grew.
 That Bank of Conscience, where not one so strange
Opinion, but finds Credit and Exchange.
 In vain for Catholicks our selves we bear,
 The Universal Church is only there.

The Character of Holland, lines 55 - 76.

Like the vain Curlings of the Watry maze [line 1]

This took a Lower that an Higher place [line 53]

Furthermore, not all the substantives in the examples are capitalized. But if the substantives capitalized are greater in number than the other parts of speech, this is due to the nature of the English language, which places the highest stress on all substantives not immediately followed by a displaced adjective or an adverbial particle.⁸ Again we find that among the words with initial capital letters in the poems above, there is none that cannot bear the strongest stress in its context: so that Tannenbaum's second consideration that "very many unemphatic words are printed with capital letters" does not hold true here, for these examples, in context, are in fact emphatic.

The Character of Holland was first published in 1665. In the 1672 edition from where the extract above is taken, it is significant that there are some corrections many of which are capitalizations of words previously printed in small letters. The same passage from the 1665 edition appears as given on the following page. The fact that whoever corrected this edition for the second printing regarded corrections in capitalization as important as those in punctuation, spelling and other attendant

'Tis probable Religion after this
 Came next in order, which they could not miss;
 How could the *Dutch* but be converted, when
 The Apostles were so many Fishermen?
 Besides
 Beside the Waters of themselves did rise,
 And as their Land, so them did ^Rrebaptize.
 Though *Herring* to be God few voices mist,
 And *Poore-John* to have been th' Evangelist.
 Faith, that could never Twins conceive before,
 Never so fertile, ^SSpav'n'd upon this Shore:
 More pregnant then their *Marg'et*, that laid down
 For *Hans-in-Kelder* of a vvhole *Hans-Town*.

Sure when Religion did it self Imbark,
 And from the *East* would *Westward* steer its ark;
 It struck, and splitting on this unknown ^Gground,
 Each one thence pillag'd the first piece he found:
 Hence *Amsterdam* Turk-Christian-Pagan-Iew,
 Staple of Sects, and Mint of Schisme grew.
 That *Bank of Conscience*, where not one so strange
 Opinion, but finds Credit and Exchange.
 In vain for Catholicks our selves we beare,
 The Universal Church is ^{only} ^t onely There.

'accidental' matters, is indicative that the capitalized words must have their function in the poems.

But going back to On a Drop of Dew we may try to see whether what there is of capitalization makes sense in the context of 'emphatic capitals'. Are there, for instance, any of the capitalized words that cannot bear the strongest stress *viz à vis* the surrounding words? If we look back on the scansion (pages 126 - 128) we shall see that this is not so. There is no ambiguity about their status within the context of the lines in which they occur, that is, within the context of preceding or following word-groups.

All the same, no definite pattern of the occurrences of these capitalized words emerges. In a poem like this, not written in his usual syllable-stressed metre, it must have occurred to Marvell that his private readers should be able infallibly to seize upon the major stresses, or be able to discriminate primary from secondary stresses from indications in the poems. As I have tried to show, he has not employed the more usual devices like alliteration and the like for this purpose. On the other hand, there is the evidence that he and some of his contemporaries used capitalization for overstressing or emphasis. One would, therefore conclude that On a Drop of Dew as printed in 1681, and

perhaps some of the other poems also, represent far fewer capitalized words than are to be found in Marvell's original script. While it may not be possible to restore all the necessary capital letters as Marvell intended, it is at least possible to detect any word that is wrongly capitalized, if by emphasizing we destroy what seems to be the intended rhythm of a passage.

1. *Marvell, Marvell's Poems of the 1680s* (1937-4), ed. H. Davis and M. L. Samuels, London: University Press, 1938, pp. 216-7.

2. *Marvell, An Account of His Poems*, London: University Press, 1938, pp. 216-7.

3. *Marvell, An Account of His Poems*, London: University Press, 1938, pp. 216-7.

4. *Marvell, An Account of His Poems*, London: University Press, 1938, pp. 216-7.

See H. L. Trager and H. L. Smith, *An Outline of English Structure*, (Studies in Linguistics, Occasional Papers, No. 1), Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma, 'From Linguistics to Criticism', *Kennedy Quarterly*, 3 (1956), 419-421. In English prose, the [1] = 1 = strongest stress is normally applied to the first syllable of nouns, the first syllables of nominal adjectives, and locative adverbs (adverbial particles). It is also applied to post-nominal adjectives and adverbs. The [2] = 2 = weaker stress is normally applied to verbs or members of prepositional phrases; in verse it may be applied to adjectives and the second elements of nominal compounds. The [3] = 3 = light or tertiary stress, normally occurs, in prose, on adjectives and pronouns; in verse it may occur on prepositions. The [4] = 4 = zero stress, normally occurs on all 'empty words', including prepositions, conjunctions, articles, notials, aspectual modifiers, etc., and on prefixes, suffixes, and inflectional endings. One must note, however, that contrastive stress, as determined by the needs of context, emphasis, or contrast may theoretically occur on any

FOOTNOTES

- ¹G.E. Kyres, Principles and Technique of the Modern English Dipodic line, M.A. Thesis, Austin, Texas, 1938, pp. 100 - 143.
- ²S.A. Tannenbaum, The Handwriting of the Renaissance, London, G. Routledge, 1931, p. 92.
- ³J. Moxon, Mechanic Exercises on the Whole Art of Printing (1683-4), ed. H. Davis and H. Carter, London, Oxford University Press, 1958, pp. 216 - 7.
- ⁴A. Marvell, An Account of the Growth of Popery..., Amsterdam, [London, 1678], p. 22.
- ⁵S.A. Tannenbaum, op. cit., pp. 93 - 94.
- ⁶Ibid.
- ⁷See G.L. Trager and H.L. Smith, An Outline of English Structure, (Studies in Linguistics, Occasional Papers, No. 1), Norman, Oklahoma, and H. Whitehall, "From Linguistic to Criticism," Kenyon Review, XVIII, 3 (1956), 411 - 421. In English prose, the $\text{|||} = 3 =$ strongest stress is normally applied to the stressed syllables of nouns, the first syllables of nominal compounds, and to directive adverbs (adverbial particles). It is also applied to post-nominal adjectives and adverbs. The $\text{||} = 2 =$ medium stress is normally applied to verbs or headwords of predicator phrases; in verse it may be applied to adjectives and the second elements of nominal compounds. The $\text{|} = 1 =$ light or tertiary stress, normally occurs, in prose, on adjectives and pronouns; in verse it may occur on prepositions. The $\text{|} = 0 =$ zero stress, normally occurs on all 'empty words', including prepositions, conjunctions, articles, modals, aspectual modifiers, etc., and on prefixes, suffixes, and inflectional endings. One must note, however, that contrastive stress, as determined by the needs of sense-context, emphasis, or contrast may theoretically occur on any

syllable; also that a stress superfix in context, often helps to determine the 'part-of-speech' function of words. Thus:

s

round = noun or directive adverb

m

round = verb

l

round = adjective

o

round = preposition.

See further R.E. Pittinger and H.L. Smith, "A Basis for some Contributions of Linguistics to Psychiatry", Psychiatry, XX, 1 (1957), pp. 61 - 76, and R. Gunter, "On the Placement of Accent in Dialogue", Journal of Linguistics, II, 2 (1966), pp. 159 - 179.

⁸See footnote No. 7, above.

PART IICHAPTER 7THE POLITICAL POEMS - METHODS AND PROBLEMS OF ATTRIBUTION

When we come to Marvell's political poems, we are faced not only with problems of a textual nature but also with those of authenticity. Over the years, attempts have been made to ascribe the many satires written anonymously during the reign of Charles II to their rightful authors, but most of them still cannot be ascribed with any certainty.

There are several ways of determining the authorship of disputed works, and it is necessary to review, at this point, those that have been applied over the years to the poems attributed to Marvell. The most reliable evidence is of course that which can be traced directly to the author himself. This may be in the form of a statement in a letter, diary, or other record, admitting the authorship; alternatively the work may be in the author's own handwriting. It is, however, conceivable that the writer for one reason or another may be compelled to deny his own work, or lay a claim to someone else's. It may not also be possible to determine his handwriting with certainty. Even when possible, this alone is

still not enough to establish the authorship: it was a common practice, in the seventeenth century, to copy poems privately circulated into private manuscript (that is, 'commonplace') books. Handwriting evidence, then, even though the most direct, still needs to be corroborated by other considerations.

In the case of Marvell, no record has yet come to light of a direct claim to any of the disputed poems. Captain Edward Thompson, who edited him in 1776, described one of the two MS books he claimed to have used as "a volume of Mr. Marvell's poems, some written with his own hand, and the rest copied by his order."¹ He was even more definite about one poem - The Statue at Charing Cross - that he printed from Marvell's holograph. As Margoliouth notes in his own edition, Thompson had indeed transcribed many of Marvell's letters and might be expected to know his hand, but as he Margoliouth rightly concludes this fact alone does not prove his authorship. What "copied by his order" means is anyone's guess.

Indirect testimony may be admitted from statements passed on by contemporaries, friends and relative of the author, or from other persons presumed to have intimate knowledge of his activities. Apart from being less reliable than the direct evidence mentioned above, it also shares some of the loopholes. Such is the testimony of William Popple and Matthias, two relations of Marvell, from whom Thompson claimed he obtained his two MS books, and the anonymous

testimony of some others who made available to him "anecdotes, manuscripts and scarce compositions of our author".² As nobody else beside Thompson has seen these sources, their reliability cannot be independently assessed.

Other ascriptions, by people whose reliability or closeness to the author is uncertain, may be equally impossible to assess. Britannia and Rawleigh, for instance, was first attributed to Marvell in one of the manuscripts by "the hand which uniquely and correctly attributes Advice to a Painter to draw the Duke to Savile". Margoliouth would give this evidence some credence. It is, however, possible that the unknown man was close enough to Savile to be able to ascribe poems to him correctly, while he might not have been so close to Marvell. After studying all considerations, Margoliouth was disinclined to assign this poem to Marvell. But, in its own way, this sort of evidence can be of value - especially in a situation where the ascription pre-dates any printed version of the poem.

Alternatively, the date of a poem, when ascertainable, can throw some light on the correctness of an ascription. If the poem refers to events which occurred before its purported author was born or had died, the ascription can be disregarded. By 1697, An Historical Poem was ascribed to Marvell in that year's printing of the State Poems. But some lines in the poem refer to events -

among them the Exclusion Bill of 1679 - which occurred after Marvell's death in 1678. Such events, however, may be mentioned in passages, later interpolated, which are not part of the original work. This is true in the case of another poem that has at one time or the other been associated with Marvell, The Kings Vowes. Reference to an event after his death led to its rejection in Grosart's edition. But Margoliouth later discovered from a comparison of manuscript and printed versions that the lines in question were added to bring the 1697 printed version up to date in light of later events.

Most of the disputed poems were first attributed to Marvell not in the MS copies but in later printings, especially in the series Poems on Affairs of State. A few were first ascribed to him much later: Clarendon's House-Warming was first added to the Marvell canon in Cooke's edition of 1726; Grosart, in the following century, was the first to print the lines Upon his Grand Children as Marvell's. Such ascriptions are so far removed from Marvell and his times that their reliability is much diminished.

So far we have been considering evidence external in nature. Internal evidence - principally of style and ideas - can also be used to support attributions; and, in fact, where external evidence is extremely weak or contradictory, an argument based on internal evidence is the only possible avenue of approach to establish

probable authorship.

Under rigid control, analysis of the literary style of a work may provide a clue to its authorship; but, loosely used, this is apt to lead to subjective evaluation, to evidence that cannot hold much weight on its own, though it may corroborate other types of evidence. Moreover, it can happen that contemporary works in the same genre by different authors may resemble each other more closely than two works by the same author in different genres. Or a work may be an imitation or parody of another. For example, there are a number of Advice-to-a-Painter poems written in imitation of Waller's Instruction to a Painter, some of which have been attributed to Marvell despite the difficulties that parody interposes.

Yet Margoliouth, in his edition of Marvell, often uses the evidence of style to decide for or against some of the poems. On stylistic and chiefly on stylistic grounds, he decides to include The Statue in Stocks-Market, The Statue at Charing Cross and the Dialogue between the Two Horses. On the other hand, he rejects Nostradamus Prophecy because of its "comparative lack of wit, the clumsy half-repetitions and the poverty of the metre".³ In Britannia and Rawleigh "the tone and style are unlike Marvell";⁴ Advice to a Painter to draw the Duke is rejected "on the ground of style (in its lack of characteristic wit)".⁵

Apart from the obvious and unavoidable dangers inherent in such stylistic generalizations, one may add that whatever wit may be found in any of the satires is certainly not that quality of "tough reasonableness beneath the slight lyrical grace" that distinguishes Marvell's earlier poems. Consequently, it is particularly difficult to use the evidence of style to attribute any of the political satires to him. His style as a poet is distinct enough. But there is such a wide gap in quality between the Miscellaneous Poems of 1681 and the satires of the reign of Charles II that standards applicable to the former cannot be applied to the latter with any great exactness.

A more rigidly scientific approach to the analysis of literary style, based partly on German Stilforschung, partly on Slavic Formalism, partly on the American New Criticism (in its mature stage), and principally on the 'new linguistic' has come into being too recently to be much used by bibliographers and editors.⁶ That, among its other values, it will ultimately provide accurate tools for textual attribution seems undoubted, but it is as yet virtually untried in this respect and, at the moment, too schismatic to be practically schematic.⁷ Its immediate application to an edition of Marvell's poems is in any case hampered by two difficulties: (1) the relatively restricted textual corpus for analysis provided by the poems; (2) the uncertainties and mechanical

difficulties surrounding the application of Jakobsonian 'distinctive acoustic feature' statistics to author identification.⁸

The ideas expressed in a work may be cautiously used as evidence for authorship, particularly in works touching on controversial issues on which a participant has to take an unequivocal stand. If, for instance, a poem expresses an opinion contrary to the known views of the purported author, it is most likely the poem has been wrongly attributed. With satires, however, care must be taken that possible ironies are properly interpreted. There is also the possibility of an author changing his stand for personal gain, safety, or for some other consideration. Or he may say one thing in the open and the exact opposite under cover of anonymity.

As far as Marvell is concerned, the evidence from ideas can be very important, since he has prose writings with which the views expressed in the political poems can be compared. Furthermore, since he was a man taking an active part in public affairs, it is quite easy to discover from public and other records his views on the burning issues of his time. Add to these evidences drawn from his surviving private letters in which he may be expected to express his feelings more freely than in writings meant for the public at large. As this type of evidence

has not been systematically applied in previous editions of Marvell, it will be given more prominence in this edition than usual. Towards that end, since all the poems to be considered deal with political matters, a close examination of Marvell's activities and attitudes as politician, in relation to the activities mirrored in the poems, seems unavoidable.

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FOOTNOTES

¹ Cited H.M. Margoliouth, ed., Poems and Letters of Andrew Marvell, Oxford, 1927, p. 213.

² Ibid.

^{3,4,5} See Margoliouth's notes on the poems.

⁶ For the relevant bibliography see Encyclopedia of Poetry and Poetics, ed. A. Preminger, Princeton, 1965, under Stylistics (pp. 817 - 818) and Linguistics and Poetics (pp. 851 - 857), and also B. Vickers, Francis Bacon and Renaissance Prose, Cambridge, 1968, pp. 267 - 268.

⁷ Vickers, op. cit., pp. 1 - 27; pp. 267 - 268.

⁸ See R.D. Wilson, "A Criticism of Distinctive Features", Journal of Linguistics, II, 2 (1968), 196 - 206. The most extensive use of 'distinctive features' for English is that of John Nist, first in his Ph.D. thesis on Beowulf (Indiana University, 1950) and then in his Structural History of English, New York, 1966, pp. 113 - 114, et. passim. A 'distinctive feature typewriter', designed by Whitehall and Nist in 1950, has never been actually manufactured.

CHAPTER 8

ANDREW MARVELL AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURY ENGLISH POLITICS

There have been many studies of Marvell the politician, but most of these have found it difficult to place him in a clearly defined political category. Views of him also range from the political opportunist or Machiavellian to the thoroughly honest patriot. He was known to have Royalist views and at the same time a great admiration for Cromwell; during the Restoration he was critical of Court and Parliament alike. But some of the evidence has been based on verse satires whose authenticity is still in doubt. According to C.H. Firth:

The satires show the development of his political opinions. In 1667 he attacked Clarendon and the court party and hope that with a change of ministers all would yet go well again. By 1674 he had discovered that the secret of the misgovernment of England was the King's character: 'for one man's weakness a whole nation bleeds'. In 1672 he held that Charles, with all his faults, was preferable to his bigoted brother, but in 1675 he had come to the conclusion that things would never be better till the reign of the house of Stuart was ended. Instead of constitutional monarchy he preached republicanism, and held up the republics of Rome and Venice as patterns to England.¹

One certainly should not rely on such unreliable witnesses for ascertaining Marvell's political beliefs.

Most studies of Marvell's political activities are agreed, however, that whatever the inconsistencies in some of his views, he is consistent at least in his reverence for law and the constitution - a 'providential constitution':

Therefore I take the Magistrate's Power to be from God, only in a Providential Constitution; and the nature of which is very well and reverently expressed by Princes themselves, By the grace of God, King of, etc. but I do not understand that God has thereby imparted and devolved to the Magistrate his Divine Jurisdiction.²

One would agree with the view which finds that this belief in a providential constitution makes the so-called inconsistencies in Marvell's political outlook reconcilable.³ His often quoted statement on the Civil War confirms this unshakable belief in the providential guidance of the wheel of state:

Whether it were a War of Religion, or of Liberty, is not worth the labour to enquire. Which-so-ever was at the top, the other was at the bottom; but upon considering all, I think the Cause was too good to have been fought for. Men ought to have trusted God, they ought and might have trusted the King with that whole matter... For men may spare their pains where Nature is at work,

and the world will not go the faster for our driving. Even as his present Majestices happy Restauration did it self, so all things else happen in their best and proper time, without any need of our officiousness.⁴

Indeed, Parker, the great opponent of Marvell, in his Reproof to the Rehearsal Transpros'd, saw this statement as an expression of 'cowardize' rather than of his loyalty to the King, and D.I.B. Smith in his thesis was inclined to give this view the benefit of the doubt when he called it "a possibility not to be overlooked when one considers Marvell's refusal to commit himself in The Rehearsal Transpros'd".⁵ But one would be inclined to reject this view entirely when one recalls Marvell's stance in the Horatian Ode at a time when there was no king to fear. Although here he is full of admiration for Cromwell as a capable leader of his people, he recognizes the sad side of Charles's murder, and praises him for his dignity and fortitude on the scaffold. Marvell's position in this poem is that God has a hand in the events of the time, and it is "madness to resist or blame the force of angry Heaven's flame" (lines 25 - 26). Cromwell is only an instrument in God's design, and he seems to have been specially appointed for his task. Even Charles seems to submit to his fate willingly:

Nor call'd the Gods with vulgar spight
 To vindicate his helpless Right
 But bow'd his comely Head,
 Down as upon a Bed.

[61 - 64]

Charles's acquiescence in his fate itself leaves the way open for the conqueror to assume command:⁶

This was that memorable Hour
 Which first assur'd the forced Pow'r

[65 - 66]

It also makes it easy for loyal subjects like Marvell to accept the new dispensation. That the poet had not invented this attitude of Charles we know, for the King was heard to say on the scaffold:

Yet for all this, God forbid that I should be so
 ill a Christian, as not to say that God's
 Judgements are just upon me.⁷

It is also a historical fact that there were many 'independents' who did not want Charles to continue to govern, but at the same time would not sign his death warrant. Like Marvell, Lord Fairfax never supported the King's execution, yet he remained on friendly terms with Cromwell. He has this to say about the

execution in one of his poems:

Oh lett that Day from time be blotted quitt
 And lett beleefe of't in next Age be waued
 In deepest silence th'Act Concealed might
 See that the King-doms Credit might be saue'd
 But if the Power devine permitted this
 His Will's the Law and ours must acquiesse.⁸

It appears Cromwell himself helped to promote this view shared by well meaning people throughout the country:

A fresh instance of hypocrisy was displayed the very day of the King's death. The generous Fairfax, not content with being absent from the trial, had used all the interest which he yet retained, to prevent the execution of the fatal sentence; and had even employed persuasion with his own regiment, though none else would follow him, to rescue the King from his disloyal murderers. Cromwel and Ireton, informed of his intention, endeavoured to convince him, that the Lord had rejected the King; and they exhorted him to seek by prayer some direction from heaven on this important occasion: but they concealed from him that they had already signed the warrant for the execution. Harrison was the person appointed to join in prayer with the unwary general. By agreement, he prolonged his doleful cant, till intelligence arrived, that the fatal blow was struck. He then rose from his knees, and insisted with Fairfax, that this event was a miraculous and providential answer, which heaven had sent to their devout supplications.⁹

Marvell, then, was not alone in his attitude to the events of the time. In fact, he may be said to reflect the prevalent feeling in the nation and the type of loyalism required of all patriots. In this light, one cannot see him as a 'Turncoat Royalist' embracing Republicanism or as a mere time server. If during the Interregnum he seemed to lean towards Cromwell he was accepting the fact as accomplished. The thing to do, as suggested by Fairfax's lines quoted above, was to acquiesce in the administration of providence, or as Ascham - a notable writer of the time - put it, to do those just deeds which would be permissible at any time. As John Wallace rightly notes, with the constitution in ruins, every deed of self-perpetuation on the nation's part was in fact a Loyalist act.¹⁰ This attitude, displayed by most patriots arose out of a deeply religious response to the sadness of the times and to the requirement of a stable government.

But more than anything else the Engagement Oath of Allegiance to the new regime required of every one who wished or needed to hold a public position of any kind, or of anyone who had cause to seek redress of grievances at law, involved the whole nation in this kind of loyalism, this acquiescence in the Protectorate. The average citizen's view can be said to equate nearly with that of John Dury, who in an account of his reasons for taking the oath said: *Of which Francis Willers was a member. In Tom Dury's letter*

But when the Engagement was proposed to be taken, a greater difficulty did arise, in the Spirits of all that were moderate, and a more eminent danger was like to fall more fully, upon the Body of the Nation, and chiefly upon that party in it, which did acknowledge the Kings just Right and Prerogative, and might in due time be a means to restore the same. For certainly, it was the design of some, by the Engagement, to oblige all by Pole, to exclude at least indirectly the King and the Lords for ever from having a hand in the Government, by removing all that would not take the Engagement in terminis from having any safety and protection in the Nation. Yet the words of the Engagement being so laid, that they could not enforce the sense which was aimed at, but could bear a clear sense, of a duty; which not being directly opposite to the Royal Interest, was advantagious to the welfare of the Nation; which two things should never be separated (though their aim was to separate them) I was moved to own the Engagement so far as I found it contained a clear duty.¹¹

Marvell, in fact, accepted political office after the Engagement Oath had been abolished and probably never had to worry his conscience about taking it. All the same, he seemed to share the view which called for support of the principal power in the country, wherever it might reside, for the good of the nation. This would seem to explain the apparent change of allegiance from that reflected in poems on Tom May's Death and Francis Villiers to that reflected in the Cromwell poems. In An Elegy upon the Death of my Lord Francis Villiers, we find him referring to 'heavy Cromwell' in a derogatory manner, and praising the Royalist forces of which Francis Villiers was a member. In Tom May's Death

his sympathies were still with the Royalists, judging from the abuse directed at Tom May as a supporter of the Parliamentary cause. In the Horatian Ode he was beginning to identify Cromwell with England's destiny and was prepared to acquiesce in his rule. He found a 'providential' explanation for what was happening, and was beginning to become impressed by Cromwell's demonstration of his ability to rule and lead his people:

How fit he is to sway

Cromwell That can so well obey. [83 - 84]

Cromwell, for his part, had gained more victories, of which the most remarkable and luckiest was that of Dunbar - that which further confirmed God's favour and approval for him. Already he had showed great promise, and Marvell was full of expectation:

What may not then our Isle presume

While Victory his Crest does plume!

What may not others fear

If thus he crown each Year!

[97 - 100]

Approval succeeded success. By the time he wrote The First Anniversary of the Government under O.C., Marvell's confidence in Cromwell had become greater than before; he was now very enthusiastic about the Protector's rule. The poem was written at a time

when there were certain moves to persuade Cromwell to accept the Crown, and Marvell expressed his own support for this move:

He seems a King by long Succession born,
 And yet the same to be a King does scorn.
 Abroad a King he seems, and something more,
 At home a subject on the equal floor.
 O could I once him with our Title see
 So should I hope yet he might Dye as wee. [387 - 392]

Cromwell, elected by God, was seen as already ushering in the millenium; kingship for him was regarded as something that would restore the older blessings of a regular government.

But Marvell's support for Cromwell, even at this time, never altered his sense of the tragedy of the former King's execution, and those who rejoiced at the King's death were noted with disapproval:

And Owls and Ravens with screeching noyse
 Did make the Funerals sadder by their Joyes. [333 - 334]

During the Restoration we have no evidence that Marvell renounced his attitude to Cromwell. All we know is that he worked in Parliament conscientiously for a true English Government, neither pro-King nor pro-Parliament, crying out against any side

that went into excesses, determined to support equally the prerogatives of the King and the privileges of Parliament.¹² He once had cause to criticise Members of Parliament for (among other things):

That poor desire of Perpetuating themselves those advantages which they have swallowed, or do yet gape for, renders them so Abject, that they are become a meer property to the Conspiratours and must, in order to their continuance, do and suffer such things, so much below and contrary to the spirit of the Nation, that any honest man would swear they were no more an English House of Parliament.¹³

Marvell, at this time, was still very much a strong believer in the 'providential' constitution and in the need to follow the one that God had ordained. Defending the King's prerogative in a debate on a Bill for further securing the Protestant Religion by educating the Children of the Royal Family therein - a bill seeking in 1677 to preserve the Protestant Church in England in the event of a line of Catholic Kings - Marvell said:

The bill seems very unseasonable; the beginning is of two things not of mature consideration. First, it supposes 'the death' of the king... Secondly, it supposes 'that possibly the crown may devolve on a Popish government'; which ought not to be supposed easily and readily. God be thanked for the king's age and constitution of

body!... This bill is a great invasion of the prerogative: to who ever God shall dispose the kingdom, it is entire to the king... Whatever prince God give us, we must trust him...¹⁴

Even if he should be a Papist like James! There is no evidence that Marvell was very fond of James,¹⁵ whose succession Parliament wanted to block; but nevertheless his concern was to see that Parliament did not interfere with the fundamental basis of the Constitution, whatever personalities were involved.

The Rehearsal Transpros'd, written earlier in 1672, was also largely a defence of the King's Prerogative. In it, Marvell clearly showed that his first duty was towards the King, his chief aim the stability of the state. Under a good king, he felt "the dispute concerning the magistrate's power ought to be superfluous." He also demonstrated his hatred for ecclesiastical tyranny and his belief in religious toleration. In fact, the argument of the work is well stated in the full title - The Rehearsal Transpros'd. A discourse of Ecclesiastical Politie, wherein the authority of the Civil Magistrate over the conscience of subjects in matters of Religion is asserted; the Mischiefs and Inconveniences of Toleration are represented, and all Pretenses pleaded in behalf of liberty of conscience are fully answered.

Issue from the Divine Authority. The Obedience due to the Power is by Divine Command; and Subjects

This work came out at a time when the King's Declaration of Indulgence provoked fierce opposition everywhere and especially in Parliament.¹⁶ The House of Commons regarded it as a "despotic suspension of the Nation's laws". The Church of England saw it as "the greatest blow that ever was given, since the King's restoration, to the Church of England." But in his work, Marvell appeared or posed as loyal defender of the King against violent attacks from Church and Parliament. He defended the King's policy vigorously, praised his character and succeeded in silencing that most vigorous opponent of the King's policy, Bishop Parker. He wrote the work in support of Charles "at a time when he was most unpopular and his policy in dire need of justification". He constantly called on the people to trust the King and painted a picture of kings as more than ordinarily magnanimous: *and states were even believed to be in the pay of the French king.*

For Princes, as they derive the Right of Succession from their Ancestors, so they inherit from that ancient and illustrious extraction a Generosity that runs in the blood above the alloy of the rest of mankind.¹⁷

He also defended their divine rights and prerogatives in these terms:

The power of the Magistrate does most certainly issue from the Divine Authority. The Obedience due to the Power is by Divine Command; and Subjects

are bound both as Men and as Christians to obey the Magistrate Actively in all things where their Duty to God intercedes not, and however Passively, that is either by leaving their Countrey, or if they cannot do that (the Magistrate or the reason of their own occasions hindring them) then by suffering patiently at home, without giving the least publick disturbance.¹⁸

Nevertheless, An Account of the Growth of Popery which Marvell wrote in 1677 was largely a criticism of the abuses of some of these prerogatives, namely those of making war and peace, and calling Parliament. At this time, the feeling that a deception was being practised on the Nation by the King and his advisers was widespread. On the one hand, Charles was promising Parliament to promote the cause of Protestantism; on the other, he was promising Louis XIV of France to aid the Catholics. Some of his ministers were even believed to be in the pay of the French king. The Growth of Popery spelt out these suspicions and the dangers involved. It documented in great detail the breakdown in relations between court and country, King and Parliament. In a mixed constitution such as existed, Marvell was concerned that the King's prerogatives should not ride roughshod over the interest of the people, and he took great pains at the beginning of the book to spell out his idea of how this mixed constitution should work:

For if first we consider the State, the Kings of England Rule not upon the same terms with those of our neighbour Nations, who, having by force or by address usurped that due share which their People had in the Government, are now for some Ages in the possession of an Arbitrary Power (which yet no Prescription can make Legall) and exercise it over their persons and estates in a most Tyrannical manner. But here the Subjects retain their proportion in the Legislature; the very meanest Commoner of England is represented in Parliament, and is a party to those Laws by which the Prince is sworn to Govern himself and his people. No Mony is to be levied but by the common consent. No man is for Life, Limb, Goods, or Liberty, at the Sovereigns discretion: but we have the same Right (modestly understood) in our Propriety that the Prince hath in his Regality; and in all Cases where the King is concerned, we have our just remedy as against any private person of the neighbourhood, in the Courts of Westminster Hall or in the High Court of Parliament. His very Prerogative is no more then what the Law has determined. His Broad Seal, which is the Legitimate stamp of his pleasure, yet is no longer currant, than upon the Trial it is found to be Legal. He cannot commit any person by his particular warrant. He cannot himself be witness in any cause: the Balance of Publick justice being so delicate, that not the hand only but even the breath of the Prince would turn the scale. Nothing is left to the Kings will, but all is subjected to his Authority: by which means it follows that he can do no wrong, nor can he receive wrong; and a King of England, keeping to these measures, may without arrogance be said to remain the onely Intelligent Ruler over a Rational People. In recompense therefore and acknowledgment of so good a Government under his influence, his Person is most sacred and inviolable; and whatsoever excesses are committed against so high a trust, nothing of them is imputed to him, as being free from the necessity or temptation, but his Ministers only are accountable for all and must

answer it at their perills. He hath a vast Revenue constantly arising from the Hearth of the Householder, the Sweat of the Labourer, the Rent of the Farmer, the Industry of the Merchant, and consequently out of the estate of the Gentleman: a larg competence to defray the ordinary expense of the Crown, and maintain its lustre. And if any extraordinary occasion happen, or be but with any probably decency pretended, the whole Land at whatsoever season of the year does yield him a plentiful Harvest. So forward are his Peoples affections to give even to superfluity, that a Forainer (or Englishman that hath been long abroad) would think they could neither will nor chuse, but that the asking of a supply, were a meer formality, it is so readily granted. He is the fountain of all Honours, and has moreover the distribution of so many profitable Offices of the Household, of the Revenue, of State, of Law, of Religion, of the Navy (and, since his present Majesties time, of the Army) that it seems as if the Nation could scarce furnish honest men enow to supply all those employments. So that the Kings of England are in nothing inferiour to other Princes, save in being more abridged from injuring their own subjects: But have as larg a field as any of external felicity, wherein to exercise their own Virtue and so reward and incourage it in others. In short, there is nothing that comes nearer in Government to the Divine Perfection, then where the Monarch, as with us, injoys a capacity of doing all the good imaginable to mankind, under a disability to all that is evil.¹⁹

Amidst all his criticisms, Marvell was still able to affirm his loyalty to the King, and anxious to spare him personal abuse. He was particularly anxious to silence those who would be inclined to misinterpret his criticisms as expressing total dissatisfaction with the King:

Some will represent this discourse (as they do all Books that tend to detect their Conspiracy) against his Majesty and the Kingdoms, as if it too were written against the Government.... But this Book, though of an extraordinary nature, as the case required, and however it may be calumniated by interested persons, was written with no other intent than of mere Fidelity and Service to his Majesty, and God forbid that it should have any other effect, than that the month of all Iniquity and of Flatterers may be stopped, and that his Majesty having discerned the Disease, may with his Healing Touch apply the Remedy....²⁰

Marvell always seems a curiously detached spectator in the House of Commons. He values highly individual judgment, and as a consequence distrusts factions and parties,²¹ so that it is really difficult to give him an exact political label. He seems to belong to a group, later known as the Trimmers, who share the belief in a mysterious power in the very nature of the constitution - a power which will solve its problems provided men do not interfere. This term 'Trimmer' has been explained thus:

This innocent word Trimmer signifieth no more than this, That if men are together in a Boat, and one part of the Company would weigh it down on one side, another would make it lean as much to the contrary; it happeneth there is a third Opinion of those, who conceive it would do as well, if the Boat went even, without endangering the passengers....²²

If therefore any inconsistency is detected in Marvell's position, the shift is calculated to force a balance of power between the King and Parliament by throwing his weight into the side of the balance that needs correcting at the moment, but without losing sight of the other side's rights. In the words of John Wallace, Marvell has an "uncanny knack of standing up for attitudes that only later were to be incorporated into the common will". He is consistent in his loyalty to the English Constitution and respect for the Monarchy. If once he had given allegiance to Cromwell, a usurping power, it is because he seemed to see evidence of God's approval. During his entire career in Parliament his one abiding wish may be summed up in this statement from a letter he wrote in 1678, not long before he died:

God in mercy direct his Majesty always to that which may most conduce to his own and the Kingdomes happinesse.²³

FOOTNOTES

- ¹ Dictionary of National Biography, vol. 12, 1909, p. 1212.
- ² The Rehearsall Transpros'd: The Second Part, London, Printed for Nathaniel Ponders, 1674, p. 214.
- ³ See J.M. Wallace, Destiny His Choice: The Loyallism of Andrew Marvell, Cambridge, 1968.
- ⁴ D.I.B. Smith, An Edition of the Rehearsal Transpros'd, Ph.D. thesis, University of Oxford, 1962, pp. 303 - 304.
- ⁵ Ibid., p. 52.
- ⁶ J.M. Wallace, op. cit., p. 80.
- ⁷ King Charls his Speech made upon the Scaffold at Whitehall-Gate (London, 1649), p. 6. Cited J.M. Wallace, op. cit.
- ⁸ The Poems of Thomas Third Lord Fairfax, ed. E.B. Reed. Trans. of the Conn. Academy of Arts and Science, (New Haven, 1909), pp. 281 - 282. Cited J.M. Wallace.
- ⁹ William Cobbett, ed. Parliamentary History of England, London, R. Bagshaw, 1808, vol. 3, p. 1266.
- ¹⁰ J.M. Wallace, op. cit., p. 41.
- ¹¹ Dury, Ascham and Rous seem to be the chief exponents of the feelings of the time in their numerous pamphlets. For more details see J.M. Wallace, op. cit., pp. 43 - 68.
- ¹² This is evident from many of his letters, especially to his nephew, William Popple. See His Letters, ed. H.M. Margoliouth.
- ¹³ An Account of the Growth of Popery, Amsterdam, 1677, p. 150.

- ¹⁴Cobbett, Parliamentary History of England, vol. 4, pp. 855 - 857.
- ¹⁵Smith has, however, suggested in his thesis that Marvell appears to have belonged at some time to the Duke of York's party, as his name may be found in a list drawn up in September 1669 by Sir Thomas Osborn of people who might be engaged by the Duke and his friends. pp. 75 - 76.
- ¹⁶Ibid., pp. 10 - 18.
- ¹⁷The Rehearsall Transpres'd: The Second Part, p. 178.
- ¹⁸Ibid., p. 177.
- ¹⁹An Account of the Growth of Popery, pp. 3 - 5.
- ²⁰Ibid., pp. 155 - 156.
- ²¹Smith has suggested that Marvell was probably of the Country Party, "believing it on the whole to be the better party, and yet prepared to disregard it as his conscience directed". p. 64.
- ²²Savile, Works, ed. W. Raleigh, Oxford Clarendon Press, 1912. p. 48.
- ²³Letters, ed. Margoliouth, vol. 2, p. 225.

The Last Instructions to a Painter

This satire is attributed to Marvell in all the printed editions of Poems on Affairs of State. No copy of it has been found in any MSS, probably because it is too long to include together, and it is one of a few satires whose attribution to Marvell has never even been in doubt. Margoliouth finds it more "concealed"

CHAPTER 9

THE POLITICAL POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO MARVELL

Most of the Political Poems were first attributed to Marvell in the series Poems on Affairs of State, the first fascicule of which was printed in 1689. A few had earlier been ascribed to him in the MSS books. In Thompson's edition of 1776 still more poems were added to the canon on the authority of his two MSS books, the authenticity of which no other person has been able to determine. Six of these poems were printed as unauthenticated in Grosart's edition in 1872. By the time of Margoliouth's edition in 1927, the number of poems attributed to Marvell has been reduced to seventeen. Even then, only a few could be ascribed with any degree of certainty. So many doubts about the others were raised by Margoliouth himself that it is necessary to review them individually once again.¹

The Last Instructions to a Painter

This satire is attributed to Marvell in all the printed editions of Poems on Affairs of State. No copy of it has been found in any MSS, probably because it is too long to invite copying. But it is one of a few satires whose attribution to Marvell has never been much in doubt. Margoliouth finds it more "conceited"

than some others usually attributed to Marvell and more likely to be written by a learned man like Marvell. It also appears to be written by a House of Commons man.

In terms of contemporary politics, the course of the Dutch War, the rise of French power and influence in Europe, have aroused public concern and animosity at England's repeated humiliations. The Dutch War had cost England the sovereignty of the seas. England's predicament is personified in the vision which appears to Charles:

There, as in the calm horror all alone,
 He wakes and Muses of the uneasie Throne:
 Raise up a sudden shape with Virgins Face,
 Though ill agree her Posture, Hour, or Place:
 Naked as born, and her round Arms behind,
 With her own Tresses interwove and twin'd:
 Her mouth lockt up, a blind before her Eyes,
 Yet from beneath the Veil her blushes rise;
 And silent tears her secret anguish speak,
 Her heart throbs, and with very shame would break.

[889 - 898]

Yet the blame for all these misfortunes is laid at the door of Charles's ministers, for it seems to the poet that "his Courtiers are but his disease" (line 952) and they are the people who have cut off the King from his people, or in the poet's words "about the

common Prince have raised a Fence", (line 970). The poem is, in a sense, an appeal to the King to choose new ministers and to distrust the courtiers on whom he had so far relied. In the end good sense seems to prevail, and the King is frightened enough by the ghosts of his father and grand-father to decide on the dismissal of Clarendon, his Chancellor:²

And you, Great Sir, that with his Emire
 Shake then the room, and all his Curtains tear,
 And with blue streaks infect the Taper clear,
 While, the pale Ghosts, his Eye does first admire
 Of Grandsire Harry, and of Charles his sire.
 Harry sits down, and in his open side
 The grizly Wound reveals, of which he dy'd
 And ghastly Charles, turning his collar low,
 The purple thread about his Neck does show:
 Then, whisp'ring to his Son in Words unheard,
 Through the lock'd door both of them disappear'd.
 The wondrous Night the pensive King revolves,
 And rising, straight on Hyde's Disgrace resolves.

[915 - 926]

The terror of these lines somehow recalls the trick practised on the "Coy Mistress":

The Grave's a fine and private place,
 But none I think do there embrace. [31 - 32]

Each of the ministers comes in for abuse and scorn, but the King himself is mentioned with respect throughout. He is referred to as the "loved king" (line 327), and the lines To the King at the end of the poem convey Marvell's loyalty and his good intentions in writing the satire;

And you, Great Sir, that with him Empire share,
 Sun of our World, as he the Charles is there,
 Blame not the Muse that brought those spots to sight,
 Which, in your Splendor hid, Corrode your light;
 Kings in the country oft have gone astray,
 Nor of a Peasant scorn'd to learn the way. [955 - 960]

These lines recall his protestation of good intentions at the end of An Account of the Growth of Popery. The poet's stance throughout the poem is that the ministers are responsible for the King's faults, and that, in any case, Charles in the end vindicates himself by dismissing his Chancellor. Marvell as a loyal citizen acts in the poem as if no evil performed by the King could shake his allegiance to him.³ Clarendon's dismissal shows that the King has at last recognized what is wrong and therefore justifies faith in him. This granted, there is really no need to harm the King's reputation or abuse his person.

The Loyall Scott

The poem is attributed to Marvell in one of the MSS, and, with some omissions, in the printed versions of 1694 and 1697. Certain lines (15 - 62) of the poem also form a part of the poem, The Last Instructions to a Painter. If the latter poem is accepted as Marvell's, The Loyall Scott also is most likely to be his.

As to the content of the poem, one can only say that it contains no opinion that Marvell could not have expressed. In addition to a tribute to Douglas's immolation, the poem also asserts the essential unity of England and Scotland. Between 1669 and 1670 the Union of the two countries was being discussed in Parliament as is evidenced in Marvell's letter to Mayor Tripp:

We debated one day the Union with Scotland but the businesse being so weighty adjourned it to be continued next Wednesday. I think it will end in an Act of Parliament for Commoners to treat with the Scotch but what they treat not to be binding till reported & past in a distinct Act of Parlement.⁴

The tirade on bishops, in The Loyal Scott, is also not unlike Marvell - to judge from the uncomplimentary things he says about them in such other works as the Rehearsal Transpros'd.⁵ The King is mentioned with great affection and credited with great prudence:

Charles our great soul this onely understands:
 Hee our Affection both and will commands,
 And, where twin simpathies cannot atone,
 Knowes the last secret how to make them one.
 Just see the prudent Husbandman who sees
 The Idle tumult of his factious bees,
 The morning dews and flowers neglected grown,
 The hive a comb case, every bee a drone,
 Powders them ore will none discern their foes
 And all themselves in meal and friendship close.
 The Insect kingdom straight begins to thrive
 And Each works hony for the common Hive. [262 - 273]

Bludius et Corona

The authenticity of this poem does not seem to be much in doubt. It was ascribed to Marvell in one of the MSS and in another independent source used by Thompson when printing the poem in his edition. Moreover, the English version forms part of the Loyall Scott, discussed above.

Scaevola Scoto - Brittannus

This is another poem whose authenticity does not seem doubtful. It is attributed to Marvell in one of the MSS and in Thompson's edition. The only contrary evidence which Margoliouth finds is "the false quantity in line 25" which reads "Inter lictoris nisus feriatur anhelii". (See Textual Notes.)

The Second and Third Advices to a Painter

In his edition, Margoliouth advances the opinion that these two satires might be attributed to Marvell but that "the probability [is] much too slight to justify me in printing any of them as his and thereby adding to the body of satires of doubtful authenticity which already pass under his name".⁶ Of late, George de Forest Lord has argued for the inclusion of these poems in the Marvell canon.⁷

The satires were first attributed to Denham, along with other Advices, in the printed editions of 1667. But by 1689 and 1697, there was already some doubt about this ascription and they were "said to be written by Sir John Denham but believed to be written by Mr. Milton". Denham was then suffering from insanity and his name was probably used as a convenient cover, as suggested in Margoliouth's edition. Some contemporaries of Marvell, however, had already ascribed them to him, and Aubrey stated that "The verses called The Advice to the Painter were of his making". Anthony a Wood, in his Athenae Oxonienses, also stated that "they were thought by many to have been written by Andr. Marvell, esq." From Wood's statement it appears that these contemporary bits of evidence were - as so often in Wood - based on mere hearsay. Thompson also declared that the two satires were Marvell's on the authority of his Popple MS book. Significantly, The Last

Instructions, never disputed as not by Marvell, opens with a reference to 'two sittings' done previously, which might well be interpreted to be the Second and Third 'Advices'.

Apart from all these pieces of evidence, Lord bases his contention that the poem is Marvell's on the close resemblance between the treatments of the chief characters - Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, the Chancellor; the Duke and Dutchess of York; Sir William Coventry, the Secretary of the Navy; Henry Bennet, Lord Arlington, Secretary of State; Thomas Clifford, of the Exchequer; and Edward Montagu, Earl of Sandwich - which are common to the two satires and The Last Instruction. He also supports attribution to Marvell on the basis of stylistic resemblances arising largely from imagery drawn almost exclusively from Ovid's Metamorphoses. Lord also rightly points out that all the three poems make a point of paying their humble duty to the King, drawing a clear line between him and his evil ministers.

But in his comment on Lord's attribution, Ephim Fogel has raised considerable objection to the acceptance of these poems.⁸ Using mainly the evidence of style he arrives at a different conclusion altogether - one which, incidentally, goes far to confirm the subjective nature of this type of evidence. For instance, while Lord argues that the three poems all employ the painter convention in a similar way, Fogel thinks otherwise. Even in their use of

statistical data - a technique supposedly more objective - Lord and Fogel arrive ~~as at~~ with different results based on ambivalences in the interpretation of the literary phenomenon they have to deal with.⁹

Wallace has thrown light on opinions expressed in the poems in terms of the politics of the time.¹⁰ He points out that the two 'Advices' display, as later events show, an appalling error in policy for insisting on peace in the Dutch War at all costs, an error which is not shared by The Last Instructions. In comparison with the two 'Advices', the other poem reflects a mature appraisal of the situation at the time. This brings him to the conclusion that "if a year had not passed since the writing of the two 'Advices' - a year in which any putative author might have seen his error and changed his mind - one could assert categorically that all three of them could not have been the work of the same man."¹¹

It appears then that until we have more evidence, these poems can neither be rejected outright nor accepted with certainty. Even Lord, the strongest advocate for adding them to the Marvell canon, is forced to admit that he cannot "rule out categorically and finally the possibility of different authorship" and is content with a conclusion that they are "probably Marvell's". In the face of all these points, then, an editor has still to be non-committal about their authorship. Here, as elsewhere, a rigidly scientific stylistic analysis would be more than welcome.

Clarendon's House-Warming

The poem was not attributed to Marvell until Cooke included it in his edition of 1726. But copies are found in a number of MSS and in the 1667 printed edition. The accompanying lines Upon his Grand Children are also found in some of the MSS; they were not accepted as Marvell's till Grosart's edition of 1826. The lines Upon his House are not in any of the MSS, and have never been attributed to Marvell.

As the title of the satire shows, Clarendon is the object of ridicule, and there is no reason why Marvell should not have satirized Clarendon. He is known to have detested Clarendon's role as Chancellor and the most powerful of Charles's ministers before his fall in 1667. In other poems known to be Marvell's, the Chancellor comes in for condemnation. As to Marvell's known attitude to the King, there is no evidence to reveal since there is no cause to mention the King in the poem. On the other hand, it is not clear on whose authority Cooke based his ascription several generations after the death of Marvell. One would therefore hesitate to firmly accept this poem.

Against Variorum (published later in 1673): that is, after Marvell's death.¹³ This evidence to my mind is not weighty enough to dislodge attribution to Marvell, since it is possible that Clarendon's poem - like many others at the time - circulated in manuscript long before

Britannia and Rawleigh

The satire was attributed in one MS by someone who is known to have attributed another poem correctly to another author.¹² This seems an important consideration in favour of Marvell being the author. It has not been possible, however, to determine whether the attributor was so closely affiliated with Marvell that he could be certain what Marvell did or did not write. One correct guess does not make all guesses correct. Yet, all printed editions ascribe the poem to Marvell.

On the other hand, the Bodleian volume (MS Eng. poet d. 49) containing the 1684 poems, together with manuscript additions of which this poem is one, ascribes it to Ayloffe. It may be noted that this volume also assigned other poems to Marvell, some of which have been proved to be definitely not his. Margoliouth in his first edition of the poems was hesitant in accepting the poem as Marvell's on account of tone and style without elaborating on what he means by this. But in his second edition he rejects it outright, armed especially by H.F. Brooks's suggestion that the author knew Oldham's Garnet Ghost (published 1674) and Satyr Against Vertue (published later in 1679): that is, after Marvell's death.¹³ This evidence to my mind is not weighty enough to dismiss attribution to Marvell, since it is possible that Oldham's poems - like many others at the time - circulated in manuscript long before

they were finally published, and that, in the interval, Marvell could have seen them.

The writer, whoever he be, is displeased generally with the state of affairs in England at the time. In particular, he is agrieved about the corruption at court, the bad influences on the King and the ever growing French influence which has turned the King into "a Lewis changling" (line 34). But the writer's attitude to the King's behaviour is, like Marvell's, one of personal grief rather than scorn for the King himself. He seems to blame misdeeds on advisers:

Such slimy Monsters ne're approacht a throne
 Since Pharaoh's Reign nor so Defild a Crown.
 I'th sacred ear Tyranick Arts they Croak,
 Pervert his mind, his good intentions Choak
 Tell him of Golden Indies, Fayry Lands,
 Leviathans and absolute commands. [27 - 32]

The poet is anxious to "rescue him again from scandall and the Grave" (line 134) rather than leave him to suffer the consequences of his misbehaviour: In his opinion, "It's god-like-good to save a falling king" (line 140) and he sees for him, and England, a more promising future:

So shall my England by a Holy Warr
 In Triumph lead chaind tyrants from a farr.
 Her true Crusade shall at last pull down
 The Turkish Crescent and the Persian sun. [187 - 190]

Margoliouth says "it is difficult to ascribe these extravagant hopes to Marvell." Yet perhaps these are no more extravagant than "An Horatian Ode":

What may not then our Isle presume
 While Victory his Crest does plume!
 What may not others fear
 If thus he crown each Year!
 A Caesar he ere long to Gaul,
 To Italy an Hannibal,
 And to all states not free
 Shall Clymacterick be. [97 - 104]

Lines which show that Marvell is not averse to foreign conquest and imperialistic policy. The tone of the poem is not very different from that of An Account of the Growth of Popery, which contains strong criticism of the Administration,¹⁴ and like the other satires so far examined it does not insult the person of the King, nor is it anti-Royalist in outlook.

Much has indeed been made of admiring references in the poem to the republics of Rome and Venice to support the conclusion that the writer is definitely republican.¹⁵ But it should be noted that the poem is written in the form of a dialogue expressing two opposed views. While 'Britannia' seems shocked by the administration of the Stuarts, and talks with bitterness about their tyrannical rule and the all pervading corruption, 'Rawleigh' avers repeatedly that the monarchy should rather be saved from all these evil influences than be completely toppled. 'Britannia' would seem to be expressing that general feeling of discontent in the nation, which Marvell set out in great detail in 1677 in his An Account of the Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government in England. Although he was careful here to plead that his criticisms should not be taken as an act of disloyalty to the King, his attack on the government was so strong that a reward was offered for the arrest of the author of the pamphlet, and L'Estrange had to reply with An Account of the Growth of Knavery, which condemned Marvell's pamphlet as a call to rebellion. If Marvell had been generally anti-Royalist in outlook, he would not have taken the trouble to pledge his loyalty to the King in the anonymous pamphlet. Neither would the writer of Britannia and Rawleigh have put in a good word for the reform of the monarchy rather than support its total extinction. 'Britannia', as the name implies, seems to be the embodiment of a whole nation

expressing bitterness at the state of degeneration within the nation; 'Rawleigh', an individual who is aware of all the shortcomings 'Britannia' speaks of, is nevertheless unwilling to take the drastic measure of removing the King, is anxious, indeed, to "rescue him again from scandal and the Grave" (line 134). Thus interpreted, the poem is quite conceivably by Marvell.

Upon his Majesties being made free of the City

This satire refers to events which happened in December 1674. In a letter to Sir Henry Thompson, Marvell briefly mentioned the event without further comment:

Yesterday, the Lord Mayor and Common Council came to Whitehall and presented the King his Freedoms in a golden box of £1,000 value. They will afterwards proportionably to the Duke the Treasurer and his two sons and the Lord Barclay who were all made free the same day the King dined in the City.¹⁶

The satire was not attributed to Marvell in the MSS nor in the first printed edition. The earliest attribution, in the 1697 edition, is about the only indication of his authorship. The King is described as an irresponsible playboy leading a riotous life.

[He] wastes all his Nights
 In his constant Delights
 Of Revelling, Drinking and Whoreing [34 - 37]

Margoliouth in his edition notes that the King is compared throughout to an unruly London apprentice. This image of Charles is quite different from that in Marvell's Rehearsal Transpos'd where the King's character is defended as even more upright than some of the prelates'. Nasty references to the Duke of York and his religion in connection with his possible succession to the Throne are not compatible with Marvell's opinion on this matter that "whatever prince God give us, we must trust him".¹⁷ Ascription to Marvell must be considered very doubtful.

On metrical grounds, I would suggest that this poem and the following four - The Kings Vowes, The Statue in Stocks-Market, A Dialogue between the Two Horses, The Statue at Charing Cross - are from the same hand, but not Marvell's. They all possess a galloping anapaestic rhythm rather clumsily handled - the longer lines of the four poems tend to break into the shorter lines of the poem being considered here.

The Kings Vowes

The ascription of this poem to Marvell dates too from 1697, no earlier. Margoliouth, not usually one to spread his net to

catch more Marvells, sees "no strong reason for attributing it to (Marvell)". I agree.

Charles is here described as a spendthrift, irresponsible and arbitrary in his government. The view on religion expressed in the first stanza is not consistent with Marvell's support for Charles's policy of toleration in the Declaration of Indulgence:

I will have a Religion then all of my own,
Where Baptist from Protestant shall not be known
But if it grow trouble some, I will have none. [7 - 9]

The Statue in Stocks-Market

This poem was not ascribed to Marvell either in the MSS or in any edition of Poems on Affairs of State. Thompson's edition of 1776 seems to be the only authority for its attribution. Margoliouth's edition admits it but gives no reason for admitting it. We have merely his statement that "in spite of the want of evidence I am inclined to think them (along with The Statue at Charing Cross and the Dialogue between the Two Horses) Marvell's".

The poem is particularly notable for its rudeness to the person of the King. The statue "shews him a monster more like than a king" (line 12). Or to take another passage:

But a market, they say, does suit the king well,
 Who the Parliament buys and revenues does sell
 And others to make the similitude hold
 Say his Majesty himself is bought too and sold. [21 - 24]

And again:

Methinks by the equipage of this vile scene
 That to change him into a Jack pudding you mean
 Or else thus expose him to popular flouts
 As if we'd as good have a king made of clouts. [41 - 44]

The rhythms, for the most part trisyllabic and hobby-horsed,
 scarcely accord with anything that Marvell ever wrote.

A Dialogue between the Two Horses

There is no ascription in any of the MSS but all the
 editions of the Poems on Affairs of State printed it as Marvell's.

Apart from the scurrilous abuse of both the King and his
 brother James, the writer appears to be definitely republican:

Ch. But canst thou Divine when things shall be mended?

W. When the Reign of the line of the Stuarts is ended.

Ch. Then, England, Rejoyce, thy Redemption draws nigh;

Thy oppression together with Kingship shall dye.

A Commonwealth a Commonwealth we proclaim to the Nation;

W. The Gods have repented the Kings Restoration.

[157 - 162]

The writer is displeas'd with the King, Parliament
The writer has no regrets for the death of Charles I, and laments
the restoration of Charles II and the prospect of James becoming
King. The rhythm is again trisyllabic.

The Statue at Charing Cross

This satire was first attributed to Marvell in the printed
edition of 1698, but not in a later edition of 1704. It is,
however, the one poem Thompson asserts he prints from Marvell's
autograph. But it is not inconceivable that Marvell should have
copied some other person's poem for his own pleasure.

Like the last two mentioned satires the tone of the poem is
republican and anti-Royalist. It expresses a strong disapproval
of Charles II in particular:

So the Statue will up after all this delay,
But to turn the face to Whitehall you must shun;
Tho of Brass, yet with grief it would melt him away,
To behold every day such a Court, such a son [53 - 56]

Its rhythm is also trisyllabic.

Nostradamus's Prophecy

This satire is ascribed to Marvell in the 1689 and 1697 printed editions but not in the MSS. Margoliouth doubts Marvell's authorship on grounds of style.

The writer is displeased with the King, Parliament, Court and the Church hierarchy. Although the King is not openly abused, certain parts of the poem show an anti-monarchist bias:

The Frogs shall then grow weary of their Crane
And pray to Jove to take him back againe. [33 - 34]

An Historical Poem

This was ascribed to Marvell in the 1697 printed edition. But Margoliouth has noted references to three events that took place after Marvell's death as contained in lines 152, 155 and 182.¹⁸ It is also dated 1680 in one of the MSS.

Charles is lampooned for leading a riotous life and for his love of "Women, Wine and Vyands of delight" (cp. "Upon his Majesties being made free", above, line 15). But it is his brother, James, who really comes in for the most virulent abuse. The writer does not appear to be totally anti-monarchist; he merely disapproves of the Stuarts:

This Isle was well reform'd and gained renowne,
 Whilst the brave Tudors wore th'Imperial Crowne:
 But since the ill gott race of Stewarts came,
 It has recoild to Popery and Shame.

Further Advice to a Painter

The satire was not attributed to Marvell till the 1697 printed edition - the only evidence for Marvell's authorship.

The satire is largely against "our Mottly Parliament", especially the five members, Howard, Seymour, Temple, Car and Hollis who decamped from the Country Party to join the King's Party. But Charles himself does not escape abuse: he is referred to as "degenerate" and his love of riotous living noted.

Conclusion

On the basis of evidence discussed above, it appears the so-called Political Poems can be grouped into three classes - those fully acceptable as Marvell's, those probably his and those that cannot be his. In the first category I would put The Last Instructions, The Loyal Scott, Bludius et Corona, and Scaevola Scoto - Brittannus. The first three are in fact, interdependent, and their attribution to Marvell is supported both by external and internal evidence. They are free from personal abuse of the King. External evidence must, of necessity, be weak for these deliberately

anonymous poems. Internal evidence of style is fairly subjective, but all these poems (in English) are in decasyllabic lines, metrically iambic, rhythmically caesured into two cadences to the line. All of them show flashes of rhetorical - occasionally of poetical - effectiveness. Evidence of idea is stronger; can be readily ascertained, and sorts well with the authenticated utterances and writings of our author. These particular satires are valuable for the light they throw on contemporary political conditions, for the correlation they show with Marvell's known political attitudes, political philosophy, and political development, for the long established tendency to cite these, and predominantly these, in support of certain impressions - whether favourable or unfavourable - formed about Marvell. Admittedly, the evidence, taken in totality, is no more than strongly circumstantial, but in my mind it is sufficiently convincing to justify my rather drastic reduction to four in the number of poems I would admit with certainty to the Marvell canon.

Apart from these four, Clarendon's House-Warming, Britannia and Rawleigh, and The Second and Third Advices could be and probably are by Marvell. To the rest he has not, nor could have, a claim.

FOOTNOTES

- ¹In his preface Margoliouth admits that "some questions, especially of authenticity, I have raised rather than solved". Poems and Letters of Andrew Marvell, ed. by H.M. Margoliouth, Oxford, 1927, vol. 1, p. vi.
- ²This same device of frightening the King into the right course of action by recalling his father's fate and all that this implies is used in Britannia and Rawleigh, lines 137 - 139.
- ³For a full analysis of the opinion expressed in the poem and the politics of the time, see J.M. Wallace's Destiny his Choice: The loyalism of Andrew Marvell, Cambridge, 1968, Chapter 4.
- ⁴Letters, ed. H.M. Margoliouth, p. 36.
- ⁵But as Margoliouth rightly observes this part of the poem does not seem to blend well with the other parts.
- ⁶Margoliouth, ed., op. cit., p. 270.
- ⁷G. de F. Lord, "Two New Poems by Marvell?", Evidence for Authorship, ed. D.V. Erdman and E.G. Fogel. Ithaca, Cornell University Press, 1966, pp. 25 - 44.
- ⁸E.G. Fogel, "Salmons in Both, or Some Caveats for Canonical Scholars" in Evidence for Authorship, pp. 69 - 101. For the full debate between himself and Lord on the problem of attributing these two poems, see also his "On 'Multiple Rhymes': Some Clarification," pp. 121 - 127 and Lord's "Comment on the Canonical Caveat", pp. 102 - 114; and "A Comment on the 'Multiple Rhymes' Question", pp. 128 - 129.

- ⁹This centred around the definition of 'multiple rhymes'. As their articles show, the term can be understood in two quite different senses. Fogel takes 'multiple rhymes' to mean double or triple feminine rhymes only, e.g. frightful/grateful, frightfully/gratefully. Lord, however, includes masculine rhymes on final and accented syllables preceded by unaccented rhyming, or approximately rhyming, syllables, e.g. the foe/below. Fogel thinks these should be properly regarded as "backward extended masculine rhymes" and should not have been included in the count.
- ¹⁰J.M. Wallace, op. cit., pp. 163 - 183.
- ¹¹op. cit., p. 155.
- ¹²Margoliouth describes him as "the hand which uniquely and correctly attributes Advice to a Painter to draw the Duke to Savile".
- ¹³H.F. Brooks, "Authorship of 'Britannia and Rawleigh': Additional Evidence against Ascription to Marvell," Notes and Queries, CLXXIX (1940), 146.
- ¹⁴See chapter 8 on Andrew Marvell and Seventeenth Century English Politics, pp. 182 - 185.
- ¹⁵See Dictionary of National Biography, vol. 12, 1909, p. 1212, and chapter 8, p. 170.
- ¹⁶Letters, ed. Margoliouth, pp. 315 - 316.
- ¹⁷See chapter 8 on Andrew Marvell and Seventeenth Century English Politics, pp. 179 - 180.
- ¹⁸The three events are (a) the murder of Sir E.B. Godfrey in October 1678; (b) the publication of "The Weekly Pacquet of Advice from Rome" with its first number appearing in December 1678; (c) the Exclusion Bill introduced in 1679.

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THE POEMS OF ANDREW MARVELL

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THE EDITIONA. MISCELLANEOUS POEMS, 1681

This part of the edition constituting its major section, is based on a xeroxed copy (much reduced) of the British Museum unique copy labelled c59:8. Other copies assembled and collated are those held by the following libraries:

British Museum, London (2 other copies labelled Ashley 4899; G.2449/3).

Bodleian Library, Oxford (1 ordinary copy and 1 with MS addition labelled MS.Eng. poet d.49).

Trinity College Library, Cambridge.

National Library of Scotland.

Henry E. Huntington Library, San Marino, California.

University of Illinois Library, Urbana, Illinois.

Library of Congress, Washington, D.C.

Harvard University Library, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

University of Texas Library, Austin, Texas.

Wellesley College Library, Wellesley, Massachusetts.

Yale University Library, New Haven, Connecticut.

Available copies of The Character of Holland separately published in 1665 and 1672 are also collated. The 1665 edition, reported unavailable in Margoliouth's edition, is now located in

the Henry E. Huntington Library in San Marino, California, U.S.A.:

Henry E. Huntington Library, San Marino (1665 and 1672 editions).

Mr. John Rylands Library, Manchester (1672).

Library of Congress (1672).

Copies of The First Anniversary of the Government under His Highness the Lord Protector separately published in 1655 are assembled from these libraries:

British Museum, London.

Henry E. Huntington Library, San Marino, California.

William Andrew Clark Library, Los Angeles, California.

Yale University Library, New Haven, Connecticut.

THE TEXTS

Copy-Text: [within two rules] MISCELLANEOUS [POEMS] [rule] BY [ANDREW MARVELL, Esq., |Late Member of the Honourable House of Commons.] [rule] [device. Mck 195] [rule] LONDON [Printed for Robert Boulter, at the Turks-Head |in Cornhill. M. DC. LXXXI. Collation: Fol. π^2 B-C² (pp. 1 - 8) D-U⁴ (pp. 8 - 144).

Other copies of the Miscellaneous Poems: Title page as above.

Collation: Fol. π^2 B-C² (pp. 1 - 8) D-Q⁴ (pp. 9 - 112)

R¹ (pp. 113 - 114) S¹ (pp. 115 - 116) T⁴ (T¹ wanting)

(pp. 131 - 136) U¹ X¹ (verso blank).

The Character of Holland

1. No title page

Colophon: London, Printed by T. Mabb for Robert Horn at the Angel in Popes-head-alley, 1665.

Collation: Fol. A-B² (verso B² blank) (pp. 1 - 7).

2. [within a border of type ornament] THE | CHARACTER | OF | HOLLAND. |

[rule] [device] [rule] LONDON, | Printed for Rob. Horn, at the South - Entrance of the | Royal Exchange. 1672.

Collation: 4^o, one leaf unsigned A⁴ (pp. 1 - 5).

The First Anniversary

[within a rule] THE FIRST | ANNIVERSARY | OF THE | GOVERNMENT | UNDER | HIS HIGHNESS | THE | Lord Protector. | [2 rules] LONDON, | Printed by Thomas Newcomb, and are to be sold by | Samuel Gellibrand at the golden Ball in Pauls | Church-yard, near the West-end, | Anno Dom: 1655.

Collation: 4^o, one leaf unsigned A-C⁴ (verso C⁴ blank) (pp. 1 - 21).

B. OTHER LYRICAL POEMS

These include Ad Regem Carolum Porodia, Ἦμος Καρλον Τον βασιλεα which first appeared in a collection of Latin and Greek verses on the birth of the Princess Anne, 17 March 1637. There is also To his Noble Friend Mr Richard Lovelace, upon his Poems, Marvell's contribution to the large number of commendatory poems which introduced the first edition of Lovelace's Lucasta in 1649. Others are: Upon the Death of

the Lord Hastings, another contribution to a number of elegies in honour of Lord Hastings, who died for smallpox on 24 June, 1649; An Elegy upon the Death of my Lord Francis Villiers, separately published in 1648.

Copy-Texts

Ad Regem Carolum Parodia: Προς Καρολον Τον βασιλεα

Euvodia | sive | Musarum | Cantabrigiensium | Concentus Et | Congratulatio, | Ad | Serenissimum Britanniarum Regem | Carolus, | De quinta sua subole, clarissima Principe, sibi nuper felicissime | nata. | [Device] | Ex Academiae Cantabrigiensis Typo- | grapheo.
Anno Dom. 1637.

To his Noble Friend Mr Richard Lovelace, upon his Poems:

Lovelace's Lucasta, Epodes, Odes, Sonnets, Songs, etc. To which is added Aramantha, a pastoral. Printed by T. Harper, and are to be sold by T. Ewster: London, 1649.

Upon the Death of the Lord Hastings:

[within a black border] LACHRYMAE MUSARUM, | THE Tears of the MUSES: | Expressed in | ELEGIES: | WRITTEN | By divers persons of Nobility and Worth, | Upon the death of the most hopefull, | Henry Lord Hastings, | Onely Sonn of the Right Honourable | FERDINANDO Earl of Huntingdon | Heir-generall of the high-born

Prince | GEORGE Duke of Clarence | Brother to | King Edward
the fourth.

Collected and set forth by R.B. | Dignum laude virum Musae
vetant mori. Hor. | London, Printed by Tho. Newcomb. 1649. pp.

An Elegy upon the Death of my Lord Francis Villiers:

AN | ELEGY | UPON THE DEATH OF | MY LORD FRANCIS | VILLIERS.

Collation: 4^o, A¹ (verso blank) A²⁻⁴ (pp. 3 - 8).

C. THE POLITICAL POEMS

The four of these satires fully acceptable for this edition are The Last Instructions to a Painter, The Loyall Scott, Bludius et Corona and Scaevola Scoto-Brittannus. The first satire was first published in the 1689 edition of Poems on Affairs of State, and reprinted in 1697. A manuscript version is in the Bodleian MS.Eng. poet d.49. The second poem appears in three manuscript collections - one in the Bodleian (Douce 357), one in the British Museum (Sloane 655), and a third reportedly in possession of Margoliouth. It is also copied in the Bodleian MS.Eng. poet.d.49. Bludius et Corona was first printed in Thompson's edition of 1776, but three manuscript copies are now known to exist - in the British Museum (Sloane 3413) and in the Bodleian (Douce 357, and MS.Eng.poet.d.49). The last satire, first printed by Thompson, is also available in the Bodleian MS.Eng.poet.d.49. One other manuscript copy exists in the British Museum (Addit 34362).

Copy-TextsThe Last Instructions to a Painter:

The | Third Part | Of The | Collection | of | Poems | On |
 Affairs of State. | Containing, | Esquire Marvell's further
 Instructions to | a Painter. | And | The late Lord Rochester's
 Farewel. | London: | Printed in the Year MDCLXXXIX. (pp. 1 - 25).

The Loyall Scott:

Bodleian MS Douce 357.

Bludius et Corona:

Bodleian MS Douce 357.

Scaevola Scoto-Brittannus:

British Museum Addit. 34362

All variants from the copy-texts, either occurring in other copies or resulting from emendation, are recorded at the foot of the page. Where I am responsible for the change I have indicated this by putting ed. besides the substitute. The names of other persons or sources responsible for any variant are also indicated.

Cambridge University Press proof-correction symbols are used throughout:

For all Translators was the Book their own.
 Quibus do strive with words and forced phrase
 To add such lustre, and so many rays;

∫ = delete (the word to be deleted is crossed through).

Ⓞ = invert type (the particular type is encircled).

trs = transpose (⌊ is put between the characters to be transposed).

⌋ = insert omitted matter (symbol repeated within the affected text).

a/e/;/etc. = substitute character indicated (with the mark / going through character for substitution).

○ = close up space between letters

∧ = insert space (∧ is inserted between the letters or words).

“ ” = insert double quotation marks (∧∧ are inserted in text).

I have tried to avoid emendation merely for the sake of giving a better reading, unless there is enough justification to suggest that such emendation is likely to be what Marvell intended. In this connection, what Marvell himself says about translations in To his worthy Friend Doctor Witty upon his Translation of the Popular Errors equally applies to editing his poems:

So of Translators they are Authors grown,
For ill Translators make the Book their own.
Others do strive with words and forced phrase
To add such lustre, and so many rayes,

A
DIALOGUE,

BETWEEN

The Resolved Soul, and Created Pleasure.

Courage my Soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal Shield.
Close on thy Head thy Helmet bright.
Ballance thy Sword against the Fight.
See where an Army, strong as fair,
With silken Banners spreads the air.
Now, if thou bee'st that thing Divine,
In this day's Combat let it shine:
And shew that Nature wants an Art
To conquer one resolved Heart.

10

Pleasure.

Welcome the Creations Guest,
Lord of Earth, and Heavens Heir.
Lay aside that Warlike Crest,
And of Nature's banquet share:
Where the Souls of fruits and flow'rs
Stand prepar'd to heighten yours.

Soul.

I sup above, and cannot stay
To bait so long upon the way.

B

Pleasure.

Pleasure.

On these downy Pillows lye,
Whose soft Plumes will thither fly :
On these Roses strow'd so plain
Lest one Leaf thy Side should strain;

20

Soul.

My gentler Rest is on a Thought,
Conscious of doing what I ought.

Pleasure.

If thou bee'st with Perfumes pleas'd,
Such as oft the Gods appeas'd,
Thou in fragrant Clouds shalt show
Like another God below.

Soul.

A Soul that knowes not to perfume
Is Heaven's and its own perfume.

30

Pleasure.

Every thing does seem to vie
Which should first attract thine Eye :
But since none deserves that grace,
In this Cryстал view thy face.

Soul.

When the Creator's skill is priz'd,
The rest is all but Earth disguis'd.

Pleasure.

Heark how Musick then prepares
For thy Stay these charming Aires ;

Which

Which the posting Winds recall,
And suspend the Rivers Fall. 40

Soul.

Had I but any time to lose,
On this I would it all dispose.
Cease Tempter. None can chain a mind
Whom this sweet Chordage cannot bind.

Chorus.

Earth cannot shew so brave a Sight
As when a single Soul does fence
The Batteries of alluring Sense,
And Heaven views it with delight.
Then persevere: for still new Charges sound:
And if thou overcom'st thou shalt be crown'd. 50

Pleasure.

All this fair, and cost, and sweet, TN
Which scatteringly doth fling,
Shall within one Beauty meet,
And she be only thine.

Soul.

If things of Sight such Heavens be,
What Heavens are those we cannot see?

Pleasure.

Where so e're thy Foot shall go
The minted Gold shall lie;
Till thou purchase all below,
And want new Worlds to buy. 60

Soul.

Wert not a price who'd value Gold?
And that's worth nought that can be sold.

Pleasure.

Pleasure.

Wilt thou all the Glory have
That War or Peace commend?
Half the World shall be thy Slave
The other half thy Friend.

Soul.

What Friends, if to my self untrue?
What Slaves, unless I captive you?

Pleasure.

Thou shalt know each hidden Cause;
And see the future Time:
Try what depth the Centre draws;
And then to Heaven climb.

Soul.

None thither mounts by the degree
Of Knowledge, but Humility.

Chorus.

Triumph, triumph, victorious Soul;
The World has not one Pleasure more:
The rest does lie beyond the Pole,
And is thine everlasting Store.

On a Drop of Dew.

SEE how the Orient Dew,
Shed from the Bosom of the Morn
Into the blowing Roses,
Yet careless of its Mansion new,
For the clear Region where 'twas born;
Round in its self incloses:

And

And in its little Globes Extent,
 Frames as it can its native Element.
 How it the purple flow'r does flight,
 Scarce touching where it lyes, 10
 But gazing back upon the Skies,
 Shines with a mournful Light;
 Like its own Tear,
 Because so long divided from the Sphear.
 Restless it roules and unsecure,
 Trembling lest it grow impure :
 Till the warm Sun pittie it's Pain,
 And to the Skies exhale it back again.
 So the Soul, that Drop, that Ray
 Of the clear Fountain of Eternal Day, 20
 Could it within the humane flow'r be seen,
 Remembring still its former height,
 Shuns the sweat leaves and blossoms green ;
 And, recollecting its own Light,
 Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express
 The greater Heaven in an Heaven less.
 In how coy a Figure wound,
 Every way it turns away :
 So the World excluding round,
 Yet receiving in the Day. 30
 Dark beneath, but bright above :
 Here disdainig, there in Lovē.
 How loose and easie hence to go :
 How girt and ready to ascend.
 Moving but on a point below,
 It all about does upwards bend.
 Such did the Manna's sacred Dew destil ;
 White, and intire, though congeal'd and chill.
 Congeal'd on Earth : but does, dissolving, run
 Into the Glories of th' Almighty Sun, 40

Cernis ut Eoi descendat Gemmula Roris,
 Inque Rosas roseo transfluat orta sinu,
 Sollicita Flores stant ambitione supini,
 Et certant foliis pellicuisse suis.
 Illa tamen patrie lustrans fastigia Sphaera,
 Negligit hospitii limina picta novi.
 Inque sui nitido conclusa voluminis orbe,
 Exprimit aetherei quae licet Orbis aquas.
 En ut odoratum spernat generosior Ostrum,
 Vixque premat casto mollia strata pede.
 Suspicit at longis distantem obtutibus Axem,
 Inde & languenti lumine pendet amans,
 Tristis, & in liquidum mutata dolore dolorem,
 Marcet, uti roseis Lachryma fusa Genis.
 Ut pavet, & motum tremit irrequieta Cubile,
 Et quoties Zephyro fluctuat Aura, fugit.
 Qualis inexpertam subeant formido Puellam,
 Sicubi nocte redit incomitata domum.
 Sic & in horridulas agitatur Gutta procellas,
 Dum praevirgineo cuncta pudore timet,
 Donec oberrantem Radio clemente vaporet,
 Inq; jubar reducem Sol genitale trahat.
 Talis, in humano si possit flore videri,
Exul ubi longas Mens agit usq; moras
 Hec quoque natalis meditans convivia Caeli,
 Evertit Calices purpureosque Thoros.
 Fontis stilla sacri, Lucis scintilla perennis,
 Non capitur Tyria veste, vapore Sabae,
 Tota sed in proprii secedens luminis Arcem,
 Colligit in Gyros se sinuosa breves.
 Magnorumque sequens Animo convexa Deorum,
 Sydereum parvo fingit in Orbe Globum.
 Quam bene in averse modulum contracta figuræ

Oppositum Mundo claudit ubiq; latus;
 Sed bibit in speculum radios ornata rotundum;
 Et circumfuso splendet aperta Die.
 Qua Superos spectat rutilans, obscurior infra;
 Cetera dedignans, ardet amore Poli.
 Subfilit, hinc agili Postcens discedere motu,
 Undique caelesti cinctâ soluta Via.

40

Totaque in aereos extenditur orbita cursus;
 Hinc punctim carpens, mobile stringit iter.
 Haud aliter Mensis exundans Mamma beatis
 Deserto jacuit Stilla gelata solo:
 Stilla gelata solo, sed Solibus hausta benignis,
 Ad sua quâ cecidit purior Astra redit.

The Coronet.

II

When for the Thorns with which I long, too
 With many a piercing wound,
 My Saviours head have crown'd,
 I seek with Garlands to redress that Wrong
 Through every Garden, every Mead,
 I gather flow'rs (my fruits are only flow'rs)
 Dismantling all the fragrant Towers
 That once adorn'd my Shepherdesses head.
 And now when I have summ'd up all my store,
 Thinking (so I my self deceive)
 So rich a Chaplet thence to weave
 As never yet the king of Glory wore:
 Alas I find the Serpent old
 That, twining in his speckled breast,
 About the flow'rs disguis'd does fold,
 With wreaths of Fame and Interest,
 Ah, foolish Man, that would'st débase with them,
 And mortal Glory, Heavens Diadem!
 But thou who only could'st the Serpent tame,
 Either his slipp'ry knots at once untie,
 Or

10

20

And disintangle all his winding Snare:
 Or shatter too with him my curious frame:
 And let these wither, so that he may die,
 Though set with Skill and chosen out with Care,
 That they, while Thou on both their Spoils dost tread,
 May crown thy Feet, that could not crown thy Head.

Eyes and Tears.

I.

HOW wisely Nature did decree
 With the same Eyes to weep and see!
 That, having view'd the object vain,
 They might be ready to complain.

II.

And, since the Self-deluding Sight,
 In a false Angle takes each hight;
 These Tears which better measure all,
 Like wat'ry Lines and Plummetts fall.

III.

Two Tears, which Sorrow long did weigh
 Within the Scales of either Eye,
 And then paid out in equal Poise,
 Are the true price of all my Joyes.

10

IV.

What in the World most fair appears,
 Yea even Laughter, turns to Tears:
 And all the Jewels which we prize,
 Melt in these Pendants of the Eyes.

V.

I have through every Garden been,
 Amongst the Red, the White, the Green;

And

And yet, from all the flow'rs I saw,
No Honey, but these Tears could draw.

20

VI.

So the all-seeing Sun each day
Distills the World with Chymick Ray;
But finds the Essence only Showers,
Which straight in pity back he powers.

VII.

Yet happy they whom Grief doth blest,
That weep the more, and see the less:
And, to preserve their Sight more true,
Bath still their Eyes in their own Dew.

VIII.

* So *Magdalen*, in Tears more wise
Dissolv'd those captivating Eyes,
Whose liquid Chaines could flowing meet
To fetter her Redeemers feet.

30

IX.

Not full sailes hasting loaden home,
Nor the chaste Ladies pregnant Womb,
Nor *Cynthia* Teeming show's so fair,
As two Eyes swollen with weeping are.

X.

The sparkling Glance that shoots Desire,
Drench'd in these Waves, does lose it fire.
Yea oft the Thund'rer pitty takes
And here the hissing Lightning flakes.

40

XI.

The Incense was to Heaven dear,
Not as a Perfume, but a Tear.
And Stars shew lovely in the Night,
But as they seem the Tears of Light.

D

Ope

H

XII.

Ope then mine Eyes your double Sluice,
 And practise so your noblest Use.
 For others too can see, or sleep;
 But only humane Eyes can weep.

XIII.

Now like two Clouds dissolving, drop,
 And at each Tear in distance stop:
 Now like two Fountains trickle down:
 Now like two floods o' return and drown.

XIII.

Thus let your Streams o'reflow your Springs,
 Till Eyes and Tears be the same things:
 And each the other's difference bears;
 These weeping Eyes, those seeing Tears.

* *Magdala, lascivos sic quum dimisit Amantes,
 Feruidaque in castas lumina solvit aquas;
 Hæsit in irriguo lachrymarum compede Christus,
 Et tenuit sacros uidi Catena pedes.*

Bermudas.

WHERE the remote *Bermudas* ride
 In th' Oceans bosome unesp'y'd,
 From a small Boat, that row'd along,
 The listning Winds receiv'd this Song:
 What should we do but sing his Praise
 That led us through the watry Maze,
 Unto an Isle so long unknown,
 And yet far kinder than our own?
 Where he the huge Sea-Monsters wracks,
 That lift the Deep upon their Backs,
 He lands us on a grassy Stage,
 Safe from the Storms, and Prelat's rage.

He

He gave us this eternal Spring,
 Which here enamells every thing;
 And sends the Fowl's to us in care,
 On daily Visits through the Air,
 He hangs in shades the Orange bright,
 Like golden Lamps in a green Night.
 And does in the Pomgranates close,
 Jewels more rich than *Ormus* show's.
 He makes the Figs our mouths to meet;
 And throws the Melons at our feet.
 But Apples plants of such a price,
 No Tree could ever bear them twice.
 With Cedars, chosen by his hand,
 From *Lebanon*, he stores the Land.
 And makes the hollow Seas, that roar,
 Proclaime the Ambergris on shoar.
 He cast (of which we rather boast)
 The Gospels Pearl upon our Coast.
 And in these Rocks for us did frame
 A Temple, where to found his Name.
 Oh let our Voice his Praise exalt,
 Till it arrive at Heavens Vault:
 Which thence (perhaps) rebounding, may
 Eccho beyond the *Mexique Bay*.
 Thus sung they, in the *English* boat,
 An holy and a chearful Note,
 And all the way, to guide their Chime,
 With falling Oars they kept the time.

Clorinda and Damon.

C. Damon come drive thy flocks this way.

D. No: 'tis too late they went astray.

C. I have a grassy Scutcheon spy'd,
 Where *Flora* blazons all her pride.

- The Grass I aim to feast thy Sheep :
 The Flow'rs I for thy Temples keep.
 D. Grass withers ; and the Flow'rs too fade.
 C. Seize the short Joyes then, ere they vade.
 Seest thou that unfrequented Cave ?
 D. That den ? C. Loves Shrine. D. But Virtue's Grave. 10
 C. In whose cool bosome we may lye
 Safe from the Sun. D. not Heaven's Eye.
 C. Near this, a Fountaines liquid Bell
 Tinkles within the concave Shell.
 D. Might a Soul bath there and be clean,
 Or slake its Drought ? C. What is't you mean ?
 D. These once had been enticing things,
Clorinda, Pastures, Caves, and Springs.
 C. And what late change ? D. The other day
Pan met me. C. What did great *Pan* say ? 20
 D. Words that transcend poor Shepherds skill,
 But He ere since my Songs does fill:
 And his Name swells my slender Oate.
 C. Sweet must *Pan* sound in *Damons* Note.
 D. *Clorinda's* voice might make it sweet.
 C. Who would not in *Pan's* Praises meet ?

Chorus.

*Of Pan the flowry Pastures sing,
 Caves echo, and the Fountains ring.
 Sing then while he doth us inspire ;
 For all the World is our Pan's Quire.* 30

A Dialogue between the Soul and Body.

Soul.

O Who shall, from this Dungeon, raise
 A Soul enslav'd so many ways ?
 With bolts of Bones, that fetter'd stands
 In Feet ; and manacled in Hands.

Here.

Here blinded with an Eye ; and there
Deaf with the drumming of an Ear.
A Soul hung up, as 'twere, in Chains
Of Nerves, and Arteries, and Veins.
Tortur'd, besides each other part,
In a vain Head, and double Heart.

Body.

O who shall me deliver whole,
From bonds of this Tyrannic Soul ?
Which, stretcht upright, impales me so,
That mine own Precipice I go;
And warms and moves this needless Frame:
(A Fever could but do the same.)
And, wanting where its spight to try,
Has made me live to let me dye.
A Body that could never rest,
Since this ill Spirit it possesst.

Soul.

What Magick could me thus confine
Within anothers Grief to pine ?
Where whatsoever it complain,
I feel, that cannot feel, the pain.
And all my Care its self employes,
That to preserve, which me destroys :
Constrain'd not only to indure
Diseases, but, whats worse, the Cure :
And ready off the Port to gain,
Am Shipwrackt into Health again.

Body.

But Physick yet could never reach
The Maladies Thou me dost teach ;
Whom first the Cramp of Hope does Tear :
And then the Palsie Shakes of Fear.

The

The Pestilence of Love does heat :
 Or Hatred's hidden Ulcer eat,
 Joy's chearful Madnes does perplex :
 Or Sorrow's other Madnes vex,
 Which Knowledge forces me to know ;
 And Memory will not foregoe.
 What but a Soul could have the wit
 To build me up for Sin so fit
 So Architects do square and hew,
 Green Trees that in the Forest grew.

The Nymph complaining for the death of her Faun.

THE wanton Troopers riding by
 Have shot my Faun and it will dye,
 Ungentle men ! They cannot thrive
 To kill thee. Thou neer didst alive
 Them any harm : alas nor could
 Thy death yet do them any good.
 I'me sure I never wish't them ill ;
 Nor do I for all this ; nor will ;
 But, if my simple Pray'rs may yet
 Prevail with Heaven to forget
 Thy murder, I will Joyn my Tears
 Rather then fail. But, O my feats !
 It cannot dye so. Heavens King
 Keeps register of every thing :
 And nothing may we use in vain.
 Ev'n Beasts must be with justice slain ;
 Else Men are made their *Deodands*.
 Though they should wash their guilty hands
 In this warm life-blood, which doth part
 From thine, and wound me to the Heart,
 Yet could they not be clean : their Stain
 Is dy'd in such a Purple Grain.

There

There is not such another in
 The World, to offer for their Sin,
 Unconstant *Sylvio*, when yet
 I had not found him counterfeit,
 One morning (I remember well)
 Ty'd in this silver Chain and Bell,
 Gave it to me : nay and I know
 What he said then ; I'm sure I do.
 Said He, look how your Huntsman here
 Hath taught a Faun to hunt his *Dear*.
 But *Sylvio* soon had me beguil'd.
 This waxed tame; while he grew wild,
 And quite regardless of my Smart,
 Left me his Faun, but took his Heart.
 Thenceforth I set my self to play
 My solitary time away,
 With this : and very well content,
 Could so mine idle Life have spent.
 For it was full of sport ; and light
 Of foot, and heart ; and did invite
 Me to its game : it seem'd to bless
 Its self in me. How could I less
 Than love it ? O I cannot be
 Unkind, t' a Beast that loveth me.
 Had it liv'd long, I do not know
 Whether it too might have done so
 As *Sylvio* did : his Gifts might be
 Perhaps as false or more than he.
 But I am sure, for ought that I
 Could in so short a time espie,
 Thy Love was far more better then
 The love of false and cruel men.
 With sweetest milk, and sugar, first
 I it at mine own fingers nurs't.
 And as it grew, so every day
 It wax'd more white and sweet than they.
 It had so sweet a Breath ! And oft
 I blusht to see its foot more soft,

30

40

50

60

And

And white, (shall I say then my hand?)
 NAY any Ladies of the Land.

It is a wondrous thing, how fleet
 'Twas on those little silver feet,
 With what a pretty skipping grace,
 It oft would challenge me the Race:
 And when 'thad left me far away,
 'Twould stay, and run again, and stay.
 For it was nimbler much than Hindes;
 And trod, as on the four Winds.

I have a Garden of my own,
 But so with Roses over grown,
 And Lillies, that you would it guess
 To be a little Wilderness.
 And all the Spring time of the year
 It onely loved to be there.

Among the beds of Lillyes, I
 Have sought it oft, where it should lye;
 Yet could not, till it self would rise,
 Find it, although before mine Eyes.

For, in the flaxen Lillyes shade,
 It like a bank of Lillyes laid,
 Upon the Roses it would feed,
 Until its Lips ev'n seem'd to bleed:
 And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
 And print those Roses on my Lip.

But all its chief delight was still
 On Roses thus its self to fill:
 And its pure virgin Limbs to fold
 In whitest sheets of Lillyes cold.
 Had it liv'd long, it would have been
 Lillyes without, Roses within.

O help! O help! I see it faint:
 And dye as calmly as a Saint.
 See how it weeps. The Tears do come
 Sad, slowly dropping like a Gumme.
 So weeps the wounded Balsome: so
 The holy Frankincense doth flow.

The

The brotherless *Heliades* as one appointed
Melt in such Amber Tears as these. 100

I in a golden Vial will
Keep these two crystal Tears; and fill
It till it do o'rflo'w with mine;
Then place it in *Diana's Shrine*.
Now my sweet Faun is vanish'd to
Whether the Swans and Turtles go:
In fair *Elizium* to endure,
With milk-white Lambs, and Ermins pure!
O do not run too fast: for I
Will but bespeak thy Grave, and dye.

First my unhappy Statue shall
Be cut in Marble; and withal,
Let it be weeping too: but there
Th' Engraver sure his Art may spare;
For I so truly thee bemoane,
That I shall weep though I be Stone,
Until my Tears, still dropping, wear
My breast, themselves engraving there,
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,
Of purest Alabaster made: 120
For I would have thine Image be
White as I can, though not as Thee!

Young Love.

I.

Come little Infant, Love me now,
While thine unsuspected years
Clear thine aged Fathers brow
From cold Jealousie and Fears.

II.

Pretty surely 'twere to see
By young Love old Time beguil'd
While

While our Sportings are as free
As the Nurses with the Child.

III.

Common Beauties stay fifteen;
Such as yours should swifter move;
Whose fair Blossoms are too green
Yet for Lust, but not for Love.

IV.

Love as much the snowy Lamb
Or the wanton Kid does prize,
As the lusty Bull or Ram,
For his morning Sacrifice.

V.

Now then love me: time may take
Thee before thy time away;
Of this Need wee'l Virtue make,
And learn Love before we may.

VI.

So we win of doubtful Fate;
And, if good she to us meant,
We that Good shall antedate,
Or, if ill, that Ill prevent.

VII.

Thus as Kingdomes, frustrating
Other Titles to their Crown,
In the cradle crown their King,
So all Forraign Claims to drown.

VIII.

So, to make all Rivals vain,
Now I crown thee with my Love:

Crown

Crown me with thy Love again,
And we both shall Monarchs prove.

To his Coy Mistres.

HAD we but World enough, and Time,
This coyneſſ Lady were no crime.
We would ſit down, and think which way
To walk, and paſs our long Loves Day.
Thou by the *Indian Ganges* ſide
Should'ſt Rubies find: I by the Tide
Of *Humber* would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the Flood:
And you ſhould if you pleaſe reſuſe
Till the Conversion of the *Jews*.
My vegetable Love ſhould grow
Vaiſter then Empires, and more ſlow.
An hundred years ſhould go to praife
Thine Eyes, and on thy Forehead Gaze.
Two hundred to adore each Breaſt:
But thirty thouſand to the reſt.
An Age at leaſt to every part,
And the laſt Age ſhould ſhow your Heart.
For Lady you deſerve this State;
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I alwaies hear
Times winged Charriot hurrying near:
And yonder all before us lye
Defarts of vaſt Eternity.
Thy Beauty ſhall no more be found;
Nor, in thy marble Vault, ſhall ſound
My ecchoing Song: then Worms ſhall try
That long preſerv'd Virginitie:
And your quaint Honour turn to duſt;
And into aſhes all my Luſt.
The Grave's a fine and private place,
But none I think do there embrace.

Dna

E 2

Now

Now therefore, while the youthful hew
 Sits on thy skin like morning glow,
 And while thy willing Soul transpires
 At every pore with instant Fires,
 Now let us sport us while we may,
 And now, like am'rous birds of prey,
 Rather at once our Time devour,
 Than languish in his slow-chapt power,
 Let us roll all our Strength, and all
 Our Sweetness, up into one Ball,
 And tear our Pleasures with rough strife,
 Thorough the Iron gates of Life,
 Thus, though we cannot make our Sun
 Stand still, yet we will make him run.

The Unfortunate Lover

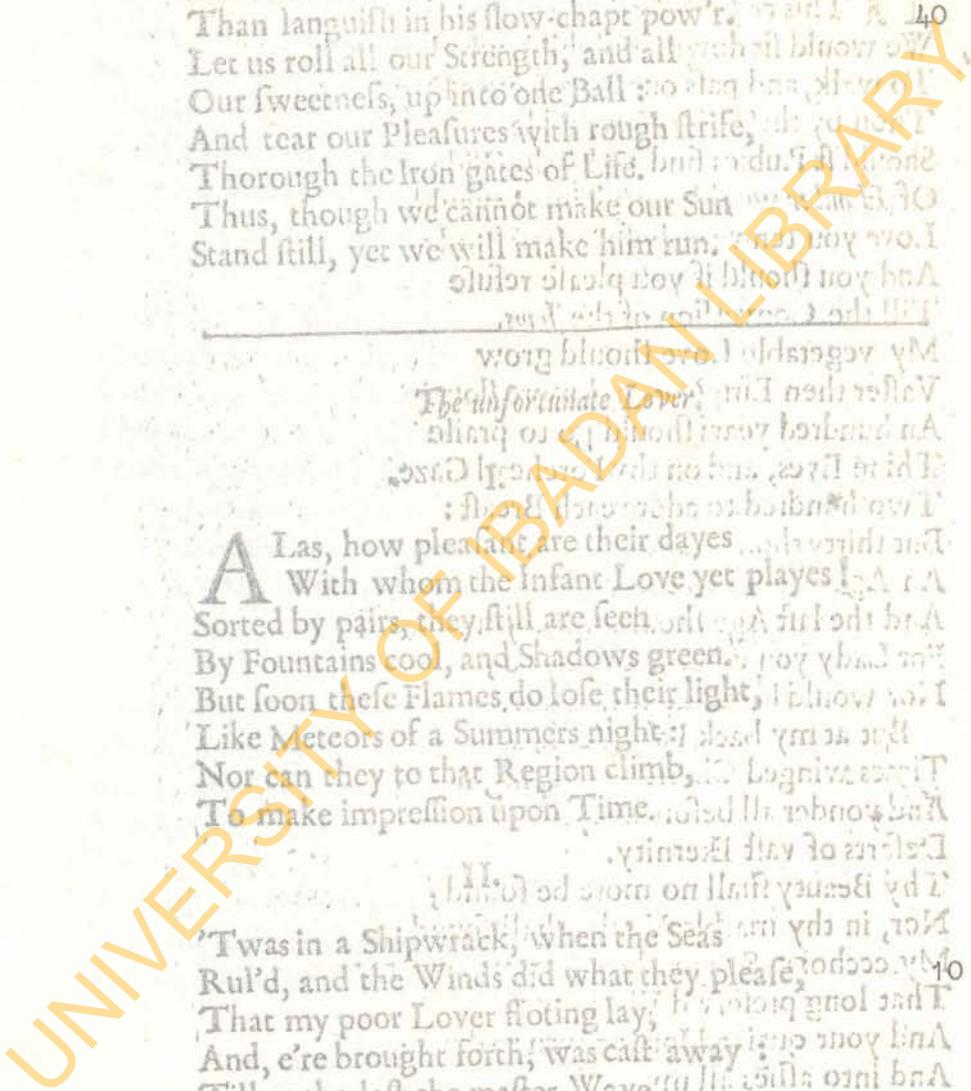
Alas, how pleasant are their days
 With whom the infant Love yet plays
 Sorted by pairs, they still are seen
 By Fountains cool, and Shadows green,
 But soon these Flames do lose their light,
 Like Meteors of a Summers night,
 Nor can they to that Region climb,
 To make impression upon Time.

'Twas in a Shipwrack, when the Seas
 Rul'd, and the Winds did what they please,
 That my poor Lover floating lay,
 And, e're brought forth, was cast away
 Till at the last the master-Wave
 Upon the Rock his Mother drove

Now

is

And



And there she split against the Stone,
In a *Cesarian* Section.

III.

The Sea him lent these bitter Tears
Which at his Eyes he alwaies bears.

And from the Winds the Sighs he bore,
Which through his surging Breast do roar.

20

No Day he saw but that which breaks,
Through frighted Clouds in forked streaks.

While round the rattling Thunder hurl'd,
As at the Fun'ral of the World;

While Nature to his Birth presents
This masque of quarrelling Elements;

A num'rous fleet of Corm'rants black,
That sail'd insulting o're the Wrack.

Receiv'd into their cruel Care,
Th' unfortunate and abject Heir.

Guardians most fit to entertain
The Orphan of the *Hurricane.*

V.

They fed him up with Hopes and Air,
Which soon digested to Despair.

And as one Corm'rant fed him, still
Another on his Heart did bill.

Thus while they famish him, and feast,
He both consumed, and increast.

And languish'd with doubtful Breath,
Th' *Amphibium* of Life and Death.

40

VI.

And now, when angry Heaven wou'd
Behold a spectacle of Blood,

Behold a spectacle of Blood,
Behold a spectacle of Blood,

EnA Fortune

Fortune and He are call'd to play
 At sharp before it all the day :
 And Tyrant Love his brest does ply
 With all his wing'd Artillery.
 Whilst he, betwixt the Flames and Waves,
 Like *Ajax*, the mad Tempest braves.

VII.

See how he riak'd and fierce does stand,
 Cuffing the Thunder with one hand ;
 While with the other he does lock,
 And grapple, with the stubborn Rock :
 From which he with each Wave rebounds,
 Torn into Flames, and ragg'd with Wounds.
 And all he saies, a Lover drest
 In his own Blood, does relish best.

VIII.

This is the only *Banneret*
 That ever Love created yet :
 Who though, by the Malignant Starrs,
 Forced to live in Storms and Warrs,
 Yet dying leaves a Perfume here,
 And Musick within every Ear :
 And he in Story only rules,
 In a Field Sable a Lover Gules.

The Gallery.

C *Lora* come view my Soul, and tell
 Whether I have contriv'd it well,
 Now all its several lodgings lye
 Compos'd into one Gallery ;

And

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And the great *Arras*-hangings, made
Of various Faces, by are laid ;
That, for all furniture, you'll find
Only your Picture in my Mind.

III.

Here Thou art painted in the Dress
Of an Inhumane Murtherers ;
Examining upon our Hearts
Thy fertile Shop of cruel Arts :
Engines more keen than ever yet
Adorned Tyrants Cabinet ;
Of which the most tormenting are
Black Eyes, red Lips, and curled Hair.

III.

But, on the other side, th' art drawn
Like to *Aurora* in the Dawn ;
When in the East she slumb'ring lyes,
And stretches out her milky Thighs,
While all the morning Quire does sing,
And *Manna* falls, and *Roses* spring ;
And, at thy Feet, the wooing Doves
Sit perfecting their harmless Loves.

IV.

Like an Enchantress here thou show'st,
Vexing thy restless Lover's Ghost ;
And, by a Light obscure, dost rave
Over his Entrails, in the Cave ;
Divining thence, with horrid Care,
How long thou shalt continue fair ;
And (when inform'd) them throw'st away,
To be the greedy Vultur's prey.

V.

V. ; but on yd, good woman's

But, against that, thou fitst a float
Like *Venus* in her pearly Boat.

The *Halcyons*, calming all that's nigh,
Betwixt the Air and Water fly.

Or, if some rowling Wave appears,
A Mass of Ambergris it bears.

Nor blows more Wind than what may well
Convoy the Perfume to the Smell.

VI.

These Pictures and a thousand more
Of Thee, my Gallery doth store;

In all the Forms thou canst invent I

Either to please me, or torment:

For thou alone to people me,

Art grown a numerous Colony;

And a Collection choicer far
Than or *White-hall's*, or *Mamma's* were.

VII.

But, of these Pictures and the rest
That at the Entrance likes me best:

Where the same Posture, and the Look

Remains, with which I first was took.

A tender Shepherdess, whose Hair

Hangs loosely playing in the Air,

Transplanting Flow'rs from the green Hill

To crown her Head, and Bosome fill.

The Fair Singer has bound my Eyes
 With Tears suspended on her Bow

I. *Of* she bends upwards, to restore
 To Heaven, whence it came, their

TO make a final conquest of all me,
 Love did compose so sweet an Enemy,

In whom both Beauties to my death agree,

Joyning themselves in fatal Harmony;

That while she with her Eyes my Heart does bind,

She with her Voice might captivate my Mind.

II.

.VI

I could have fled from One but singly fair;

My dis-intangled Soul it self might save,

Breaking the curled trammels of her hair,

But how should I avoid to be her Slave,

Whose subtile Art invisibly can wreath

My Fetters of the very Air I breath?

III.

It had been easie fighting in some plain,

Where Victory might hang in equal choice,

But all resistance against her is vain,

Who has th' advantage both of Eyes and Voice.

And all my Forces needs must be undone,

She having gained both the Wind and Sun.

Mourning

I.

.II

YOU, that decipher out the Fate

Of humane Off-springs from the Skies,

What mean these Infants which of late

Spring from the Starrs of *Chlora's* Eyes?

F

II.

II.

Her Eyes confus'd, and doubled ore,
 With Tears suspended ere they flow;
 Seem bending upwards, to restore
 To Heaven, whence it came, their Woe.

When, molding of the warty Spears,
 Slow drops untie themselves away,
 As if sic, with those precious Tears,
 Would strow the ground where Strephon lay.

IV.

Yet some affirm, pretending Art,
 Her Eyes have so her Bosome drown'd,
 Only to soften near her Heart,
 A place to fix another Wound.

And, while vain Pomp does her restrain
 Within her solitary Bowr,
 She courts her self in am'rous Rain;
 Her self both Danae and the Showr.

Nay others, bolder, hence esteem
 Joy now so much her Master grown,
 That whatsoever does but seem
 Like Grief, is from her Windows thrown.

VII.

Nor that she payes, while she survives,
 To her dead Love this Tribute due;
 But casts abroad these Donatives,
 At the installing of a new.

VIII.

VIII

How wide they dream! The Indian Slaves
 That sink for Pearl through Seas profound,
 Would find her Tears yet deeper Waves
 And not of one the bottom found.

IX

I yet my silent Judgment keep,
 Disputing not what they believe:
 But sure as oft as Women weep,
 It is to be suppos'd they grieve.

Daphnis and Chloe

I

Daphnis must from Chloe part:
 Now is come the dismal Hour
 That must all his Hopes devour,
 All his Labour, all his Art

II

Nature, her own Sexes foe,
 Long had taught her to be coy:
 But she neither knew t' enjoy,
 Nor yet let her Lover go.

III

But, with this sad News surpriz'd,
 Soon she let that Niceness fall;
 And would gladly yield to all,
 So it had his stay compiz'd.

IV

X

IV. IIIV

Nature so her self does use
To lay by her wonted State,
Lest the World should separate,
Sudden Parting closer glews.

V. XI

He, well read in all the wayes
By which men their Siege maintain,
Knew not that the Fort to gain
Better 'twas the Siege to raise.

VI.

But he came so full possesst
With the Grief of Parting thence,
That he had not so much Sence
As to see he might be blest.

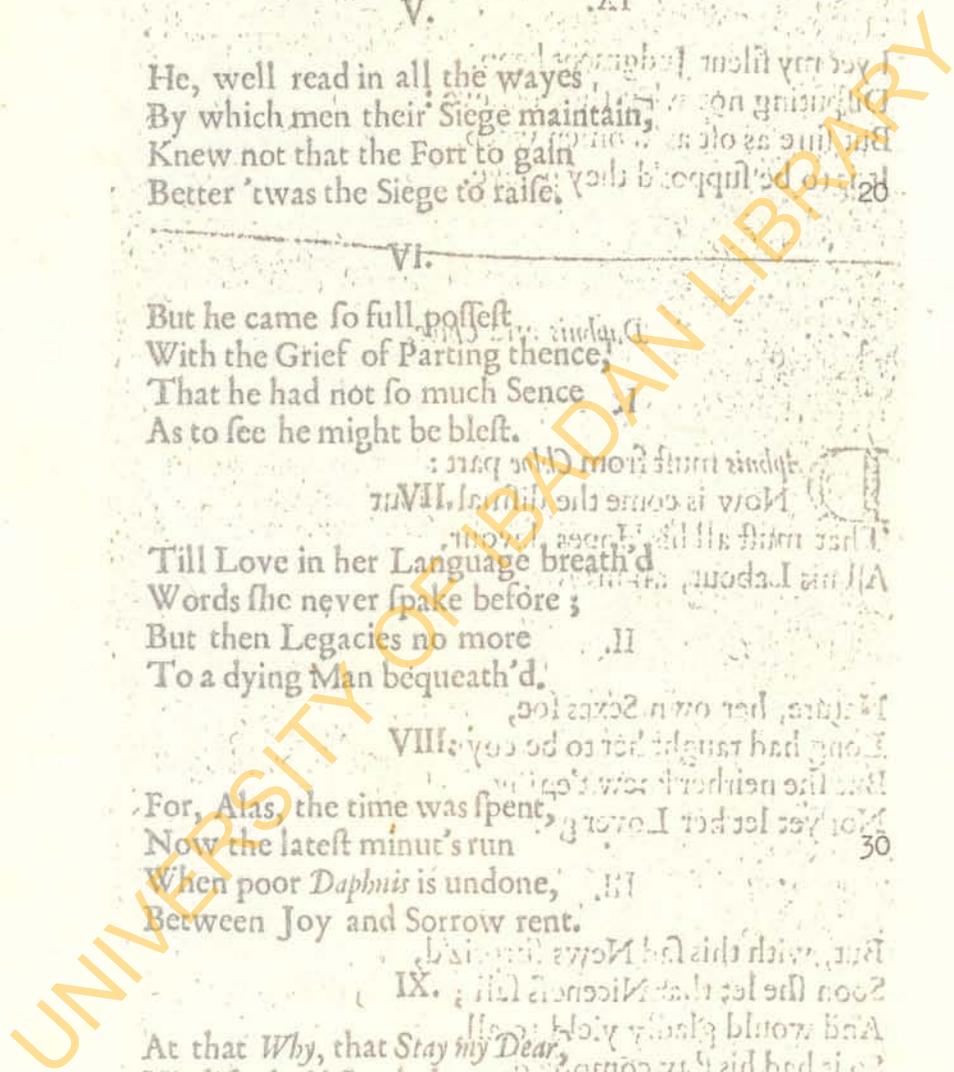
Till Love in her Language breath'd
Words she never spake before;
But then Legacies no more
To a dying Man bequeath'd.

VIII.

For, Alas, the time was spent,
Now the latest minut's run
When poor *Daphnis* is undone,
Between Joy and Sorrow rent.

IX.

At that *Why*, that *Stay my Dear*,
His disorder'd Locks he tare;
And with rouling Eyes did glare,
And his cruel Fate forswear.



X.

As the Soul of one scarce dead,
 With the shrieks of Friends aghast,
 Looks distracted back in hast,
 And then freight again is fled.

XI.

So did wretched *Daphnis* look,
 Frighting her he loved most.
 At the last, this Lovers Ghost
 Thus his Leave resolved took.

XII.

Are my Hell and Heaven Joyn'd
 More to torture him that dies?
 Could departure not suffice,
 But that you must then grow kind?

XIII.

Ah my *Chloe* how have I
 Such a wretched minute found,
 When thy Favours should me wound
 More than all thy Cruelty?

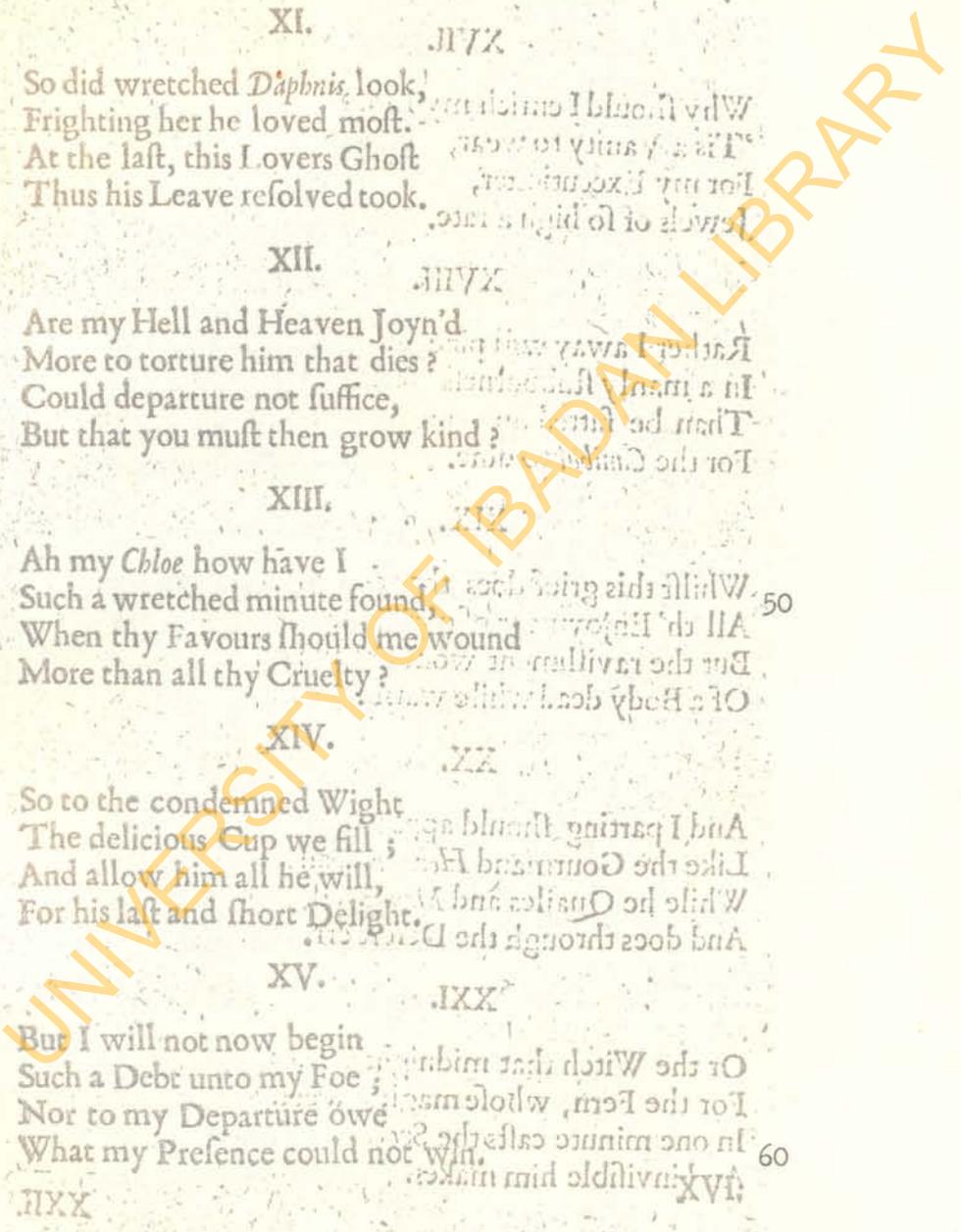
XIV.

So to the condemned Wight
 The delicious Cup we fill;
 And allow him all he will,
 For his last and short Delight.

XV.

But I will not now begin
 Such a Debt unto my Foe;
 Nor to my Departure owe
 What my Presence could not win.

XXX



XVI. X

Absence is too much alone:
Better 'tis to go in peace,
Than my Losses to increase
By a late Fruition.

XVII. IX

Why should I enrich my Fate?
'Tis a Vanity to wear,
For my Executioner,
Jewels of so high a rate.

XVIII. XII

Rather I away will pine
In a manly stubbornness
Than be fatted up express
For the *Canibal* to dine.

XIX. XIII

Whilst this grief does thee disarm,
All th' Enjoyment of our Love
But the ravishment would prove
Of a Body dead while warm.

XX. XVI

And I parting should appear
Like the Gourmand *Hebrew* dead,
While he Quails and *Mamia* fed,
And does through the Desert err.

with/
He/

XXI. XV

Or the Witch that midnight
For the Fern, whose magick
In one minute casts the Seed,
And invisible him makes.

But I will not now
Such a Debt make
Nor to my Departing
What my Presence could

XXII

XXII.

Gentler times for Love are ment :
 Who for parting pleasure strain
 Gather Roses in the rain,
 Wet themselves and spoil their Sent.

XXIII.

Farewel therefore all the fruit
 Which I could from Love receive :
 Joy will not with Sorrow weave,
 Nor will I this Grief pollute.

XXIV.

Fate I come, as dark, as sad,
 As thy Malice could desire ;
 Yet bring with me all the Fire
 That Love in his Torches had.

XXV.

At these words away he broke ;
 As who long has praying ly'n,
 To his Heads-man makes the Sign,
 And receives the parting stroke.

XXVI.

But hence Virgins all beware.
 Last night he with *Phlogis* slept ;
 This night for *Dorinda* kept ;
 And but rid to take the Air.

XXVII.

Yet he does himself excuse ;
 Nor indeed without a Cause.
 For, according to the Lawes,
 Why did *Chloe* once refuse ?

The Definition of Love; gain'd by
 The Definition of Love; gain'd by
 The Definition of Love; gain'd by

MY Love is of a birth as rare
 As 'tis for object strange and high:
 It was begotten by despair
 Upon Impossibility.

II.

Magnanimous Despair alone
 Could show me so divine a thing,
 Where feeble Hope could ne'r have flown
 But vainly flap its Tinsel Wing.

III.

And yet I quickly might arrive
 Where my extended Soul is fixt,
 But Fate does Iron wedges drive,
 And alwaies crouds it self betwixt.

IV.

For Fate with jealous Eye does see
 Two perfect Loves; nor lets them close:
 Their union would her ruine be,
 And her Tyrannick pow'r depose.

V.

And therefore her Decrees of Steel
 Us as the distant Poles have plac'd,
 (Though Loves whole World on us doth wheel)
 Not by themselves to be embrac'd.

VI.

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VI.

Unless the giddy Heaven fall,
 And Earth some new Convulsion tear;
 And, us to joyn, the World should all
 Be cramp'd into a *Planisphere*.

VII.

As Lines so Loves *oblique* may well
 Themselves in every Angle greet:
 But ours so truly *Paralel*,
 Though infinite can never meet.

VIII.

Therefore the Love which us doth bind,
 But Fate so enviously debarrs,
 Is the Conjunction of the Mind,
 And Opposition of the Stars.

30

The Picture of little T. C. in a Prospect of Flowers.

SEE with what simplicity
 This Nymph begins her golden daies!
 In the green Grass she loves to lie,
 And there with her fair Aspect tames
 The Wilder flow'rs, and gives them names;
 But only with the Roses playes;
 And them does tell
 What Colour best becomes them, and what Smell.

Who can foretel for what high cause
 This Darling of the Gods was born!
 Yet this is She whose chaster Laws
 The wanton Love shall one day fear,
 And, under her command severe,
 See his Bow broke and Ensigns torn.

Happy, who can
 Appease this virtuous Enemy of Man!

III.

O then let me in time compound,
 And parly with those conquering Eyes,
 Ere they have try'd their force to wound,
 Ere, with their glancing wheels, they drive
 In Triumph over Hearts that strive,
 And them that yield but more despise,
 Let me be laid,
 Where I may see thy Glories from some Shade?

Mean time, whilst every verdant thing
 It self does at thy Beauty charm,
 Reform the errors of the Spring;
 Make that the Tulips may have share
 Of sweetness, seeing they are fair;
 And Roses of their thorns disarm;
 But most procure
 That Violets may a longer Age endure.

But O young beauty of the Woods,
Whom Nature courts with fruits and flow'rs,
Gather the Flow'rs, but spare the Buds;
Lest *Flora* angry at thy crime,
To kill her Infants in their prime,
Do quickly make th' Example Yours;
And, ere we see,
Nip in the blossome all our hopes and Thee.

Tom May's Death.

A Sone put drunk into the Packet-boat,
Tom May was hurry'd hence and did not know't
But was amaz'd on the Elysian side,
And with an Eye uncertain, gazing wide,
Could not determinè in what place he was,
For whence in Stevens ally Trees or Grass,
Nor where the Popes head, nor the Mitre lay,
Signs by which still he found and lost his way.
At last while doubtfully he all compares,
He saw near hand, as he imagin'd *Ares*,
Such did he seem for corpulence and port,
But 'twas a man much of another sort;
'Twas *Ben* that in the dusky Laurel shade
Amongst the Chorus of old Poets laid,
Sounding of ancient Heroes, such as were
The Subjects Safety, and the Rebel's Fear;
But how a double headed Vulture Eats,
Brutus and *Cassius* the Peoples cheats.
But seeing *May* he varied streight his Song,
Gently to signifie that he was wrong,
Cups more then civil of *Emathian* wine,
I sing (said he) and the *Pharsalian* Sign,
Where the Historian of the Common-wealth
In his own Bowels sheath'd the conquering health.

G 2

By

By this *May* to himself and them was come,
 He found he was translated, and by whom. s/
 Yet then with foot as stumbling as his tongue,
 Prest for his place among the Learned throng.
 But *Ben*, who knew not neither foe nor friend,
 Sworn Enemy to all that do pretend, 30
 Rose more then ever he was seen severe,
 Shook his gray locks, and his own Bayes did tear
 At this intrusion. Then with Laurel wand,
 The awful Sign of his supream command, TN
 At whose dread Whisk *Virgil* himself does quake,
 And *Horace* patiently its stroke does take,
 As he crowds in he whipt him ore the pate
 Like *Pembroke* at the Masque, and then did rate.
 Far from these blessed Shades tread back agen
 Most servil' wit, and Mercenary Pen, 40
Polydore, *Lucan*, *Allan*, *Vaudale*, *Goth*,
 Malignant Poet and Historian both.
 Go seek the novice Statesmen, and obtrude
 On them some Romane call similitude,
 Tell them of Liberty, the Stories fine,
 Until you all grow Consuls in your wine,
 Or thou Dictator of the glass bestow
 On him the *Calo*, this the *Cicero*,
 Transferring old *Rome* hither in your talk,
 As *Bethlem's* House did to *Loretto* walk. 50
 Foul Architect that hadst not Eye to see
 How ill the measures of these States agree.
 And who by *Romes* example *England* lay,
 Those but to *Lucan* do continue *May*.
 But the nor Ignorance nor seeming good
 Mised, but malice fixt and understood.
 Because some one than thee more worthy weares
 The sacred Laurel, hence are all these teares?
 Must therefore all the World be set on flame,
 Because a Gazet writer mist his aim? 60
 And for a Tankard-bearing Muse must we
 As for the Basket *Guelphs* and *Gibellines* be?
When

26 translated,] Cooke34 command,] ed.55 thee] ed.

When the Sword glitters ore the Judges head,
 And fear has Coward Churchmen silenced,
 Then is the Poets time, 'tis then he drawes,
 And single fights forsaken Vertues cause.
 He, when the wheel of Empire, whirleth back;
 And though the World disjointed Axel crack,
 Sings still of ancient Rights and better Times,
 Seeks wretched good, arraigns successful Crimes: 70
 But thou base man first prostituted hast
 Our spotless knowledge and the studies chaste.
 Apostatizing from our Arts and us,
 To turn the Chronicler to *Spartacus*.
 Yet wast thou taken hence with equal fate,
 Before thou couldst great *Charles* his death relate.
 But what will deeper wound thy little mind,
 Hast left surviving *Davenant* still behind
 Who laughs to see in this thy death renew'd;
 Right Romane poverty and gratitude. 80
 Poor Poet thou, and grateful Senate they,
 Who thy last Reckoning did so largely pay.
 And with the publick gravity would come,
 When thou hadst drunk thy last to lead thee home:
 If that can be thy home where *Spencer* lyes
 And reverend *Chaucer*, but their dust does rise
 Against thee, and expels thee from their side,
 As th' Eagles Plumes from other birds divide.
 Nor here thy shade must dwell, Return, Return,
 Where Sulphrey *Phlegeton* does ever burn. 90
 The *Cerberus* with all his Jawes shall gnash;
Megara thee with all her Serpents lash.
 Thou rivited unto *Ixion's* wheel
 Shalt break, and the perpetual Vulture feel.
 'Tis just what Torments Poets ere did feign;
 Thou first Historically shouldst sustain.
 Thus by irrevocable Sentence cast,
 May only Master of these Revels past.
 And streight he vanisht in a Cloud of pitch,
 Such as unto the Sabboth bears the Witch. 100
 The

When the 2 words, and on the 1st word
A line is drawn

I then in the bottom, the 1st word be drawn
And the 2nd word be drawn
The Match
And when the word of Empire, which is back
And though the 1st word be drawn
The 2nd word be drawn

Nature had long a Treasure made
Of all her choicest store;
But then she grew decay'd,
Fearing, when She should be decay'd,
To beg in vain for more.

II

Her *Orienteſt* Colours there,
And Essences most pure;
With sweetest Perfumes hoarded were,
All as she thought secure,
Who laughs to see in this
Right Romaine Royalty and graine
Poor Poor thou, and great and so III day

III

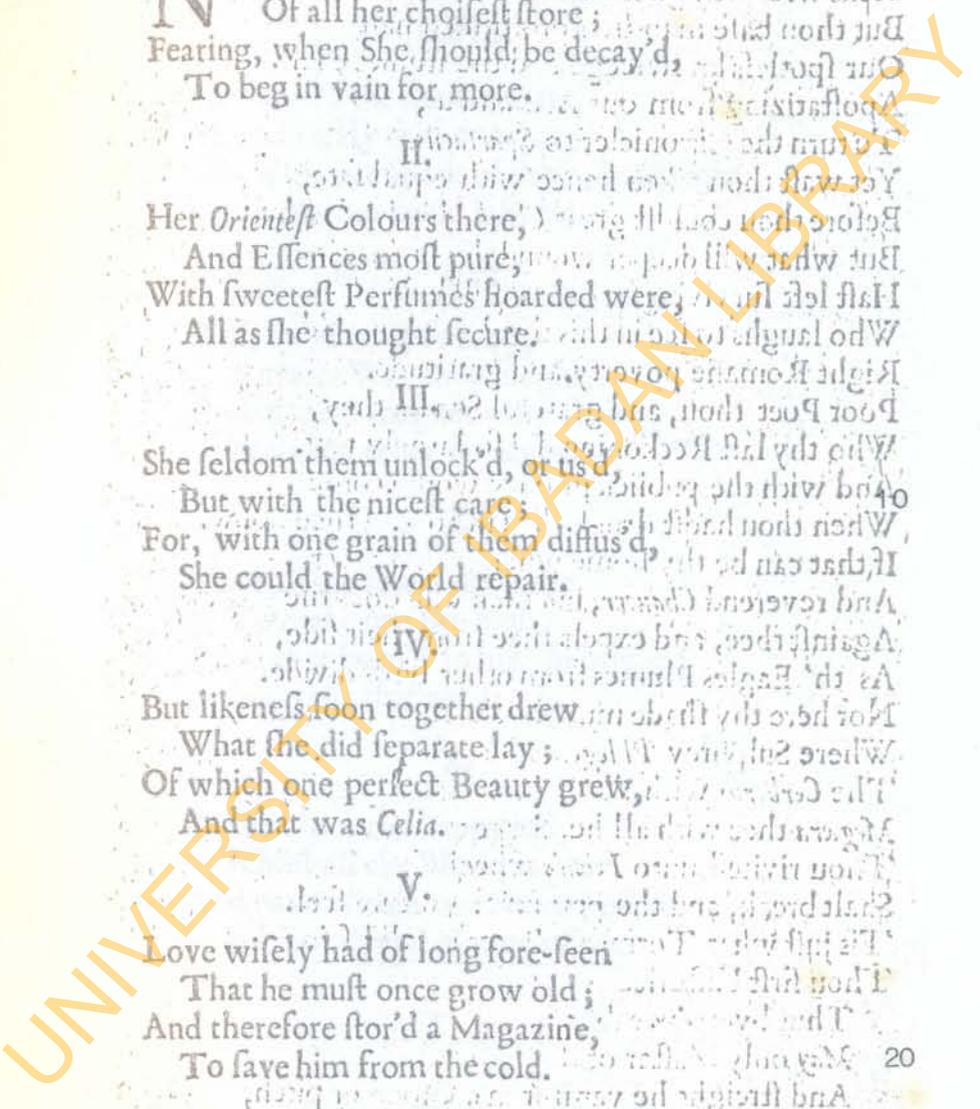
She seldom them unlock'd, or us'd
But with the nicest care;
For, with one grain of them diffus'd,
She could the World repair.

IV

But likeness soon together drew
What she did separate lay;
Of which one perfect Beauty grew,
And that was *Celia*.

V

Love wisely had of long fore-seen
That he must once grow old;
And therefore stor'd a Magazine,
To save him from the cold.



VI.

He kept the several Cells repleat
 With Nitre thrice refin'd ;
 The Naphta's and the Sulphurs heat,
 And all that burns the Mind.

VII.

He fortifi'd the double Gate,
 And rarely thither came ;
 For, with one Spark of these, he streight
 All Nature could inflame.

VIII.

Till, by vicinity so long,
 A nearer Way they sought ;
 And, grown magnetically strong,
 Into each other wrought.

IX.

Thus all his fewel did unite
 To make one fire high :
 None ever burn'd so hot, so bright :
 And *Celia* that am I.

X.

So we alone the happy rest,
 Whilst all the World is poor,
 And have within our Selves possess'd
 All Love's and Nature's store.

The Mower against Gardens.

Luxurious Man, to bring his Vice in use,
 Did after him the World seduce :
 And from the fields the Flow'rs and Plants allure,
 Where Nature was most plain and pure.
 He first enclos'd within the Gardens square
 A dead and standing pool of Air :
 And a more luscious Earth for them did knead,
 Which stupifi'd them while it fed.
 The Pink grew then as double as his Mind ;
 The nutriment did change the kind.
 With strange perfumes he did the Roses taint,
 And Flow'rs themselves were taught to paint ;
 The Tulip, white, did for complexion seek ;
 And learn'd to interline its cheek :
 Its Onion root they then so high did hold,
 That one was for a Meadow fold.
 Another World was search'd, through Oceans new,
 To find the *Marvel of Persia* ;
 And yet these Rarities might be allow'd,
 To Man, that sov'rain thing and proud ;
 Had he not dealt between the Bark and Tree,
 Forbidden mixtures there to see.
 No Plant now knew the Stock from which it came ;
 He grafts upon the Wild the Tame :
 That the uncertain and adult'rate fruit
 Might put the Palate in dispute.
 His green *Seraglio* has its Eunuchs too ;
 Lest any Tyrant him out-doe.
 And in the Cherry he does Nature vex,
 To procreate without a Sex.
 'Tis all enforc'd ; the Fountain and the Grot ;
 While the sweet Fields do lye forgot :

Where

Where willing Nature does to all dispence
 A wild and fragrant Innocence:
 And *Fawns* and *Fayres* do the Meadows till,
 More by their presence then their skill.
 Their Statues polish'd by some ancient hand,
 May to adorn the Gardens stand:
 But howso'ere the Figures do excel,
 The *Gods* themselves with us do dwell.

40

Damon the Mower.

Heark how the Mower *Damon* Sung,
 With love of *Juliana* stung!
 While ev'ry thing did seem to paint
 The Scene more fit for his complaint.
 Like her fair Eyes the day was fair;
 But scorching like his am'rous Care.
 Sharp like his Syche his Sorrow was,
 And wither'd like his Hopes the Grass.

II.

Oh what unusual Heats are here,
 Which thus our Sun-burn'd Meadows fear!
 The Grass-hopper its pipe gives ore;
 And hamstring'd Frogs can dance no more.
 But in the brook the green Frog wades;
 And Grass-hoppers seek out the shades.
 Only the Snake, that kept within,
 Now glitters in its second skin.

III.

This heat the Sun could never raise,
 Nor Dog-star so inflame's the dayes.

.IIV

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It from an higher Beauty grow'th,
 Which burns the Fields and Mower both,
 Which made the Dog, and makes the Sun
 Hotter then his own *Phaeton*:
 Not *July* causeth these Extremes,
 But *Juliana's* scorching beams.

Tell me where I may pass the Fires
 Of the hot day, or hot desires.
 To what cool Cave shall I descend,
 Or to what gelid Fountain bend?
 Alas! I look for Ease in vain,
 When Remedies themselves complain,
 No moisture but my Tears do rest,
 Nor Cold but in her Icy Breast.

V.

How long wilt Thou, fair Shepherdes,
 Esteem me, and my Presents less?
 To Thee the harmless Snake I bring,
 Disarmed of its teeth and sting.
 To Thee *Chameleons* changing-hue,
 And Oak leaves tipt with hony dew.
 Yet Thou ungrateful hast not sought
 Nor what they are, nor who them brought.

VI.

I am the Mower *Damon*, known
 Through all the Meadows I have mown.
 On me the Morn her dew distills
 Before her darling *Daffadils*.
 And, if at Noon my toil me heat,
 The Sun himself licks off my Sweat.
 While, going home, the Ev'ning sweet
 In cowslip-water bathes my feet.

VII.

What, though the piping Shepherd stock
 The plains with an unnum' red Flock,
 This Sithe of mine discovers wide
 More ground then all his Sheep do hide.
 With this the golden fleece I shear
 Of all these Closes ev'ry Year.
 And though in Wooll more poor then they,
 Yet am I richer far in Hay.

50

VIII.

Nor am I so deform'd to fight,
 If in my Sithe I looked right ;
 In which I see my Picture done,
 As in a crescent Moon the Sun.
 The deathless Fairyes take me oft
 To lead them in their Danes soft ;
 And, when I tune my self to sing,
 About me they contract their Ring.

60

IX.

How happy might I still have mow'd,
 Had not Love here his Thistles sow'd !
 But now I all the day complain,
 Joyning my Labour to my Pain ;
 And with my Sythe cut down the Grass,
 Yet still my Grief is where it was :
 But, when the Iron blunter grows,
 Sighing I whet my Sythe and Woes.

70

X.

While thus he threw his Elbow round,
 Depopulating all the Ground,
 And, with his whistling Sythe, does cut
 Each stroke between the Earth and Root,

The edged Stele by careless chance
 Did into his own Ankle glance ;
 And there among the Grass fell down,
 By his own Sythe, the Mower mown.

80

XI.

Alas! said He, these hurts are slight
 To those that dye by Loves despight.
 With Shepherds-purse, and Clowns-all-heal,
 The Blood I stanch, and Wound I seal,
 Only for him no Cure is found,
 Whom *Julianas* Eyes do wound.
 'Tis death alone that this must do :
 For Death thou art a Mower too.

The Mower to the Glo-Worms.

YE living Lamps, by whose dear light
 The Nightingale does fit so late,
 And studying all the Summer-night,
 Her matchless Songs does meditate ;

II.

Ye Country Comets, that portend
 No War, nor Princes funeral,
 Shining unto no higher end
 Then to presage the Grasses fall ;

III.

Ye Glo-worms, whose officious Flame
 To wandering Mowers shows the way,
 That in the Night have lost their aim,
 And after foolish Fires do stray ;

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IV;

IV.

VI

But what you in Compassion ought,
 Shall now by my Revenge be wrought: 20
 And Flow'rs, and Grasse, and I and all,
 Will in one common Ruine fall.
 For *Juliana* comes, and She
 What I do to the Grasse, does to my Thoughts and Me.

V.

And thus, ye Meadows, which have been
 Companions of my thoughts more green,
 Shall now the Heraldry become
 With which I shall adorn my Tomb;
 For *Juliana* comes, and She
 What I do to the Grasse, does to my Thoughts and Me. 30

Ametas and Thestylis making Hay-Ropes.

Think'st Thou that this Love can stand,
 Whilst Thou still dost say me nay?
 Love unpaid does soon disband:
 Love binds Love as Hay binds Hay.

Thestylis.

Think'st Thou that this Rope would twine
 If we both should turn one way?
 Where both parties so combine,
 Neither Love will twist nor Hay.

VI

III

III.

Ametas.

Thus you vain Excuses find,
Which your selfe and us delay:
And Love tyes a Womans Mind
Loofer then with Ropes of Hay.

10

IV.

Thestylis.

What you cannot constant hope
Must be taken as you may.

V.

Ametas.

Then let's both lay by our Rope,
And go kifs within the Hay.

Musicks Empire.

I.

First was the World as one great Cymbal made,
Where Jarring Windes to infant Nature plaid.
All Musick was a solitary sound,
To hollow Rocks and murm'ring Fountains bound.

II.

Jubal first made the wilder Notes agree;
And Jubal tun'd Musicks Jubilee:
He call'd the Echoes from their sullen Cell,
And built the Organs City where they dwell.

TN

III.

III.

Each sought a consort in that lovely place,
 And Virgin Trebles wed the manly Base.
 From whence the Progeny of numbers new
 Into harmonious Colonies withdrew.

IV.

Some to the Lute, some to the Viol went,
 And others chose the Cornet eloquent.
 These practising the Wind, and those the Wire,
 To sing Mens Triumphs, or in Heavens quire.

V.

Then Musick, the Mosaique of the Air,
 Did of all these a solemn noise prepare:
 With which She gain'd the Empire of the Ear,
 Including all between the Earth and Sphear.

VI.

Victorious sounds! yet here your Homage do
 Unto a gentler Conqueror then you;
 Who though He flies the Musick of his praise,
 Would with you Heavens Hallelujahs raise.

The Garden.

HOW vainly men themselves amaze
 To win the Palm, the Oke, or Bayes;
 And their uncessant Labours see
 Crown'd from some single Herb or Tree,
 Whose short and narrow verged Shade
 Does prudently their Toyles upbraid;

While

While all Flow'rs and all Trees do close
To weave the Garlands of repose.

II.

Fair quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence thy Sister dear!
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busie Companies of Men.
Your sacred Plants, if here below,
Only among the Plants will grow!
Society is all but rude;
To this delicious Solitude.

III.

No white nor red was ever seen
So am'rous as this lovely green.
Fond Lovers, cruel as their Flame,
Cut in these Trees their Mistres name. 20
Little, Alas, they know, or heed,
How far these Beauties Hers exceed!
Fair Trees! where s'eer you barks I wound,
No Name shall but your own be found.

IV.

When we have run our Passions heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The Gods, that mortal Beauty chafe,
Still in a Tree did end their race.
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that She might Laurel grow: 30
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a Nymph, but for a Reed.

V.

What wond'rous Life in this I lead!
Ripe Apples drop about my head;
The

The Luscious Clusters of the Vine
Upon my Mouth do crush their Wine;
The Nectaren, and curious Peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on Melons, as I pass,
Insnar'd with Flow'rs, I fall on Grass.

VI.

Mean while the Mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness;
The Mind, that Ocean where each kind
Does streight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other Worlds, and other Seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green Thought in a green Shade.

VII.

Here at the Fountains sliding foot,
Or at some Fruit-trees molly root,
Casting the Bodies Velt aside,
My Soul into the boughs does glide:
There like a Bird it sits, and sings,
Then whets, and combs its silver Wings;
And, till prepar'd for longer flight,
Waves in its Plumes the various Light.

VIII.

Such was that happy Garden-state,
While Man there walk'd without a Mate;
After a Place so pure, and sweet,
What other Help could yet be meet!
But 'twas beyond a Mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two Paradises 'twere in one
To live in Paradise alone.

IX.

How well the skilful Gardner drew
 Of flow'rs and herbes this Dial new;
 Where from above the milder Sun
 Does through a fragrant Zodiack run;
 And, as it works, th' industrious Bee
 Computes its time as well as we. 70
 How could such sweet and wholesome Hours
 Be reckon'd but with herbes and flow'rs!

Hortus.

Quisnam adeo, mortale genus, præcordia versat?
 Heu Palmæ, Laurique furor, vel simplicis Herba!
 Arbor ut indomitos ornet vix una labores,
 Tempora nec foliis præcingat tota malignis.
 Dum simul implexi, tranquille ad sexta Quietis,
 Omnigeni coeunt Flores, integraque Sylva.
 Ama Quies, teneo te! & te Germana Quietis
 Simplicitas! Vos ergo diu per Tempa, per urbes,
 Quæsi vi, Regum perque alta Palatia frustra.
 Sed vos **Hortorum** per opaca silentia longe **Hortorum/** 10
 Celarant Plantæ virides, & concolor Umbra.
 O! mihi se vestros liceat violasse recessus.
 Erranti, laso, & vitæ melioris anhelò,
 Municipem servate novum, votoque potitum,
 Frondose Cives optate in florea Regna.
 Mè quoque, vos Musæ, & te conscie testor Apollo,
 Non Armenta juvant hominum, Circique boatus
 Mugitusve Fori; sed me Penetralia veris,
 Horroresque trahunt muti, & Consortia sola.
 Virgineæ quem non suspendit Gratia formæ? 20
 Quam candore Nives vincunt, Ostrumque rubore. a/
 Vestra tamen viridis superet (me iudice) Virtus.
 Nec foliis certare Comæ, nec Brachia ramis,

Nec possint tremulos voces equare susurros.

Ab quoties saxos vidi (quis credat?) Amantes

Sculptentes Domina potiori in cortice nomen;

Nec puduit truncis inscribere vulnere sacris.

At Ego, si vestras inquam temeravero stirpes,

Nulla Neera, Chloe, Faustina, Corynna, legetur.

In proprio sed quæque libro signabitur Arbor.

O charæ Platanus, Cyparissus, Populus, Ulmus!

Hic Amor, exutis crepidatus inambulat alis;

Enerves arcus & stridula tela reponens,

Invertitque faces, nec se cupit usque timeri;

Aut exporrectus jacet, indormitque pharetræ;

Non auditurus quanquam Cytherea vocarit;

Nequitias referunt nec somnia vana priores.

Latantur Superi, deser vescente Tyranno,

Et licet experti toties Nymphasque Deasque,

Arborè nunc melius potiuntur quisque cupita.

Jupiter annosam, neglecta conjuge, Quercum

Deperit; haud alia doluit sic pellice Juno.

Lemniacum temerant vestigia nulla Cubile,

Nec Veneris Mavors meminit si Fraxinus adsit.

Formosæ pressit Daphnes vestigia Phæbus

Ut fieret Laurus; sed nil quæsierat ultra.

Capripes & peteret quod Pan Syringa fugacem,

Hoc erat ut Calamum posset reperire Sonorum.

Desunt multa

Nec tu, Opifex horti, grato sine carmine abibis:

Qui brevibus plantis, & leto flore, notasti

Crescentes horas, atque intervalla diei.

Sol ibi candidior fragrantia Signa pererrat;

Proque truci Tauro, stricto pro forcipe Cancri,

Securis violæque rosæque allabitur umbris.

Sedula quæ & Apis, mellito intenta labori,

Horologo sua pensa thymo Signare videtur.

Temporis O suaves lapsus! O Otia sana!

O Herbis dignæ numerari & Floribus Hora!

To a Gentleman that only upon the sight of the Author's writing, had given a Character of his Person and Judgment of his Fortune.

Illustrissimo Vtro i/

Domino Lanceloto Josepho de Maniban

Grammatomantis.

Quis posthac chartæ committat sensa loquaci,
 Si sua crediderit Fata subesse stylo?
 Conscia si prodat Scribentis Litera sortem,
 Quicquid & in vita plus latuisse velit?
 Flexibus in calami tamen omnia sponte leguntur:
 Quod non significant Verba; Figura notat.
 Bellerophontæas signat sibi quisque Tabellas;
 Ignaræque Manuum Spiritus intus agit.
 Nil præter solitum sapiebat Epistola nostra,
 Exemplumque meæ Simplicitatis erat.
 Fabula jucundos qualis delectat Amicos;
 Urbe, lepore, novis, carmine tota scatens.
 Hic tamen interpres quo non securior alter,
 (Non res, non voces, non ego notus ei)
 Rimatur fibras notularum cautus Aruspex,
 Scripturæque inhians consulit exta meæ.
 Inde statim vitæ casus, animique recessus
 Explicat; (haud Genio plura liquere putem.)
 Distribuit totum nostris eventibus orbem,
 Et quo me rapiat cærdine Sphæra docet.
 Quæ Sol oppositus, quæ Mars adversa minietur,
 Jupiter aut ubi me, Luna, Venusque juvent.
 Ut trucidis intentet mihi vulnere Cauda Draconis;
 Vipereo levet ut vulnere more Caput.
 Hinc mihi præteriti rationes atque futuri
 Elicit; Astrologus certior Astronomo.

Ut conjecturas nequeam discernere vero,
 Historiæ superet sed Genitura fidem.
 Usque adeo cæli respondet pagina nostræ,
 Astrorum & nexus syllaba scripta refert. 30
 Scilicet & toti subsunt Oracula mundo,
 Diuimodo tot foliis uita Sibylla foret.
 Partum, Fortunæ mater Natura, propinquum
 Mille modis monstrat mille per indicia:
 Ingentemque Uterum quæ mole Puerpera solvat
 Vivit at in præsens maxima pars hominum.
 Ast Tu sorte tuâ gaude Celeberrime Vatum;
 Scribe, sed haud superest qui tua fata legat.
 Nostra tamen si fas præfagia iungere vestris,
 Quo magis inspecti sidera spernis humum. 40
 Et, nisi stellarum fueris divina propago,
 Naupliada credam te Palamede satum.
 Qui dedit ex avium scriptoria signa volatu,
 Sydereaque idem nobilis arte fuit.
 Hinc utriusque tibi cognata scientia crevit,
 Nec minus augurium Litera quam dat Avis.

Fleckno, an English Priest at Rome.

Oblig'd by frequent visits of this man,
 Whom as Priest, Poet, and Musician,
 I for some branch of Melchizedeck took,
 (Though he derives himself from my Lord Brooke)
 I sought his Lodging; which is at the Sign
 Of the sad Pelican; Subject divine
 For Poetry: There three Stair-Cases high,
 Which signifies his triple property,
 I found at last a Chamber, as 'twas said,
 But seem'd a Coffin set on the Stairs head. 10
 Not higher then Sev'n, nor larger then three feet;
 Only there was nor Seeling, nor a Sheet,

Save that th' ingenious Door did as you come
 Turn in, and shew to Wainscot half the Room.
 Yet of his State no man could have complain'd ;
 There being no Bed where he entertain'd :
 And though within one Cell so narrow pent,
 He'd *Stanza's* for a whole Appartement.
 Straight without further information,
 In hideous verse, he, and a dismal tone,
 Begins to exercise ; as if I were
 Possess'd ; and sure the *Devil* brought me there.
 But I, who now imagin'd my self brought
 To my last Tryal, in a serious thought
 Calm'd the disorders of my youthful Breast
 And to my Martyrdom prepared Rest.
 Only this frail Ambition did remain,
 The last distemper of the sober Brain,
 That there had been some present to assure
 The future Ages how I did endure :
 And how I, silent, turn'd my burning Ear
 Towards the Verse ; and when that could not hear,
 Held him the other ; and unchanged yet,
 Ask'd still for more, and pray'd him to repeat :
 Till the Tyrant, weary to persecute,
 Left off, and try'd to allure me with his Lute.
 Now as two Instruments, to the same key
 Being tun'd by Art, if the one touched be
 The other opposite as soon replies,
 Mov'd by the Air and hidden Sympathies ;
 So while he with his gouty Fingers crawles
 Over the Lute, his murmuring Belly calls,
 Whose hungry Guts to the same streightness twin'd
 In Echo to the trembling Strings repin'd.
 I, that perceiv'd now what his Musick ment,
 Ask'd civilly if he had eat this Lent.
 He answered yes ; with such, and such an one.
 For he has this of gen'rous, that alone
 He never feeds ; save only when he tries
 With grizzly Tongue to dart the passing Flies.

I ask'd if he eat flesh. And he, that was
 So hungry that though ready to say *Mass*
 Would break his fast before, said he was Sick,
 And th' *Ordinance* was only Politick.
 Nor was I longer to invite him : Scant
 Happy at once to make him Protestant,
 And Silent. Nothing now Dinner stay'd
 But till he had himself a Body made.
 I mean till he were dress'd : for else so thin
 He stands, as if he only fed had been
 With consecrated Wafers : and the *Host*
 Hath sure more flesh and blood then he can boast.
 This *Basso Relievo* of a Man,
 Who as a Camel tall, yet easily can
 The Needles Eye thread without any stich,
 (His only impossible is to be rich)
 Lest his too sittle Body, growing rare,
 Should leave his Soul to wander in the Air,
 He therefore circumscribes himself in rimes ;
 And swaddled in's own papers seven times,
 Wears a close Jacket of poctick Buff,
 With which he doth his third Dimension Stuff.
 Thus armed underneath, he over all
 Does make a primitive *Sotana* fall ;
 And above that yet casts an antick Cloak,
 Worn at the first Counsel of *Antioch* ;
 Which by the *Jews* long hid, and Disesteem'd,
 He heard of by Tradition, and redeem'd.
 But were he not in this black habit deck't,
 This half transparent Man would soon reflect
 Each colour that he pass'd by ; and be seen,
 As the *Chamelion*, yellow, blew, or green.
 He dress'd, and ready to disfurnish now
 His Chamber, whose compactness did allow
 No empty place for complementing doubt,
 But who came last is forc'd first to go out ;
 I meet one on the Stairs who made me stand,
 Stopping the passage, and did him demand :

I answer'd he is here *Sir* ; but you see
 You cannot pass to him but thorow me. 90
 He thought himself affronted ; and reply'd,
 I whom the Pallace never has deny'd
 Will make the way here ; I said *Sir* you'l do
 Me a great favour, for I seek to go.
 He gathering fury still made sign to draw ;
 But himself there clos'd in a Scabbard saw
 As narrow as his Sword's ; and I, that was
 Delightful, said there can no Body pass
 Except by penetration hither, where
 Two make a crowd, nor can three Persons here 100
 Consist but in one substance. Then, to fit
 Our peace, the Priest said I too had some wit
 To prov't, I said, the place doth us invite
~~But~~ its own narrowness, *Sir*, to unite. By/
 He ask'd me pardon ; and to make me way
 Went down, as I him follow'd to obey.
 But the propitiatory Priest had straight
 Oblig'd us, when below, to celebrate
 Together our attonement : so increas'd
 Betwixt us two the Dinner to a Feast. 110

Let it suffice that we could eat in peace ;
 And that both Poems did and Quarrels cease
 During the Table ; though my new made Friend
 Did, as he threatned, ere, twere long intend
 To be both witty and valiant : I loth,
 Said 'twas too late, he was already both.

But now, Alas, my first Tormentor came,
 Who satisfy'd with eating, but not tame
 Turns to recite ; though Judges most severe
 After th'Assizes dinner mild appear, 120
 And on full stomach do condemn but few :
 Yet he more strict my sentence doth renew ;
 And draws out of the black box of his Breast
 Ten quire of paper in which he was drest.
 Yet that which was a greater cruelty
 Then *Nero's* Poem he calls charity :

K

And

And so the *Pelican* at his door hung
 Picks out the tender bosome to its young.
 Of all his Poems there he stands ungirt
 Save only two foul copies for his shirt :
 Yet these he promises as soon as clean.
 But how I loath'd to see my Neighbour glean
 Those papers, which he pill'd from within
 Like white fleaks rising from a Leaper's skin !
 More odious then those raggs which the *French* youth
 At ordinaries after dinner show'th,
 When they compare their *Chancres* and *Poulains*
 Yet he first kist them, and after takes pains
 To read ; and then, because he understood (good
 Not one Word, thought and swore that they were 140
 But all his praises could not now appeale
 The provok't Author, whom it did displease
 To hear his Verses, by so just a curse,
 That were ill made condemn'd to be read worse :
 And how (impossible) he made yet more
 Absurdities in them then were before.
 For he his untun'd voice did fall or raise
 As a deaf Man upon a Viol playes,
 Making the half points and the periods run
 Confus'der then the atomes in the Sun. 150
 Thereat the Poet swell'd, with anger full,
 And roar'd out, like *Perillus* in's own Bull,
 Sir you read false. That any one but you
 Should know the contrary. Whereat, I, now
 Made Mediator, in my room, said, Why ?
 To say that you read false Sir is no Lye.
 Thereat the waxen Youth relented straight ;
 But saw with sad dispair that was too late. 160
 For the disdainful Poet was retir'd
 Home, his most furious Satyr to have fir'd
 Against the Rebel ; who, at this struck dead,
 Wept bitterly as distaherited.
 Who should commend his Mistress now ? Or who
 Praise him ? both difficult indeed to do
 With

With truth. I counsell'd him to go in time,
 Ere the fierce Poets anger turn'd to rime.
 He hasted, and I, finding my self free,
 As one scap't strangely from Captivity,
 Have made the Chance be painted; and go now
 To hang it in Saint Peter's for a Vow.

470

Dignissimo suo Amico Doctori Wittie.

De Translatione Vulgi Errorum D. Primrosii.

NEmpe sic innumero succrescunt agmine libri,

Sepia vix toto ut jam natet una mari.

Fortius assidui surgunt a vulnere praeli:

Quoque magis pressa est, auctior Hydra redit.

Hæc quibus Anticyris, quibus est sanabilis herbis

Improba scribendi pestis, avarus amor!

India sola tenet tanti medicamina morbi,

Dicitur & nostris ingemuisse malis.

Utile Tabacci dedit illa miserta venenum,

Acci veratro quod meliora potest.

Jamque vides olidas libris sumare popinas:

Naribus O doctis quam pretiosus odor!

Hæc ego precipua credo herbam dote placere,

Hinc tuus has nebulas Doctor in astra vehit.

Ab mea quid tandem facies timidissima charta?

Exequias Siciten jam parat usque tuas.

Hunc subeas librum Sancti ceu limen asyli,

Quem neque delebit flamma, nec ira Jovis.

10

To his worthy Friend Doctor Wittie upon his

Translation of the Popular Errors.

SIT further, and make room for thine own fame;
 Where just desert enrolles thy honour'd Name

K 2

The

The good Interpreter. Some in this task
 Take of the Cypress vail, but leave a mask,
 Changing the Latine, but do more obscure
 That fence in *English* which was bright and pure.
 So of Translators they are Authors grown,
 For ill Translators make the Book their own.
 Others do strive with words and forced phrase
 To add such lustre, and so many rayes, 10
 That but to make the Vessel shining, they
 Much of the precious Metal rub away.
 He is Translations thief that addeth more,
 As much as he that taketh from the Store
 Of the first Author. Here he maketh blots
 That mends; and added beauties are but spots.

Celia whose English doth more richly flow
 Then *Tagus*, purer then dissolved snow
 And sweet as are her lips that speak it, she
 Now learns the tongues of *France* and *Italy*; 20
 But she is *Celia* still: no other grace
 But her own smiles commend that lovely face;
 Her native beauty's not Italianated,
 Nor her chaste mind into the *French* translated:
 Her thoughts are *English*, though her sparkling wit
 With other Language doth them fitly fit.

Translators learn of her: but stay I slide
 Down into Error with the Vulgar tide;
 Women must not teach here: the Doctor doth
 Stint them to Cawdles, Almond-milk, and Broth. 30
 Now I reform, and surely so will all
 Whose happy Eyes on thy Translation fall,
 I see the people hastning to thy Book,
 Liking themselves the worse the more they look;
 And so disliking, that they nothing see
 Now worth the liking, but thy Book and thee;
 And (if I Judgment have) I censure right;
 For something guides my hand that I must write.
 You have Translations statutes best fulfil'd.
 That handling neither sully nor would guild! 40

On Mr. Milton's *Paradise lost*.

TN

WHEN I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,
 In slender Book his vast Design unfold,
Messiah Crown'd, *Gods* Reconcil'd Decree,
 Rebelling *Angels*, the Forbidden Tree,
 Heav'n, Hell, Earth, Chaos, All; the Argument
 Held me a while misdoubting his Intent,
 That he would ruine (for I saw him strong)
 The sacred Truths to Fable and old Song,
 (So *Sampson* groap'd the Temples Posts in Spight)
 The World o' rewhelming to revenge his Sight. 10

Yet as I read, soon growing less severe,
 I lik'd his Project, the success did fear;
 Through that wide Field how he his way should find
 O're which lame Faith leads Understanding blind;
 Lest he perplex the things he would explain,
 And what was easie he should render vain.

Or if a Work so infinite he spann'd,
 Jealous I was that some less skilful hand
 (Such as disquiet alwayes what is well,
 And by ill imitating would excell) 20
 Might hence presume the whole Creations day
 To change in Scenes, and show it in a Play.

Pardon me, *mighty Poet*, nor despise
 My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.
 But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare
 Within thy Labours to pretend a Share.
 Thou hast not mis'd one thought that could be fit,
 And all that was improper dost omit:
 So that no room is here for Writers left,
 But to detect their Ignorance or Theft. 30

That Majesty which through thy Work doth Reign
 Draws the Devout, deterring the Profane.

And

On... lost] On *Paradise Lost* 1674, MS 8 Song,] Song 1674: Song. MS
 10 Sight.] sight 1674: world... sight. MS 19 alwayes] always 1674: alwayes MS
 23 mighty Poet,] *Mighty Poet* 1674: *mighty Poet*, MS 24 causelesse MS 30 Theft]
 theft MS 31 Work] work MS

And things divine thou treats of in such state - ¹t
 As them preserves, and Thee inviolate.
 At once delight and horrour on us seize,
 Thou singst with so much gravity and ease;
 And above humane flight dost soar aloft,
 With Plume so strong, so equal, and so soft:
 The *Bird* nam'd from that *Paradise*, you sing
 So never Flays, but alwaies keeps on Wing.

Where couldst thou Words of such a compass find,
 Whence furnish such a vast expense of Mind?
 Just Heav'n Thee, like *Tiresias*, to requite,
 Rewards with *Prophesie* thy loss of Sight.

Well might thou scorn thy Readers to allure
 With rinkling Rhime, of thy own Sense secure;
 While the *Town-Bays* writes all the while and spells,
 And like a Pack-Horse tires without his Bells,
 Their Fancies like our bushy Points appear,
 The Poets tag them; we for fashion wear,
 I too transported by the *Mode* offend,
 And while I meant to Praise thee, must Commend.
 Thy verse created like thy *Theme*, sublime,
 In Number, Weight, and Measure, needs not Rhime.

Inscribenda Lupara.

Confurgit Lupara Dum non imitabile culmen,
 Escuriale ingens uritur invidia.

Aliter.

Regibus hec posuit Ludovicus Tempa futuris;
 Grator ast ipsi Castra fuere Domus.

Aliter.

Hanc sibi Sydeream Ludovicus condidit Aulam;
 Nec se propterea credidit esse Deum.

Aliter.

33 treatst] 1674, MS 34 Thee] thee, 1674, MS 35 seize] seise 1674, MS 39 Bird...
 Paradise] Bird... Paradise 1674, MS 40 Flays... alwaies] flaggs... always 1674
 :flaggs... alwayes MS 42 expense] expence 1674, MS 43 Thee,... *Tiresias*,...
 requite,] thee... *Tiresias*... requite 1674, MS 44 *Prophesie*... *Sight*.] *Prophesie*
Prophesie... sight 1674: *Prophesie*... sight. MS 45 mightst 1674: migh't MS
 46 Sense] sense 1674, MS 47 *Town-Bays*] *Town-Bayes* 1674, MS 48 Bells: 1674, MS
 49 Fancies... bushy Points] *Fancies*... *Bushy-Points* 1674: *fancyes*... *Bushy-Points*
 MS 50 them;] them, 1674, MS 51 mode] *Mode* 1674, MS 52 Praise thee,] Praise
 thee 1674: prayse thee, MS 53 *Theme*] *Theme* 1674: *Theame* MS 54 *Rhime*] *Rhime* 1674,

Aliter.

*Atria mixaris, summotumque Aethera secto;
Nec tamen in toto est arctior Orbe Casa.*

Aliter.

*Instituyente domum Ludovico, prodiit Orbis;
Sic tamen angustos incolit ille Lares.* 10

Aliter.

*Sunt geminae Jani Portæ, sunt Tecta Tonantis;
Nec deerit Numen dum Ludovicus adest.*

Upon an Eunuch; a Poet.

Fragment.

NEC sterilem te crede, licet, mulieribus exul,
Falcem virginia nequeas immittere messi,
Et nostro peccare modo. Tibi Fama perenne
Pregnabit; rapiesque novem de monte Sorores;
Et pariet modulos Echo repetita Nepotes.

In the French translation of Lucan, by Monsieur
De Brebeuf are these Verses.

Cest de luy que nous vient cet Art ingenieux
De peindre la Parole, et de parler aux Yeux; # x/
Et, par les traits divers de figures tracees, # / s
Donner de la couleur et du corps aux pensees.

Translated

4 monte] Cooke2 de parler aux] Brebeuf 3 par les... des tracées] Brebeuf4 pensées] Brebeuf

Translated.

*Facundis dedit ille notis, interprete pluma
Insinuare sonos oculis, & pingere voces,
Et mentem chartis, oculis impertit aures.*

Senec. Traged. ex Thyeste Chor. 2.

*Stet quicumque volet potens
Aulæ culmine lubrico &c.*

Translated.

Climb at Court for me that will
Tottering favors Pinnacle;
All I seek is to lye still,
Settled in some secret Nest
In calm Leisure let me rest;
And far of the publick Stage
Pass away my silent Age
Thus when without noise, unknown,
I have liv'd out all my span,
I shall dye, without a groan,
An old honest Country man.
Who expos'd to others Ey's,
Into his own Heart ne'r pry's,
Death to him's a Strange surprize

Jane

Janæ Oxenbrigie Epitaphium.

OMIT

Juxta hoc Marmor, breve Mortalitatæ speculum, Exuvie
 jacent Janæ Oxenbrigie. Quæ nobili, si id dixisse
 attinet, paterno Butleriorum, materno Claveringiorum
 genere orta, Johanni Oxenbrigio Collegii hujus socio nup-
 sit. Prosperorum deinceps et adversorum ei Consors fidelis-
 sima. Quæ, Religionis causa oberrantem, Usque ad incer-
 tam Bermudæ Insulam secuta: Nec Mare vastum, nec
 tempestates horridas exhorruit: sed, delicato Corpore, quos non
 Labores exantlavit: quæ non, obivit Itinera? Tantum Ma-
 riti potuit Amor, sed magis Dei. Tandem cum, (redeunte
 conscientiarum libertate) in patriam rediit, magnam partem
 Angliæ cum Marito pervagata: per qui letus, utdequaque de
 nova disseminabat Evangelium. Ipsa maximum ministerii
 sui decus, & antiqua modestia eandem animarum capturam
 domi, quam ille foris exercens, hic tandem divino nutu cum il-
 lo confedit: Ubi pietatis erga Deum, conjugalis & materni
 affectus, erga proximos charitatis, omnium denique Virtutum
 Christianarum Exemplum agebat inimitabile. Donec quin-
 que annorum hydropè laborans, per lenta incrementa ultra hu-
 mani corporis modum intumuit. Anima interim spei plena, fi-
 dei ingens, Stagnanti humorum diluvio tranquille vehebatur. Et
 tandem, post 37. peregrinationis annos, 23 Apr. Anno 1658.
 Evolavit ad Cælos, tanquam Columba ex Arca Corporis: Cu-
 jus semper dulci, semper amarae memoriæ, Mærens Maritus
 posuit. Plentibus juxta quatuor liberis, Daniele, Bathshua,
 Elizabetha, Maria.

L. Johannis

Johannis Trotii Epitaphium.

TN

~~Charissimo Filio &c.~~ Charissimo Filio, Johanni Trottio
~~Pater & Mater &c.~~ Johannes Trottius Baronett
 funebrem tabulam curavimus. E Laverstoke In Agro Hantoniensi
 Pater Et Elizabetha Mater

A Ge Marmor, & pro solita tua humanitate,
 (Ne inter Parentum Dolorem & Modestiam
 Supprimantur præclari Juvenis merita laudes)
 Effare Johannis Trotii breve Elogium.
 Erat ille totus Candidus, Politus, Solidus, 10
 Ultra vel Parii Marmoris metaphoram,
 Et Gemma Sculpi dignus, non Lapide:
 E Schola Wintoniensi ad Academiam Oxonii,
 Inde ad Interioris Templi Hospitium gradum fecerat:
 Summæ Spei, Summæ Indolis, ubique vestigia reliquit:
 Supra Sexum Venustus,
 Supra Ætatem Doctus,
 Ingeniosus supra Fidem.
 Et jam vice simum tertium annum inierat,
 Pulcherrimo undequaque vitæ prospectu, 20
 Quem Mors immatura obstruxit.
 Ferales Pusillæ Corpus tam affabre factum
 Ludibrio habuere, & vivo incrustarunt sepulchro.
 Anima evasit Libera, Æterna, Felix,
 Et morti insultans
 Mortalem Sortem cum Fœnore accipiet.
 Nos interim, meri vespillones,
 Parentes Filii extra ordinem Parentantes,
 Subtus in gentilitiæ crypta reliquias composuimus, a/
 Ipsi eandem ad Dei nutum subituri.
 Natus est &c. Mortuus &c. ~~1711~~ XXVII^o Sept^{is} 30 obiit XXVI^o
 Primo Resurrectionis. Reviviscet Junni MDCLXIII An^o MDCXLII /

1-4 as in Margoliouth 12 Scalpi] Margoliouth 28 Filio] Cooke
 29 gentilitia] Margoliouth 31-32 as in Margoliouth 10

mourning, who fell back from his seat and broke his neck. But neither does that precedent hold. For though he had been Chancellor, and in effect King of *Israel*, for so many years; and such men value as themselves so their losses at an higher rate then others; yet when he heard that *Israel* was overcome, that his two Sons *Hophni* and *Phineas* were slain in one day, and saw himself so without hope of Issue, and which imbittered it further without succession to the Government, yet he fell not till the News that the Ark of God was taken. I pray God that we may never have the same parallel perfected in our publick concernments. Then we shall need all the strength of Grace and Nature to support us. But upon a private loss, and sweetned with so many circumstances as yours, to be impatient, to be uncomfutable, would be to dispute with God and beg the question. Though in respect of an only gourd an only Son be inestimable, yet in comparison to God man bears a thousand times less proportion; so that it is like *Jonah's* sin to be angry at God for the withering of his Shadow. *Zipporah*, though the delay had almost cost her husband his life, yet when he did but circumcise her Son, in a womanish peevishness reproacht *Moses* as a bloody husband. But if God take the Son himself, but spare the Father, shall we say that he is a bloody God. He that gave his own Son, may he not take ours? 'Tis pride that makes a Rebel. And nothing but the over-weening of our selves and our own things that raises us against divine Providence. Whereas *Abraham's* obedience was better then Sacrifice. And if God please to accept both, it is indeed a farther Tryal, but a greater honour. I could say over upon this beaten occasion most of those lessons of morality and religion that have been so often repeated and are as soon forgotten. We abound with precept, but we want examples. You, Sir, that have all these things in your memory, and the clearness of whose Judgment is not to be obscured by any greater interposition,

interposition, it remains that you be exemplary to others in your own practice. 'Tis true, it is an hard task to learn and teach at the same time. And, where your self are the experiment, it is as if a man should dissect his own body and read the Anatomy Lecture. But I will not heighten the difficulty while I advise the attempt. Only, as in difficult things, you will do well to make use of all that may strengthen and assist you. The word of God: The society of good men: and the books of the Ancients. There is one way more, which is by diversion, business, and activity; which are also necessary to be used in their season. But I myself, who live to so little purpose, can have little authority or ability to advise you in it, who are a Person that are and may be much more so generally useful. All that I have been able to do since, hath been to write this sorry Elogie of your Son, which if it be as good as I could wish, it is as yet no undecent employment. However I know you will take any thing kindly from your very affectionate friend and most humble Servant.

Edmundi Trotii Epitaphium.

TN

Dilect/

Charissimo Filio

Edmundo Trotio

Posuimus Pater & Mater *Idem Iohannes Pater Et Elizabetha/*
Frustra superstites.

Legite Parentes, vanissimus hominum ordo,
Figuli Filiorum, Substructores Hominum,
Factores Opum, Longi Speratores,
Et nostro, si fas, sapite infortunio.

N/

Fuit Edmundus Trottius.

Et quatuor mascule stirpis residuus,
Statura iusta, Forma virili, specie eximie

10

Medio

Medio juventutis Robore simul & Flore,
Aspectu, Incessu, sermone juxta amabilis,
Et siquid ultra Cineri pretium addit.

Honestâ Disciplina domi imbutus,

Peregre profectus

Generosis Artibus Animum

Et exercitiis Corpus firmaverat.

Circeam Insulam, Scopulos Sirenum

Præternavigavit,

Et in hoc naufragio morum & sæculi

Solus perdidit nihil, auxit plurimum.

Hinc erga Deum pietate,

Erga nos Amore & Obsequio,

Comitate erga Omnes, & intra se Modestia

Insignis, & quantævis fortune capax:

Delitiæ Aequalium, Senum Plausus,

Oculi Parentum, (nunc, ah, Lachrymæ)

In eo tandem peccavit quod mortalis.

Et fatali Pusularum morbo aspersus,

Faetus est.

(Ut veræ Laudis Invidiam fisco Convitio levemus)

Proditor Amicorum, Parricida Parentum,

Familie Spongia:

Et Nature invertens ordinem

Notri suique Contemptor,

Mundi Desertor, defecit ad Deum.

Undecimo Augusti | Æra Christiane 1667. 7

Talis quum fuerit Cælo non invidemus. Coelo

Christianæ / sua XXI

An Epitaph upon ——— OMIT

HERE under rests the body of _____, who in his life-time reflected all the lustre he derived from his Family, and recompens'd the Honour of his Descent by his Virtue. For being of an excellent Nature, he cultivated it nevertheless by all the best means of _____ of _____

of improvement: nor left any spot empty for the growth of Pride, or Vanity: So that, although he was polished to the utmost perfection, he appeared only as a Mirrour for others, not himself to look in. Cheerful without Gall, Sober without Formality, Prudent without Stratagem; and Religious without Affectation. He neither neglected, nor yet pretended to Business: but as he loved not to make work, so not to leave it imperfect. He understood, but was not enamour'd of Pleasure. He never came before in Injury, nor behind in Courtesie: nor found sweetness in any Revenge but that of Gratitude. He so studiously discharged the obligations of a Subject, a Son, a Friend, and an Husband, as if those relations could have consisted only on his part. Having thus walked upright, and easily through this World, nor contributed by any excess to his Mortality; yet Death took him: where-in therefore, as his last Duty, he signaliz'd the more his former Life with all the Decency and Recumbence of a departing Christian.

An Epitaph upon ———

Enough: and leave the rest to Fame.

'Tis to commend her but to name.

Courtship, which living she declin'd,

When dead to offer were unkind.

Where never any could speak ill,

Who would officious Praises spill?

Nor can the truest Wit or Friend,

Without Derracting, her commend.

To say she liv'd a *Virgin* chaste,

In this Age loose and all unlac't;

Nor was, when Vice is so allow'd,

Of *Virtue* or asham'd, or proud;

That

That her Soul was on *Heaven* so bent
 No Minute but it came and went;
 That ready her last Debt to pay
 She summ'd her Life up ev'ry day;
 Modest as Morn; as Mid-day bright;
 Gentle as EV'ning; cool as Night;
 'Tis true; but all so weakly said;
 'Twere more Significant, *She's Dead.* 20

to leave it uncorrected, but was not

of

Epigramma in Duos montes Amosclivum

Et Bilboreum. *Farfacio.*

*C*ernis ut ingenti distinguant limite campum

Montis Amosclivi Bilboreique jugum

Ille stat indomitus turrinis undique saxis:

Cingit huic letum Fraxinus alta Caput.

Illi petra minax rigidis cervicibus horret

Huic quatunt virides lenia colla jubar.

Fulcit Atlanteo Rupes ea vertice caelos:

Collis at hic humeros subiecit Herculeos.

Hic ceu carceribus visum sylvaeque coerces:

Ille Oculos alter dum quasi meta trahit.

Ille Giganteum surgit ceu Pelion Ossa:

Hic agit ut Pindi culmine Nympha choros.

Erectus, praecipos, salebrosus, & arduus ille:

Aclivis, placidus, mollis, amoenus hic est.

Dissimilis Domino coit Natiora sub uno:

Farfaciaque tremunt sub ditione pares.

Dumque triumphanti terras perlabitur Axe,

Præteriens æqua stringit utrumque Rota.

Asper in adversos, facilis cedentibus idem

Ut credas Montes extimulasse suos.

Hi sunt Alcidae Borealis nempe Columnæ,

Quos medio scindit vallis opaca freta.

An potius longe sic prona cacumina nutant,

Parnassus cupiant esse Maria tuis.

Upon

Upon the Hill and Grove at Bill-borow.

To the Lord Fairfax.

SEE how the arched Earth does here
 Rise in a perfect Hemisphere!
 The stiffest Compass could not strike
 A Line more circular and like;
 Nor softest Pensel draw a Brow
 So equal as this Hill does bow.
 It seems as for a Model laid,
 And that the World by it was made.

II.

Here learn ye Mountains more unjust,
 Which to abrupter greatness thrust,
 That do with your hook-shoulder'd height
 The Earth deform and Heaven fight.
 For whose excrecence ill design'd,
 Nature must a new Center find,
 Learn here those humble steps to tread,
 Which to securer Glory lead.

III.

See what a soft access and wide
 Lyes open to its grassy side;
 Nor with the rugged path deterr
 The feet of breathless Travellers;
 See then how courteous it ascends,
 And all the way it rises bends;
 Nor for it self the height does gain,
 But only strives to raise the Plain.

M

IV.

IV.

Yet thus it all the field commands,
 And in unenvy'd Greatness stands,
 Discerning further than the Cliff
 Of Heaven-daring *Teneriff*.
 How glad the weary Seamen haſt
 When they ſalute it from the Maſt!
 By Night the Northern Star their way
 Directs, and this no leſs by Day.

V.

Upon its creſt this Mountain grave
 A Plum of aged Trees does wave.
 No hoſtile hand durſt ere invade
 With impious Steel the ſacred Shade.
 For ſomething alwaies did appear
 Of the great *Maſters* terrour there:
 And Men could hear his Armour ſtill
 Ratling through all the Grove and Hill.

VI.

Fear of the *Maſter*, and reſpect
 Of the great *Nymph* did it protect;
Vera the *Nymph* that him inspir'd,
 To whom he often here retir'd,
 And on theſe Okes ingrav'd her Name;
 Such Wounds alone theſe Woods became:
 But ere he well the Barks could part
 'Twas writ already in their Heart.

VII.

For they ('tis credible) have ſenſe,
 As We, of Love and Reverence,
 And underneath the Courſer Rind
 The *Genius* of the houſe do bind.

Hence

Hence they successes seem to know,
 And in their *Lord's* advancement grow;
 But in no Memory were seen
 As under this so streight and green

VIII.

Yet now no further strive to shoot,
 Contented if they fix their Root.
 Nor to the winds uncertain gust,
 Their prudent Heads too far intrust.
 Onely sometimes a flutt'ring Breez
 Discourses with the breathing Trees;
 Which in their modest Whispers name
 Those Acts that swell'd the Check of Fame.

IX.

Much other Groves, say they, then these
 And other Hills him once did please.
 Through Groves of Pikes he thunder'd then,
 And Mountains rais'd of dying Men.
 For all the *Civick Garlands* due
 To him our Branches are but few.
 Nor are our Trunks enow to bear
 The *Trophees* of one fertile Year.

X.

'Tis true, the Trees nor ever spoke
 More certain *Oracles* in Oak.
 But Peace (if you his favour prize)
 That Courage its own Praises flies.
 Therefore to your obscurer Seats
 From his own Brightness he retreats:
 Nor he the Hills without the Groves,
 Nor Height but with Retirement loves.

And in that last Labour
But in the Memory were
Upon Appleton House, to my Lord Fairfax

I. IIII

Within this sober Frame expect
Work of no Forrain Architect
That unto Caves the Quarries drew,
And Forrests did to Pastures hew,
Who of his great Design in pain
Did for a Model vault his Brain,
Whose Columnes should so high be rais'd
To arch the Brows that on them gaz'd

II. IX

Why should of all things Man unskill'd
Such unproportion'd dwellings build
The Beasts are by their Deans exprest
And Birds contrive an equal Nest
The low roof'd Tortoises do dwell
In cases fit of Tortoise-shell
No Creature loves an empty space
Their Bodies measure out their Place

III. X

But He, superfluously spread,
Demands more room alive then dead.
And in his hollow Palace goes
Where Winds as he themselves may lose
What need of all this Marble Crust
To impark the wanton Mose of Dust,
That thinks by Breadth the World to unite
Though the first Builders fail'd in Height

s M

IV.

IV.

But all things are compos'd here
 Like Nature, orderly and near:
 In which we the Dimensions find,
 Of that more sober Age and Mind,
 When larger sized Men did stoop
 To enter at a narrow loop;
 As practising, in doors so strait,
 To strain themselves through *Heavens Gate*.

V.

And surely when the after Age
 Shall hither come in *Pilgrimage*,
 These sacred Places to adore,
 By *Vere* and *Fairfax* trod before,
 Men will dispute how their Extent
 Within such dwarfish Confines went:
 And some will smile at this, as well
 As *Romulus* his Bee-like Cell.

VI.

Humility alone designs
 Those short but admirable Lines,
 By which, unglit and unconstrain'd,
 Things greater are in less contain'd.
 Let others vainly strive t'immire
 The Circle in the *Quadrature*!
 These holy *Mathematicks* can
 In ev'ry Figure equal Man.

VII.

Yet thus the laden House does sweat,
 And scarce indures the *Master* great:
 But where he comes the swelling Hall
 Stirs, and the *Square* grows *Spherical*;

More

More by his *Magnitude* distrest,
 Then he is by its straitness prest :
 And too officiously it flights
 That in it self which him delights.

VIII.

So Honour better Lowness bears,
 Then That unwonted Greatness wears.
 Height with a certain Grace does bend,
 But low Things clownishly ascend.
 And yet what needs there here Excuse,
 Where ev'ry Thing does answer Use ?
 Where neatness nothing can condemn,
 Nor Pride invent what to contemn ?

IX.

A Stately *Frontispice* of Poor
 Adorns without the open Door :
 Nor less the Rooms within commends,
 Daily new *Furniture* of Friends.
 The House was built upon the Place
 Only as for a *Mark of Grace* ;
 And for an *Inn* to entertain
 Its Lord a while, but not remain.

X.

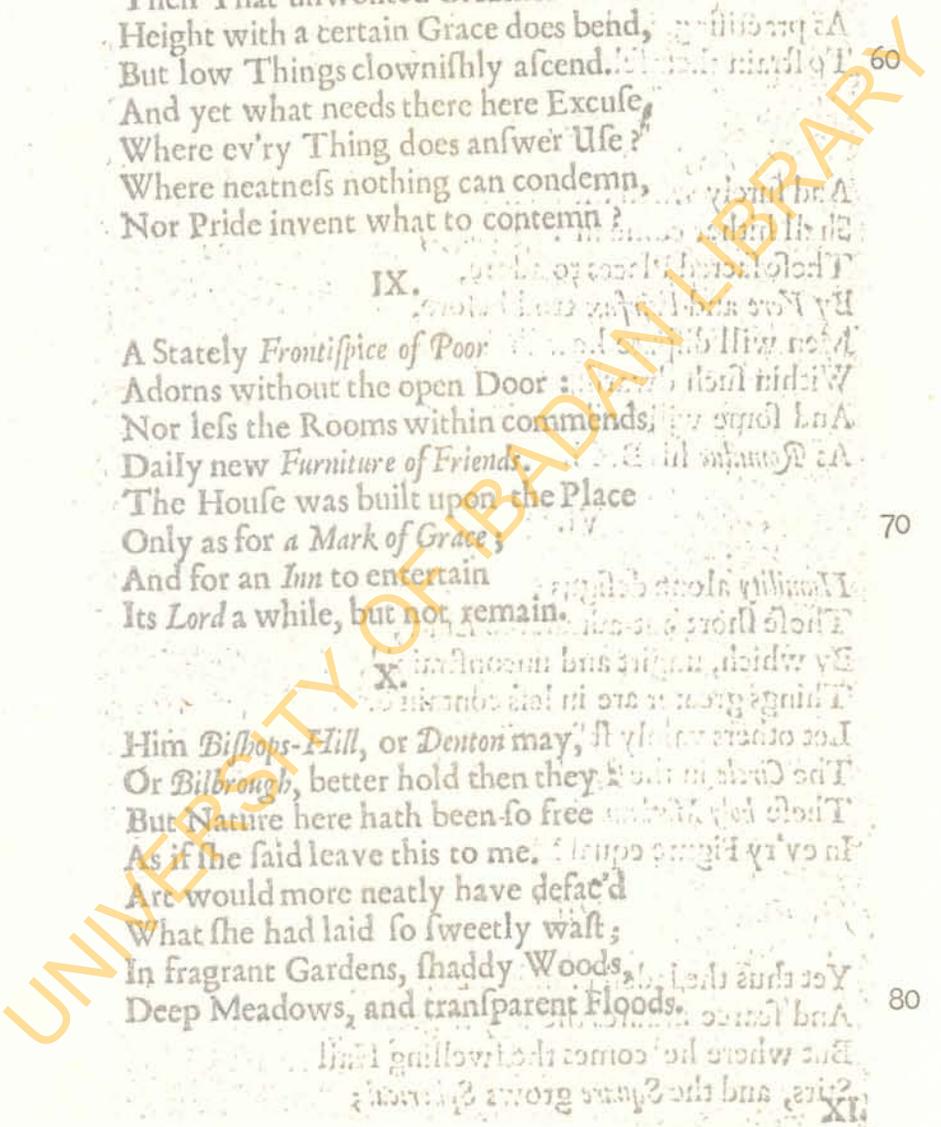
Him *Bishops-Hill*, or *Denton* may,
 Or *Bilbrough*, better hold then they :
 But Nature here hath been so free
 As if she said leave this to me.
 Art would more neatly have defac'd
 What she had laid so sweetly wast ;
 In fragrant Gardens, shady Woods,
 Deep Meadows, and transparent Floods.

XI.

60

70

80



XI.

While with slow Eyes we these survey,
 And on each pleasant footstep stay,
 We opportunly may relate
 The Progress of this Houses Fate.
 A Nunnery first gave it birth,
 For *Virgin Buildings* oft brought forth,
 And all that Neighbour-Ruine shows
 The Quarries whence this dwelling rose.

XII.

Near to this gloomy Cloysters Gates
 There dwelt the blooming *Virgin Thoughts*,
 Fair beyond Measure, and an Heir
 Which might Deformity make fair,
 And oft She spent the Summer Suns
 Discourfing with the *Suttle Nuns*.
 Whence in these Words one to her weav'd,
 (As 'twere by Chance) Thoughts long conceiv'd.

XIII.

' Within this holy leisure we
 ' Live innocently as you see.
 ' These Walls restrain the World without,
 ' But hedge our Liberty about.
 ' These Bars inclose that wider Den
 ' Of those wild Creatures, called Men.
 ' The Cloyster outward shuts its Gates,
 ' And, from us, locks on them the Grates.

XIV.

' Here we, in shining Armour white,
 ' Like *Virgin Amazons* do fight.
 ' And our chaste *Lamps* we hourly trim,
 ' Lest the great *Bridegroom* find them dim.

' Our *Orient* Breaths perfum'd are
 ' With insense of incessant Pray'r.
 ' And Holy-water of our Tears
 ' Most strangely our Complexion clears.

110

XV.

' Not Tears of Grief; but such as those
 ' With which calm Pleasure overflows;
 ' Or Pity, when we look on you
 ' That live without this happy Vow.
 ' How should we grieve that must be seen
 ' Each one a *Sponse*, and each a *Queen*;
 ' And can in *Heaven* hence behold
 ' Our brighter Robes and Crowns of Gold.

XVI.

' When we have prayed all our Beads,
 ' Some One the holy *Legend* reads,
 ' While all the rest with Needles paint
 ' The Face and Graces of the *Saint*.
 ' But what the Linnen can't receive
 ' They in their Lives do interweave.
 ' This Work the *Saints* best represents;
 ' That serves for *Altar's* Ornaments.

XVII.

' But much it to our work would add
 ' If here your hand, your Face we had:
 ' By it we would our *Lady* touch;
 ' Yet thus She you resembles much.
 ' Some of your Features, as we sow'd,
 ' Through ev'ry *Shrine* should be bestow'd.
 ' And in one Beauty we would take
 ' Enough a thousand *Saints* to make.

130

XVIII.

XVIII.

'And (for I dare not quench the Fire
 'That me does for your good inspire)
 'I were sacrilege a Man t' admit
 'To holy things, for Heaven fit. 7
 'I see the Angels in a Crown 140
 'On you the Lillies show'ring down:
 'And round about you Glory breaks,
 'That something more then humane speaks.

XIX.

'All Beauty, when at such a height,
 'Is so already consecrate.
 'Fairfax I know; and long ere this
 'Have mark'd the Youth, and what he is
 'But can he such a Rival seem 150
 'For whom you Heav'n should disesteem?
 'Ah, no! and 'twould more Honour prove
 'He your Devoto were, then Love.

XX.

'Here live beloved and obey'd:
 'Each one your Sister, each your Maid.
 'And, if our Rule seem strictly pend,
 'The Rule it self to you shall bend.
 'Our Abbess too, now far in Age,
 'Doth your Oucession near ptesage.
 'How soft the yoke on us would lye,
 'Might such fair Hands as yours it tye! 160

XXI.

'Your voice, the sweetest of the Quire,
 'Shall draw Heav'n nearer, raise us higher.
 'And your Example, if our Head,
 'Will soon us to perfection lead.

N

'Thos'e

' Those Virtues to us all so dear,
 ' Will straight grow Sanctity when here :
 ' And that, once sprung, increase so fast
 ' Till Miracles it work at last.

XXII.

' Nor is our Order yet so nice,
 ' Delight to banish as a Vice.
 ' Here Pleasure Piety doth meet ;
 ' One perfecting the other Sweet.
 ' So through the mortal fruit we boyl
 ' The Sugars uncorrupting Oyl :
 ' And that which perisht while we pull,
 ' Is thus preserved clear and full.

XXIII.

' For such indeed are all our Arts ;
 ' Still handling Natures finest Parts.
 ' Flow'rs dress the Altars ; for the Clothes,
 ' The Sea-born Amber we compose ;
 ' Balms for the griev'd we draw ; and Past
 ' We mold, as Baits for curious taste.
 ' What need is here of Man ? unless
 ' These as sweet Sins we should confesse.

XXIV.

' Each Night among us to your side
 ' Appoint a fresh and Virgin Bride ;
 ' Whom if our Lord at midnight find,
 ' Yet Neither should be left behind.
 ' Where you may lye as chaste in Bed,
 ' As Pearls together billeted.
 ' All Night embracing Arm in Arm,
 ' Like Chrystal pure with Cotton warm.

XXV.

'But what is this to all the store
 'Of Joys you see, and may make more!
 'Try but a while, if you be wise:
 'The Tryal neither Costs, nor Tyés.
 Now *Fairfax* seek her promis'd faith:
 Religion that dispensed hath;
 Which She hence forward does begin;
 The *Nuns* smooth Tongue has suckt her in.

200 TN

XXVI.

Oft, though he knew it was in vain,
 Yet would he valiantly complain.
 'Is this that *Sanctity* so great,
 'An Art by which you finly'r cheat?
 'Hypocrite Witches, hence *avout*,
 'Who though in prison yet Inchant!
 'Death only can such Theeves make fast,
 'As rob though in the Dungeon cast.

XXVII.

'Were there but, when this House was made,
 'One Stone that a just Hand had laid,
 'It must have fall'n upon her Head
 'Who first Thee from thy Faith miss'd.
 'And yet, how well soever ment,
 'With them 'twould soon grow fraudulent
 'For like themselves they alter all,
 'And vice infects the very Walls.

XXVIII.

'But sure those Buildings last not long,
 'Founded by Folly, kept by Wrong.
 'I know what Fruit their Gardens yield,
 'When they it think by Night conceal'd.

220

' Fly from their Vices. 'Tis thy fate,
' Not Thee, that they would consecrate.
' Fly from their Ruine. How I fear
' Though guiltless lest thou perish there.

XXIX.

What should he do? He would respect
Religion, but not Right neglect:
For first Religion taught him Right,
And dazled not but clear'd his sight.
Sometimes resolv'd his Sword he draws,
But reverenceth then the Laws:
For Justice still that Courage led;
First from a Judge, then Souldier bred.

230

XXX.

Small Honour would be in the Storm,
The Court him grants the lawful Form;
Which licens'd either Peace or Force,
To hinder the unjust Divorce.
Yet still the *Nuns* his Right debar'd,
Standing upon their holy Guard.
Ill-counsell'd Women, do you know
Whom you resist, or what you do?

240

XXXI.

Is not this he whose Offspring fierce
Shall fight through all the *Universe*;
And with successive Valour try
France, *Poland*, either *Germany*;
Till one, as long since prophecy'd,
His Horse through conquer'd *Britain* ride?
Yet, against Fate, his Spouse they kept;
And the great Race would intercept.

XXXII.

XXXII.

Some to the Breach against their Foes,
 Their *Wooden Saints* in vain oppose,
 Another bolder stands at push
 With their old *Holy-Water Brush*,
 While the disjointed *Abbes* threads
 The gingling *Chain-shot* of her *Beads*,
 But their low'd't *Cannon* were their *Lungs*,
 And sharpest *Weapons* were their *Tongues*.

XXXIII.

But, waving these aside like *Flyes*,
 Young *Fairfax* through the *Wall* does rise,
 Then th' unfrequented *Vault* appear'd,
 And superstitions vainly fear'd,
 The *Relicks false* were set to view,
 Only the *Jewels* there were true,
 But truly bright and holy *Thrones*
 That weeping at the *Altar* wanes.

XXXIV.

But the glad *Youth* away her bears,
 And to the *Nuns* bequeaths her *Tears*;
 Who guiltily their *Prize* bemoan,
 Like *Gipsies* that a *Child* hath stoln,
 Thenceforth (as when th' *Inchantment* ends
 The *Castle* vanishes or rends)
 The waiting *Cloister* with the rest
 Was in one instant dispossest.

XXXV.

At the demolishing, this *Seat*
 To *Fairfax* fell as by *Escheat*,
 And what both *Nuns* and *Founders* will'd
 'Tis likely better thus fulfill'd.

For if the *Virgin* prov'd not theirs,
 The *Cloyster* yet remained hers.
 Though many a *Nun* there made her *Vow*,
 'Twas no *Religious-House* till now.

XXXVI.

From that blest Bed the *Herde* came,
 Whom *France* and *Poland* yet does fame,
 Who, when retired here to Peace,
 His warlike *Studies* could not cease;
 But laid these *Gardens* out in sport
 In the just *Figure* of a Fort;
 And with five *Bastions* it did fence,
 As aiming one for ev'ry Sense.

XXXVII.

When in the *East* the *Morning Ray*
 Hangs out the *Colours* of the Day,
 The *Bee* through these known *Allies* hums,
 Beating the *Dian* with its *Drum*,
 Then *Flow'rs* their drowsie *Ey lids* raise,
 Their *Silken Ensigns* each displays,
 And dries its *Pan* yet dank with *Dew*,
 And fills its *Flask* with *Odours* new.

XXXVIII.

These, as their *Governour* goes by,
 In fragrant *Vollyes* they let fly;
 And to salute their *Governess*
 Again as great a charge they press!
 None for the *Virgin Nymph*; for She
 Seems with the *Flow'rs* a *Flow'r* to be.
 And think so still! though not compare
 With *Breath* so sweet, or *Cheek* so faire.

XXXIX.

XXXIX.

Well shot ye Firemen ! Oh how sweet
 And round your equal Fires do meet,
 Whose shrill report no Ear can tell,
 But Ecchoes to the Eye and smell.
 See how the Flow'rs, as at *Parade*,
 Under their *Colours* stand displaid :
 Each *Regiment* in order grows,
 That of the Tulip Pinke and Rose.

310

XL.

But when the vigilant *Patroul*
 Of Stars walks round about the *Pole*,
 Their Leaves, that to the stalks are curl'd,
 Seem to their Staves the *Ensigns* furl'd.
 Then in some Flow'rs beloved Hut
 Each Bee as Sentinel is shut ;
 And sleeps so too : but, if once stir'd,
 She runs you through, or asks the Word.

320

XLI.

Oh Thou, that dear and happy Isle
 The Garden of the World ere while,
 Thou *Paradise* of four Seas,
 Which *Heaven* planted us to please,
 But, to exclude the World, did guard
 With watry if not flaming Sword ;
 What luckless Apple did we tast,
 To make us Mortal, and The *Wast*?

TN

XLII.

Unhappy ! shall we never more
 That sweet *Miltia* restore,
 When Gardens only had their *Towrs*,
 And all the *Garrisons* were *Flowrs*;

330

When

When Roses only Arms might bear,
And Men did roſie Garlands wear ?
Tulips, in ſeveral Colours barr'd,
Were then the Switzers of our Guard.

XLIII.

The Gardiner had the Souldiers place,
And his more gentle Forts did trace.
The Nurſery of all things green
Was then the only Magazeen.
The Winter Quarters were the Stoves,
Where he the tender Plants removes.
But War all this doth overgrow :
We Ord'nance Plant and Powder ſow.

XLIV.

And yet theſe walks one on the Sod
Who, had it pleas'd him and God,
Might once have made our Gardens Spring
Fresh as his own and flouriſhing.
But he prefer'd to the Cinque Ports
Theſe five imaginary Forts :
And, in thoſe half-dry Trenches, ſpann'd
Pow'r which the Ocean might command.

XLV.

For he did, with his utmoſt Skill,
Ambition weed, but Conſcience till.
Conſcience, that Heaven-nurſed Plant,
Which moſt our Earthly Gardens want.
A prickling leaf it bears, and ſuch
As that which ſhrinks at ev'ry touch ;
But Flowrs eternal, and divine,
That in the Crowns of Saints do ſhine.

360

XLVI.

XLVI.

The light does from these *Bastions* ply,
 Th' invisible *Artillery*;
 And at proud *Carwood Castle* seems
 To point the *Battery* of its Beams.
 As if it quarrell'd in the Seat
 Th' Ambition of its *Prelate* great:
 But ore the *Meads* below it plays,
 Or innocently seems to gaze.

XLVII.

And now to the *Abbyfs* I pass
 Of that unfathomable *Grass*,
 Where Men like *Grashoppers* appear,
 But *Grashoppers* are *Gyants* there:
 They, in there squeaking *Laugh*, contempt
 Us as we walk more low than them:
 And, from the *Precipices* tall
 Of the green *spir's*, to us do call.

XLVIII.

To see Men through this *Meadow Dive*,
 We wonder how they rise alive.
 As, under *Water*, none does know
 Whether he fall through it or go.
 But, as the *Marriners* that sound,
 And show upon their *Lead* the *Ground*,
 They bring up *Flow'rs* so to be seen,
 And prove they've at the *Bottom* been.

XLIX.

No Scene that turns with *Engines* strange
 Does oftner than these *Meadows* change,
 For when the *Sun* the *Grass* hath vext,
 The *tawny Mowers* enter next;

Who seem like *Israelites* to be, e/ t/
 Walking on foot through a green Sea. 390
 To them the Grassy Deeps divide,
 And crowd a Lane to either Side.

With whistling *Sithe*, and *Elbow strong*,
 These Mafface the Grass along;
 While one, unknowing, carves the *Rail*,
 Whose yet unfeather'd Quils her fail,
 The Edge all bloody from its Breast
 He draws, and does his stroke detest;
 Fearing the Flesh untimely mow'd,
 To him a Fate as black forebode;

But bloody *Thestylis*, that waits
 To bring the mowing Camp their Cates,
 Greedy as Kites has trust it up,
 And forthwith means on it to sup;
 When on another quick She lights,
 And cries, he call'd us *Israelites*;
 But now, to make his saying true,
 Rails rain for Quails, for *Manna Dew*;

Unhappy Birds! what does it boot
 To build below the Grasses Root;
 When Lowness is unsafe as High,
 And Chance o'ertakes what scapeth spight
 And now your Orphan Parents Call
 Sounds your untimely Funeral.
 Death-Trumpets creak in such a Note,
 And 'tis the *Sourdine* in their Throat.

LIII.

Or sooner hatch or higher build :
 The Mower now commands the Field ;
 In whose new Traverse seemeth wrought
 A Camp of Battail newly fought :
 Where, as the Meads with Hay, the Plain
 Lyes quilted ore with Bodies slain :
 The Women that with forks it fling,
 Do represent the Pillaging.

420

LIV.

And now the careless Victors play,
 Dancing the Triumphs of the Hay ;
 Where every Mowers wholesome Heat
 Smells like an *Alexanders sweat*.
 Their Females fragrant as the Mead
 Which they in *Fairy Circles* tread :
 When at their Dances End they kiss,
 Their new-made Hay not sweeter is.

430

LV.

When after this 'tis pil'd in Cocks,
 Like a calm Sea it shews the Rocks :
 We wondring in the River near
 How Boats among them safely steer.
 Or, like the *Desert Memphis Sand*,
 Short *Pyramids* of Hay do stand.
 And such the *Roman Camps* do rise
 In Hills for Soldiers Obsequies.

440

LVI.

This Scene again withdrawing brings
 A new and empty Face of things ;
 A levell'd space, as smooth and plain,
 As Clothes for *Lilly* strecht to stain.

The World when first created sure
 Was such a Table rafe and pure:
 Or rather such is the *Toril*
 Ere the Bulls enter at Madril.

LVII.

For to this naked equal Flat,
 Which *Levellers* take Pattern at,
 The Villagers in common chafe
 Their Cattle, which it clofer rafe;
 And what below the Sith increast
 Is pincht yet nearer by the *Bycast*.
 Such, in the painted World, appear'd
Davent with th' Universal Heard.

LVIII.

They seem within the polish'd Glass,
 A Landkip drawn in Looking-Glass.
 And shrunk in the huge Pasture show
 As Spots, so shap'd, on Faces do.
 Such Fleas, ere they approach the Eye,
 In Multiply'd Glasses lye.
 They feed so wide, so slowly move,
 As *Constellations* do above.

LIX.

Then, to conclude these pleasant Acts,
Denton sets ope its *Cataracts*;
 And makes the Meadow truly be
 (What it but seem'd before) a Sea,
 For, jealous of its *Lords* long stay,
 It try's t'invite him thus away.
 The River in it self is drown'd,
 And ill's th' astonish'd Cattle round!

LX]

LX.

Let others tell the *Paradox*,
 How Eels now bellow in the Ox;
 How Horses at their Tails do kick,
 Turn'd as they hang to Leeches quick;
 How Boats can over Bridges sail;
 And Fishes do the Stables scale.
 How *Salmons* trespassing are found;
 And *Pikes* are taken in the Pound.

480

LXI.

But I, retiring from the Flood,
 Take Sanctuary in the Wood;
 And, while it lasts, my self embark
 In this yet green, yet growing Ark;
 Where the first Carpenter might best
 Fit Timber for his Keel have prest.
 And where all Creatures might have shares,
 Although in Armies, not in Paires.

LXII.

The double Wood of ancient Stocks
 Link'd in so thick, an Union locks,
 It like two *Pedigrees* appears,
 On one hand *Fairfax*, th' other *Veres*:
 Of whom though many fell in War,
 Yet more to Heaven shooting are:
 And, as they Natures Cradle deckt,
 Will in green Age her Hearse expect!

490

LXIII.

When first the Eye this Forrest sees
 It seems indeed as *Wood* not *Trees*:
 As if their Neighbourhood so old
 To one great Trunk them all did mold.

500

There

There the huge Bulk takes place, as ment
To thrust up a *Fifth Element* ;
And stretches still so closely wedg'd
As if the Night within were hedg'd.

LXIV.

Dark all without it knits, within
It opens passable and thin ;
And in as loose an order grows,
As the *Corinthean Porticoes*.
The arching Boughs unite between
The Columnes of the Temple green ;
And underneath the winged Quires
Echo about their tuned Fires.

LXV.

The *Nightingale* does here make choice
To sing the Tryals of her Voice.
Low Shrubs she sits in, and adorns
With Musick high the squatted Thorns.
But highest Oakes stoop down to hear,
And listning Elders prick the Ear.
The Thorn, lest it should hurt her, draws
Within the Skin its shrunkn claws.

LXVI.

But I have for my Musick found
A Sadder, yet more pleasing Sound :
The *Stock-doves*, whose fair necks are grac'd
With Nuptial Rings their Ensigns chaf't ;
Yet always, for some Cause unknown,
Sad pair unto the Elms they moan.
O why should such a Couple mourn,
That in so equal Flames do burn !

LXVII.

LXVII.

Then as I careless on the Bed
Of gelid *Straw-berryes* do tread,
And through the *Hazles* thick espy
The hatching *Thraffles* shining Eye,
The *Heron* from the *Ashes* top,
The eldest of its young lets drop,
As if it *Stork*-like did pretend
That *Tribute* to its *Lord* to send.

LXVIII.

But most the *Hewel's* wonders are,
Who here has the *Holt-felsters* care.
He walks still upright from the *Root*,
Meas'ring the *Timber* with his *Foot*,
And all the way, to keep it clean,
Doth from the *Bark* the *Wood-moths* glean,
He, with his *Beak*, examines well
Which fit to stand and which to fell.

LXIX.

The good he numbers up, and hacks,
As if he mark'd them with the *Ax*,
But where he, tinkling with his *Beak*,
Does find the hollow *Oak* to speak,
That for his building he designs,
And through the tainted *Side* he mines,
Who could have thought the tallest *Oak*
Should fall by such a feeble *Strok*.

LXX.

Nor would it, had the *Tree* not fed
A *Traitor-worm*, within it bred.
(As first our *Flesh* corrupt within
Tempts impotent and bashful *Sin*.)

And

And yet that *Worm* triumphs not long,
But serves to feed the *Hewels* young.
While the *Oake* seems to fall content,
Viewing the *Treason's* Punishment.

560

LXXI.

Thus I, *casie* *Philosopher*,
Among the *Birds* and *Trees* confet :
And little now to make me, wants
Or of the *Fowles*, or of the *Plants*.
Give me but *Wings* as they, and I
Streight floting on the *Air* shall fly :
Or turn me but, and you shall see
I was but an inverted *Tree*.

LXXII.

Already I begin to call
In their most learned *Original* :
And where I *Language* want, my *Signs*
The *Bird* upon the *Bough* divines ;
And more attentive there doth sit
Then if She were with *Lime-twigs* knit
No *Leaf* does tremble in the *Wind*
Which I returning cannot find.

LXXIII.

Out of these scatter'd *Sibyls* *Leaves*
Strange *Prophecies* my *Phancy* weaves :
And in one *History* consumes,
Like *Mexique* *Paintings*, all the *Plumes*.
What *Rome*, *Greece*, *Palestine*, ere said
I in this light *Mosaick* read.
Thrice happy he who, not mistook,
Hath read in *Natures* *mystick* *Book*.

LXXIV.

LXXIV.

And see how Chance's better Wit
 Could with a Mask my studies hit!
 The Oak-Leaves me embroyder all,
 Between which Caterpillars crawl:
 And Ivy, with familiar trails,
 Me licks, and clasps, and curls, and hales. 599
 Under this *antick Cope* I move
 Like some great *Prelate of the Grove*,

LXXV.

Then, languishing with ease, I tofs
 On Pallets swoln of Velvet Moss;
 While the Wind, cooling through the Boughs,
 Flatters with Air my panting Brows.
 Thanks for my Rest ye *Mossy Banks*,
 And unto you *cool Zephyr's* Thanks,
 Who, as my Hair, my Thoughts too shed,
 And winnow from the Chaff my Head. 600

LXXVI.

How safe, methinks, and strong, behind
 These Trees have I incamp'd my Mind;
 Where Beauty, aiming at the Heart,
 Bends in some Tree its uselefs Dart;
 And where the World no certain Shot
 Can make, or me it toucheth not.
 But I on it securely play,
 And gaul its Horsemen all the Day:

LXXVII.

Bind me ye *Woodbines* in your twines;
 Curle me about ye gadding *Vines*,
 And Oh so close your Circles lace,
 That I may never leave this Place: 610

But, lest your Fetters prove too weak,
 Ere I your Silken Bondage break,
 Do you, O *Brambles*, chain me too,
 And courteous *Briars* nail me through.

LXXVIII.

Here in the Morning tye my Chain,
 Where the two Woods have made a Lane;
 While, like a *Guard* on either side,
 The Trees before their Lord divide;
 This, like a long and equal Thread,
 Betwixt two *Labyrinths* does lead,
 But, where the Floods did lately drown,
 There at the Ev'ning stake me down.

LXXIX.

For now the Waves are fal'n and dry'd,
 And now the Meadows fresher dy'd;
 Whose Grass, with moister colour dasht,
 Seems as green Silks but newly washt.
 No *Serpent* new nor *Crocodile*
 Remains behind our little *Nile*;
 Unless it self you will mistake,
 Among these Meads the only Snake.

LXXX.

See in what wanton harmless folds
 It ev'ry where the Meadow holds;
 And its yet muddy back doth lick,
 Till as a *Chrystal Mirrour* slick;
 Where all things gaze themselves, and doubt
 If they be in it or without.
 And for his shade which therein shines,
Narcissus like, the Sun too pines.

LXXXI.

LXXXI.

Oh what a Pleasute 'tis to hedge
 My Temples here with heavy sedge;
 Abandoning my lazy Side,
 Strecth as a Bank unto the Tide;
 Or to suspend my sliding Foot
 On the Osiers undermined Root;
 And in its Branches tough to hang,
 While at my Lines the Fishes twang!

LXXXII.

But now away my Hooks, my Quills,
 And Angles, idle Utenfils.
 The young Maria walks to night:
 Hide trifling Youth thy Pleasures flight.
 'Twere shame that such judicious Eyes
 Should with such Toyes a Man surprize;
 She that already is the Law
 Of all her Sex, her Ages Aw.

LXXXIII.

See how loose Nature, in respect
 To her, it self doth recollect;
 And every thing so whist and fine,
 Starts forth with to its *Bonne Mine*.

TN
660

The Sun himself, of Her aware,
 Seems to descend with greater Care
 And lest She see him go to Bed,
 In blushing Clouds conceales his Head.

LXXXIV.

So when the Shadows laid asleep,
 From underneath these Banks do creep;
 And on the River as it flows
 With *Eben Shuts* begin to close;

The modest *Halcyon* comes in fight,
Flying betwixt the Day and Night;
And such an horror calm and dumb,
Admiring Nature does benum.

670

LXXXV.

The viscous Air, wheres'ere She fly,
Follows and sucks her Azure dy;
The gelling Stream compacts below,
If it might fix her shadow so;
The stupid Filhes hang, as plain
As Flies in *Chrystal* overt'ane;
And Men the silent Scene assist,
Charm'd with the *Saphir-winged Mist*.

680

LXXXVI.

Maria such, and so doth hush
The *World*, and through the *Evening* rush;
No new-born *Comet* such, a *Train*
Draws through the *Skie*, nor *Star* new-flain,
For streight those giddy *Rockets* fail,
Which from the putrid *Earth* exhale,
But by her *Flames*, in *Heaven* try'd,
Nature is wholly *vitri*f'd.

LXXXVII.

'Tis *She* that to these *Gardens* gave
That wondrous *Beauty* which they have;
She streightness on the *Woods* bestows;
To *Her* the *Meadow* sweetness owes;
Nothing could make the *River* be
So *Chrystal*-pure but only *She*;
She yet more *Pure*, *Sweet*, *Streight*, and *Fair*,
Then *Gardens*, *Woods*, *Meads*, *Rivers* are.

LXXXVIII.

The

LXXXVIII.

Therefore what first *She* on them spent,
 They gratefully again present.
 The Meadow Carpets where to tread;
 The Garden Flow'rs to Crown *Her* Head; 700
 And for a Glass the limpid Brook,
 Where *She* may all *her* Beautyes look;
 But, since *She* would not have them seen,
 The Wood about *her* draws a Skreen.

LXXXIX.

For *She*, to higher Beauties rais'd,
 Disdains to be for lesser prais'd.
She counts her Beauty to converse
 In all the Languages as *hers*;
 Nor yet in those *her* self imployes
 But for the *Wisdom*, not the *Noyse*; 710
 Nor yet that *Wisdom* would affect,
 But as 'tis *Heavens* *Dialect*.

LXXXX.

Blest *Nymph*! that couldst so soon prevent
 Those *Trains* by Youth against thee meant;
 Tears (warry Shot that pierce the Mind;)
 And Sighs (Loves Cannon charg'd with Wind;)
 True Praise (That breaks through all defence;)
 And feign'd complying Innocence;
 But knowing where this *Ambush* lay,
 She scap'd the safe, but roughest Way. 720

LXXXXI.

This 'tis to have been from the first
 In a *Domestick* *Heaven* nurs'd,
 Under the *Discipline* severe
 Of *Fairfax*, and the starry *Vere*;

Where

Where not one object can come nigh
 But pure, and spotless as the Eye;
 And *Goodness* doth it self intail
 On *Females*, if there want a *Male*.

LXXXII.

Go now fond Sex that on your Face
 Do all your useles Study place,
 Nor once at Vice your Brows dare knit
 Lest the smooth Forehead wrinkled sit:
 Yet your own Face shall at you grin,
 Thorough the Black-bag of your Skin;
 When *knowledge* only could have fill'd
 And *Virtue* all those *Furrows* till'd.

LXXXIII.

Hence *She* with Graces more divine
 Supplies beyond her Sex the *Line*;
 And, like a *sprig of Mistleto*,
 On the *Fairfacian Oak* does grow;
 Whence, for some universal good,
 The *Priest* shall cut the sacred Bud;
 While her glad *Parents* most rejoice,
 And make their *Destiny* their *Choice*.

LXXXIV.

Mean time ye Fields, Springs, Bushes, Flow'rs,
 Where yet *She* leads her studious Hours,
 (Till Fate her worthily translates,
 And find a *Fairfax* for our *Thwaites*)
 Employ the means you have by Her,
 And in your kind your selves preferr;
 That, as all *Virgins* *She* preceds,
 So you all *Woods*, *Streams*, *Gardens*, *Meads*.

LXXXV.

LXXXXV.

For you *Thessalian Tempe's Seat*
 Shall now be scorn'd as obsolete ;
Aranjuez, as less, disdain'd ;
 The *Bel-Retiro* as constrain'd ;
 But name not the *Idalian Grove*,
 For 'twas the Seat of wanton Love ;
 Much less the Dead's *Elysian Fields*,
 Yet nor to them your Beauty yields.

760

LXXXXVI.

'Tis not, what once it was, the *World* ;
 But a rude heap together hurl'd ;
 All negligently overthrow'n,
 Gulfs, Deserts, Precipices, Stone.
 Your lesser *World* contains the same,
 But in more decent Order tame ;
 You *Heaven's Center*, *Nature's Lap*,
 And *Paradice's* only Map.

LXXXXVII.

But now the *Salmon-Fishers* moist
 Their *Leathern Boats* begin to hoist ;
 And, like *Antipodes* in Shoes,
 Have shod their *Heads* in their *Canoos*.
 How *Tortoise* like, but not so slow,
 These rational *Amphibii* go ?
 Let's in : for the dark *Hemisphere*
 Does now like one of them appear.

770

On the Victory obtained by Blake over the Spaniards, in the
Bay of Sanctacruze, in the Island of Teneriff
1657.

NOW does Spain's Fleet her spaciouſ wings unfold,
Leaves the new World and haſtens for the old:
But though the wind was fair, they ſlowly ſwoome
Frayed with acted Guilt, and Guilt to come:
For this rich load, of which ſo proud they are,
Was rais'd by Tyranny, and rais'd for War;
Every capacious Gallions womb was fill'd,
With what the Womb of wealthy Kingdoms yield,
The new Worlds wounded Inails they had tore, r
For wealth wherewith to wound the old once more. 10
Wealth which all others Avarice might cloy,
But yet in them caus'd as much fear, as Joy.
For now upon the Main, themſelves they ſaw,
That boundleſs Empire, where you give the Law,
Of winds and waters rage, they fearful be,
But much more fearful are your Flags to ſee.
Day, that to thoſe who ſail upon the deep,
More wiſh't for, and more welcome is then ſleep;
They dreaded to behold, Leaft the Sun's light,
With *English* Streamers, ſhould ſalute their ſight: 20
In thickeſt darkneſs they would chooſe to ſteer,
So that ſuch darkneſs might ſuppreſs their fear;
At length theirs vaniſhes, and fortune ſmiles;
For they behold the ſweet Canary Iſles;
One of which doubtleſs is by Nature bleſt
Above both Worlds, ſince 'tis above the reſt.
For leaſt ſome Gloomineſs might ſtain her ſky,
Trees there the duty of the Clouds ſupply;
O noble Truſt which Heaven on this Iſle poures,
Fertile to be, yet never need her ſhowres. 30

A happy People, which at once do gain
 The benefits without the ills of rain.
 Both health and profit, Fate cannot deny;
 Where still the Earth is moist, the Air still dry;
 The jarring Elements no discord know,
 Fewel and Rain together kindly grow;
 And coolness there, with heat doth never fight,
 This only rules by day, and that by Night.
 Your worth to all these Isles, a just right brings,
 The best of Lands should have the best of Kings:
 And these want nothing Heaven can afford,
 Unless it be, the having you their Lord;
 But this great want, will not along one prove,
 Your Conquering Sword will soon that want remove.
 For *Spain* had better, Shee'l ere long confess,
 Have broken all her Swords, then this one Peace,
 Casting that League off, which she held so long,
 She cast off that which only made her strong.
 Forces and art, she soon will feel, are vain,
 Peace, against you, was the sole strength of *Spain*.
 By that alone those Islands she secures,
 Peace made them hers, but War will make them yours;
 There the indulgent Soil that rich Grape breeds,
 Which of the Gods the fancied drink exceeds;
 They still do yield, such is their pretious mould,
 All that is good, and are not curst with Gold.
 With fatal Gold, for still where that does grow,
 Neither the Soyl, nor People quiet know,
 Which troubles men to raise it when 'tis Oar,
 And when 'tis raised, does trouble them much more.
 Ah, why was thither brought that cause of War,
 Kind Nature had from thence remov'd so far.
 In vain doth she those Islands free from Ill,
 If fortune can make guilty what she will,
 But whilst I draw that Scene, where you are long,
 Shall conquests act, your present are unsung.
 For *Sanctacruze* the glad Fleet takes her way,
 And safely there casts Anchor in the Bay.
 Never

Never so many with one joyful cry,
That place saluted, where they all must dye. 70
Deluded men! Fate with you did but sport,
You scap't the Sea, to perish in your Port.

'Twas more for *Englands* fame you should dye there,
Where you had most of strength, and least of fear.

The Peak's proud height, the *Spaniards* all admire,
Yet in their breasts, carry a pride much higher.

Onely to this vast hill a power is given,
At once both to Inhabit Earth and Heaven.
But this stupendious Prospect did not neer,
Make them admire, so much as ~~71~~ they did fear. 70

For here they met with news, which did produce,
A grief, above the cure of Grapes best juice.
They learn'd with Terror, that nor Summers heat,
Nor Winters storms, had made your Fleet retreat.
To fight against such Foes, was vain they knew,
Which did the rage of Elements subdue,
Who on the Ocean that does horror give,
To all besides, triumphantly do live.

With hast they therefore all their Gallions moar,
And flank with Cannon from the Neighbouring shore. 90
Forts, Lines, and Sconces all the Bay along,
They build and act all that can make them strong.

Fond men who know not whilst such works they raise,
They only Labour to exalt your praise.

Yet they by restless toyl, became at Length,
So proud and confident of their made strength.

That they with joy their boasting General heard,
With then for that assault he lately fear'd.

His will he has, for now undaunted *Blake*,
With winged speed, for *Sanctacruze* does make. 100

For your renown, his conquering Fleet does ride,
Ore Seas as vast as is the *Spaniards* pride.

Whose Fleet and Trenches view'd, he soon did say,
We to their Strength are more oblig'd then they. trs

Wer't not for that, they from their Fate would run,
And a third World seek out our Armes to shun.

Those

Those Forts, which there, so high and strong appear,
 Do not so much suppress, as shew their fear.
 Of Speedy Victory let no man doubt,
 Our worst works past, now we have found them out. 110
 Behold their Navy does at Anchor lye,
 And they are ours, for now they cannot fly.

This said, the whole Fleet gave it their applause,
 And all assumes your courage, in your cause.
 That Bay they enter, which unto them owes,
 The noblest wreaths, that Victory bestows.
 Bold *Stainer* Leads, this Fleet's design'd by fate,
 To give him Lawrel, as the Last did Plate. TN

The Thund'ring Cannon now begins the Fight,
 And though it be at Noon, creates a Night. 120
 The Air was soon after the fight begun,
 Far more inflam'd by it, then by the Sun:
 Never so burning was that Climate known,
 War turn'd the temperate, to the Torrid Zone.

Fate these two Fleets, between both Worlds had brought,
 Who fight, as if for both those Worlds they fought:
 Thousands of wayes, Thousands of men there dye,
 Some Ships are sunk, some blown up in the skie.
 Nature never made Cedars so high a Spire,
 As Oakes did then, Urg'd by the active fire. TN 130
 Which by quick powders force, so high was sent,
 That it return'd to its own Element:

Torn Limbs some leagues into the Island fly,
 Whilst others lower, in the Sea do lye.
 Scarce souls from bodies seyer'd are so far,
 By death, as bodies there were by the War:
 Th' all-seeing Sun, neer gaz'd on such a sight;
 Two dreadful Navies there at Anchor Fight.
 And neither have, or power, or will to fly, 140
 There one must Conquer, or there both must dye.
 Far different Motives yet, engag'd them thus,
 Necessity did them, but Choice did us.

A choice which did the highest worth express,
 And was attended by as high succets.

For your resistless genius there did Reign,
 By which we Laurels reapt ev'n on the Mayn.
 So prosperous Stars, though absent to the sence,
 Bless those they shine for, by their Influence.

Our Cannon now tears every Ship and Sconce,
 And o're two Elements Triumphs at once.
 Their Gallions sunk, their wealth the Sea does fill,
 The only place where it can cause no ill.

Ah would those Treasures which both Indies have,
 Were buried in as large, and deep a grave,
 Wars chief support with them would buried be,
 And the Land owe her peace unto the Sea.
 Ages to come, your conquering Arms will bless,
 There they destroy, what had destroy'd their Peace.
 And in one War the present age may boast,
 The certain seeds of many Wars are lost.

All the Foes Ships destroy'd, by Sea or fire,
 Victorious *Blake*, does from the Bay retire,
 His Seige of *Spain* he then again pursues,
 And there first brings of his success the news;
 The saddest news that ere to *Spain* was brought,
 Their rich Fleet sunk, and ours with Lawrel fraught.
 Whilst fame in every place, her Trumpet blowes,
 And tells the World, how much to you it owes.

152 Ill.] 1674

160 lost.] 1674

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A Dialogue between Thyrsis and Dorinda.

TN

Dorinda. **W**hen Death, shall snatch us from these
And shut up our divided Lids, (Kids,
Tell me *Thyrsis*, prethee do, yr/
Whither thou and I must go.

Thyrsis. To the Elizium: (*Dorinda*) oh where is't?

Thyrsis. A Chast Soul, can never mis't.

Dorinda. I know no way, but one, our home
Is our Elizium? cell TN

Thyrsis. Cast thine Eye to yonder Skie,
There the milky way doth lye;
'Tis a sure but rugged way,
That leads to Everlasting day.

Dorinda. There Birds may nest, but how can I,
That have no wings and cannot fly, ?/

Thyrsis. Do not sigh (fair Nymph) for fire
Hath no wings, yet doth aspire
Till it hit, against the pole,
Heaven's the Center of the Soul.

Dorinda. But in Elizium how do they
Pass Eternity away. 20

Thyrsis. There's, neither hope nor fear, trs ?/
There's no Wolf, no Fox, no Bear.
No need of Dog to fetch our stray,
Our Lightfoot we may give away;
And there most sweetly thine Ear
May feast with Musick of the Sphear.

Dorinda.

1 snatch] pre-1645; part Bod.: snatch BM 3 Tell me Thyrsis, prethee do] Bod.:
Tell... Thirsis... BM: Thirsis, O Tell mee, prithy doe pre-1645 7-8 I know no
way, but one, our home [Is our cell Elizium?] Bod.: I know no Home but One [Our
Cell is our Elizium BM: I know now way but to my home [Is our Cell Elizium,
pre-1645. 9-10 Cast thine Eye to yonder Skie [There the milky way doth lye,
Turn... Bod., BM: Cast thy face to yonder sky [Yr the Milky path doth lye pre-
1645 11-12 Tis... day] Both: Tis a straight and Easye way [That... day pre-
1645 13 There... nest,... can I,] There... can, BM: Ther birds may perch,
but how can I, pre-1645 14 fly?] BM fly pre-1645 15-20 Do... Soul] O doe not
sigh dear Nymph, for fyre [That hath no wings, still doth aspire, [Untill it
knock against the Pole.] Heaven, is the Center of the Soule. pre-1645 21 Oh]
Bod., BM 22 no] nor Bod., BM 25 And... Ear] No Oat-pipes needful, there
thine Eares Bod., BM 26 Sphear] Spheres BM, Sphears Bod.

How I my future state / Dorinda. Oh Sweet! oh sweet!
 By silent thinking, Antidate:
 I preethe let us spend, our time / contē, / to
 In talking of Elizium. 30

Thyrsis. Then I'll go on: There, sheep are full
 Of softest grass, and softest wool;
 There, birds sing Consorts, garlands grow,
 Cold winds do whisper, springs do flow. ol/ TN
 There, alwayes is, a rising Sun,
 And day is ever, but begun.
 Shepherds there, bear equal sway,
 And every Nymph's a Queen of May.

Dorinda. Ah me, ah me.

(Thyrsis.) Dorinda, why do st Cry?

Dorinda. I'm sick, I'm sick, and fain would dye: 40

Convinc' me now, that this is true;

By bidding, with mee, all adieu.

Thyrsis. I cannot live, without thee, I

Will for thee, much more with thee dye.

Dorinda. Then let us give Corellia charge o' th Sheep, Carillo/ TN
 And thou and I'll pick poppies and them sleep
 In wine, and drink on't even till we weep,
 So shall we smoothly pass away in sleep.

27 Dorinda. Oh Sweet! oh sweet! BM: D. Ah, sweet! Bod. 29 spend,] spend...
 to come BM, Bod. 32 softest] sweetest BM, Bod. 34 Cool] Margoliouth
 springs] streams Bod. 39 Arranged in one line as in Bod. and BM (Thyrsis)
Margoliouth 41 Convince] BM, Bod. 42 adieu] BM, Bod. 43 Thyrsis] BM, Bod.
 45 Dorinda.] Chorus. BM, Bod. Carillo] Leishman Clorrio BM:
Corella Bod. 48 away] away] away, away, away Bod.

The Character of Holland.

Holland, that scarce deserves the name of Land,
 As but th' Off-scouring of the *Brittish Sand*;
 And so much Earth as was contributed
 By *English Pilots* when they heav'd the Lead;
 Or what by th' Oceans slow alluvion fell,
 Of shipwrackt Cockle and the Muscle-shell;
 This indigested vomit of the Sea
 Fell to the *Dutch* by just Propriety.

Glad then, as Miners that have found the Oar,
 They with mad labour fish'd the Land to Shoar;
 And div'd as desperately for each piece
 Of Earth, as if it had been of *Ambergreece*;
 Collecting anxiously small Loads of Clay,
 Less then what building Swallows bear away;
 Or then those Pills which fordid Beetles roul,
 Transfusing into them their Dunghil Soul.

How did they rivet, with Gigantick Piles,
 Thorough the Center their new catch'd Miles;
 And to the stake a strugling Country bound,
 Where barking Waves still bait the forced Ground;
 Building their watry *Babel* far more high
 To reach the Sea, then thole to scale the Sky.

Yet still his claim the Injur'd Ocean laid,
 And oft at Leap-frog ore their Steeples plaid;
 As if on purpose it on Land had come
 To shew them what's their *Mare Liberum*.
 A daily deluge over them does boyl;
 The Earth and Water play at Level-coyl;
 The Fish oft-times the Burger disposselt,
 And fat not as a Meat but as a Guest;
 And oft the *Tritons* and the *Sea-Nymphs* fav'
 Whole sholes of *Dutch* serv'd up for *Cabillau*;

- 1 Land] Land 1665, 1672 2 Off-scouring] Of-scouring 1665, off-scouring 1672
 4 Pilots] Pilots, 1665, 1672 6 shipwrackt Cockle] Shipwrackt Cockle 1665,
 Shipwrackt-Cockle 1672 7 vomit] Vomit 1665, 1672 8 Propriety] Propriete
 1665 propriety 1672 9 Oar] Ore 1665, 1672 10 Land... Shoar] Land... Shore
 1665 Land... shore 1672 12 *Ambergreece*] *Ambergis*; 1665 *Ambergis*: 1672
 14 Less... bear] *Lesse*... *beare* 1665 15 Pills... roul,] Pills... roule 1665
 16 Dunghil Soul] *Dunghill Soule* 1665 *Dunghil-Soul* 1672 18 Thorough the
 Center... Miles;] *Thorow the Center... Miles*: 1665 *Thorow the Centre...*
 Miles: 1672 19 stake] *Stake* 1665, 1672 20 barking Waves... bait... Ground;]
 barking waves,... baite... ground; 1665 *Barking Waves... bate... Ground*: 1672
 21 watry] *watry* 1665 *Watry* 1672 22 Sea... Sky] *Sea... Sky* 1665 *Sea...*
 Skie 1672 23 Injur'd] *injur'd* 1665, 1672 24 Leap-frog ore... plaid:] *Leap-*
frog ore... plaid; 1665 *Leap-frog o'er... plaid*; 25 Land... come] *land...*
come, 1672 27 deluge... boyl;] *Deluge... boyle*: 1665 *Deluge... boil*: 1672
 28 Level-coyl;] *Level-coyle*. 1665 *Level coyl*. 1672 29 off-times] *oft times*
 1665 30 sat... Meat... Guest;] *sat... Meat... Guest*: 1665 *sate... Meat...*
Guest: 1672 31 *Tritons... Sea-Nymphs*] *Tritons... Sea-Nymphs* 1665 *Tritons...*
Sea-Nymphs 1672 32 sholes] *Sholes* 1672

Or as they over the new Level rang'd
For pickled *Herring*, pickled *Heeren* chang'd.
Nature, it seem'd, aham'd of her mistake,
Would throw their Land away at *Duck* and *Drake*.

Therefore *Necessity*, that first made *Kings*,
Something like *Government* among them brings.
For as with *Pymees* who best kills the *Crane*,
Among the hungry he that treasures *Grain*, 40
Among the blind the one-ey'd *blinkard* reigns,
So rules among the drowned he that *draines*.
Not who first see the rising *Sun* commands,
But who could first discern the rising *Lands*.
Who best could know to pump an Earth so leak
Him they their *Lord* and *Country's Father* speak.
To make a *Bank* was a great *Plot of State*;
Invent a *Shov'l* and be a *Magistrate*. 71
Hence some small *Dyke-grave* unperceiv'd invades
The *Pow'r*, and grows as 'twere a *King of Spades*. 50
But for less envy some joynt *States* endures,
Who look like a *Commission of the Sewers*.
For these *Half-anders*, half wet, and half dry,
Nor bear *strict service*, nor *pure Liberty*.

'Tis probable *Religion* after this
Came next in order; which they could not miss.
How could the *Dutch* but be converted, when
Th' *Apostles* were so many *Fishermen*?
Besides the *Waters* of themselves did rise,
And, as their *Land*, so them did re-baptize. 60
Though *Herring* for their *God* few voices miss,
And *Poor-John* to have been th' *Evangelist*.
Faith, that could never *Twins* conceive before,
Never so fertile, spawn'd upon this shore:
More pregnant when their *Marg'ret*, that laid down
For *Hans-in-Kelder* of a whole *Hans-Town*.
Sure when *Religion* did it self imbark,
And from the *East* would *Westward* steer its *Ark*;
It struck, and splitting on this unknown ground,
Each one thence pillag'd the first piece he found: 70

Hence

33 Level rang'd] levell rang'd 1665 level rang'd, 1672 34 pickled...
pickled] Pickled... pickled 1665 Pickled... Pickled 1672 36 *Duck* and
Drake] *Duck & Drake* 1665; *Duck and Drake* 1672 37 *Necessity*... *Kings*]
necessity... *Kings* 1665, 1672 38 *Government*] *Government* 1665, 1672
39 *Pymees*... *Crane*,] *Pymees*... *Crane*; 1665; *Pymies*... *Crane*; 1672
40 *hungry*... *Grain*,] *hungry*... *Graine*; 1665 *Hungry*, *Grain*; 1672 41 *blind*...
blinkard reigns,] *blind*... *blinkard* reigns; 1665; *Blind*... *Blinkard* reigns;
1672 42 *drowned*... *draines*] *drowned*... *drains* 1665 *Drowned*... *drains* 1672
43 *rising Sun*] *rising Sun*, 1665 *Rising Sun* 1672 44 *rising Lands*] *rising*
Lands 1665; *Rising Land* 1672 45 *leak*] *leak*, 1665 1672 46 *Lord* and *Country's*
Father] *Lord & Country's Father* 1665; *Lord and Countries Father* 1672 47 *Bank*
...*Plot of State*]; *Bank*... *Plot of State*, 1665, 1672 48 *Shov'l*...*Magistrate*]
Shovel... *Magistrate* 1665; *Shovle*... *Magistrate* 1672 49 *Dyke-grave* unperceiv'd]
Dyke-grave... unperceiv'd, 1665, 1672 50 *Pow'r*... *King of*] *power & grows*...
King of 1665; *Power*, and *grows*... *King* 1672 51 *less*... *joynt states*] *lesse*...
joynt states 1665; *less*... *joint States* 1672 52 *Commission of the Sewers*]
Commission of the Sewers 1665; *Commission of the Sew'rs* 1672 53 *wet*,] *wet* 1672
54 *strict service*... *pure Liberty*] *strict Service*... *pure Liberty* 1665, 1672
55 *Religion*... *this*] *Religion*... *this* 1665; *Religion*... *this*, 1672
56 *order*;... *this*] *order*... *miss*; 1665, 1672 57 *Apostles*] *Apostle* 1665,
1672 58 *Besides*] *Beside* 1665; *Besides*, 1672 59 *And*... *re-baptize*] *And*...
rebaptize 1665; *And*... *Rebaptize* 1672 60 *for their*] *to be* 1665, 1672
61 *Poor-John*... *Evangelist*] *Poore-John*... *Evangelist* 1665; *Poor-John*...
Evangelist 1672 62 *Faith*,] *Faith*, 1665 63 *shore*] *Shore* 1665, 1672
64 *Marg'ret*,] *Marg'et*, 1665; *Marg'et* 1672 65 *Religion*... *imbarck*] *Religion*...
Imbarck 1665, 1672 66 *East*... *Westward*... *Ark*,] *East*... *Westward*... *ark*; 1665;
East... *Westward*... *Ark*; 1665, 1672 67 *ground*] *Ground* 1672

Hence *Amsterdam*, *Turk-Christian-Pagan-Jew*,
 Staple of Sects and Mint of Schisme grew;
 That *Bank of Conscience*, where not one so strange
 Opinion but finds Credit, and Exchange.
 In vain for *Catholicks* our selves we bear;
 The *universal Church* is onely there.
 Nor can *Civility* there want for *Tillage*,
 Where wisely for their *Court* they chose a *Village*.
 How fit a Title clothes their *Governours*,
 Themselves the *Hogs* as all their Subjects *Bores*!
 Let it suffice to give their *Country Fame*,
 That it had one *Civilis* call'd by Name,
 Some Fifteen hundred and more years ago
 But surely never any that was so.
 See but their *Mairmaids* with their *Tails of Fish*,
 Reeking at *Church* over the *Chafing-Dish*.
 A vestal *Turf* enhrin'd in *Earthen Ware*
 Fumes through the loop-holes of wooden *Square*.
 Each to the *Temple* with these *Altars* tend,
 But still does place it at her *Western End*:
 While the fat steam of *Female Sacrifice*
 Fills the *Priests Nostrils* and puts out his *Eyes*.
 Or what a *Spectacle* the *Skipper gross*,
 A *Water-Hercules* *Butter-Colofs*,
 Tunn'd up with all their several *Towns of Beer*;
 When Stagg'ring upon some *Land*, *Snick and Sneer*,
 They try, like *Statuaries*, if they can,
 Cut out each others *Arbos* to a *Man*:
 And carve in their large *Bodies*, where they please,
 The *Armes* of the *United Provinces*.
 But when such *Amity* at home is show'd;
 What then are their confederacies abroad?
 Let this one court lie witness all the rest;
 When their whole *Navy* they together prest,
 Not *Christian Captives* to redeem from *Bands*:
 Or intercept the *Western golden Sands*:
 No, but all *ancient Rights* and *Leagues* must *vail*,
 Rather then to the *English* strike their *sail*;

R

To

71 *Amsterdam*, *Turk-Christian-Pagan-Jew*] *Amsterdam* *Turk-Christian-Pagan-Jew*
 1665, 1672 72 *Sects*... *Schisme* grew;] *Sects*,... *Schiame* grow. 1665; *Sects*...
Schism grow. 1672 74 *Opinion*... *Credit*,... *Exchange*] *Opinion*,... *Credit*...
Exchange 1665; *Opinion*,... *Credit*... *Exchange* 1672 75 *Catholicks*... *bear*;
Catholicks... *beare*, 1665 *Catholicks*... *bear*, 1672 76 *universal Church*...
only there] *Universal Church*... *only* *There* 1665; *there* 1672 77 *Tillage*
Tillage 1665, 1672 78 *Court*... *Village*] *Court*... *Village* 1672; *Governours*,]
Governours; 1665 *Governours*! 1672 80 *Hogs*... *Bores*!] *Hog's*,... *Bores*: 1665;
Hogs,... *Bores*. 1672 81 *Fame*] *Fame*, 1665 *fame*, 1672 82 *Name*,] *Name*: 1665
Name, 1672 83 *Fifteen hundred*... ago;] *Fifteen Hundred*,... *ages*, 1665
Fifteen hundred... ago, 1672 84 *was*] *was* 1665, 1672 85 *Mairmaids*... *Tails*
of Fish] *Mermaids*,... *tails* of fish 1665; *Mermaids*... *tails* of fish 1672
86 *Church*... *Chafing-Dish*] *Church*... *Chafing-Dish* 1665, 1672 87 *vestal*
Turf... *Earthen Ware*] *Vestal turf*... *Earthen ware*, 1665 *Vestal Turf*...
Earthen Ware, 1672 88 *a*] 1665, 1672 89 *Temple*... *Altars*] *Temple*... *Altars*
1665, 1672 90 *But*... *Western End*] (*But*... *western end*) 1665, 1672 91 *Female*
Sacrifice] *Female Sacrifice*, 1665, 1672 92 *Priests Nostrils*... *Eyes*] *Priests*
Nostrils,... *Eyes* 1665, 1672 93 *Spectacle*... *Skipper gross*] *spectacle*...
Skipper grosse 1665; *gross* 1672 94 *A Water*... *Butter-Colosse*] *A Water*...
Butter-Colosse 1665; *Colossa* 1672 95 *Tunn'd*... *Towns of Beer*] *Tunn'd*... *Towns*
of Beere 1665; *Beer* 1672 96 *Stagg'ring*] *stagg'ring* 1665; *stagg'ring* 1672
97 *Statuaries*... *can*,] *Statuaries*... *can* 1665 *Statuaries*... *can* 1672
98 *Man*:] *Man*; 1665 99 *Bodies*,] *bodies*, 1665; *Bodies* 1672 100 *Armes*...
United Provinces] *Arms*... *United Provinces* 1672

To whom their weather-beaten Province owes
 It self, when as some greater Vessel tows
 A Cock-boat tost with the same wind and fate; 110
 We buoy'd so often up their sinking State.

Was this *Jus Belli & Pacis*; could this be
 Cause why their *Burgomaster of the Sea*
 Ram'd with Gun-powder, flaming with Brand wine,
 Should raging hold his Linstock to the Mine?
 While, with feign'd *Treaties*, they invade by stealth
 Our sore new circumcised *Common wealth*.

Yet of his vain Attempt no more he sees
 Then of *Cafe-Butter* shot and *Bullet-Cheese*. 120
 And the torn Navy stagger'd with him home,
 While the Sea laugh't it self into a foam,
 'Tis true since that (as fortune kindly sports,)
 A wholesome Danger drove us to our Ports,
 While half their banish'd keels the Tempest tost,
 Half bound at home in Prison to the frost;
 That ours mean time at leisure might careen,
 In a calm Winter, under Skies Serene.

As the obsequious Air and Waters rest,
 Till the dear *Halgion* hatch out all its nest. 130
 The *Common wealth* doth by its losses grow;
 And, like its own Seas, only Ebbs to flow.
 Besides that very Agitation laves,
 And purges out the corruptible waves.

And now again our armed *Bucentore*
 Doth yearly their *Sea-Nuptials* restore,
 And now the *Hydra of seaven Provinces*
 Is strangled by our *Infant Hercules*.

Their Tortoise wants its vainly stretched neck;
 Their Navy all our Conquest or our Wreck: 140
 Or, what is left, their *Carthage* overcome,
 Would render fain unto our better *Rome*.
 Unless our *Senate*, lest their Youth diffuse,
 The War, (but who would) Peace if begg'd refuse.

For now of nothing may our State despair,
 Darling of Heaven, and of Men the Care;

Provided

Provided that they be what they have been,
 Watchful abroad, and honest still within,
 For while our Neptune doth a Trident shake, (Blake,
 Steel'd with those piercing Heads, Dean, Monck and
 And while Jove governs in the highest Sphere,
 Vainly in Hell let Pluto domineer

An Horatian Ode upon Cromwel's Return from Ireland. a/

THE forward Youth that would appear
 Must now forsake his *Muses* dear,
 Nor in the Shadows sing
 His Numbers languishing.
 'Tis time to leave the Books in dust,
 And oyl th' unused Armours rust,
 Removing from the Wall
 The Corset of the Hall.
 So restless *Cromwel* could not cease
 In the inglorious Arts of Peace,
 But through adventurous War
 Urged his active Star.
 And, like the three-fork'd Lightning, first
 Breaking the Clouds where it was nurs't,
 Did through his own Side
 His fiery way divide.
 For 'tis all one to Courage high
 The Emulous or Enemy;
 And with such to inclose
 Is more then to oppose.
 Then burning through the Air he went,
 And Pallaces and Temples rent:
 And *Cesars* head at last
 Did through his Laurels blast.
 'Tis Madness to resist or blame
 The force of angry Heavens flame

R 2

And,

And, if we would speak true,
 Much to the Man is due.
 Who, from his private Gardens, where
 He liv'd reserved and austere,
 As if his highest plot
 To plant the Bergamot,
 Could by industrious Valour climbe
 To ruine the great Work of Time,
 And cast the Kingdome old
 Into another Mold.
 Though Justice against Fate complain,
 And plead the antient Rights in vain:
 But those do hold or break
 As Men are strong or weak.
 Nature that hateth emptiness,
 Allows of penetration less:
 And therefore must make room
 Where greater Spirits come.
 What Field of all the Civil Wars,
 Where his were not the deepest Scars?
 And Hampton shows what patt
 He had of wiser Art.
 Where, twining subtil feares with hope,
 He wove a Net of such a scope,
 That Charles himself might chase
 To Carebrooks narrow case.
 That thence the Royal Actor born
 The Tragick Scaffold might adorn:
 While round the armed Bands
 Did clap their bloody hands.
 He nothing common did, or mean
 Upon that memorable Scene:
 But with his keener Eye
 The Axes edge did try:
 Nor call'd the Gods with vulgar spight
 To vindicate his helpless Right,
 But bow'd his comely Head,
 Down as upon a Bed.

This was that memorable Hour
 Which first assur'd the forced Pow'r.
 So when they did design
 The *Capitol's* first Line,
 A bleeding Head where they begun,
 Did fright the Architects to run;
 And yet in that the *State*
 Forefaw it's happy Fate.
 And now the *Irish* are asham'd
 To see themselves in one Year tam'd :
 So much one Man can do,
 That does both act and know.
 They can affirm his Praises best,
 And have, though overcome, confess
 How good he is, how just,
 And fit for highest Trust :
 Nor yet grown stiffer with Command,
 But still in the *Republick's* hand :
 How fit he is to sway
 That can so well obey.
 He to the *Common Feet* presents
 A *Kingdome*, for his first years rents :
 And, what he may, forbears
 His Fame to make it theirs :
 And has his Sword and Spoyls ungirt,
 To lay them at the *Publick's* skirt.
 So when the Falcon high
 Falls heavy from the Sky,
 She, having kill'd, no more does search,
 But on the next green Bow to perch ;
 Where, when he first does lure,
 The Falckner has her sure.
 What may not then our *Isle* presume
 While Victory his Crest does plume !
 What may not others fear
 If thus he crown each Year !
 A *Cesar* he ere long to *Gaul*,
 To *Italy* an *Hannibal*

TN

90

100

And

And to all States not free
 Shall Clymaeterick be,
 The *Pist* no shelter now shall find
 Within his party-colour'd Mind;
 But from this Valour sad
 Shrink underneath the Plad
 Happy if in the tufted brake
 The *English Hunter* him mistake;
 Nor lay his Hounds in near
 The *Caledonian* Deer.
 But thou the Wars and Fortunes Son
 March indefatigably on;
 And for the last effect
 Still keep thy Sword erect
 Besides the force it has to fright
 The Spirits of the shady Night,
 The same *Arts* that did gain
 A Pow'r must it maintain.

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The



THE FIRST
ANNIVERSARY

Of the Government under O. C.

Like the vain Curlings of the Watry Maze, (raise;
Which in smooth streams a sinking Weight does
So Man, declining alwayes, disappears
In the weak Circles of increasing Years;
And his short Tumults of themselves Compose,
While flowing Time above his Head does close.

Cromwell alone with greater Vigour runs,
(Sun-like) the Stages of succeeding Suns:
And still the Day which he doth next restore,
Is the just Wonder of the Day before,
Cromwell alone doth with new Lustre spring,
And shines the Jewel of the yearly Ring.

'Tis he the force of scatter'd Time contracts,
And in one Year the work of Ages acts:
While heavy Monarchs make a wide Return,
Longer, and more Malignant then Saturn:
And though they all *Platonique* years should raig;
In the same Posture would be found again.
Their earthy Projects under ground they lay,
More slow and brittle then the *China* clay:
Well may they strive to leave them to their Son,
For one Thing never was by one King don;
Yet some more active for a Frontier Town,
Took in by Proxie, begs a false Renown;

Another

Another triumphs at the publick Cost,
 And will have Wonn, if he no more have Lost ;
 They fight by Others, but in Person wrong,
 And only are against their Subjects strong ;
 Their other Wars seem but a feign'd contest ;
 This Common Enemy is still opprest ; 30
 If Conquerors, on them they turn their might ;
 If Conquered, on them they wreak their Spight :
 They neither build the Temple in their dayes,
 Nor Matter for succeeding Founders raise ;
 Nor sacred Prophecies consult within,
 Much less themselves to perfect them begin ;
 No other care they bear of things above,
 But with Astrologers divine, and Jove,
 To know how long their Planet yet Reprives
 From the deserved Fate their guilty lives : 40
 Thus (Image-like) and useles time they tell,
 And with vain Scepter strike the hourly Bell ;
 Nor more contribute to the state of Things,
 Then wooden Heads unto the Viols strings.

While indefatigable *Cromwell* hyes,
 And cuts his way still nearer to the Skyes,
 Learning a Musique in the Region clear,
 To tune this lower to that higher Sphere.

So when *Amphion* did the Lute command,
 Which the God gave him, with his gentle hand ; 50
 The rougher Stones, unto his Measures hew'd,
 Dans'd up in order from the Quarreys rude ;
 This took a Lower, that an Higher place,
 As he the Treble alter'd, or the Base :
 No Nore he struck, but a new Story lay'd,
 And the great Work ascended while he play'd.

The listning Structures he with Wonder ey'd,
 And still new Stopps to various Time apply'd :
 Now through the Strings a Martial rage he throws,
 And joyning streight the *Theban* Tow'r arose ; 60
 Then as he strokes them with a Touch more sweet,
 The flocking Marbles in a Palace meet ;

But,

But, for he most the graver Notes did try,
 Therefore the Temples rear'd their Columns high :
 Thus, ere he ceas'd, his sacred Lute creates
 Th'harmonious City of the seven Gates.

Such was that wondrous Order and Consent,
 When Cromwell tun'd the ruling Instrument ;
 While tedious Statesmen many years did hack,
 Framing a Liberty that still went back ;
 Whose num'rous Gorge could swallow in an hour
 That Island, which the Sea cannot devour :
 Then our Amphion issues out and sings,
 And once he struck, and twice, the pow'ful Strings.

The Commonwealth then first together came,
 And each one enter'd in the willing Frame
 All other Matter yields, and may be rul'd ;
 But who the Minds of stubborn Men can build ?
 No Quarry bears a Stone so hardly wrought,
 Nor with such labour from its Center brought ;
 None to be sunk in the Foundation bends,
 Each in the House the highest Place contends,
 And each the Hand that lays him will direct,
 And some fall back upon the Architect ;
 Yet all compos'd by his attractive Song,
 Into the Animated City throng.

The Common-wealth does through their Centers
 Draw the Circumference of the publique Wall ;
 The cross'd Spirits here do take their part,
 Fast'ning the Contignation which they thwart ;
 And they, whose Nature leads them to divide,
 Uphold, this one, and that the other Side ;
 But the most Equal still sustain the Height,
 And they as Pillars keep the Work upright ;
 While the resistance of oppos'd Minds,
 The Fabrick as with Arches stronger binds,
 Which on the Basis of a Senate free,
 Knit by the Roofs Protecting weight agree.

When for his Foot he thus a place had found,
 He hurles e'r since the World about him round ;

And in his sev'ral Aspects, like a Star,
 Here shines in Peace, and thither shoots a War:
 While by his Beams observing Princes steer,
 And wisely court the Influence they fear:
 O would they rather by his Pattern won,
 Kiss the approaching, nor yet angry Son;
 And in their numbred Footsteps humbly tread
 The path where holy Oracles do lead;
 How might they under such a Captain raise
 The great Designs kept for the latter Dayes! 10
 But mad with Reason, so miscall'd, of State
 They know them not, and what they know not, hate.
 Hence still they sing Hosanna to the Whore,
 And her whom they should Massacre adore:
 But Indians whom they should convert, subdue;
 Nor teach, but traffique with, or burn the Jew.
 Unhappy Princes, ignorantly bred,
 By Malice some, by Errour more misled;
 If gracious Heaven to my Life give length,
 Leisure to Time, and to my Weakness Strength, 20
 Then shall I once with graver Accents shake
 Your Regal sloth, and your long Slumbers wake
 Like the shrill Huntsman that prevents the East,
 Winding his Horn to Kings that chase the Beast.
 Till then my Muse shall hollow far behind
 Angelique *Cromwell* who outwings the wind;
 And in dark Nights, and in cold Dayes alone
 Pursues the Monster thorough every Throne:
 Which shrinking to her *Roman* Den impure,
 Gnashes her Goary teeth; nor there secure, 30
 Hence oft I think, if in some happy Hour
 High Grace should meet in one with highest Pow'r,
 And then a seasonable People still
 Should bend to his, as he to Heavens will,
 What we might hope, what wonderful Effect
 From such a wish'd Conjunction might reflect.
 Sure, the mysterious Work, where none withstand,
 Would forthwith finish under such a Hand:

L:A

Fore-

Fore-shortned Time i's useles Course would stay,
 And soon precipitate the latest Day. 140
 But a thick Cloud about that Morning Iyes,
 And intercepts the Beams of Mortal eyes,
 That 'tis the most which we determine can,
 If these the Times, then this must be the Man.
 And well he therefore does, and well has guesst,
 Who in his Age has always forward prest:
 And knowing not where Heavens choice may light,
 Girds yet his Sword, and ready stands to fight;
 But Men alas, as if they nothing car'd,
 Look on, all unconcern'd, or unprepar'd; 150
 And Stars still fall, and still the Dragons Tail
 Swinges the Volumes of its horrid Flail.
 For the great Justice that did first suspend
 The World by Sin, does by the same extend.
 Hence that blest Day still counterpoysed wastes,
 The Ill delaying, what th'Elected hastes;
 Hence landing Nature to new Seas is tost,
 And good Designes still with their Authors lost.

And thou, great *Cromwell*, for whose happy birth
 A Mold was chosen out of better Earth; 160
 Whose Saint-like Mother we did lately see
 Live out an Age, long as a Pedigree;
 That she might seem, could we the Fall dispute,
 T'have smelt the Blossome, and not eat the Fruit;
 Though none does of more lasting Parents grow,
 But never any did them Honor so;
 Though thou thine Heart from Evil still unstain'd,
 And always hast thy Tongue from fraud refrain'd;
 Thou, who so oft through Storms of thundring Lead
 Hast born securely thine undaunted Head; 170
 Thy Brest through ponyarding Conspiracies,
 Drawn from the Sheath of lying Prophecies;
 Thee proof beyond all other Force or Skill,
 Our Sins endanger, and shall one day kill.
 How near they fail'd, and in thy sudden Fall
 At once assay'd to overturn us all.

F

S 2

Our

142 Mortal] Mortall 1655 149 alas] alass 1655 152 Swinges] Swindges 1655
 154 Sin, does] Simm, dos 1655 165 does] dos 1655 174 Sins] Sims 1655

Our brutish fury struggling to be Free,
 Hurry'd thy Horses while they hurry'd thee:
 When thou hadst almost quit thy Mortal cares,
 And soyl'd in Dust thy Crown of silver Hairs. 180
 Let this one Sorrow interweave among
 The other Glories of our yearly Song.
 Like skilful Looms which through the costly thread 7
 Of purling Ore, a shining wave do shed:
 So shall the Tears we on past Grief employ,
 Still as they trickle, glitter in our Joy.
 So with more Modesty we may be True,
 And speak as of the Dead the Praises due:
 While impious Men deceiv'd with pleasure short,
 On their own Hopes shall find the Fall retort. 190
 But the poor Beasts wanting their noble Guide,
 What could they more? shrunk guiltily aside. S/
 First winged Fear transports them far away,
 And leaden Sorrow then their flight did stay:
 See how they each his towering Crest abate,
 And the green Grass, and their known Mangers hate,
 Northtough wide Nostrils snuffe the wanton air,
 Nor their round Hoofs, or curled Mane's compare; #
 With wandring Eyes, and restless Ears they stood,
 And with shrill Neighings ask'd him of the Wood. 200
 Thou *Cromwell* falling, not a stupid Tree,
 Or Rock so savage, but it mourn'd for thee:
 And all about was heard a Panique groan,
 As if that Nature self were overthrow'n.
 It seem'd the Earth did from the Center tear;
 It seem'd the Sun was faln out of the Sphere:
 Justice obstructed lay, and Reason fool'd;
 Courage disheartned, and Religion cool'd.
 A dismal Silence through the Palace went,
 And then loud Shreeks the vaulted Marbles rent. 210
 Such as the dying Chorus sings by turns,
 And to deaf Seas, and ruthles Tempests mourns,
 When now they sink, and now the plundering Streams
 Break up each Deck, and rip the Oaken seams. O
 But

183 thred] 1655 192 Shrunk] ed. 196 and] & 1655 197 air] aire 1655
 209 dismal] dismall 1655 213 and] & 1655

But thee triumphant hence the fiery Carr,
 And fiery Steeds had born out of the Warr,
 From the low World, and thankless Men above,
 Unto the Kingdom blest of Peace and Love:
 We only mourn'd our selves, in thine Ascent,
 Whom thou hadst left beneath with Mantle rent. 220

For all delight of Life thou then didst lose,
 When to Command, thou didst thy self Depose;
 Resigning up thy Privacy so dear,
 To turn the headstrong Peoples Charioteer;
 For to be *Cromwell* was a greater thing,
 Then ought below, or yet above a King:
 Therefore thou rather didst thy Self depress,
 Yielding to Rule, because it made thee Less.

For, neither didst thou from the first apply
 Thy sober Spirit unto things too High, 230
 But in thine own Fields exercis'd long,
 An healthful Mind within a Body strong;
 Till at the Seventh time thou in the Skyes,
 As a small Cloud, like a Mans hand didst rise;
 Then did thick Mists and Winds the air deform,
 And down at last thou pow'rdst the fertile Storm;
 Which to the thirsty Land did plenty bring,
 But though forewarn'd, o'r-took and wet the King.

What since he did, an higher Force him push'd 240
 Still from behind, and it before him rush'd,
 Though undiscern'd among the tumult blind,
 Who think those high Decrees by Man design'd.
 'Twas Heav'n would not that his Pow'r should cease,
 But walk still middle betwixt War and Peace,
 Choosing each Stone, and poyssing every weight,
 Trying the Measures of the Breadth and Height,
 Here pulling down, and there erecting New,
 Founding a firm State by Proportions true.

When *Gideon* so did from the War retreat,
 Yet by the Conquest of two Kings grown great, 250
 He on the Peace extends a Warlike power,
 And *Is'ra'el* silent saw him raise the Tow'r;

bnd

And

232 healthful] healthfull 1665 235 air] aire 1655 238 But] But, 1655

243 'Twas] Twas 1655 249 War] Warr 1655

And how he *Succoths* Elders durst suppress,
 With Thorns and Briars of the Wilderness.
 No King might ever such a Force have done;
 Yet would not he be Lord, nor yet his Son.

Thou with the same strength, and an Heart as plain,
 Didst (like thine Olive) still refuse to Reign;
 Though why should others all thy Labor spoil,
 And Brambles be anointed with thine Oyl,
 Whose climbing Flame, without a timely stop,
 Had quickly Levell'd every Cedar's top.
 Therefore first growing to thy self a Law,
 Th'ambitious Shrubs thou in just time didst aw.

260

So have I seen at Sea, when whirling Winds
 Hurry the Bark, but more the Seaimens minds
 Who with mistaken Course salute the Sand,
 And threat'ning Rocks misapprehend for Land;
 While baleful *Tritons* to the shipwrack guide,
 And Corposants along the Tacklings slide.
 The Passengers all weary'd out before,
 Giddy, and wishing for the fatal Shore;
 Some lusty Mate, who with more careful Eye
 Counted the Hours, and ev'ry Star did spy,
 The Helm does from the artless Steersman strain,
 And doubles back unto the safer Main.
 What though a while they grumble discontent,
 Saving himself he does their los prevent.

270

'Tis not a Freedom, that where All command;
 Nor Tyranny, where One does them withstand:
 But who of both the Bounders knows to lay
 Him as their Father must the State obey.

280

Thou, and thine House, like *Noah's* Eight did rest,
 Left by the Wars Flood on the Mountains crest:
 And the large Vale lay subject to thy Will,
 Which thou but as an Husbandman would Till:
 And only didst for others plant the Vine
 Of Liberty, not drunken with its Wine.

st

That sober Liberty which men may have,
 That they enjoy, but more they vainly crave:

And

255 done] don 1655 257 and] & 1655 260 Oyl] Oil 1655 272 fatal] fatall
 1655 273 Eye] Ey 1655 275a&278 does] dos 1655 280 Tyranny] Tyrannie
 286 wouldst] 1655

And such as to their Parents Tents do press,
May shew their own, not see his Nakedness.

Yet such a *Chammish* issue still does rage,
The Shame and Plague both of the Land and Age;
Who watch'd thy halting, and thy Fall deride,
Rejoycing when thy Foot had slipt aside;
That their new King might the fifth Scepter shake,
And make the World, by his Example, Quake:
Whose frantique Army should they want for Men
Might muster Heresies, so one were ten.

What thy Misfortune, they the Spirit call,
And their Religion only is to Fall.
Oh *Mahomet*! now couldst thou rise again,
Thy Falling-sickness should have made thee Reign,
While *Feake* and *Simpson* would in many a Tome,
Have writ the Comments of thy sacred Foame:
For soon thou mightst have past among their Rant
Wer't but for thine unmoved Tulipant;
As thou must needs have own'd them of thy band
For prophecies fit to be *Alcoran*.

Accursed Locusts, whom your King does spit
Out of the Center of th'unbottom'd Pit;
Wand'ers, Adult'ers, Lyers, *Munser's* rest,
Sorcerers, Atheists, Jesuites, Posselt;
You who the Scriptures and the Laws deface
With the same liberty as Points and Lace;
Oh Race most hypocritically strict!
Bent to reduce us to the ancient Pict;
Well may you act the *Adam* and the *Eve*;
Ay, and the Serpent too that did deceive.

But the great Captain, now the danger's ore,
Makes you for his sake Tremble one fit more;
And, to your spight, returning yet alive
Does with himself all that is good revive.

So when first Man did through the Morning new
See the bright Sun his shining Race pursue,
All day he follow'd with unwearied fight,
Pleas'd with that other World of moving Light;

But

But thought him when he miss'd his setting beams,
 Sunk in the Hills, or plung'd below the Streams. 330
 While dismal blacks hung round the Universe,
 And Stars (like Tapers) burn'd upon his Herse;
 And Owls and Ravens with their screeching noise
 Did make the Fun'rals sadder by their Joyes.
 His weeping Eyes the doleful Vigils keep,
 Not knowing yet the Night was made for sleep:
 Still to the West, where he him lost, he turn'd,
 And with such accents, as Despairing, mourn'd:
 Why did mine Eyes once see so bright a Ray,
 Or why Day last no longer then a Day? 340
 When streight the Sun behind him he descri'd,
 Smiling serenely from the further side.
 So while our Star that gives us Light and Heat,
 Seem'd now a long and gloomy Night to threat,
 Up from the other World his Flame he darts,
 And Princes shining through their windows starts;
 Who their suspected Counsellors refuse,
 And credulous Ambassadors accuse.
 'Is this, saith one, the Nation that we read
 'Spent with both Wars, under a Captain dead? 350
 'Yet rig a Navy while we dress us late;
 'And ere we Dine, raise and rebuild our State. *there/*
 'What Oaken Forrests, and what golden Mines!
 'What Mints of Men, what Union of Designs!
 'Unless their Ships, do, as their Fowle proceed
 'Of shedding Leaves, that with their Ocean breed.
 'Theirs are not Ships, but rather Arks of War,
 'And beaked Promontories sail'd from far;
 'Of floating Islands a new Hatched Nest; *h/*
 'A Fleet of Worlds, of other Worlds in quest; 360
 'An hideous shole of wood-Leviathans,
 'Arm'd with three Tire of brazen Hurricans;
 'That through the Center shoot their thundring side
 'And sink the Earth that does at Anchor ride.
 'What refuge to escape them can be found,
 'Whose watty Leaguers all the world surround?

Needs

335 Vigils] Vigills 1655 339 Eyes] Eys 1655 351 rig] rigg 1655
 352 their] Margoliouth 3358 far] farr 1655 359 hatched] 1655 364 does]
 dos 1655

Needs must we all their Tributaries be,
 Whose Navies hold the Sluces of the Sea.
 The Ocean is the Fountain of Command,
 But that once took, we Captives are on Land: 370
 And those that have the Waters for their share,
 Can quickly leave us neither Earth nor Air.
 Yet if through these our Fears could find a pass;
 Through double Oak, & lin'd with treble Brass;
 That one Man still, although but nam'd, alarms
 More then all Men, all Navies, and all Arms:
 Him, all the Day, Him, in late Nights I dread,
 And still his Sword seems hanging o're my head:
 The Nation had been ours; but his one Soul
 Moves the great Bulk, and animates the whole: 380
 He Secrecy with Number hath inchas'd,
 Courage with Age, Maturity with Hast:
 The Valiants Terror, Riddle of the Wise;
 And still his Fauchion all our Knots unties.
 Where did he learn those Arts that cost us dear?
 Where below Earth, or where above the Sphere?
 He seems a King by long Succession born,
 And yet the same to be a King does scorn:
 Abroad a King he seems, and something more,
 At Home a Subject on the equal Floor: 390
 O could I once him with our Title see,
 So should I hope yet he might Dye as wee.
 But let them write his Praise that love him best;
 It grieves me fore to have thus much confest.
 Pardon, great Prince, if thus their Fear or Spight
 More then our Love and Duty do thee Right:
 I yield, nor further will the Prize contend;
 So that we both alike may miss our End:
 While thou thy venerable Head dost raise
 As far above their Malice as my Praise.
 And as the *Angel* of our Commonweal,
 Troubling the Waters, yearly mak'st them Heal. 400

T

In

In Legationem Domini Oliveri St. John ad
Provincias Fæderatas.

Ingeniosa Viris contingunt Nomina magnis,
Ut dubites Casu vel Ratione data.
Nam Sors, cæca licet, tamen est præfaga futuri;
Et sub fatidico Nomine vera premit.
Et Tu, cui soli voluit Respublica credi,
Fædera seu Belgis seu nova Bella feras;
Haud frustra cecidit tibi Compellatio fallax,
Ast scriptum ancipiti Nomine Munus erat;
Scilicet hoc Martis, sed Pacis Nuntius illo
Clavibus his Jani ferrea Clausura regis.
Non opus Arcanos Chartis committere Sensus,
Et varia licitos condere Fraude Dolos.
Tu quoque si taceas tamen est Legatio Nomen
Et velut in Scytale publica verba refert.
Vultis Oliverum, Batavi, Sanctumve Johannem?
Antiochus gyro non breviora stetit.

A Letter to Doctor Ingele, then with my Lord Whitlock, Ambassador from the Protector to the Queen of Sweden.

Quid facis Arctoi charissime transfuga cæli,
Ingele, proh sero cognite, raptè cito?
Num satis Hybernum defendis pellibus Astrum,
Qui modo tam mollis nec bene firmus eras?
Que Gentes Hominum, que sit Natura Locorum,
Sint Homines, potius dic ibi sintne Loca?
Num gravis horrissono Polus obruit omnia lapsu,
Jungitur & præceps Mundus utraque nive?

An melius canis horrescit Campus Aristis,
 Annius Agricolis & redit Orbe labor? 10
 Incolit, ut fertur, sævam Gens mitior Oram,
 Pace vigil, Bello strenua, iusta Foro.
 Quin ibi sunt Urbes, atque alta Palatia Regum;
 Musarumque domus, & sua Tempia Deo.
 Nam regit Imperio populum Christina ferocem,
 Et dare jura potest regia Virgo viris.
 Utque trahit rigidum Magnes Aquilone Metallum,
 Gaudet eam Soboles ferrea sponte sequi.
 Dic quantum liceat fallaci credere Fame,
 Invida num taceat plura, sonet vè loquax. 20
 At, si vera fides, Mundi melioris ab ortu,
 Sæcula Christianæ nulla tulere parem.
 Ipsa licet redeat (nostri decus orbis) Eliza,
 Qualis nostra tamen quantaque Eliza fuit.
 Vidimus Effigiem, mistasque Coloribus Umbras:
 Sic quoque Sceptripotens, sic quoque visa Dea
 Augustam decorant (raro concordia) frontem
 Majestas & Amor, Forma Pudorque simul.
 Ingens Virgineo spirat Gustavus in ore : 30
 Agnoscas animos, fulmineumque Patrem.
 Nulla suo nituit tam lucida Stella sub Axe ;
 Non Ea que meruit Criminie Nympha Polui.
 Ab quoties pavidum demisit conscia Lumen,
 Utque suæ timuit Parrhasis Ora Dex !
 Et, simul et falsa ni Pictor imagine Vultus,
 Delia tam similis nec fuit ipsa sibi.
 Ni quod inornati Trivix sint forte Capilli,
 Sollicita sed huic distribuuntur Acu.
 Scilicet ut nemo est illa reverentior æqui ;
 Haud ipsas igitur fert sine Lege Comas. 40
 Gloria sylvarum pariter communis utrique
 Est, & perpetuæ Virginitatis Honos.
 Sic quoque Nympharum supereminet Azymia collo,
 Fertque Choros Cynthi per Jugâ, per Nives: perque/
 Haud aliter pariles Ciliorum contrahit Arcus
 Acribus aut Oculis tela subesse putés.

Luminibus dubites an straverit illa Sagittis
 Quæ foveat exuvias ardua colla Feram.
 Alcides humeros coopertus pelle Nemeæ
 Haud ita labentis sustulit Orbis Onus, 50
 Heu quæ Cervices subnectunt Pectora tales,
 Frigidiora Gelu, candidiora Nive.
 Cætera non licuit, sed vix ea tota, videre
 Nam clau si rigido stant Adamante Simis.
 Seu Eblamys Artifici nimium succurrerit auso,
 Sicque imperfectum fugerit impar Opus:
 Sive tribus spernat Victrix certare Deabus,
 Et pretium formæ nec spoliata ferat.
 Junonis properans & clara Trophæa Minervæ,
 Mollia nam Veneris præmia nosse piget, 60
 Hinc neque consuluit fugitivæ prodiga Formæ,
 Nec timuit seris invigilasse Libris.
 Insonnem quoties Nymphæ monuere Jequaces
 Decedet roseis heu color ille Genis.
 Jamque vigil leni cessit Philomela sopori,
 Omnibus & Sylvis conticuisse Feræ.
 Acrior illa tamen pereit, Curasque fatigat:
 Tanti est doctorum solvere scripta Virum.
 Et liciti quæ sunt moderamina discere Regni,
 Quid fuerit, quid sit, noscere quicquid erit, 70
 Sic quod in ingenuas Gothus peccaverit Artes
 Vndicat, & Studiis expiat Una suis.
 Exemplum dociles imitantur nobile Gentes,
 Et geminis Infans imbuat Ora sonis.
 Transpositos Suecis credas migrasse Latinos,
 Carmine Romuleo sic strepit omne Nemus.
 Upsala nec prisca impar memoratur Athenis,
 Egidaque & Currus hic sua Pallas habet.
 Illinc O quales liceat sperasse Liquores,
 Quam Dea præsideat fontibus ipsa sacris! 80
 Illic Lactæ rucant illic & flumina Melle,
 Fulvaque inauratam tingat Arena Salam.
 Upsalides Musæ nunc & majora canemus,
 Quæque mihi Famæ non levis Aura tulit.

Credetur

Creditur haud ulli Christus signasse suorum
 Occultam gemma de meliore Notam.
 Quemque tenet charo descriptione Nomine semper,
 Non minus exculptum Pectore fida refert.
 Sola hac virgineas depascit Flamma Medullas,
 Et licito pergit solvere corda foco. 90
 Tu quoque Sanctorum fastos Christina sacris,
 Unica nec Virgo Volturniensis erit.
 Discite nunc Reges (Majestas proxima caelo)
 Discite proh magnos hinc coluisse Deos.
 Ab pudeat Tantos puerilia fingere capta,
 Nugas nescio quas, & male quaerere Opes.
 Acer Equo cunctos dum praeterit illi Britanno,
 Et pecoris spoliū nescit inerme sequi.
 Ast Aquilam poscit Germano pellere Nido,
 Deque Palatino Monte fugare Lupam. 100
 Vos etiam latos in praedam jungite Campos,
 Impiaque arctatis cingite Lustra Plagas.
 Victor Oliverus nudum Caput exeret Armis,
 Ducere sive sequi nobile latus Iter.
 Qualis jam Senior Solyma Godfredus ad Arces,
 Spina cui canis floruit alba Comis.
 Et Lappos Christina potest & solvere Finnos,
 Ultima quos Boreæ carcere Claustra premunt.
 Aeolis quales Venti fremuere sub antris,
 Et tentant Montis corripuisse moras. 110
 Hanc Dea si summa demiserit Arce procellam
 Quam gravis Austriacis Hesperiusque cadat!
 Omnia sed rediens olim narraveris Ipse;
 Nec reditus spero tempora longa petit.
 Non ibi lenta pigro stringuntur frigore Verba,
 Solibus, & tandem Vere liquanda novo.
 Sed radiis hyemem Regina potentior urit;
 Hacque magis solvit, quam ligat illa Polum.
 Dicitur & nostros mærens audisse Labores,
 Fortis & ingenuam Gentis amasse Fidem. 120
 Oblatae Batavam nec paci commodat Aurem;
 Nec versat Danos insidiosa dolos.

Sed

Sed pia festinat mutatis Fœdera rebus,
 Et Libertatem quæ dominatur amat.
 Digna cui Salomon meritos retulisset honores,
 Et Sabæ concretum Thure cremasset Iter.
 Hanc tua, sed melius, celebraverit, Ingele, Musa;
 Et labor est vestrae debitus ille Lyrae.
 Nos sine te frustra Thamisis saliceta subimus,
 Sparsaque per steriles Turba vagamur Agros. 130
 Et male tentanti querulum respondet Avena:
 Quin & Rogerio dissiliere fides.
 Hæc tamen absenti memores dictamus Amico
 Grataque speramus qualiacumque fore.

In Effigiem Oliveri Cromwell.

Hæc est quæ toties Inimicos Umbra fugavit,
 At sub qua Cives Ota lenta terunt.

In eandem Reginae Sueciæ transmissam
 Bellipotens Virgo, septem Regna Trionum.
 Christina, Arctici lucida stella Poli;
 Cernis quas merui dura sub Casside Rugas;
 Sicque Senex Armis impiger Ora fero;
 Invia Fatarum dum per Vestigia nitor,
 Exequor & Populi fortia Jussa Mannu.
 At tibi submittit frontem reverentior Umbra,
 Nec sunt hi Vultus Regibus usque truces.

Two Songs at the Marriage of the Lord Fauconberg
and the Lady Mary Cromwell. a/

First.
Chorus. *Endymion, Luna.*
Chorus.

TH' *Astrologers* own Eyes are set,
And even *Wolves* the *Sheep* forget;
Only this *Shepherd*, late and soon,
Upon this *Hill* outwakes the *Moon*.
Heark how he sings, with sad delight,
Thorough the clear and silent *Night*.

Endymion.
Cynthia, O *Cynthia*, turn thine Ear,
Nor scorn *Endymion's* plaints to hear.
As we our *Flocks*, so you command
The fleecy *Clouds* with silver wand. 10

Cynthia.
If thou a *Mortal*, rather sleep;
Or if a *Shepherd*, watch thy *Sheep*.

Endymion.
The *Shepherd*, since he saw thine Eyes,
And *Sheep* are both thy *Sacrifice*.
Nor merits he a *Mortal's* name,
That burns with an *immortal Flame*.

Cynthia.

Cynthia.

I have enough for me to do,
Ruling the Waves that Ebb and flow.

Endymion.

Since thou disdain'st not then to share
On Sublunary things thy care;
Rather restrain these double Seas,
Mine Eyes uncessant deluges.

Cynthia.

My wakeful Lamp all night must move,
Securing their Repose above.

Endymion.

If therefore thy resplendent Ray
Can make a Night more bright than Day;
Shine thorough this obscurer Brest,
With shades of deep Despair oppress.

Chorus.

Courage, *Endymion*, boldly Woo,
Anchises was a Shepherd too:
Yea is her younger Sister laid
Sporting with him in *Ida's* shade:
And *Cynthia*, though the strongest,
Seeks but the honour to have held out longest.

Endymion.

Here unto *Latmos Top* I climbe:
How far below thine *Orbe* sublime?
O why, as well as Eyes to see,
Have I not Armes that reach to thee?

Cynthia.

Cynthia.

'Tis needless then that I refuse,
Would you but your own Reason use.

40

Endymion.

Though I so high may not pretend,
It is the same so you descend.

Cynthia.

These Stars would say I do them wrong,
Rivals each one for thee too strong.

Endymion.

The Stars are fix'd unto their Sphere,
And cannot, though they would, come near.
Lefs Loves set of each others praise,
While Stars Eclypse by mixing Rayes.

Cynthia.

That Cave is dark.

Endymion.

Then none can spy:
Or shine Thou there and 'tis the Sky.

50

Chorus.

Joy to Endymion,
For he has Cynthia's favour won:
And Jove himself approves
With his serenest influence their Loves.
For he did never love to pair
His Progeny above the Air;
But to be honest, valiant, wise,
Makes Mortals matches fit for Deities.

u

Second

Second Song.

Hobbinol. Phillis. Tomalin.

Phillis, Tomalin, away!
Never such a merry day.
For the Northern Shepherds Son
Has Menalca's daughter won.

Phillis.

Stay till I some flow'rs ha' ty'd
In a Garland for the Bride.

Tomalin.

If thou would'st a Garland bring,
Phillis you may wait the Spring;
They ha' chosen such an hour
When she is the only flow'r.

Phillis.

Let's not then at least be seen
Without each a Sprig of Green.

Hobbinol.

Fear not; at Menalca's Hall
There is Bayes enough for all.
He when Young as we did graze,
But when Old he planted Bayes.

Tomalin.

Here she comes; but with a Look
Far more catching than my Hook.

Twas

'Twas those Eyes, I now dare swear,
Led our Lambs we knew not where.

20

Hobbinol.

Not our Lambs own Fleeces are
Curl'd so lovely as her Hair:
Nor our Sheep new Wash'd can be
Half so white or sweet as She.

Phyllis.

He so looks as fit to keep
Somewhat else then silly Sheep.

Hobbinol.

Come, lets in some Carol new
Pay to Love and Them their due.

Joy to that happy Pair,
Whose Hopes united banish our Despair.

What Shepherd could for Love pretend,
Whil'ft all the Nymphs on Damon's choice attend?

What Shepherd could hope to wed
Before Marina's turn were sped?

Now lesser Beauties may take place,
And meaner Virtues come in play;

While they,
Looking from high,
Shall grace

Our Flocks and us with a propitious Eye.

But what is most, the gentle Swain

No more shall need of Love complain

But Virtue shall be Beauties hire,

And those be equal that have equal Fire?

Marina yields. Who dares be coy?

Or who despair, now Damon does enjoy?

Joy to that happy Pair,

Whose Hopes united banish our Despair.

A Poem upon the Death of O. C. TN

THat Providence which had so long the care
 Of *Cromwell's* head, and numbred ev'ry hair,
 Now in its self (the *Glass* where all appears)
 Had seen the period of his golden Years :
 And thenceforth onely did attend to trace,
 What death might least so fair a Life deface.
 The People, which what most they fear esteem,
 Death when more horrid so more noble deem ;
 And blame the last *Act*, like *Spectators* vain,
 Unless the *Prince* whom they applaud be slain.
 Nor Fate indeed can well refuse that right
 To those that liv'd in War, to dye in Fight.
 But long his *Valour* none had left that could
 Indanger him, or *Clemency* that would.
 And he whom Nature all for Peace had made,
 But angry Heaven unto War had sway'd,
 And so less useful where he most desir'd,
 For what he least affected was admir'd,
 Deserved yet an End whose ev'ry part
 Should speak the wondrous softness of his Heart.
 To *Love* and *Grief* the fatal Writ was sign'd ;
 (Those nobler weakneses of humane Mind,
 From which those Powers that issu'd the Decree,
 Although immortal, found they were not free.)
 That they, to whom his Breast still open lyes,
 In gentle Passions should his Death disguise :
 And leave succeeding Ages cause to mourn,
 As long as *Grief* shall weep, or *Love* shall burn.
 Streight does a slow and languishing Disease
Eliza, Natures and his darling, seize.
 Her when an infant, taken with her Charms,
 He oft would flourish in his mighty Arms ;

And,

And, lest their force the tender burthen wrong,
 Slacken the vigour of his Muscles strong;
 Then to the Mothers brest her softly move,
 Which while she drain'd of Milk she fill'd with Love:
 But as with riper Years her Virtue grew,
 And ev'ry minute adds a Lustre new;
 When with meridian height her Beauty shin'd,
 And thorough that sparkled her fairer Mind;
 When She with Smiles serene and Words discreet
 His hidden Soul at ev'ry turn could meet;
 Then might y' ha' daily his Affection spy'd
 Doubling that knot which Destiny had ty'd.
 While they by sence, not knowing, comprehend
 How on each other both their Fates depend.
 With her each day the pleasing Hours he shares,
 And at her Aspect calms her growing Cares;
 Or with a Grandfire's joy her Children sees
 Hanging about her neck or at his knees.
 Hold fast dear Infants, hold them both or none;
 This will not stay when the other's gone.

A silent fire now waits those Limbs of Wax,
 And him within his tortur'd Image racks.
 So the Flow'r with ring which the Garden crown'd,
 The sad Root pines in secret under ground.
 Each Groan he doubled and each Sigh he sigh'd,
 Repeated over to the restless Night.
 No trembling String compos'd to numbers new,
 Answers the touch in Notes more sad more true.
 She lest He grieve hides what She can her pains,
 And He to lessen hers his Sorrow feigns:
 Yet both perceiv'd, yet both conceal'd their Skills,
 And so diminishing increast their ills:
 That whether by each others grief they fell,
 Or on their own redoubled, none can tell.

And now *Eliza's* purple Locks were shorn,
 Where She so long her *Fathers* fate had worn,
 And frequent lightning to her Soul that flies,
 Devides the Air, and opens all the Skyes.

And

And now his Life, suspended by her breath,
 Ran out impetuously to hasting Death:
 Like polish'd Mirrours, so his steely Brest
 Had ev'ry figure of her woes exprest;
 And with the damp of her last Gasps obscur'd,
 Had drawn such staines as were not to be cur'd,
 Fate could not either reach with single stroke,
 But the dear Image fled the Mirrour broke.

Who now shall tell us more of mournful Swans,
 Of Halcyons kind, or bleeding Pelicans?
 No downy breast did ere so gently beat,
 Or fan with airy plumes so soft an heat.
 For he no duty by his height excus'd,
 Nor though a Prince to be a Man refus'd,
 But rather then in his *Eliza's* pain
 Not love, not grieve, would neither live nor reign,
 And in himself so oft immortal try'd,
 Yet in compassion of another dy'd.

So have I seen a Vine, whose lasting Age
 Of many a Winter hath surviv'd the rage,
 Under whose shady tent Men ev'ry year
 At its rich bloods expence their Sorrows cheer,
 If some dear branch where it extends its life
 Chance to be prun'd by an untimely knife,
 The Parent-Tree unto the Grief succeeds,
 And through the Wound its vital humour bleeds,
 Trickling in watry drops, whose flowing shape
 Weeps that it falls ere fix'd into a Grape.
 So the dry Stock, no more that spreading Vine,
 Frustrates the Autumn and the hopes of Wine.

A secret Cause does sure those Signs ordain
 Fore boding Princes falls, and seldom vain.
 Whether some Kinder Pow'rs, that wish us well,
 What they above cannot prevent, foretell,
 Or the great World do by consent preface,
 As hollow Seas with future Tempests rage,
 Or rather Heav'n, which us so long foresees,
 Their fun'rals celebrate while it decrees.

But

But never yet was any humane Fate
 By nature solemniz'd with so much state. 110
 He unconcern'd the dreadful passage crost;
 But oh what pangs that Death did Nature cost!
 First the great *Thunder* was shot off, and sent
 The Signal from the starry Battlement.
 The *Winds* receive it, and its force out-do,
 As practising how they could thunder too:
 Out of the Binders Hand the Sheaves they tore,
 And thrash'd the Harvest in the airy floore;
 Or of huge Trees, whose growth with his did rise,
 The deep foundations open'd to the Skyes. 120
 Then heavy *Showres* the winged Tempests dead, ✓
 And pour the Deluge ore the *Chaos* head.
 The Race of warlike *Horses* at his Tomb
 Offer themselves in many an *Hecatomb*;
 With pensive head towards the ground they fall,
 And helpless languish at the tainted Stall.
 Numbers of *Men* decrease with pains unknown,
 And hasten not to see his Death their own.
 Such Tortures all the Elements unfix'd,
 Troubled to part where so exactly mix'd. 130
 And as through Air his wasting Spirits flow'd,
 The Universe labour'd beneath their load.
 Nature it seem'd with him would Nature vye;
 He with *Eliza*, it with him would dye.
 He without noise still travell'd to his End,
 As silent Suns to meet the Night descend.
 The *Stars* that for him fought had only pow'r
 Left to determine now his fatal Hour;
 Which, since they might not hinder, yet they cast
 To chuse it worthy of his *Glories* past. 140
 No part of time but bore his mark away.
 Of honour; all the Year was *Cromwell's* day:
 But this, of all the most auspicious found,
 Twice had in open field him Victor crown'd:
 When up the armed Mountains of *Dunbar*
 He march'd, and through deep *Severn* ending war.

What

What day should him eternize but the same,
 That had before immortaliz'd his Name?
 That so who ere would at his Death have joy'd,
 In their own Grievs might find themselves employ'd 150
 But those that sadly his departure griev'd,
 Yet joy'd remembering what he once achiev'd.
 And the last minute his victorious Ghost
 Gave chase to Ligny on the Belgick Coast.
 Here ended all his mortal toyles: He lay'd
 And slept in Peace under the Lawrel shade,
 O Cromwell; Heavens Favorite! To none
 Have such high honours from above been shown
 For whom the Elements we Mourners see,
 And Heav'n it self would the great Herald be 160
 Which with more Care set forth his Obsequies.
 Then those of Moses hid from humane Eyes
 As jealous only here left all be left,
 That we could to his Memory express
 Then let us to our course of Mourning keep
 Where Heaven leads; 'tis Piety to weep.
 Stand back ye Seas, and shrink beneath the vail
 Of your Abylse, with cover'd Head bewail
 Your Monarch: We demand not your supplies 170
 To compass in our Isle; our Tears suffice
 Since him away the dismal Tempest rent,
 Who once more joynd us to the Continent,
 Who planted England on the Fländrick shoar,
 And stretch'd our frontire to the Indian Ore,
 Whose greater Truths obscure the Fables old,
 Whether of Britiish Saints or Worthy's told
 And in a valour lessning Arthur's deeds,
 For Holyness the Confessor exceeds.
 He first put Armes into Religions hand,
 And tim'rous Conscience unto Courage man'd 180
 The Souldier taught that inward Mail to wear,
 And fearing God, how they should nothing fear,
 Those Strokes he said will pierce through all below,
 Where those that strike from Heaven fetch their Blow.
 Astonish'd

145
Astonish'd armies did their flight prepare:
And Cities strong were storm'd by his prayer.
Of that for ever Prestons field shall tell
The story, and impregnable Flomell.
And where the sandy mountain Fenwick seals
The sea between yet hence his pray'r prevails.

190
What man was ever so in Heav'n obey'd
Since he commanded Sun or Gibeon stay'd.
In all his wars needs must he triumph, when
He conquer'd God still ere he fought with men.

Hence though in battle none so brave or firm
Yet him the adverse steel could never pierce:
Pitty it seem'd to hurt him more that felt
Each wound himself which he to others dell,
Danger it self refusing to offend
So loose an enemy so fast a friend.

200
Friendship that sacred vertue long has claim'd
The first foundation of his house and name:
But within one its narrow limits fell
His tenderness extended unto all:
And that deep soule through every chanell flows
Where kindly nature loves it self to love.
More strong affections never reason serv'd
Yet still affected most what best deserv'd.
If he Eliza lov'd to that degree
(Though who more worthy to be lov'd than she)
If so indulgent to his own, how deare
To him the children of the Highest were?

210
For

For her he once did nature's tribute pay:
 For these his life adventur'd every day.
 And 't would be found could we his thoughts have
 Their griefs struck deepest if Eliza's fast.

What prudence more than humane is he need
 To keep so deare, so differing mindes agreed?
 The worse sort as conscious of their ill
 Eye weak and easy to the rulers will
 But to the good (too many or too few)
 All law is uselesse all reward is due.
 Oh ill advis'd if not for love or shame
 Spare yet your own if you neglect his fame.
 Least others dare to think your zeal a maske
 And you to govern only Heavens taske.

Valour, Religion, Friendship, Prudence dy'd
 Off once with him and all that's good beside:
 And we death's refuse Nature's dregs confin'd
 To loathsome life Alas are left behinde:
 Where we (so once we us'd) shall now no more
 To fetch day presse about his chamber door;
 From which he us'd with that awfull state
 It seem'd Mars broke through Janus double gate:
 Yet alwayes temper'd with an Afire so mild
 No Aprill suns that ere so gently smile:
 No more shall heare that powerfull language charm
 Whose force oft spar'd the labour of his arm.

220

230

No more shall follow where he spent the dayes
 In warres, in counsell, or in pray'r, and praise,
 Whose meanest acts he wou'd himself advance
 His unjust David to the chorde did dance.
 Ah! Ah! is gone of ours or his delight
 In horses fierc, wild deer, or armour bright.
 Francisca faire can nothing now but weep
 Nor with soft notes shall sing his cares asleep.
 I saw him dead, a leaden slumber lyes
 And mortall sleep over those wakefull eyes:
 Those gentle dayes under the lids were fled
 Which through his looks that piercing sweetnes shed.
 That post which so Majestique was and strong
 Loose and deprived of vigour stretch'd along:
 All wither'd, all discolour'd, pale and wan,
 How much another thing, no more that man?
 Oh humane glory vaine, Oh death, Oh wings,
 Oh worthless world, Oh transitory things.
 Yet dwell that greatness in his shape decay'd
 That still though dead greater then death he layd.
 And in his alter'd face you something faine
 That threatens death he yet will live againe.
 Not much unlike the sacred Oake which shoots
 To heav'n its branches and through earth its roots:
 Whose spacious boughs are hung with Trophies round
 And honour'd wreaths have off the Victour crown'd.
 When angry Jove darts lightning through the Aire
 At mortalls sins, nor his own plant will spare

It

Miscellaneous

151

(It groanes and brues all below that stood
 So many yeares the shelter of the wood)
 The tree ever while forshorten'd to our view
 When falln shewes taller yet then as it grew.

So shall his praise to after times increase
 When truth shall be allow'd and faction cease
 And his own shadows with him fall. The Eye
 Detracts from objects then it self more high:
 But when death takes them from that envy'd seat
 Being how little we confesse how great.

Three many ages hence in martiall verse
 Shall th' English souldier ere he charge rehearse:
 Singing of thee inflame themselves to fight
 And with the name of Cromovell armyes fight.
 As long as rivers to the seas shall runne
 As long as Cynthia shall relieve the sunne,
 While stags shall fly unto the forests thick,
 While sheep delight the grasby downs to pick,
 As long as future time succeeds the past,
 Always thy honour, praise and name shall last.

Thou in a pitch how farre, beyond the sphere
 Of humane glory tow'r'st, and reigning there
 Despayt'd of mortall robes, in seas of blisse
 Plunging dost bathe, and tread the bright Abyss:
 There thy great soule yet once a world dost see
 Spacious enough, and pure enough for thee.
 How soon thou Moses hast and Josua found
 And David for the sword, and harpe renown'd?

How

Miscellaneous

How straight canst to each happy Mansion goe?
 (Farr better known above than here below)
 And in those joyes dost spend the endlesse day
 Which in expressing we our selves betray. / 30

For we since thou art gone with heavy doome
 Wander like ghosts about this loved tombe:
 And lost in tears have neither sight nor minde
 To guide us upward through this Region blinde
 Since thou art gone who best that way couldst teach
 Onely our sighs perhaps may thither reach.

And Richard yet where his great Parent led
 Beats on the rugged track: His vertue dead
 Revives, and by his milder beams abuses;
 And yet how much of them his grief obscures?
 He as his Father long was kept from sight
 In private to be view'd by better light:

But open'd once, what splendour dos he throw
 It from well in an house a Princee will grow.
 How he becomes that seat, how strongly strains,
 How gently winds at once the ruling Reins?

Heav'n to this choise prepar'd a Diadem
 Richer then any Eastern silk or gemme:
 A pearly rainbow; where the Sun inchas'd
 His brows like an Imperiall Jewell grac'd.

We find already what these Omens mean,
 Earth nere more glad, nor Heaven more severe;
 Cease now our griefs, Calme peace succeeds a war
 Rainboms to storms, Richard to Oliver.

Pempt

Tempt not his clemency to try his power
He threatens no Deluge, yet foretells a shower.



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Ad Regem Carolum Parodia.

Jam satis pestis, satis atque diri
Fulminis misit pater, & rubenti
Dexterâ nostras jaculatus arces
Terruit urbem.

Terruit cives, grave nè rediret
Pristinum seclum nova monstra questum,
Omne cùm pestis pecus egit altos
Visere montes ;

Cùm scholae latis genus haesit agris,
Nota quae sedes fuerat bubulcis ;
Cùm togâ abjectâ pavidus reliquit
Oppida doctus.

Vidimus Chamum fluvium retortis
Littore à dextro violenter undis
Ire plorantem monumenta pestis,
Templâque clausa.

Granta dum semet nimiùm querenti
Miscet uxorem, vagus & sinistrâ
Labitur ripâ, Jove comprobante,
Tristior amnis.

Audiit caelos acuisse ferrum,
Quo graves Turcae meliùs perirent ;
Audiit mortes vitio parentum
Rara juvenus.

Quem vocet divùm populus ruentis
Imperî rebus ? prece quâ fatigent
Doctior cœtus minùs audientes
Carmina cœlos ?

Cui dabit partes luis expiandae
Jupiter, tandem venias, precamur,
Nube candentes humeros amictus
Auxiliator.

10

20

30

Sive tu mavis, Erycina nostra,
 Quam jocus circumvolat & Cupido,
 Túque neglectum genus & nepotes
 Auxeris ipsa.

Sola tam longam remove re pestem,
 Quam juvat luctus faciésque tristis,
 Prolis optatâ reparare mole

Sola potésque.

Sive felici Carolum figurâ
 Parvulus Princeps imitetur, almae
 Sive Mariæ decoret puellam

Dulcis imago.

Serus in cœlum redeas, diúque
 Lætus intersis populo Britanno,
 Néve te nostris vitiis iniquum

Ocyor aura

Tollat. Hic magnos potiùs triumphos,
 Hic ames dici pater atque princeps,
 Et novâ mortes reparato prole

Te patre, Cæsar.

40

50

re/

Πρὸς Κάρολον τὸν βασιλέα.

Ω Δυσαριστοτόκος, Πέντ' ὦ δύσπιτμος ἀριθμός ! 5. Novemb.

ὦ Πέντε στυγερὸν, Πέντ', αἶδας πύλαι ! 5. Aug.

Ἄγγλων ὦ μέγ' ὄνειδος, ὦ οὐρανίσιον ἀπεχθές !

Ἄλλ' ἀπελύμαινες Κάρρολε τοῦτον ἄνα.

Πέμπτον τέκνον ἔδωκε μογοστόκος Εἰλείθυια,

Πέντε δὲ Πένταβλον τέκνα καλοῦσι τεόν.

Εἰ δὲ θέλεις βίβλοις ταῖς ὀψιγόνουσι τίεσθαι,

Πεντήτευχον ἔχεις παιδια διυγενῆ.

Ἦ ἔτι θεσπεσίης φιλέεις μήστωρας αἰοιδῆς,

Ἄρμονίην ποιεῖς τὴν Διὰ πέντε Πάτερ.

Ἄνδρέας ὁ Μαρβέλλου, ἐκ τοῦ τῆς Τριαδος.

To his Noble Friend Mr. Richard Lovelace,
upon his Poems.

Sir,

Our times are much degenerate from those
Which your sweet Muse which your fair Fortune chose,
And as complexions alter with the Climes,
Our wits have drawne th' infection of our times.
That candid Age no other way could tell
To be ingenious, but by speaking well.
Who best could prayse, had then the greatest prayse,
Twas more esteemd to give, then weare the Bayes :
Modest ambition studi'd only then,
To honour not her selfe, but worthy men. 10
These vertues now are banisht out of Towne,
Our Civill Wars have lost the Civicke crowne.
He highest builds, who with most Art destroys,
And against others Fame his owne employs.
I see the envious Caterpillar sit
On the faire blossome of each growing wit.

The Ayre 's already tainted with the swarms
Of Insects which against you rise in arms.
Word-peckers, Paper-rats, Book-scorpions,
Of wit corrupted, the unfashion'd Sons. 20
The barbed Censurers begin to looke
Like the grim consistory on thy Booke ;
And on each line cast a reforming eye,
Severer then the yong Presbytery.
Till when in vaine they have thee all perus'd,
You shall for being faultlesse be accus'd.
Some reading your *Lucasta*, will alledge
You wrong'd in her the Houses Priviledge.
Some that you under sequestration are,
Because you write when going to the Warre, 30
And one the Book prohibits, because *Kent*
Their first Petition by the Authour sent.

But when the beauteous Ladies came to know
That their deare *Lovelace* was endanger'd so :
Lovelace that thaw'd the most congealed brest,
He who lov'd best and them defended best.

Whose hand so rudely grasps the steely brand,
 Whose hand so gently melts the Ladies hand.
 They all in mutiny though yet undrest
 Sally'd, and would in his defence contest. 40
 And one the loveliest that was yet e're seen,
 Thinking that I too of the rout had been,
 Mine eyes invaded with a female spight,
 (She knew what pain 'twould be to lose that sight.)
 O no, mistake not, I reply'd, for I
 In your defence, or in his cause would dy.
 But he secure of glory and of time
 Above their envy, or mine aid doth clime.
 Him, valianst men, and fairest Nymphs approve,
 His Booke in them finds Judgement, with you Love. 50
 Andr. Marvell.

Upon the Death of the Lord Hastings.

Go, intercept some Fountain in the Vein,
 Whose Virgin-Source yet never steept the Plain.
Hastings is dead, and we must finde a Store
 Of Tears untoucht, and never wept before.
 Go, stand betwixt the *Morning* and the *Flowers* ;
 And, ere they fall, arrest the early *Showers*.
Hastings is dead ; and we, disconsolate,
 With *early Tears* must mourn his *early Fate*.
 Alas, his *Vertues* did his *Death* presage :
 Needs must he die, that doth out-run his *Age*. 10
 The *Phlegmatick* and *Slowe* prolongs his day,
 And on Times Wheel sticks like a *Remora*.
 What man is he, that hath not *Heaven* beguil'd,
 And is not thence mistaken for a *Childe* ?
 While those of growth more sudden, and more bold,
 Are hurried hence, as if already old.
 For, there above, They number not as here,
 But weigh to Man the *Geometrick* yeer.
 Had he but at this Measure still increast,
 And on the *Tree of Life* once made a Feast, 20
 As that of *Knowledge* ; what Loves had he given
 To *Earth*, and then what *Jealousies* to *Heaven* !

But 't is a *Maxime* of that State, That none,
Lest He become like Them, taste more then one.
Therefore the *Democratick* Stars did rise,
And all that Worth from hence did *Ostracize*.

Yet as some *Prince*, that, for State-Jealousie,
Secures his nearest and most lov'd *Ally* ;
His Thought with richest Triumphs entertains,
And in the choicest Pleasures charms his Pains :
So he, not banisht hence, but there confin'd,
There better recreates his active Minde.

Before the *Chrystal Palace* where he dwells,
The armed *Angels* hold their *Carouzels* ;
And underneath, he views the *Turnaments*
Of all these *Sublunary Elements*.

But most he doth th' *Eternal Book* behold,
On which the *happie Names* do stand enroll'd ;
And gladly there can all his Kinred claim,
But most rejoyces at his *Mothers* name.

The gods themselves cannot their Joy conceal,
But draw their Veils, and their pure Beams reveal :
Onely they drooping *Hymeneus* note,
Who for sad *Purple*, tears his *Saffron-coat* ;
And trails his Torches th'row the Starry Hall
Reversed, at his *Darlings* Funeral.

And *Æsculapius*, who, asham'd and stern,
Himself at once condemneth, and *Mayern* ;
Like some sad *Chymist*, who prepar'd to reap
The *Golden Harvest*, sees his Glasses leap.

For, how Immortal must their race have stood,
Had *Mayern* once been mixt with *Hastings* blood !
How Sweet and Verdant would these *Lawrels* be,
Had they been planted on that *Balsam-tree* !

But what could he, good man, although he bruis'd
All Herbs, and them a thousand ways infus'd ?
All he had try'd, but all in vain, he saw,
And wept, as we, without Redress or Law.
For *Man* (alas) is but the *Heavens* sport ;
And *Art* indeed is Long, but *Life* is Short.

Andrew Marvel.

AN
Elegy upon the Death of my
Lord *Francis Villiers*.

TIs true that he is dead : but yet to chuse,
 Methinkes thou Fame should not have brought the news,
 Thou canst discourse at will and speak at large:
 But wast not in the fight nor durst thou charge,
 While he transported all with valiant rage
 His Name eternizd, but cut short his age;
 On the safe battlements of Richmonds bowers
 Thou wast espyd, and from the guilded Towers
 Thy silver Trumpets sounded a Retreat,
 Farre from the dust and battails sulphry heat.
 Yet what couldst thou have done ? 'tis alwayes late
 To struggle with inevitable fate.
 Much rather thou I know expectst to tell
 How heavy *Cromwell* gnasht the earth and fell,
 Or how slow Death late from the sight of day
 The long-deceived *Vaisfax* bore away.
 But unill then, let us young *Francis* praise :
 And plant upon his hearse the bloody bayer,
 Which we will water with our welling eyes.
 Teares spring not still from spongy Cowardize.
 The purer fountaines from the Rocks more steep
 Desfill and stony valour best doth weep.
 Besides Revenge, if often quencht in teares,
 Hardens like Steele and daily keener weares.
 Great *Buckingham*, whose death doth freshly strike
 Our memoryes, because to this so like;
 Ere that in the Eternall Court he shone,
 And here a Favorite there found a throne;
 The fatall night before he hence did bleed,
 Left to his *Princeps* this immortal seed.
 As the wise *Chinese* in the fertile wombe
 Of Earth doth a more precious clay entombe,
 Which dying by his will he leaves confind:
 Til by mature delay of time reind
 The christall metall fit to be releast
 Is taken forth to crowne each royall feast:
 Such was the fate by which this Postume breathd,
 VWho scarcely seems begotten but bequeathd.

Never was any humane plant that grew
 More faire then this and acceptably new,
 'Tis truth that beauty doth most men dispraise:
 Prudence and valour their esteeme do raise,
 But he that hath already these in store,
 Can not be poorer sure for having more,
 And his unimitable handfomnesse
 Made him indeed be more then man, not lesse.
 We do but faintly Gods resemblance beare
 And like rough coyns of carelesse mints appeare:
 But he of purpose made, did represent
 In a rich Medall every lineament.

Lovely and admirable as he was,
 Yet was his Sword or Armour all his Glasse,
 Nor in his Mistris eyes that joy he tooke,
 As in an Enemies handfelle to looke.
 I know how well he did, with what delight
 Those serious imitations of fight,
 Still in the tralls of strong exercise
 His was the first, and his the second prize.

Bright Lady, thou that rulest from above
 The last and greatest Monarchy of Love:
 Faire *Richmond* hold thy Brother or he goes,
 Try if the Jafnan of thy hand or Rose
 Of thy red Lip can keep him alwayes here,
 For he loves danger and doth never feare,
 Or may thy tears prevaile with him to stay?
 But he resolv'd breaks carelesly away,
 Onely one argument could now prolong
 His stay and that most faire and so most strong:
 The matchlesse *Chlora* whose pure fires did warm
 His soule and only could his passions charme.

You might with much more reason go reprove
 The amorous Magnet which the North doth love,
 Or preach divorce and say it is amisse
 That with tall Elms the twining Vines should kisse:
 Then chide two such so fit, so equall faire
 That in the world they have no other paire,
 Whom it might seeme that Heaven did create
 To restore man unto his first estate.
 Yet she for honours tyrannous respect
 Her own desires did and his neglect,
 And like the Modest Plant at every touch
 Shrunk in her leaves and feard it was too much

But who can paint the torments and that pain
Which he profess and now she could not faigne?
He like the Sun but overcast and pale:
Shee like a Rainbow, that ere long must faile,
Whose iossall cheek where Heaven it selfe did view
Begins to separate and dissolve to dew.

At last he leave obtaines though sad and slow,
First of her and then of himselfe to goe.
How comely and how terrible he sits
At once and Warre as well as Love befits!
Ride where thou wilt and bold adventures find;
But all the Ladies are got up behind.
Guard them, though not thy selfe: for in thy death
Th' Eleven thousand Virgins lose their breath.

So *Hector* issuing from the Trojan wall
The sad *Jliades* to the Gods did call
With hands displayed and with dishevell'd haire
That they the Empire in his life would spare.
VWhile he secure through all the field doth spy
Achilles for *Achilles* only cry.

Ah ignorant that yet ere night he must
Be drawn by him inglorious through the dust.

Such fell young *Viliers* in the chearfull heat
Of youth: his locks intangled all with sweat
And those eyes which the Sentinell did keep
Of love closed up in an eternall sleep.

VWhile *Venus* of *Adonis* thinks no more
Slaine by the harsh tuske of the Savage Boare.

Hither she runs and hath him hurried farre
Out of the noise and blood, and killing warre:
VWhere in her Gardens of Sweet myrtle laid
Shee kisses him in the immortall shade,

Yet dyed he not revengelesse: Much he did
Ere he could suffer. A whole Pyramid
Of Vulgar bodies he erected high:
Scorning without a Sepulcher to dye.

And with his steele which did whole troopes divide
He cut his Epitaph on either Side,

Till finding nothing to his courage fit
He rid up last to death and conquer'd it.

Such are the Obsequies to *Francis* own:
He best the portage of his owne death hath showne.

And we hereafter to his honour will
Not write so many, but so many kill.
Till the whole Army by just vengeance come
To be at once his Trophée and his Tombe.

The last Instructions to a Painter.

After two sittings; now our *Lady State*,
 To end her Picture, does the third time wait.
 But er'e thou fal'st to work, first *Painter* see
 It be'nt too slight grown, or too hard for thee.
 Canst thou paint without Colours? Then 'tis right :
 For so we too without a Fleet can fight.
 Or canst thou dawb a Sign-post, and that ill ?
 'Twill suit our great debauch and little skill.
 Or hast thou mark't how antique Masters limn
 The Aly roof, with snuff of Candle dimm, 10
 Sketching in shady smoke prodigious tools,
 'Twill serve this race of Drunkards, Pimps, and Fools.
 But if to match our Crimes thy skill presumes,
 As th' *Indians*, draw our Luxury in Plumes.
 Or if to score out our compendious Fame,
 With *Hook* then, through the *microscope*, take aim
 Where, like the new *Controller*, all men laugh
 To see a tall Lowse brandish the white Staff.
 Else shalt thou oft thy guiltless Pencil curse,
 Stamp on thy Pallat, nor perhaps the worse. 20
 The Painter so, long having vext his cloth,
 Of his Hound's Mouth to feign the raging froth,
 His desperate Pencil at the work did dart,
 His Anger reacht that rage which past his Art ;
 Chance finisht that which Art could but begin,
 And he sat smiling how his Dog did grinn.
 So may'st thou perfect, by a lucky blow,
 What all thy softest touches cannot do.
 Paint then St. *Albans* full of soup and gold,
 The new *Courts* pattern, Stallion of the old. 30
 Him neither Wit nor Courage did exalt,
 But Fortune chose him for her pleasure salt.
 Paint him with *Drayman's* Shoulders, butchers *Mien*,
 Member'd like Mules, with Elephantine chine.
 Well he the Title of St. *Albans* bore,
 For never *Bacon* study'd Nature more.
 But Age, allaying now that youthful heat,
 Fits him in *France* to play at Cards and treat.

Draw no Commission lest the *Court* should lye,
 That, disavowing Treaty, ask supply. 40
 He needs no Seal, but to *St. James's* lease,
 Whose Breeches were the Instrument of Peace.
 Who, if the *French* dispute his Pow'r, from thence
 Can straight produce them a *Plenipotence*.
 Nor fears he *the most Christian* should trepan
 Two Saints at once, *St. German, St. Alban*.
 But thought the Golden Age was now restor'd,
 When Men and Women took each others Word.

Paint then again *Her Highness* to the life,
 Philosopher beyond *Newcastle's Wife*. 50
 She, nak'd, can *Archimedes* self put down,
 For an Experiment upon the *Crown*.
 She perfected that Engine, oft assay'd,
 How after Childbirth to renew a Maid.
 And found how *Royal Heirs* might be matur'd,
 In fewer months than Mothers once indur'd.
 Hence *Crowder* made the rare Inventress free,
 Of's *Highnesses Royal Society*.

Happy'st of Women, if she were but able
 To make her glassen *D*—s once malleable ! 60
 Paint her with Oyster Lip, and breath of Fame,
 Wide Mouth that Sparagus may well proclaim :
 With *Chanc'lor's* Belly, and so large a Rump.
 There, not behind the Coach, her Pages jump.
 Express her studying now, if *China-clay*,
 Can without breaking venom'd juice convey.
 Or how a mortal Poyson she may draw,
 Out of the cordial meal of the *Cacao*.

Witness ye stars of Night, and thou the pale
 Moon, that o'come with the sick steam did'st fail ; 70
 Ye neighb'ring Elms, that your green leaves did shed,
 And Fawns, that from the womb abortive fled.
 Not unprovok'd she trys forbidden Arts,
 But in her soft Breast Loves hid Cancer smarts.
 While she revolves, at once, *Sidney's* disgrace,
 And her self scorn'd for emulous *Denham's* Face ;
 And nightly hears the hated Guards away
 Galloping with the *Duke* to other Prey.

Paint *Castlemaine* in Colours that will hold,
 Her, not her Picture, for she now grows old. 80
 She through her *Lacquies* Drawers as he ran,
 Discern'd Love's Cause, and a new Flame began.
 Her wonted joys thenceforth and *Court* she shuns,
 And still within her mind the Footman runs :
 His brazen Calves, his brawny Thighs, (the Face
 She slights) his Feet shapt for a smoother race.
 Poring within her Glass she re-adjusts
 Her looks, and oft-try'd Beauty now distrusts :
 Fears lest he scorn a Woman once assay'd,
 And now first, wisht she e're had been a Maid. 90
 Great Love, how dost thou triumph, and how reign,
 That to a Groom couldst humble her disdain !
 Stript to her Skin, see how she stooping stands,
 Nor scorns to rub him down with those fair Hands ;
 And washing (lest the scent her Crime disclose)
 His sweaty Hooves, tickles him 'twixt the Toes.
 But envious Fame, too soon, begun to note
 More gold in's Fob, more Lace upon his Coat
 And he, unwary, and of Tongue too fleet,
 No longer could conceal his Fortune sweet. 100
 Justly the Rogue was whipt in Porter's Den :
 And *Jermyn* straight has leave to come agen.
 Ah *Painter*, now could *Alexander* live,
 And this *Campaspe* thee *Apelles* give !
 Draw next a Pair of Tables op'ning, then
 The *House of Commons* clatt'ring like the Men.
 Describe the *Court* and *Country*, both set right,
 On opposite points, the black against the white.
 Those having lost the Nation at *Trick track*,
 These now advent'ring how to win it back. 110
 The Dice betwixt them must the Fate divide,
 As Chance does still in Multitudes decide.
 But here the *Court* does its advantage know,
 For the Cheat *Turnor* for them both must throw.
 As some from Boxes, he so from the Chair
 Can strike the Die, and still with them goes share.
 Here *Painter* rest a little, and survey
 With what small Arts the publick game they play.
 For so too *Rubens*, with affairs of State,
 His lab'ring Pencil oft would recreate. 120

The close *Cabal* mark'd how the Navy eats,
 And thought all lost that goes not to the Cheats :
 So therefore secretly for Peace decrees,
 Yet as for War the *Parliament* should squeeze ;
 And fix to the Revenue such a Summ,
 Should *Goodrick* silence, and strike *Paston* dumb ;
 Should pay Land Armies, should dissolve the vain
Commons, and ever such a *Court* maintain,
Hyde's Avarice, *Bennet's* Luxury should suffice,
 And what can these defray but the *Excise* ?
Excise, a Monster worse than e're before
 Frighted the Midwife, and the Mother tore.
 A thousand Hands she has and thousand Eyes,
 Breaks into Shops, and into Cellars prys.
 With hundred rows of Teeth the Shark exceeds,
 And on all Trade like *Casawar* she feeds :
 Chops off the piece where e're she close the Jaw,
 Else swallows all down her indented maw.
 She stalks all day in Streets conceal'd from sight,
 And flies like Batts with leathern Wings by Night.
 She wastes the Country and on Cities preys.
 Her, of a female Harpy, in Dog Days :
 Black *Birch*, of all the Earth-born race most hot,
 And most rapacious, like himself begot.
 And, of his Brat enamour'd, as't increast,
 Bugger'd in Incest with the mungrel Beast.

Say Muse, for nothing can escape thy sight,
 (And Painter, wanting other, draw this Fight.)
 Who, in an *English* Senate, fierce debate,
 Could raise so long for this new Whore of State.

Of early Wittals first the Troop march'd in,
 For Diligence renown'd, and Discipline :
 In Loyal haste they left young Wives in Bed,
 And *Denham* these by one consent did head.
 Of the old Courtiers next a Squadron came,
 That sold their Master, led by *Ashburnham*.
 To them succeeds a despicable Rout,
 But knew the Word and well could face about ;
 Expectants pale, with hopes of spoil allur'd,
 Thought yet but Pioneers, and led by *Steward*.
 Then damming Cowards rang'd the vocal Plain,
Wood these commands, Knight of the Horn and Cane.

130

140

150

160

Still his Hook-shoulder seems the blow to dread,
 And under's Armpit he defends his Head.
 The posture strange men laught at of his Poll,
 Hid with his Elbow like the Spice he stole.
 Headless St. *Dennis* so his Head does bear ;
 And both of them alike *French* Martyrs were.
 Court-Officers, as us'd, the next place took,
 And follow'd *Fox*, but with disdainful look.
 His Birth, his Youth, his Brokage all dispraise,
 In vain, for always he commands that pays.
 Then the Procurers under *Progers* fil'd,
 Gentlest of men, and his Lieutenant mild,
Bronkard Loves Squire ; through all the field array'd,
 No Troop was better clad nor so well pay'd.
 Then march't the Troop of *Clarendon*, all full,
 Haters of Fowl, to *Teal* preferring *Bull*.
 Gross Bodies, grosser Minds, and grossest Cheats ;
 And bloated *Wren* conducts them to their seats.
 C—~~A~~n advances next, whose Coife dos awe harlto 180
 The Miter Troop, and with his looks gives Law.
 He March'd with Beaver cock'd of Bishop's brim,
 And hid much Fraud under an aspect grim.
 Next th' Lawyers Mercenary Band appear :
Finch, in the Front, and *Thurland* in the Rear.
 The Troop of Priviledge, a Rabble bare
 Of Debtors deep, fell to *Trelawny's* Care.
 Their Fortune's error they supply'd in rage,
 Nor any further would then these ingage. 190
 Then marcht the Troop, whose valiant Acts before,
 (Their publick Acts) oblig'd them still to more.
 For Chimney's sake they all Sir *Pool* obey'd,
 Or in his absence him that first it lay'd.
 Then comes the thrifty Troop of Privateers,
 Whose Horses each with other enterfeers.
 Before them *Higgins* rides with brow compact,
 Mourning his *Countess*, anxious for his Act.
 Sir *Frederick* and Sir *Salomon* draw Lotts
 For the command of Politicks or Sotts. 200
 Thence fell to Words, but, quarrel to adjourn,
 Their Friends agreed they should command by turn.

Carteret the rich did the Accomptants guide,
 And in ill *English* all the World defy'd.
 The *Papists*, but of those the *House* had none :
 Else *Talbot* offer'd to have led them on.
 Bold *Duncombe* next, of the Projectors chief :
 And old *Fitz-Harding* of the Eaters Beef.
 Late and disorder'd out the Drinkers drew ;
 Scarce them their Leaders, they their Leaders knew. 210
 Before them enter'd, equal in Command,
Apsley and *Brotherick*, marching hand in hand.
 Last then but one, *Powell*, that could not ride,
 Led the *French* Standard, weltring in his stride,
 He, to excuse his slowness, truth confest
 That 'twas so long before he could be drest.
 The *Lords Sons*, last, all these did reinforce :
Cornbury before them manag'd Hobby-horse.

Never, before nor since, an Host so steel'd
 Troop't on to muster in the *Tuttle-field*. 220
 Not the first Cock-horse, that with Cork were shod
 To rescue *Albemarle* from the Sea-Cod :
 Nor the late Feather-men, whom *Tomkins* fierce
 Shall with one Breath like thistle-down disperse.
 All the two *Coventrys* their Gen'als chose :
 For one had much, the other nought to lose.
 Nor better choice all accidents could hit ;
 While Hector *Harry* steers by *Will* the Wit :
 They both accept the Charge with merry glee,
 To fight a Battel, from all Gun-shot free. 230

Pleas'd with their Numbers, yet in Valour wise,
 They feign a parly, better to surprize :
 They, that e're long shall the rude *Dutch* upbraid,
 Who in a time of Treaty durst invade.

Thick was the Morning, and the *House* was thin,
 The *Speaker* early, when they all fell in.
 Propitious Heavens, had not you them crost,
Excise had got the day, and all been lost.
 For th' other side all in loose Quarters lay,
 Without Intelligence, Command, or Pay : 240
 A scatter'd Body, which the Foe ne'r try'd,
 But oftner did among themselves divide.
 And some ran o're each night while others sleep,
 And undescry'd return'd e're morning peep.

But *Strangeways*, that all Night still walk'd the round,
 (For Vigilance and Courage both renown'd)
 First spy'd the Enemy and gave th' Alarm :
 Fighting it single till the rest might arm.
 Such *Roman Cocles* strid : before the Foe,
 The falling Bridge behind, the Stream below.

250

Each ran, as chance him guides, to sev'ral Post :
 And all to pattern his Example boast.
 Their former Trophees they recal to mind,
 And to new edge their angry Courage grind.
 First enter'd forward *Temple*, Conqueror
 Of *Irish-Cattel* and *Sollicitor*.

Then daring *Seymour*, that with Spear and Shield,
 Had strecht the monster *Patent* on the Field.
 Keen *Whorwood* next, in aid of Damsel frail,
 That pierc't the Gyant *Mordant* through his Mail.

260

And surly *Williams*, the Accomptants bane :
 And *Lovelace* young, of Chimney-men the Cane.
 Old *Waller*, Trumpet-gen'ral swore he'd write
 This Combat truer than the Naval Fight.
 Of Birth, State, Wit, Strength, Courage, *How'rd* presumes,
 And in his Breast wears many *Montezumes*.

These and some more with single Valour stay
 The adverse Troops, and hold them all at Bay.
 Each thinks his Person represents the whole,
 And with that thought does multiply his Soul :

270

Believes himself an Army, theirs one Man,
 As eas'ly Conquer'd, and believing can.
 With Heart of Bees so full, and Head of Mites,
 That each, tho' Duelling, a Battel fights.

Such once *Orlando*, famous in *Romance*,
 Broach'd whole Brigades like Larks upon his Lance.

But strength at last still under number bows,
 And the faint sweat trickled down *Temples* Brows.
 Ev'n Iron *Strangeways*, chafing yet gave back,
 Spent with *fatigue*, to breath a while Toback.

280

When, marching in, a seas'nable recruit
 Of Citizens and Merchants held dispute :
 And, charging all their Pikes, a sullen Band
 Of *Presbyterian Switzers*, made a stand.

Nor could all these the Field have long maintain'd,
 But for th'unknown Reserve that still remain'd :
 A *Gross* of *English Gentry*, nobly born,
 Of clear *Estates*, and to no Faction sworn ;
 Dear Lovers of their King, and Death to meet,
 For Countrys Cause, that Glorious think and sweet : 290
 To speak not forward, but in Action brave ;
 In giving Gen'rous, but in Counsel Grave ;
 Candidly credulous for once, nay twice ;
 But sure the *Devil* cannot cheat them thrice.
 The Van and Battel, though retiring, falls
 Without disorder in their Intervals :
 Then closing, all in equal Front fall on,
 Led by great *Garrway*, and great *Littleton*.
Lee, equal to obey or to command,
 Adjutant-General was still at hand. 300
 The martial Standard *Sands* displaying, shows
 St. *Dunstan* in it, tweaking *Satan's* Nose.
 See sudden chance of War ! To Paint or Write,
 Is longer Work, and harder than to fight.
 At the first Charge the Enemy give out ;
 And the *Excise* receives a total Rout.
 Broken in Courage, yet the Men the same,
 Resolve henceforth upon their other Game :
 Where force had fail'd with Stratagem to play,
 And what haste lost, recover by delay. 310
 St. *Albans* straight is sent to, to forbear,
 Lest the sure Peace, forsooth, too soon appear.
 The Seamens Clamour to three ends they use ;
 To cheat their Pay, feign want, the *House* accuse.
 Each day they bring the Tale, and that too true,
 How strong the *Dutch* their Equipage renew.
 Mean time through all the Yards their Orders run
 To lay the Ships up, cease the Keels begun.
 The Timber rots, and useless Ax does rust,
 The unpractis'd Saw lyes bury'd in its Dust ; 320
 The busie Hammer sleeps, the Ropes untwine ;
 The Stores and Wages all are mine and thine.
 Along the Coast and Harbours they take care
 That Money lack, nor Forts be in repair.
 Long thus they could against the *House* conspire,
 Load them with Envy, and with Sitting tire :

And the lov'd *King*, and never yet deny'd,
 Is brought to beg in publick and to chide.
 But when this fail'd, and Months enough were spent,
 They with the first days proffer seem content : 330
 And to *Land-tax* from the *Excise* turn round,
 Bought off with *Eighteen hundred thousand pound*.
 Thus, like fair Thieves, the *Commons* Purse they share,
 But all the *Members* Lives, consulting, spare.

Blither than Hare that hath escap'd the Hounds,
 The *House* Prorogu'd, the *Chancellor* rebounds.
 Not so decrepid *Aeson*, hash'd and stew'd
 With *Magic* Herbs, rose from the Pot renew'd :
 And with fresh Age felt his glad Limbs unite ;
 His Gout (yet still he curst) had left him quite. 340
 What Frosts to Fruit, what Ars'nick to the Rat,
 What to fair *Denham* mortal *Chocolat* ;
 What an Account to *Carleret* ; that and more
 A *Parliament* is to the *Chance*!!or.

So the sad Tree shrinks from the Mornings Eye ;
 But blooms all Night, and shoots its branches high.
 So, at the Suns recess, again returns,
 The Comet dread, and Earth and Heaven burns.

Now *Mordant* may, within his Castle Tow'r,
 Imprison Parents, and the Child deflowre. 350

The *Irish-Herd* is now let loose, and comes
 By Millions over, not by *Hecatombs*.
 And now, now, the *Canary-Patent* may
 Be Broach'd again, for the great Holy-day
 See how he Reigns in his new Palace *culminant*,
 And sits in State Divine like *Jove* the *fulminant* !
 First *Buckingham*, that durst to him Rebel,
 Blasted with Lightning, struck with Thunder fell.
 Next the *Twelve Commons* are condemn'd to groan,
 And roul in vain at *Sisyphus's* Stone. 360

But still he car'd, while in Revenge he brav'd,
 That Peace secur'd, and Money might be sav'd.
 Gain and Revenge, Revenge and Gain are sweet :
 United most, else when by turns they meet.
France had St. *Albans* promis'd (so they sing)
 St. *Albans* promis'd him, and he the *King*.
 The *Count* forthwith is order'd all to close,
 To play for *Flanders*, and the stake to lose.

While Chain'd together two *Ambassadors*
 Like Slaves, shall beg for Peace at *Hollands* doors. 370
 This done, among his *Cyclops* he retires,
 To forge new Thunder, and inspect their Fires.

The *Court*, as once of War, now fond of Peace,
 All to new Sports their wanton fears release.
 From *Greenwich* (where Intelligence they hold)
 Comes news of Pastime, Martial and old :
 A Punishment invented first to awe
 Masculine Wives, transgressing Natures Law.
 Where when the brawny Female disobeys,
 And beats the Husband till for peace he prays : 380
 No concern'd *Jury* for him Damage finds,
 Nor partial *Justice* her Behaviour binds ;
 But the just Street does the next House invade,
 Mounting the neighbour Couple on lean Jade.
 The Distaff knocks, the Grains from Kettle fly,
 And Boys and Girls in Troops run houting by ;
 Prudent Antiquity, that knew by Shame,
 Better than Law, Domestick Crimes to tame
 And taught Youth by Spectacle Innocent !

So thou and I, dear *Painter*, represent 390
 In quick *Effigy*, others Faults, and feign
 By making them ridiculous to restrain.
 With homely sight, they chose thus to relax
 The Joys of State, for the new Peace and Tax.
 So *Holland* with us had the Mast'ry try'd,
 And our next neighbours *France* and *Flanders* ride.

But a fresh News, the great designment nips,
 Off, at the Isle of *Candy*, *Dutch* and ships.
Bab May and *Arlington* did wisely scoff,
 And thought all safe if they were so far off. 400

Modern *Geographers*, 'twas there they thought,
 Where *Venice* twenty years the *Turk* had fought :
 While the first year our Navy is but shown,
 The next divided, and the third we've none.
 They, by the Name, mistook it for that Isle,
 Where Pilgrim *Palmer* travell'd in Exile,
 With the Bulls Horn to measure his own Head,
 And on *Pasiphae's* Tomb to drop a Bead.
 But *Morrice* learn'd demonstrates, by the Post,
 This Isle of *Candy* was on *Essex* Coast. 410

Fresh Messengers still the sad News assure,
 More tim'rous now we are, than first secure.
 False Terrors our believing Fears devise :
 And the *French* Army one from *Calais* spies.
Bennet and *May*, and those of shorter reach,
 Change all for Guinea's, and a Crown for each :
 But wiser Men, and well foreseen in chance,
 In *Holland* theirs had lodg'd before, and *France*.
White-hall's unsafe, the *Court* all meditates
 To fly to *Windsor*, and mure up the Gates. 420
 Each does the other blame, and all distrust ;
 But *Mordant* new oblig'd, would sure be just.
 Not such a fatal stupefaction reign'd
 At *London's* Flame, nor so the *Court* complain'd.
 The *Bloodworth-Chanc'lor* gives, then does recal
 Orders, amaz'd at last gives none at all.

St. Albans writ to that he may bewail
 To Master *Lewis*, and tell Coward tale,
 How yet the *Hollanders* do make a noise,
 Threaten to beat us, and are naughty Boys. 430
 Now *Doleman's* disobedient, and they still
 Uncivil : His unkindness would us kill.
 Tell him our Ships unrigg'd, our Forts unman'd,
 Our Money spent ; else 'twere at his command.
 Summon him therefore of his Word, and prove
 To move him out of Pity, if not Love.
 Pray him to make *De-Witte*, and *Ruyter* cease,
 And whip the *Dutch*, unless they'l hold their peace.
 But *Lewis* was of Memory but dull,
 And to *St. Albans* too undutiful ; 440
 Nor Word, nor near Relation did revere ;
 But ask'd him bluntly for his *Character*.
 The gravell'd *Count* did with the Answer faint :
 (His *Character* was that which thou didst paint)
 And so enforc'd, like Enemy or Spy,
 Trusses his baggage, and the Camp does fly.
 Yet *Lewis* writes, and lest our Hearts should break,
Consoles us morally out of *Seneque*.

Two Letters next unto *Breda* are sent,
 In Cipher one to *Harry* Excellent. 450

The first instructs our (Verse the Name abhors)
Plenipotentiary Ambassadors,
 To prove by *Scripture*, Treaty does imply
 Cessation, as the look Adultery.

And that by Law of Arms, in Martial strife,
 Who yields his Sword has Title to his Life.
Presbyter Hollis the first point should clear ;
 The second *Coventry* the *Cavalier*.

But, would they not be argu'd back from Sea,
 Then to return home straight *infecta re*.
 But *Harry's* Order, if they won't recal
 Their Fleet, to threaten, we will give them all.

The *Dutch* are then in *Proclamation* shent,
 For Sin against th' *Eleventh Commandment*.
Hyde's flippan't Stile there pleasantly curvets ;
 Still his sharp Wit on States and Princes whets.
 (So *Spain* could not escape his Laughters Spleen :
 None but himself must chuse the *King* a *Queen*.)

But when he came the odious Clause to Pen,
 That summons up the *Parliament* agen ;
 His Writing-Master many a time he bann'd,
 And wish'd himself the Gout, to seize his hand.
 Never old Letcher more repugnance felt,
 Consenting, for his Rupture, to be Gelt ;
 But still in hope he solac'd, e're they come,
 To work the Peace, and so to send them home.

Or in their hasty Call to find a flaw,
 Their Acts to vitiate, and them over-awe.
 But most rely'd upon this *Dutch* pretence,
 To raise a two-edg'd Army for's defence.

First, then he march'd our whole *Militia's* force,
 (As if, alas, we Ships or *Dutch* had Horse.)

Then, from the usual *Common-place*, he blames
 These ; and in Standing-Armies praise declaims.
 And the wise *Court*, that always lov'd it dear,
 Now thinks all but too little for their Fear.

Hyde Stamps, and straight upon the ground the swarms
 Of current *Myrmidons* appear in Arms.

And for their Pay he writes as from the *King*,
 With that curs'd Quill pluck'd from a Vulture's Wing :
 Of the whole Nation now to ask a Loan.

(The *Eighteen hundred thousand pound* was gone.)

460

470

480

490

This done, he Pens a *Proclamation* stout,
 In rescue of the *Banquiers Banquerout* :
 His minion Imps that, in his secret part,
 Lye nuzz'ling at the *Sacramental* wart ;
 Horse-leeches circling at the Hem'roid Vein ;
 He sucks the King, they him, he them again.
 The Kingdoms Farm he lets to them bid least :
 Greater the Bribe, and that 's at Interest.
 Here Men induc'd by Safety, Gain, and Ease,
 Their Money lodge ; confiscate when he please.
 These can, at need, at instant, with a scrip,
 (This lik'd him best) his Cash beyond Sea whip.
 When *Dutch* Invade, when *Parliament* prepare,
 How can he Engines so convenient spare ?
 Let no Man touch them, or demand his own,
 Pain of Displeasure of great *Clarendon*.
 The State Affairs thus Marshall'd, for the rest
Monk in his Shirt against the *Dutch* is prest. 500
 Often, dear *Painter*, have I sate and mus'd
 Why he should still b'on all adventures us'd. 510
 If they for nothing ill, like *Ashen-wood*,
 Or think him, like *Herb-John*, for nothing good.
 Whether his Valour they so much admire,
 Or that for Cowardice they all retire.
 As Heav'n in Storms, they call, in gusts of State,
 On *Monk* and *Parliament*, yet both do hate.
 All Causes sure concur, but most they think
 Under *Herculean* Labours he may sink. 520
 Soon then the *Independent* Troops would close,
 And *Hyde's* last Project would his Place dispose.
Ruyter the while, that had our Ocean curb'd,
 Sail'd now among our Rivers undisturb'd :
 Survey'd their Crystal Streams, and Banks so green,
 And Beauties e're this never naked seen.
 Through the vain sedge the bashful *Nymphs* he ey'd ;
 Bosomes, and all which from themselves they hide.
 The Sun much brighter, and the Skies more clear,
 He finds the Air, and all things, sweeter here. 530
 The sudden change, and such a tempting sight,
 Swells his old Veins with fresh Blood, fresh Delight.
 Like am'rous Victors he begins to shave,
 And his new Face looks in the *English* Wave.

His sporting Navy all about him swim,
 And witness their complaisance in their trim.
 Their streaming Silks play through the weather fair,
 And with inveigling Colours Court the Air.
 While the red Flags breath on their Top-masts high
 Terrour and War, but want an Enemy.

540

Among the Shrowds the Seamen sit and sing,
 And wanton Boys on every Rope do cling.
 Old *Neptune* springs the Tydes, and Water lent :
 (The Gods themselves do help the provident.)
 And, where the deep Keel on the shallow cleaves,
 With *Trident's* Leaver, and great Shoulder heaves.
Æolus their Sails inspires with *Eastern* Wind,
 Puffs them along, and breathes upon them kind.
 With Pearly Shell the *Tritons* all the while
 Sound the Sea-march, and guide to *Sheppy Isle*.

550

So have I seen in *April's* bud, arise
 A Fleet of Clouds, sailing along the Skies :
 The liquid Region with their Squadrons fill'd,
 The airy Sterns the Sun behind does guild ;
 And gentle Gales them steer, and Heaven drives,
 When, all on sudden, their calm bosome rives
 With Thunder and Lightning from each armed Cloud ;
 Shepherds themselves in vain in bushes shrowd.
 Such up the stream the *Belgick* Navy glides,
 And at *Sheerness* unloads its stormy sides.

560

Sprag there, tho practic'd in the Sea command,
 With panting Heart, lay like a fish on Land,
 And quickly judg'd the Fort was not *tenable*,
 Which, if a House, yet were not *tenantable*.
 No man can sit there safe, the Cannon pow'rs
 Through the Walls untight, and Bullet show'rs :
 The neighb'hood ill, and an unwholesome seat.
 So at the first Salute resolves Retreat,
 And swore that he would never more dwell there
 Until the *City* put it in repair.

570

So he in Front, his Garrison in Rear,
 March straight to *Chatham*, to increase the fear.
 There our sick Ships unrigg'd in Summer lay,
 Like molting Fowl, a weak and easie Prey.
 For whose strong bulk Earth scarce could Timber find,
 The Ocean Water, or the Heavens Wind.

Those Oaken Gyants of the ancient Race,
 That rul'd all Seas, and did our Channel grace.
 The conscious Stag, so once the Forests dread,
 Flies to the Wood, and hides his armless Head.

580

Ruyter forthwith a Squadron does untack,
 They sail securely through the Rivers track.
 An *English* Pilot too, (O Shame, O Sin !)
 Cheated of Pay, was he that show'd them in.

Our wretched Ships within their Fate attend,
 And all our hopes now on frail Chain depend :
 Engine so slight to guard us from the Sea,
 It fitter seem'd to captivate a Flea.

A *Skipper* rude shocks it without respect,
 Filling his Sails, more force to recollect.
 Th' *English* from shore the Iron deaf invoke
 For its last aid : Hold Chain or we are broke.
 But with her Sailing weight, the *Holland* Keel
 Snapping the brittle links, does thorow reel ;
 And to the rest the open'd passage shew.

590

Monk from the bank the dismal sight does view.
 Our feather'd *Gallants*, which came down that day
 To be Spectators safe of the *new Play*,
 Leave him alone when first they hear the Gun ;
 (*Cornbry* the fleetest) and to *London* run.

600

Our Seamen, whom no Dangers shape could fright,
 Unpaid, refuse to mount our Ships for spight :
 Or to their fellows swim on board the *Dutch*,
 Which show the tempting metal in their clutch.
 Oft had he sent, of *Duncombe* and of *Legg*
 Cannon and Powder, but in vain, to beg :
 And *Upnor*-Castle's ill-deserted Wall,
 Now needful, does for Ammunition call.
 He finds wheresoe're he succour might expect,
 Confusion, folly, treach'ry, fear, neglect.

610

But when the *Royal Charles*, what Rage, what Grief,
 He saw seiz'd, and could give her no Relief !
 That sacred Keel, which had, as he, restor'd
 His exil'd *Sov'raign* on its happy Board ;
 And thence the *Brittish* Admiral became ;
 Crown'd, for that Merit, with their Masters Name.

That Pleasure-boat of War, in whose dear side
 Secure so oft he had this Foe defy'd :
 Now a cheap spoil, and the mean Victor's Slave,
 Taught the *Dutch* Colours from its top to wave ; 620
 Of former Glories the reproachful thought,
 With present shame compar'd, his mind distraught.
 Such from *Euphrates* bank, a Tygress fell,
 After the Robbers, for her Whelps does yell :
 But sees, inrag'd, the River flow between.
 Frustrate Revenge, and Love, by loss more keen,
 At her own Breast her useless claws does arm ;
 She tears herself since him she cannot harm.
 The Guards, plac'd for the Chains and Fleets defence,
 Long since were fled on many a feign'd pretence. 630
Daniel had there adventur'd, Man of might ;
 Sweet *Painter* draw his Picture while I write.
 Paint him of Person tall, and big of bone,
 Large Limbs, like Ox, not to be kill'd but shown.
 Scarce can burnt Iv'ry feign an Hair so black,
 Or Face so red thine Oker and thy Lack.
 Mix a vain Terrour in his Martial look,
 And all those lines by which men are mistook.
 But when, by shame constrain'd to go on Board,
 He heard how the wild Cannon nearer roar'd ; 640
 And saw himself confin'd, like Sheep in Pen ;
Daniel then thought he was in *Lyons* Den.
 But when the frightful Fire-ships he saw,
 Pregnant with Sulphur, to him nearer draw
Captain, Lieutenant, Ensign, all make haste,
 E're in the Firy Furnace they be cast.
 Three Children tall, unsing'd, away they row,
 Like *Shadrack, Mesheck, and Abednego*.
 Not so brave *Douglas* ; on whose lovely chin
 The early Down but newly did begin ; 650
 And modest Beauty yet his Sex did Veil,
 While envious Virgins hope he is a Male.
 His yellow Locks curl back themselves to seek,
 Nor other Courtship knew but to his Cheek.
 Oft has he in chill *Eske* or *Seine*, by night,
 Harden'd and cool'd his Limbs, so soft, so white,
 Among the Reeds, to be espy'd by him,
 The *Nymphs* would rustle ; he would forward swim.

They sigh'd and said, Fond Boy, why so untame,
 That fly'st Love Fires, reserv'd for other Flame? 660
 Fixt on his Ship, he fac'd that horrid Day,
 And wondred much at those that run away :
 Nor other fear himself could comprehend,
 Then, lest Heav'n fall, e're thither he ascend.
 But entertains, the while, his time too short
 With birding at the *Dutch*, as if in sport :
 Or Waves his Sword, and could he them conjure
 Within its circle, knows himself secure.
 The fatal Bark him boards with grappling fire,
 And safely through its Port the *Dutch* retire : 670
 That precious life he yet disdains to save,
 Or with known Art to try the gentle Wave.
 Much him the Honours of his ancient Race
 Inspire, nor would he his own deeds deface.
 And secret Joy, in his calm Soul does rise,
 That *Monk* looks on to see how *Douglas* dies.
 Like a glad Lover, the fierce Flames he meets,
 And tries his first embraces in their Sheets.
 His shape exact, which the bright flames infold,
 Like the Sun's Statue stands of burnish'd Gold. 680
 Round the transparent Fire about him glows,
 As the clear Amber on the Bee does close :
 And, as on Angels Heads their Glories shine,
 His burning Locks adorn his Face Divine.
 But, when in his immortal Mind he felt
 His alt'ring Form, and soder'd Limbs to melt ;
 Down on the Deck he laid himself, and dy'd,
 With his dear Sword reposing by his Side.
 And, on the flaming Plank, so rests his Head,
 As one that 's warm'd himself and gone to Bed. 690
 His Ship burns down, and with his Relicks sinks,
 And the sad Stream beneath his Ashes drinks.
 Fortunate Boy ! if either Pencil's Fame,
 Or if my Verse can propagate thy Name ;
 When *Ceta* and *Alcides* are forgot,
 Our *English* youth shall sing the Valiant *Scot*.
 Each doleful day still with fresh loss returns ;
 The *Loyal-London*, now a third time burns.
 And the true *Royal-Oak*, and *Royal-James*,
 Ally'd in Fate, increase, with theirs, her Flames. 700

Of all our Navy none should now survive,
 But that the Ships themselves were taught to dive :
 And the kind River in its Creek them hides,
 Fraughting their pierced Keels with Oosy Tides.

Up to the *Bridge* contagious Terrour strook :
 The *Tow'r* it self with the near danger shook.
 And were not *Ruyters* maw with ravage cloy'd,
 Ev'n *London's* Ashes had been then destroy'd.
 Officious fear, however, to prevent
 Our loss, does so much more our loss augment.
 The *Dutch* had robb'd those Jewels of the Crown :
 Our Merchant-men, lest they should burn, we drown.
 So when the Fire did not enough devour,
 The Houses were demolish'd near the *Tow'r*.
 Those Ships, that yearly from their teeming Howl,
 Unloaded here the Birth of either Pole ;
 Furrs from the *North*, and Silver from the *West*,
 From the *South* Perfumes, Spices from the *East* ;
 From *Gambo* Gold, and from the *Ganges* Gems ;
 Take a short Voyage underneath the *Thames*.
 Once a deep River, now with Timber floor'd,
 And shrunk, lest Navigable, to a Ford.

710

720

Now (nothing more at *Chatham* left to burn)
 The *Holland* Squadron leisurely return :
 And spight of *Ruperts* and of *Albemarles*,
 To *Ruyter's* Triumph lead the captive *Charles*.
 The pleasing sight he often does prolong :
 Her Masts erect, tough Cordage, Timbers strong,
 Her moving Shape ; all these he does survey,
 And all admires, but most his easie Prey.
 The Seamen search her all, within, without :
 Viewing her strength, they yet their Conquest doubt.
 Then with rude shouts, secure, the Air they vex ;
 With Gamesome Joy insulting on her Decks.
 Such the fear'd *Hebrew*, captive, blinded, shorn,
 Was led about in sport, the publick scorn.

730

Black Day accurs'd ! On thee let no man hale
 Out of the Port, or dare to hoise a Sail,
 Or row a Boat in thy unlucky hour :
 Thee, the Year's monster, let thy Dam devour.

740

And constant Time, to keep his course yet right,
 Fill up thy space with a redoubled Night.
 When aged *Thames* was bound with Fetters base,
 And *Medway* chaste ravish'd before his Face,
 And their dear Off-spring murder'd in their sight ;
 Thou, and thy Fellows, held'st the odious Light.
 Sad change, since first that happy pair was wed,
 When all the Rivers grac'd their Nuptial Bed ;
 And Father *Neptune* promis'd to resign
 His Empire old, to their immortal Line !
 Now with vain grief their vainer hopes they rue,
 Themselves dishonour'd, and the *Gods* untrue :
 And to each other helpless couple moan,
 As the sad Tortoise for the Sea does groan.
 But most they for their Darling *Charles* complain :
 And were it burnt, yet less would be their pain.
 To see that fatal Pledge of Sea-Command,
 Now in the Ravisher *De-Ruyter's* hand,
 The *Thames* roar'd, swounding *Medway* turn'd her tide,
 And were they mortal, both for grief had dy'd.

750

760

The *Court* in Farthing yet it self does please,
 And female *Stewart*, there, *Rules the four Seas*.
 But Fate does still accumulate our Woes,
 And *Richmond* here commands, as *Ruyter* those.

After this loss, to relish discontent,
 Some one must be accus'd by Punishment.
 All our miscarriages on *Pett* must fall :
 His Name alone seems fit to answer all.
 Whose Counsel first did this mad War beget ?
 Who all Commands sold thro' the Navy ? *Pett*.
 Who would not follow when the *Dutch* were bet ?
 Who treated out the time at *Bergen* ? *Pett*.
 Who the *Dutch* Fleet with Storms disabled met,
 And rifling Prizes, them neglected ? *Pett*.
 Who with false News prevented the *Gazette* ?
 The Fleet divided ? Writ for *Rupert* ? *Pett*.
 Who all our Seamen cheated of their Debt ?
 And all our Prizes who did swallow ? *Pett*.
 Who did advise no Navy out to set ?
 And who the Forts left unrepair'd ? *Pett*.
 Who to supply with Powder, did forget
Languard, *Sheerness*, *Gravesend*, and *Upnor* ? *Pett*.

770

780

Who all our Ships expos'd in *Chathams* Net ?
 Who should it be but the *Phanatick Pett*.
Pett, the Sea Architect, in making Ships,
 Was the first cause of all these Naval slips :
 Had he not built, none of these faults had bin ;
 If no Creation, there had been no Sin.

But, his great Crime, one Boat away he sent ;
 That lost our Fleet, and did our Flight prevent.
 Then that Reward might in its turn take place,
 And march with Punishment in equal pace ;
Southampton dead, much of the Treasure's care,
 And place in Counsel fell to *Duncombes* share.

790

All men admir'd he to that pitch could fly :
 Powder ne're blew man up so soon so high.
 But sure his late good Husbandry in *Peeter*,
 Show'd him to manage the *Exchequer* mceter :
 And who the Forts would not vouchsafe a corn,
 To lavish the *King's* Money more would scorn.
 Who hath no Chimneys, to give all is best,
 And ablest Speaker, who of Law has least ;
 Who less Estate, for *Treasurer* most fit ;
 And for a *Couns'llor*, he that has least Wit.
 But the true cause was, that, in 's Brother *May*,
 The *Exchequer* might the *Privy-purse* obey.

800

But now draws near the *Parliament's* return ;
Hyde and the *Court* again begin to mourn.
 Frequent in Counsel, earnest in Debate,
 All Arts they try how to prolong its Date.
 Grave *Primate Shelden* (much in Preaching there)
 Blames the last Session, and this more does fear.
 With *Boynton* or with *Middleton* 'twere sweet ;
 But with a *Parliament* abhors to meet,
 And thinks 'twill ne're be well within this Nation,
 Till it be govern'd by a *Convocation*.

810

But in the *Thames*'s mouth still *Ruyter* laid,
 The Peace not sure, new Army must be paid.
Hyde saith he hourly waits for a Dispatch ;
Harry came Post just as he shew'd his Watch.
 All to agree the Articles were clear,
 The *Holland* Fleet and *Parliament* so near.

820

Yet *Harry* must job back and all mature,
 Binding, e're th' *Houses* meet, the Treaty sure.
 And 'twixt Necessity and Spight, ill then,
 Let them come up so to go down agen.
 Up ambles *Country Justice* on his Pad,
 And Vest bespeaks to be more seemly clad.
 Plain *Gentlemen* are in Stage-Coach o'rethrow'n,
 And *Deputy-Lieutenants* in their own.
 The portly *Burgess*, through the Weather hot,
 Does for his Corporation sweat and trot.
 And all with Sun and Choler come adust ;
 And threaten *Hyde* to raise a greater Dust.

But, fresh as from the *Mint*, the *Courtiers* fine
 Salute them, smiling at their vain design.
 And *Turner* gay up to his Pearch does march,
 With Face new bleacht, smoothen'd and stiff with starch.
 Tells them he at *Whitehall* had took a turn,
 And for three days, thence moves them to adjourn.
 Not so, quoth *Tomkins* ; and straight drew his Tongue,
 Trusty as Steel, that always ready hung ;
 And so, proceeding in his motion warm,
 Th'Army soon rais'd, he doth as soon disarm.
 True *Trojan* ! while this Town can Girls afford,
 And long as Cider lasts in *Hereford* ;
 The Girls shall always kiss thee, though grown old,
 And in eternal Healths thy Name be trowl'd.

Mean while the certain News of Peace arrives
 At *Court*, and so reprieves their guilty Lives.
Hyde orders *Turner* that he should come late,
 Lest some new *Tomkins* spring a fresh debate.
 The *King*, that day rais'd early from his rest,
 Expects as at a Play till *Turner's* drest.
 At last together *Eaton* come and he :
 No Dial more could with the Sun agree.
 The *Speaker*, Summon'd, to the *Lords* repairs,
 Nor gave the *Commons* leave to say their Pray'rs :
 But like his Pris'ners to the Bar them led,
 Where mute they stand to hear their Sentence read ;
 Trembling with joy and fear, *Hyde* them Prorogues,
 And had almost mistook and call'd them Rogues.

Dear *Painter*, draw this *Speaker* to the foot :
 Where Pencil cannot, there my Pen shall do't ;
 That may his Body, this his Mind explain.
 Paint him in Golden Gown, with Mace's Brain :
 Bright Hair, fair Face, obscure and dull of Head ;
 Like Knife with Iv'ry haft, and edge of Lead.
 At Pray'rs, his Eyes turn up the Pious white,
 But all the while his *Private-Bill's* in sight. 870
 In Chair, he smoaking sits like Master-Cook,
 And a *Poll-Bill* does like his Apron look.
 Well was he skill'd to season any question,
 And make a sawce fit for *Whitehall's* digestion :
 Whence ev'ry day, the Palat more to tickle ;
Court-mushrumps ready are sent in in pickle.
 When *Grievance* urg'd, he swells like squatted Toad,
 Frisks like a Frog to croak a *Taxes* load.
 His patient *Piss*, he could hold longer then
 An Urinal, and sit like any Hen. 880
 At Table, jolly as a Country-Host,
 And soaks his Sack with *Norfolk* like a Toast.
 At night, than *Canticleer* more brisk and hot,
 And Serjeants Wife serves him for *Partelott*.
 Paint last the King, and a dead shade of Night,
 Only dispers'd by a weak *Tapers* light ;
 And those bright gleams that dart along and glare
 From his clear Eyes, yet these too dark with Care.
 There, as in the calm horreur all alone,
 He wakes and Muses of th' uneasie Throne : 890
 Raise up a sudden Shape with Virgins Face,
 Though ill agree her Posture, Hour, or Place :
 Naked as born, and her round Arms behind,
 With her own Tresses interwove and twin'd :
 Her mouth lockt up, a blind before her Eyes,
 Yet from beneath the Veil her blushes rise ;
 And silent tears her secret anguish speak,
 Her heart throbs, and with very shame would break.
 The Object strange in him no Terrour mov'd :
 He wonder'd first, then pity'd, then he lov'd : 900
 And with kind hand does the coy Vision press,
 Whose Beauty greater seem'd by her distress ;

But soon shrunk back, chill'd with her touch so cold,
 And th' airy Picture vanisht from his hold.
 In his deep thoughts the wonder did increase,
 And he Divin'd 'twas *England* or the *Peace*.

Express him startling next with listning ear,
 As one that some unusual noise does hear.
 With Canon, Trumpets, Drums, his door surround,
 But let some other Painter draw the sound :
 Thrice did he rise, thrice the vain Tumult fled,
 But again thunders when he lyes in Bed ;
 His mind secure does the known stroke repeat,
 And finds the Drums *Lewis's* March did beat.

Shake then the room, and all his Curtains tear,
 And with blue streaks infect the Taper clear :
 While, the pale Ghosts, his Eye does fixt admire
 Of Grandsire *Harry*, and of *Charles* his Sire.
Harry sits down, and in his open side
 The grizly Wound reveals, of which he dy'd.
 And ghastly *Charles*, turning his Collar low,
 The purple thread about his Neck does show :
 Then, whisp'ring to his Son in Words unheard,
 Through the lock'd door both of them disappear'd.
 The wondrous Night the pensive *King* revolves,
 And rising, straight on *Hyde's* Disgrace resolves.

At his first step, he *Castlemain* does find,
Bennet and *Coventry*, as't were design'd.
 And they, not knowing, the same thing propose,
 Which his feign'd mind did in its depths inclose.
 Through their feign'd speech their secret-hearts he knew ;
 To her own Husband, *Castlemain*, untrue.
 False to his Master *Bristol*, *Arlington*,
 And *Coventry*, falser than any one,
 Who to the Brother, Brother would betray ;
 Nor therefore trusts himself to such as they.
 His Fathers Ghost too whisper'd him one Note,
 That who does cut his Purse will cut his Throat.
 But in wise anger he their Crimes forbears,
 As Thieves repriev'd for Executioners ;
 While *Hyde* provok'd his foaming tusk does whet,
 To prove them Traytors, and himself the *Pett*.

Painter adieu, how will our Arts agree ;
 Poetick Picture, Painted Poetry.
 But this great work is for our *Monarch* fit,
 And henceforth *Charles* only to *Charles* shall sit.
 His Master-hand the Ancients shall out-do
 Himself the *Poet* and the *Painter* too.

To the King.

So his bold Tube, Man, to the Sun apply'd,
 And Spots unknown to the bright Star descry'd ; 950
 Show'd they obscure him, while too near they please,
 And seem his Courtiers, are but his disease.
 Through Optick Trunk the Planet seem'd to hear,
 And hurls them off, e're since, in his Career.

And you, *Great Sir*, that with him Empire share,
 Sun of our World, as he the *Charles* is there.
 Blame not the *Muse* that brought those spots to sight,
 Which, in your Splendor hid, Corrode your Light ;
 Kings in the Country oft have gone astray,
 Nor of a Peasant scorn'd to learn the way. 960

Would she the unattended Throne reduce,
 Banishing Love, Trust, Ornament and Use ;
 Better it were to live in Cloysters Lock,
 Or in fair Fields to rule the easie Flock.
 She blames them only who the *Court* restrain,
 And, where all *England* serves, themselves would reign.

Bold and accurs'd are they, that all this while
 Have strove to Isle the *Monarch* from his *Isle* :
 And to improve themselves, on false pretence,
 About the Common *Prince* have rais'd a Fence ; 970
 The *Kingdom* from the *Crown* distinct would see,
 And peal the Bark to burn at last the Tree.
 (But *Ceres* Corn, and *Flora* is the Spring,
Bacchus is Wine, the Country is the *King*.)

Not so does Rust insinuating wear,
 Nor Powder so the vaulted Bastion tear ;
 Nor Earthquake so an hollow Isle overwhelm,
 As scratching *Courtiers* undermine a *Realm* :
 And through the Palace's Foundations bore,
 Burr'wing themselves to hoard their guilty Store. 980

The smallest Vermin make the greatest waste,
 And a poor Warren once a City ras'd.
 But they whom born to Virtue and to Wealth,
 Nor Guilt to flatt'ry binds, nor want to stealth ;
 Whose gen'rous Conscience and whose Courage high
 Does with clear Counseis their large Souls supply ;
 That serve the *King* with their Estates and Care,
 And, as in Love, on *Parliaments* can stare :
 (Where few the number, choice is there less hard)
 Give us this *Court*, and rule without a *Guard*.

990

The Loyall Scott

*Upon the occasion of the death of Captain Douglas burnt in one
 of his Majesties ships at Chatham.*

Of the old Heroes when the Warlike shades
 Saw Douglass Marching on the Elisian Glades,
 They streight Consulting gather'd in a Ring
 Which of their Poets shold his Welcome sing,
 And (as a favourable Pennance) Chose
 Cleavland on whom they would the Task Impose.
 Hee Understood and Willingly Address
 His ready muse to Court the Warlike Guest.
 Much had hee Cur'd the Humor of his vein :
 Hee Judg'd more Clearly now and saw more plain.
 For those soft Airs had temper'd every thought,
 And of wise Lethe hee had took a draught.
 Abruptly he began disguising art,
 As of his Satyr this had been a part.

10

The Royal Scot

Upon the occasion of the death of Captain Douglas
burnt in one of his Majesty's ships at the Ham

Of the old hero who the Marlike shades
Saw Douglas wearing on the Elvian glades
They straight consulting gather'd in a ring
Which of their noble hosts should his Whom's sing
(And as a favourable Commerce chose)
Resolved on whom they ~~should~~ ^{would} the East Jumps
So understood and willingly address'd
His ready minds to court the Marlike guest
Mark had he (and the summer of his beam
And Judg's more clearly now and few more plain
For those soft shins had been void every thought
And of wife Edith's had had took a draught
Shortly had began disguising art
As of his Satyr this had been a part

Not so, beav'd Douglas on whose lovely skin
The early dawn but newly did begin
And modest beauty yet his joy did veil
Which Envious Virgins had had is a while
His shady looks (and bark themselves to seek
Nor other Covetship knew but to his cheek
off as had in still eyes or joy'd by night
Hear'd and and cool'd those Virgins' soft soft white
Among the Roods to be off'd by him
His Myrtle would suffice his would forward swim
They sigh'd and fond fond boy why for that name
That swift loves fires' refer'd for other flames
Fired on his ship had found the horrid day
and wonder'd much at those that turn'd away
Nor other fear himself nor comprehend
Then lo! his own fall did further his offend
With bidding at the Dutch as though in sport
his entertain'd the while his life's resort
or was his sword and had had them conjur'd
Within its circle know himself's forms
The fatal bark his boards with quav'ring fire
And safely through its ports the Dutch retire

Not so brave Douglass, on whose Lovely Chin
 The Early down but newly did begin,
 And modest beauty yet his sex did veil,
 Whilst Envious virgins hope hee is a Male.
 His shady locks Curl back themselves to seek
 Nor other Courtship knew but to his Check. 20
 Oft as hee in Chill Eske or Seyne by night
 Hardned and Cool'd those Limbs soe soft, soe white,
 Among the Reeds to bee espy'd by him
 The Nymphs would Rustle, hee would forward swim :
 They sigh'd and said ' fond boy why soe Untame,
 That flyst loves fires reserv'd for other flame ? '
 Fix'd on his ship hee fac'd the horrid day
 And wonder'd much at those that Runne away,
 Nor other fear himself cold Comprehend
 Then least Heaven fall ere thither hee Ascend. 30
 With birding at the Dutch, as though in sport,
 Hee entertains the while his life too short,
 Or waves his sword and, Cou'd hee them Conjure,
 Within its Circle knows himselfe secure.
 The fatall bark him boards with Grapling fire
 And safely through its ports the Dutch retire.
 That pretious life hee yet disdaines to save
 Or with known art to try the Gentle Wave.
 Much him the glories of his Antient Race
 Inspire, nor cold hee his own Deeds deface ; 40
 And secrett Joy in his own soul doth Rise
 That Monk lookes on to see how Douglass dies.
 Like a glad lover the fierce Flames hee meets
 And tries his first Imbraces in their sheets.

25-26 inverted commas are Margoliouth's. 43 glad lover] fierce lover
 Douce only.

That precious life has yet disdain'd to save
 Or hoik known art to try the Goults Ward,
 Much him that glories of his dulcious Reed,
 Justifies, nor into his own Deeds defend
 And for his Joy in his own soul doth Rife
 That Monk looks on to see how Douglas dies
 Like a fierce lover the fierie flames he meets
 And bids his fiest Impudens in their sheets
 His shape Ecst which the bright flames unfold
 Like the suns Statue stands of burnisht Gold
 Round the Evanescent fire about him glows
 As the Star in the Sea on the sea doth cast
 And as on Angells head their glory shines
 His burning looks doorn his face divine
 But when in his mortall mind he felt
 His Altered form and ferdly Rimbles to melt
 Down on the Dark he laid him down and dyd
 With his dear sword reposing by his side
 And on his flaming Blanke sword rests his head
 As one that suggests him self in a Waxen bed
 His ship burns down and with his reliques sinks
 And the sad Steam bond all his Affes drinks

Fortunate Boy if ever my verse may claim
 That Matchless grace to propagate thy fame
 When Odes and Odes are forgot
 Our English Youth shall sing the valiant Ode
 Skin Daddys Regulus thou needst not brag
 Sometime the Gall way proves the better Stage
 Shall not a death so glorious now when told
 Unite our distants full the bedantes old
 Such in the Roman forum Curtius braves
 Galloping down Claps into the gaping Gave
 Nor more discourses of Scotch or English Rave
 Nor Chaunt the fabulous knit of Chevy Chase
 Mist in Corinthian Medall at thy flames
 Our Nations Molding thy Glassed frames.

Drink down the point who ever has the Art
 Whose Nature's Skill and doth from England part
 Anatomists may Sooner find the Cell
 Whose life resides or Understanding dwells.

His shape Exact which the bright flames enfold
 Like the sun's Statue stands of burnisht Gold :
 Round the Transparent fire about him Glowes
 As the Clear Amber on the bee doth Close ;
 And as on Angells head their Glories shine
 His burning Locks Adorn his face divine. 50
 But when in his Imortall mind hee felt
 His Altred form and sodred Limbs to Melt,
 Down on the Deck hee laid him down and dy'd
 With his dear sword reposing by his side,
 And on his flaming Planks soe rests his head
 As one that Huggs himself in a Warm bed.
 The ship burnes down and with his reliques sinks,
 And the sad stream beneath his Ashes drinks.
 Fortunate Boy, if ere my verse may Claim
 That Matchless grace to propagate thy fame, 60
 When Oeta and Alcides are forgott,
 Our English youth shall sing the valiant Scott.
 Skip Sadles : Pegasus thou needst not Bragg,
 Sometimes the Gall'way Proves the better Nagg.
 Shall not a death soe Generous now when told
 Unite our distance, fill the breaches old ?
 Such in the Roman forum Curtius brave
 Galloping down Clos'd up the Gaping Cave.
 Noe more discourse of Scotch or English Race
 Nor Chaunt the fabulous hunt of Chivy Chase : 70
 Mixt in Corinthian Metall at thy Flame
 Our nations Melting thy Colossus Frame,
 Shall fix a foot on either neighbouring Shore
 And Joyn those Lands that seemed to part before.

Prick down the point whoever has the Art
 Where Nature Scotland doth from England part.
 Anatomists may Sooner fix the Cells
 Where life resides or Understanding dwells :
 But this wee know, tho' that Exceed their skill,
 That whosoever separates them doth kill. 80
 What Ethick River is this Wondrous Tweed
 Whose one bank vertue, th' other vice doth breed ?

49 Glories] Glory Douce only. 61 Oeta] MS 49, Oeta Douce 63 Skip Sadles]
 Skip saddle Sloane 73-74 omitted Douce
 81-86 Will you the Tweed that sullen Bounder call
 Of Soyl, of Wit, of Manners, and of all?
 Why draw you not as well the thrifty Line
 From Thames, from Humber, or at least the Tine?
 So may we the State Corpulence redress,
 And little England, when we please make less.

But this we know tho' that Exceed their Skill
 That whatsoever separates them doth kill
 What think you is this Wondrous Wood
 Whose one Bank vertues by their side doth breed
 Or what new perpendicular doth rise
 Up from her Station Confirmed to the Sky's
 That betwixt us the Common Air should bar
 And split the Influences of Every Star
 But who Considered well will find indeedly
 his Holy Island parts us not the Wood

Nothing but Giorgio told us two foreheads
 Noe's Stone was ever like a Bishops' head
 All Estates in this have wanted faith
 Chorus noe deliver us from a Bishops' head
 Never shall Calvin Carduus be for sales
 Never for Burnetts sake the Sacerdotal
 For Berkets sake Rent always shall have ~~two~~ tails

Who for more we can ^{facit} sacrifice and pray
 Or to ~~the~~ Joynt Stoles retorn the Chairs
 Nothing not Doggs, not Sards not fear, not Sheep
 separates the world, for as the Bishops' fables
 The bit for your Ears their Oir (right) should
 'till make a more Inhabitable zone
 The friendly Roadstone hath not more Combin'd
 'till Bishops' exempt the Comorid of Mankind
 A Bishop will like Mahomet tear the Moon
 And flie one Half into his Hood or soon
 The Jugling Orator on his 'toines' will
 Show you first one then makes that one two Balls
 Instead of all the ^{Plagues} had Bishops' come
 Charoah at first would have sent Izraell home
 From Burch they need not push men away
 A Bishops' self is an Anathama
 Whose Hooves dung their Earth the Badgers' Yell
 All Bishops' dung the Honor quit the foie
 & bid their Ambition all this heat hath fire
 A Bishops' Ammit makes the strongest Cure
 Now for our and things (Ford?) and Fawn Steggs and Case
 Now a Clean Sanderoff and noe formous please

Or what new perpendicular doth rise
Up from her Stream Continued to the Sky's,
That between us the Common Air shold bar
And split the Influence of Every star ?

90

But who Considers well will find indeed
'Tis Holy Island parts us not the Tweed.

Nothing but Clergie cold us two seclude :
Noe Scotch was ever like a Bishops feud.

~~90~~

All Letanies in this have wanted faith :

Theres noe ' deliver us from a Bishops Wrath '.

Never shall Calvin Pardoned bee for Sales,

Never for Burnetts sake the Lauderdales,

100

For Becketts sake Kent alwayes shall have tails.

Who sermons ere can pacifie and prayers ?

Or to the Joynt stooles reconcile the Chairs ?

Nothing, not Boggs, not Sands, not seas, not Alpen

Seperate the world soe as the Bishops scalpes.

Stretch for your Line their Circingle Alone,

~~90~~

'Twill make a more Inhabitable zone.

The friendly Loadstone hath not more Combin'd

Then Bishops Cramp't the Comerce of Mankind.

A Bishop will like Mahomet tear the Moon

And slip one Half into his sleeve as soon.

120

The Jugling Prelate on his hocus calls,

Shews you first one, then makes that one two Balls.

Instead of all the Plagues had Bishops come,

Pharoah at first would have sent Israell home.

From Church they need not Censure men Away,

~~90~~

A Bishops self is an Anathama.

Where Foxes Dung their earths the Badgers veild ;

At Bishops Dung the Foxes quit the feild.

Their Rank Ambition all this heat hath stir'd

A Bishops Rennett makes the strongest Curd.

How Reverend things are ' Lord ' , Lawn Sleeves and Face ! 130 (Lord!) etc.

How a Clean Laundress and noe sermons please.

They wanted zeal and Learning, soe mistook

The Bible and Grammar for the service Book.

Religion has the World too Long deprav'd

~~90~~

A shorter Way 's to bee by Clergie sav'd.

Beleive but onely as the Church beleives

And learn to pin your faith upon their sleeves.

Ah ! like Lotts wife they still look Back and Halt

And surplic'd shew like Pillars too of salt.

98 inverted commas are Margoliouth's. 99 Sales] MS 49: sales Douce

104-111 Though Kingdoms joyn, yet Church will Kirk oppose,

The ~~Water~~ still divides, the Gown does close;

As in Rogation Week they whip us round,

To keep in mind the Scotch and English Bound.

What the Ocean binds, is by the Bishops rent,

Then sees make Islands in our Continent.

Nature in vain us in one Land compiles,

If the Cathedral still have its Isles.

110

112 Sands] Lands Sloane 118 tear] seize Sloane 130 (Lord!) are] are Lord
Sloane 135 Way's] Margoliouth: ways Sloane: wayes Douce 137 faith]
Sloane; souls Douce 138 Ah!] As Sloane

1697

They wanted zeal and Learning for mistook
 The Bible and Grammar for the service Book
 Religion was the work too long depraved
 A shorter way to see by (Pergie said)
 Believe but only as the Church believes
 And learn to pin god fouls upon their shoulders
 Ah! like Lot's wife they still look back and wall
 And suppleid show like Sultans too of fall
 Who that is wise would pulp it Eoyl Inoue
 A Bishoppick is a great sin - Cure
 Enough for them god knows to Count their Wealth
 To Excommunicate and Study health
 A higher work is to their Court Amot
 The Nation they divide their Curates Eopl
 Now Bishop Rather than it should be for
 Now Church nor Exade nor King nor people nor
 All Mifdeife Moulded by these state Divines
 Aaron Casto Calves Mof them ~~Call~~ Calines
 The Region Devil did but one man possit
 our Bishops find spirits a whole Diocesse
 That wower shone Can loose this spell that has
 for onely Kings can Bishops Exorise
 Will you be heate Curmes, how fall to
 fish and flesh Bishops are the Ambiguo
 How ere Juripid got the sword will mend ~~them~~ ^{em}
 Bishops are very good when in Comendum
 If to all the or vns can what your appointed
 These Compleat Gods Exceed the Compleat Knights
 And in a barren Bishop you have both
 Exorise on Drud us and Behemole
 How can you bear such Mifroms shold live
 And holy Ordure, holy ord' give
 How knows what god our flamen now Thores
 and Myths fits the heads of full four Mores
 Now Wonder if the Orthodox doo Bless
 whilst shriev stands at the Athanasian Creed
 What for obexate Ligan Exorise
 But will Exorise form for an drali Bishop Rike

Who that is wise would pulpit Toyl Indure ? 140
 A Bishoprick is a great sine-Cure.
 Enough for them, God knows, to Count their Wealth,
 To Excommunicate and Study health.
 A higher work is to their Court Annex : ~~150~~
 The Nation they devide, their Curates Text.
 Noe Bishop Rather then it shold bee soe !
 Noe Church ! noe Trade ! noe king ! noe people ! noe !
 All Mischeifs Moulded by those state divines :
 Aaron Casts Calves but Moses them Calcines.
 The Legion Devil did but one man possess : 150
 One Bishops fiend spirits a whole Diocesse.
 That power Alone Can Loose this spell that tyes,
 For only Kings can Bishops Exercise.
 Will you bee treated Princes ? here fall to : ~~150~~
 Fish and flesh Bishops are the Ambigue.
 Howere Insipid Yet the Sawce will mend 'em
 Bishops are very good when in Commendum.
 If Wealth or vice can tempt your appetites,
 These Templar Lords Exceed the Templar Knights,
 And in a Baron Bishop you have both 160.
 Leviathen served up and Behemoth.
 How can you bear such Miscreants shold live,
 And holy Ordure Holy orders give ?
 None knows what god our Flamen now Adores : ~~150~~
 One Mytre fitts the Heads of full four Moors.
 Noe Wonder if the Orthodox doe Bleed,
 Whilst Arrius stands at th' Athanasian Creed.
 What soe obdurate Pagan Heretique
 But will Transform for an Archbishoprick.
 In faith Erronious and in life Prophane 170
 These Hypocrites their faith and Linnen stain.
 Seth's Pillars are noe Antique Brick and stone
 But of the Choicest Modern flesh and Bone.
 Who views but Gilberts Toyls will reason find ~~160~~
 Neither before to trust him nor behind.
 How oft hath age his hallowing hands Mised
 Confirming breasts and Arme-pitts for the head.
 Abbot one Buck, but he shot many a Doe,
 Nor is our Sheldon whiter then his Snow.
 Their Companyes the worst that ever playd 180
 And their Religion all but Masquerade.
 The Conscious Prelate therefore did not Err,
 When for a Church hee built a Theatre.
 A Congruous Dress they to themselves Adapt, ~~170~~
 Like Smutty Storyes in Pure Linnen Wrapt.

149 but] omitted Douce 153 For] And Sloane 158 tempt] Sloane: whet Douce
 160 Baron] Sloane: barren Douce 163 Ordure] Ordders Sloane 171 faith]
 silke Sloane 174 Toyls] smiles Sloane 177 Arme_pitts] Sloane: Arme pipes Douce

In faith Erromous and in life Prophan
 These supporters their faith and Simon from
 Solus Pillars are not Antiqua Brick and Stone
 But of the choicest Modern flesh and Bone
 Who view but Gilbert's Coils will reason find
 Neither before to trust him nor behind
 Snow off hath age his hallowing hands mist
 Confessing beads and prayers for the head
 Abbot our Bunk but his shot many a Dod
 Nor is our S holdon whiter than his Snow
 Their Companies the worst that ever playd
 And their Religion all but Masquerade
 The Conscience's Prelate therefore did not see
 When for a Church his built altars
 A Congarous Drest they to the murther's Day
 Like Smutty Stoves in Cures Simon they
 Dod but their Eye beale Eye stings and Mass
 Of Rorkets Eppots Eggs and wheres their's heart
 A Hungry Chaplain and a Starved Cat
 Eating their brethren Bishop Eumond's Cat
 But on Spook's hall with Bogg Bell
 Like Snake that Swallows load doth Dragon swell
 Whondaring blood to have his rent requir'd
 Upon the English Diadem estrayn'd
 Hood of Hoop the Cassock Circingle and Gown
 The fittest Mask for one that Robs a Crown
 But his Lay pity underneath he veild
 And while he spared the exposed life he feild
 With the worlds worst men he had but put on
 A Bishop's Cendly the Crown he had gone
 Stronger was the Sight the stork's Crow headed man
 with single body like the two neckt Swan
 And with disputed to wit those heads must grow
 whers out two hands to set two feet to go
 Nat'wed in Zion's Emblem there Express
 What Brittain was betwixt two Kings distress
 They tho' not work on parassus dream
 And in their Cause think the murther of Judas

Doe but their Pyebald Lordships once Uncase
Of Rochets Tippetts Copes, and wheres theire Grace ?
A Hungry Chaplain and a Starved Rat
Eating their brethren Bishop Turn and Cat
But an Apochriphall Archbishop Bell
Like Snake that Swallowes toad doth Dragon swell.

190

When daring Blood to have his rents regain'd
Upon the English Diadem distrain'd,
Hee Chose the Cassock Circingle and Gown,
The fittest Mask for one that Robs a Crown.
But his Lay pittty underneath prevailed
And while hee spared the keepers life hee fail'd.
With the preists vestments had hee but put on
A Bishops Cruelty, the Crown had gone.

~~180~~

Strange was the Sight the scotch Twin headed man
With single body like the two Neckt Swan,
And wild disputes betwixt those heads must Grow,
Where but two hands to Act, two feet to goe.
Nature in Living Embleme there Express
What Brittain was, betwixt two Kings distrest.
But now, when one Head doeth both Realmes controule,
The Bishops Nodde Perks up cheek by Jowle.
They, tho' noe poets, on Parnassus dream,
And in their Causes think themselves supream.
Kings head saith this, But Bishops head that doe.
Doth Charles the second rain or Charles the two ?
Well that Scotch monster and our Bishops sort
It was Musitian too and dwelt at Court.

200

~~190~~

210

Hark ! tho' at such a Distance what a Noise
Shattering the silent Air disturbs our Joys !
The Mitred Hubbub against Pluto Moot
That Cloven head must Govern Cloven foot.
Strange boldness ! even bishops there rebell
And plead their Jus Divinum tho' in Hell.
Those whom you hear more Clamerous Yet and Loud
Of Ceremonyes Wrangle in the Crow'd,
And would like Chymists fixing Mercury
Transfuse Indifference with necessity.
To sit is Necessary in Parliament,
To preach in diocesse Indifferent.
To conform 's necessary or bee shent,
But to reform is all Indifferent

~~200~~

220

~~210~~

187 Copes] Sloane 190 Archbishop Bell] Archbishops Bell Sloane 191 swell]
swell yee Sloane 192 Blood] blood Douce 193 distrain'd] MS 49: restrayn'd
Douce 203 but] MS 49: put Douce 206-207 omitted from Douce 207 Bishops...
Perks] MS 49; Bishops... creeps Sloane 208 Parnassus] MS 49: parnasus Douce
213 It] Hee Sloane 227 is] Sloane us (?) Douce

Kings head suite this But Bishops head that doo
 Dole Charles the second, rambor Charles the two
 Well that Scotch monster and our Bishops foot
 It was Musition too and dwell at Court
 Mark! the at such a distance what a noise
 Shattering the silent air disturbs our joye
 The mired, ~~in~~ ^{stubb} against Pluto Meet
 That Cloven head, must govern Cloven foot
 Strange boldness even bishops there rebell
 And plead their jus Divinum the in hell
 Those whom you hear more clamorous yet and bold
 Of Gods moneye Wrangle in the Crowd
 And would like Chymist firing Mercury
 Evansunto Indifferents wits necessity
 To sit is necessary in Parhament
 To weath in dioceses Indifferent
 To conform is necessary or be shot
 But to reform is all indifferent
 'Eis necessary Bishops have their rent
 To cheat the Kings money Indifferent
 'Eis necessary to rebabel. Pauls
 Indifferent to Rob Churches of their Cate
 'Eis necessary Lambeth never woe
 Indifferent to have a Worth in bed
 Such B's are Without a Complement
 not necessary nor Indifferent

Inevitable among all their names
 Some find fault with the Elizian plained
 Others attempt to cool their fervent Ome
 The second time to Ravish prospering
 Conspicuous his the foe with eyes defaid
 with much ado as for ver his papers Chast
 The Innocentest mind, than this alone
 And Uniford, Quaff health in Phlogition
 Envy ~~making~~ ^{making} rixis and Luxur sition
 oppression Treach and Ambition
 Faith and all vice that did abound
 which they live, here still haunts them Under ground
 Had it not been for such a Diabol Strong
 Two Nations Neere had mist the Mark so long

'Tis necessary Bishops have their rent,
 To cheat the Plague money Indifferent.
 'Tis necessary to rebabel Pauls,
 Indifferent to Rob Churches of their Coals.
 'Tis necessary Lambeth never wed,
 Indifferent to have a Wench in bed.
 Such Bishops are Without a Complement
 Not necessary nor Indifferent.

230

Incorrigible among all their paines
 Some sue for tyth of the Elyzean plaines :
 Others Attempt, to Cool their fervent Chine,
 The second time to Ravish Proserpine.
 Ev'n Father Dis tho so with Age defac'd
 With much adoe preserves his postern Chast.
 The Innocentest mind their thirst alone
 And Uninforc'd Quaff healths in Phlegethon.
 Luxury malice superstition pride *and superstition*
 Opression Avarice ^{and} Ambition Id-
 -leness and all the vice that did abound,
 While they liv'd here, still Haunts them Underground.
 Had it not been for such a Biass Strong,
 Two Nations Neere had mist the Marke soe long.

240

230

Sloth

The world in all doth but two Nations bear,
 The good, the bad, and those mixt every where.
 Under each pole place either of the two,
 The good will bravely, bad will basely doe ;
 And few indeed can paralell our Climes
 For Worth Heroick or Heroick Crimes.
 The Tryell would however bee too nice
 Which stronger were, a Scotch or English vice,
 Or whether the same vertue would reflect
 From Scotch or English heart the same effect.
 Nation is all but name as Shibboleth,
 Where a Mistaken accent Causeth death.
 In Paradiçe Names only Nature Shew'd,
 At Babel names from pride and discord flow'd,
 And ever since men with a female spite
 First call each other names and then they fight.
 Scotland and England cause of Just uproar !
 Does man and wife signifie Rogue and Whore ?

250

240

260

250

230 rebabel] buildst Sloane 237 the] Margoliouth: th' Douce 239 Proserpine]
 proserpine Douce 244-6 Luxury... abound] Luxury malice superstition pride |
 Opression Avarice Ambition Id-|lenes and all the vice that did abound Sloane

The world in all doth but two Nations bear
 The good the bad, and those might every where
 Under dark gold's glare within of the two
 The good will bravely bad will safely doo
 And few indeed can paratoll our Crimes
 For worth Horwich or Horwich Crimes,
 The Cryall would however bee too mis
 Which Stronger were a Scotch or English vice
 Or whether the same vertue would reflect
 From Scotch or English heart the same effort
 Nation is all but name as Shillbold
 Whoes a mistaken Action Cause the deale
 In Paradise Names onely Nature Show'd
 All Babol names from guide and distord ~~the~~ flow'd
 And ever find men with a female spirit
 First call each other names and then they fight
 Scotland and England cause of Just reproar
 Good man and wife signifie Rogue and whoer
 Lay but a foot ~~and~~ and straight woe fall to fiddes
 That syllable like a milk wall devides
 Rationall mens words ~~and of~~ ^{of} ~~and of~~ ^{of} ~~and of~~ ^{of} ~~and of~~ ^{of}
 Corrupted serve dispositions to intrude
 For shame extirpate from loyall breast
 That sends to Remon against Innocent
 Ours King our faith and Language and our
 English and Scotch he's all but Cross and Dile
 Charls our gre at soul this onely Understande
 Has our Affection both and will Comand
 And where he in Simpaties cannot alone
 Knows the last fort how to make them one
 Just for the round out Substant men who see
 The ple tumult of his fartious bee
 The morning dew and flower's Neglected grease
 The hives a rombe rap every bee adround
 Powderd them and till none discern their foe
 And all themselves in meat and friendship waste
 The Just Kingdom straight begins to thrive
 And Ears work honey for the Comen Good

Say but a Scot and streight wee fall to sides :
 That syllable like a Picts wall devides.
 Rationall mens words pledges are of peace, 270
 Perverted serve dissentions to increase.
 For shame extirpate from each loyall brest
 That senseless Rancour against Interest.

One King, one faith, one Language and one Ile : 260
 English and Scotch, 'tis all but Crosse and Pile

Charles our great soul this onely Understands :
 Hee our Affection both and will Comands,
 And, where twin Simpathies cannot atone,
 Knowes the last secret how to make them one. 280

Just soe the prudent Husbandman who sees
 The Idle tumult of his factious bees,
 The morning dewes and flowers Neglected grown,
 The hive a comb case, every bee a drone,
 Powders them ore till none discern their foes 270
 And all themselves in meal and friendship close.
 The Insect Kingdome streight begins to thrive
 And Each works hony for the Common Hive.

Pardon, Young Heroe, this soe long Transport ;
 Thy death more noble did the same Extort.
 My former satyr for this verse forget, 290
 The hare's head 'gainst the goose gibletts sett.
 I single did against a Nation write,
 Against a Nation thou didst singly fight.
 My differing Crime doth more thy vertue raise 280
 And such my Rashness best thy valour praise.

Here Douglas smileing said hee did Intend
 After such Frankness shown to bee his friend,
 Forwarn'd him therefore lest in time he were
 Metemiscosd to some Scotch Presbyter.

Bludius et Corona.

Bludius, ut ruris damnum repararet aviti,
 Addicit fisco dum Diadema suo :
 Egregium Sacro facinus velavit Amictu :
 (Larva solet Reges fallere nulla magis).
 Excidit ast ausis tactus pietate prophana,

Pardon young Howard this too long Crayfoot
 Thy death more noble did, the same Exort
 My former father for this verse forgot
 Edward's head, joint the goose gibbets fell
 If single did against a Nation write
 Against a Nation shouldst singly fight
 My differing Crime doth more thy virtue raise
 And I with my Gashings lost thy colour praise

Here Douglasse smiling said, how did I love
 After such frankness shown to see his friends
 Forwards him therefore left in time he would
 Moton's wife to some Scotch Professor:

In Bludium habitu ducor debet Indulgentia
 Concessum regeret Sanctum eiusdem Curiam

Bludius ut rursus decemum reperant arith
 Albidit fisis cum trade mus uno
 Equogium Sano firmus dolavit amittu
 (Carva folda qogoo fultis nulla Magis)
 Equidit aut ausis latus nitatid prophana
 Custodum ut foveret, maluit ille rari
 Si modo deditiam togisiet Pontificalem
 Dente habendolis, rapta Corona foret

Scaevola Scoto-Brittannus.

Sharpius exercet dum saevas perfidus iras,
 Et proprii Pastor fit Lupus ipse gregis,
 Lenta videbatur coeli vindicta Michello,
 Et fas in talem credidit omne Nefas.
 Peccat in insonti sed Praesule missile Plumbum
 (Insons si Praesul quilibet esse potest)

Culpa par, at dispar sequitur fortuna Jacobos :
 Ocrea torquet idem, mitra beatque scelus.
 Quanta ast Percussor crimen virtute piavit,
 Judicibusque ipsis quam Reverendus erat ! 10
 Quid de se fieret melius Praetore docebat ;
 Non poenas illum sed dare jura putes.
 Carnificem tremulum jubet abstinuisse sinistra.
 Errorem Dextrae dextera sura luat.
 Nec mora, feralem Tortore aptante Cothurnum,
 Tanquam Sutori commodat usque pedem :
 Intima contuso et dum ringitur osse medulla
 Calceus urit ubi cernere nemo queat,
 Ut vacat ! ut proprii sedet ad spectacula cruris
 Immotus, populo commiserante, reus : 20
 Non vultu aut ulla confessus voce dolorem,
 Sub cuneo quanquam tibia pressa gemit.
 At, ceu mitis herus famulo subridet inepto,
 Infractus Lanium frangere membra videt.
 Inter lictoris nisus feriatur anhelis,
 Nec vult supplicii conscius esse sui.
 Lassus at interea patitur tormenta minister.
 (Qui sentit solus dicitur ille pati)
 Scaevola si Thuscum potuit terrere Tyrannum,
 Fortius hoc specimen Scotia nostra dedit. 30
 Numina quam temnas, homines ne spernito Sharpi,
 Hic è tercentum Mutius unus erat.

Explosa nequii quem sternere glande Michellus,
 Explodet saevum Scotia Pontificem.
 Inter Pontificem quid distat Carnificemque ?
 Inter Luciferum Furciferumque quod est.

TEXTUAL NOTES

A Dialogue between the Resolved soul and Created Pleasure. p. 1

1. 51 Cost: Margoliouth emends to soft seeing a parallel between lines 51 - 54 and Cowley's lines in The Mistress (ll. 17 - 19).

If all things that in Nature are
 Either soft or sweet or fair
 Are not in Thees so 'Epitomized'.

Cooke prints the line as:

All that's costly fair, and sweet.

Although this is purely a rewriting of what Marvell wrote, it seems to get the sense of the line more than Margoliouth's emendation. In this stanza Pleasure is trying to tempt Soul with things that appeal to the eye as Soul's reply suggests. Already Pleasure has tempted him with things that appeal to his sense of taste, touch, smell and hearing. To appeal to his sense of sight concrete objects have to be invoked, whereas soft implies a sense of touch. O.E.D. shows that in early Modern English the words fair, cost and sweet are not only adjectives which can be used

substantively as abstractions of certain qualities, but were also used to denote things concrete. From Shakespeare's 2 Henry IV, iii, comes this example:

Like one, that drawes the Model of a house | Beyond
his power to build it; who (halfe though) | Gives
o're, and leaues his part-creat Cost | A naked subject
to the weeping Clouds.

On a Drop of Dew p. 4

ll. 4 - 5 The punctuation has been altered here. The semi-colon is transferred from line 4 to 5, since as it is in the Folio it tends to divide sharply the two lines which in fact follow naturally one from the other - the dew is unmindful of its new surrounding on account of the clear Region where it comes from. Cooke has substituted a comma after new, no doubt to show a closer link between the two lines than the printing affords. But it was likely Marvell intended to have only the semi-colon and by a mistake of the eye the printer transferred this from its most appropriate place in line 5 to line 4. Margoliouth's agreement with the printing appears indefensible.

The Nymph complaining for the death of her Faun. p. 14

1. 70 four: This line at first appears metrically irregular. Four, however, is to be pronounced as a disyllable - most likely /fower/ or /fuwer/ in Marvell's time.

To his Coy Mistress. p. 19

1. 34 glew - there are two conjectural emendations for this. Dew is suggested by Cooke and lew by Margoliouth. Margoliouth, however, later changed his stand and Hugh MacDonald states in his edition (1956) that he has Margoliouth's authority "for saying that he would not now contend for 'lew'". The choice of lew is easily supported bibliographically if, as Margoliouth suggests, we regard the beginning g of glew as a carry-over from the preceding morning. In terms of its meaning, lew is the heat haze and it carries on the idea of the warm bloom of the 'youthful hew' in the preceding line up to succeeding lines talking of the "soul [transpiring] at every pore with instant fires". The glow of youth rather than its freshness suggested by dew, and also the idea of burning love carry more emphasis in these lines.

With this interpretation, however, the word as printed (glew) might be right as Henry Bradley suggested. Glew is an obsolete form of glow from the Anglo Saxon gleow. A choice between lew and glew is therefore difficult, and it might be better to leave the word as printed.

The Gallery p. 22

1. 1 Chlora: Many readers of Marvell have commented on his obsession with the colour 'green'. In this connection, it is worth noting that the name Chlora, which occurs a number of times in his poems, is derived from the Greek word χλωρα for green, from where such other words as chlorine and chlorophyll are derived.

1. 42 dost: This is emended to do by Cooke and adopted by Margoliouth and MacDonald. Doth was suggested by Aitken and does by Grierson in his Metaphysical Lyrics and Poems. In the printing the st of store seems to have been anticipated in the preceding dost. Do suggests that Gallery is used in the plural sense, but line 4 definitely speaks of one Gallery. Does appears more modern in usage than this particular context allows. I am inclined to adopt doth being more in keeping with other archaic forms of pronouns and verbs in the stanza.

Danthis and Chloe p. 27

11. 79 - 80 While he Quailles and Hanna fed,
And does through the Desert err.

Cooke's emendations have been accepted here. As the lines stand in print fed is used intransitively, and no example of this usage has been found in early modern English.

See also 'Appleton House' stanza 51 for another reference to quail and mamma. It is without being needed, and the sense of the line could then be that the birds (of the world) by means of its

Tom May's Death p. 35

l. 6 Cooke substituted a question mark for the full stop in the Folio, and this is adopted by Margoliouth. There is no justification for this change to my mind if we consider the sense of the sentence from line 3 down to line 8. A colon seems more appropriate.

l. 21 Emilthian: The change to Emathian by Cooke is supported, as pointed out by Margoliouth, by the form of the name in Tom May's translation of Lucan's Pharsalia:

Warres more than civill on Emathian plaines

We sing...

l. 34 command: The full stop in the printing is not justified at this point in the sentence which runs from ll. 33 - 40. Lines 33 and 34 do not form a complete sentence by themselves.

l. 58 the: I have changed this to thee as it appears Tom May is being addressed here directly; and we can take these lines (58 and 59) to mean "But you are neither misled by ignorance nor a wish to be good. You are just malicious and you fully well understand what you are doing".

1. 68 World: Emended by Cooke to World's and adopted by Margoliouth. The word can stand as it is without being emended, and the sense of the line could then be that the Axle (of the world) by reason of its being disjointed in itself makes the world crack i.e. world becomes the object of the verb crack.

Musicks Empire p. 47

1. 6 tun'd: the line is a syllable short as printed. Cooke's emendation to tuned restores this extra syllable. See chapter 5 on The Rhythm of Marvell's Verse.

Flecko, an English Priest at Rome p. 54

1. 24 Exercise: Aitken's substitute, exorcise, seems to make more sense in the context. In lines 19 - 22 Flecko appears like a magician conjuring in the name of the Devil. And it is quite easy for a semi-literate compositor to think he is right in substituting a more familiar word exercise for an unusual one exorcise, especially as the only difference in spelling between these two words is an o for an i.

1. 55 him: Scant. Aitken changed the position of the colon from between the two words to the end of the line after Scant. This reading is also adopted by Margoliouth.

I think the punctuation should be left as it is in the printing, so that Scant can go with Happy in the following line rather than go with the preceding him. O.E.D. records the use of scant as an adverb meaning hardly, scarcely, or barely, and it is in this sense one feels Marvell wishes to use this word in the context. Far from making a mistake, this incidence in fact is one of the cases where the compositor seems to have followed Marvell's punctuation faithfully and has not put the punctuation in the more usual place at the end of the line.

1. 57 Dinner: Wright has supplied the before Dinner. The line indeed is a syllable short without this article, and one can accept Wright's emendation without much hesitation, seeing that Marvell is very strict in his syllable counting.

1. 104 But: Cooke's emendation to By makes more sense than the printing.

1. 158 that was too late: This phrase seems all right as it is, and Cooke's emendation to that 't was too late does not seem necessary.

Dismissivo suo Amico Dectori Wittie. p. 59

This poem and the following English version were first published in 1651 along with Dr. Wittie's translation which they commend.

1. 1 There is a false quantity here as this line should scan:

Nēpē sic | ĩnnūmē|rō sūo|crescunt | āgāinē | librī

But sic is always long. (cf. "Scaevola Scoto-Britannus" l. 25).

On Mr Milton's Paradise Lost p. 61

The poem was first published in the second edition of Paradise Lost in 1674. Variants between this text and that of 1631 are noted by Margoliouth. One of the copies of 1631 Folio held by Wellesly College contains a manuscript copy of the poem which is signed A. Marvell. In this edition this MS has also been collated along with the other two texts and the variants have been noted. While one cannot say categorically that this is a reproduction of the 1674, it does agree more with it than that of 1631. Apart from the two misprints in the copy-text (treats in line 33 and mights in line 45) corrected

From the other texts, I have also adopted the punctuation mark of these other texts in line 48. (in connection with trees, shrubs or plants) and gives an example of this usage around 1615 by G. Spenser

Johannis Trotii Epitaphium p. 66

This poem, and the one following - "Edmundi Trotii Epitaphium" - are not in elegiac couplets or hexameters like Marvell's other Latin poems. The unequal length in the lines suggests a form of lapidary display imitating the lineated inscriptions on tombstones. Margoliouth notes that there are tablets bearing these epitaphs in a church at Laverstoke in Hampshire, but does not indicate what the layout on these tablets looks like. In any case, the lineated lapidary inscription in books was much in vogue in the seventeenth century. See John Sparrow, Visible Words, a Study of Inscriptions in and as Books and Works of Art, Cambridge University Press, 1970.

From the epitaphs at Laverstoke, Margoliouth has been able to correct the text as printed in 1631.

Upon the Hill and Grove at Bill-borow. To the Lord Fairfax. p. 73

l. 34 Plum: Margoliouth emends to Plump and Cooke to Plums.

Margoliouth's emendation is accepted in this edition as it is supported by a quotation indicating similar usage in Drake's York in 1736:

"The town [Bilbrough] standeth upon a rising Ground, or small hill to look at, yet a plump of trees upon it may be seen at forty miles distance..."

Also O.E.D. gives the following as some of the meanings of plump - a cluster, bunch or clump (in connection with trees, shrubs or plants) and gives an example of this usage around 1615 by G. Sandys:

"We laid vs downe in the bottome vnder a plump of trees".

1. 73 the: Grosart's emendation to ye seems in order. In this stanza the pronouns used indicate that the poet now addresses the trees directly. ye in the manuscript could easily have been mistaken for the contracted form of the usually written y^e. In fact, the MS symbol for initial th and y were identical in the seventeenth century. See for example Marvell's letter (Miscellaneous Letter no. 25, ed. Margoliouth, p. 322). For Sir Edward Harley at Brampton Castle To be left wth y^e Post-master of Ludlow.

Upon Appleton House, to my Lord Fairfax. p. 76

1. 200 suck...in: The phrase suck in is used here in the sense of 'to deceive'. All examples of this usage given in the English Dialect Dictionary are exclusively from Yorkshire.

1. 323 four is a disyllable here as in "Nymph and Faun" l. 70.

1. 385 - 432 This passage about the Mowers recalls the Mower poems pp. 40 - 46.

1. 532 Thrastles: This is emended to Throstles in Bodleian MS.Eng. poet.d.49, which seems to be in order. I, however, hesitate to adopt this emendation in view of the fact that the form as printed may be a reflection of the pronunciation for the sound /o/ in Marvell's time. (See vol. 1, ch. 4, no. 4b).

1. 538 Holt-felsters: i.e. wood-cutters, derived from a dialect word holt (wood)

1. 659 whisht: i.e. to be or remain silent. The word is found in a number of dialects including that of Yorkshire.

On the Victory obtained by Blake..... p. 104

The poem was first published along with some others written by several persons in 1674. The collection was reprinted in 1678. The main differences between these versions and that of 1681 are that in the former lines 39 - 52 praising Cromwell are omitted, and the pronouns 'you' 'your' referring to him are changed to 'we' 'our' or to 'England' and 'English'. The 1681 version is followed except for obvious misprints.

1. 117 Fleets: The 1674 reading Fleet's is preferred in this edition while Margoliouth preferred the folio reading. To my mind if one is to retain Fleets the pronoun before must be changed from this to these. Even then the clause - this Fleets design'd by fate, | To give him Lawrel, as the Last did Plate - would still require a verb which the form Fleet's provides in the contracted form of is.

1. 129 a Spire: The 1674 reading aspire is adopted by Margoliouth, while the folio reading is retained in this edition. A choice is difficult here, as both readings make sense in the context. But the capitalization of Spire suggests that it forms a separate word in the copy used by the compositor of the folio. So that there is really no sufficient grounds for preferring the 1674 reading.

A Dialogue between Thyrsis and Dorinda. p. 109.

The text of this poem is more corrupt, as noted by Margoliouth, than that of any other in the Folio. Line 27 is missing and lines 43 and 44 wrongly are ascribed to Dorinda in the poem.

Copies of the poem are found in two MSS - British Museum Addit. 29921(BM) and Bodleian Rawlinson poet. 81 (Bod.). The British Museum copy states at the end that it is a copy of the 1681 version "with some little difference". While the Bodleian copy agrees more with the other MS than the Folio, there is no indication of its own

source. J.B. Leishman discovered that this poem had been published several times before 1681 - (1) 1659 in John Gamble's Ayres and Dialogues, The Second Book; (2) 1663 in the 'Ingenious Poems' attached to S. Rowland's A Crew of Kind London Gossips; (3) 1675 in John Playford's Choice Ayres. There are indications that the poem was set to music in these publications. J.P. Cutts has also reported (TLS August 8, 1952) a pre-1645 version with musical setting.

The carelessness of the composer apart, it is possible Marvell, or those responsible for setting the poem to music, revised the poem at times and changed a few words here and there, probably to suit the music. While in line 1 the Bodleian MS reads part and the Folio snatch, British Museum MS hesitates between the two words by copying both. So also in line 13 with regard to can and shall. The different versions for lines 7 - 8 and line 25 (see apparatus criticus) suggest that this is a question of printing one version in 1681, and not of careless reproduction of the copy. That there are several different versions is further confirmed by Cutt's reproduction of the pre-1645 version:

Dorinda: When death shall snatch us from these kidds
 And shutt up our devided lidds,
 Thirsis, O Tell mee, prithy doe,
 Whither thou and I shall goe.

Thirsis: To Elizium, Do(rinda): but wher st.

- Thi(rsis): A Chast soule Can Never Mist,
- Do(rinda): I know now way but to my home
Is our Cell Elizium
- (Thirsis): Cast thy face to yonder sky
Yr the Milky path doth lye
- Both: Tis a straight and Easye way
That leads to everlasting day
- Do(rinda): Ther birds may pearch, but how can I,
That have now Wings and Canott fly
- Thi(rsis): O doe not sigh dear Nimph, for fyre
That hath no wings, still doth aspire,
Untill it knock against the Pole.
Heaven, is the Center of the Soule.
- Do(rinda): But in Elizium how doe they
Passe Eternity away,
- Thi(rsis): They know not what it is to feare
Free from the Wolfe, and Horid Beare.
Ther their Lambs are always full
Grasse more softer then our Wooll:
A fix't spring. A Constant Sun
A day that Ever is begun
Oaten Pipes like Gold that play
A never ceasing Rowndelay
A never ceasing Rowndelay
Perpetual Rivers ther doe flow
Flowers live and Garlands Grow
Shepherds ther bears Equall sway.
Everie Nimph is queene of May
Everie Nimph, everie Nimph is Queene of May

Why then should we here make delay
 Since we may bee as free as they.

[TLS, August 8, 1952, p. 517]

The first 22 lines of this version substantially agree with the others, but the rest of the poem is markedly different from the other versions and reads, as Cutt's observes, practically as a new poem.

Assuming that the 1681 printing is just one version out of many, I have stuck to the Folio copy-text except for obvious misprints and omissions. Margoliouth adopted a lot of the variants in the other versions, resulting in a somewhat eclectic text. The version printed in the Folio was probably not included in the papers supplied to the printer by Mary Palmer (see chapter 1) and cannot therefore be assumed to be more authoritative than the others. It has been reprinted here on the 'copy-text' authority of the Folio as a whole.

The punctuation is not very satisfactory in places. For example, in lines 17, 21, 35 - 37 and 43 many of the commas seem superfluous and the temptation to amend them is great. But bearing in mind that the poem is set to music, the commas may be considered as indicating musical rests.

1. 8 cell: All versions except the Folio have this word.

1. 34 Cold: Margoliouth's argument for adopting cool found in the Bodleian MS and also in the 1659 and 1663 versions seems justified here. As he rightly points out, cool winds are more probable in Elizium than cold winds.

1. 45 Corellia: The name of the shepherd varies from Corellia in the Folio to Clorillo in the British Museum MS and 1675 version, Cerillo in 1663 version and Corilla in 1659 version. Leishman's emendation Carillo is adopted in this edition. He argues that this is the more usual form of the name (presumably Spanish for Charlie) and he finds it occurs in another instance in the title and second line of The Shepherd Carillo his Song, a translation of one of the poems in Montemayor's Diana (1598). In any case the form ending in -o - whether Clorillo, Cerillo or Carillo - seems more likely than that ending in -a, since we are dealing with a masculine name.

The Character of Holland p. 111

The first 100 lines of the poem were first published in 1665 and later reprinted in 1672. These editions also include eight lines not contained in the 1681 versions.

Vainly did this slap-dragon fury hope
 With sober English valour e'er to cope;
 Not though they prim'd their barb'rous mornings draught
 With powder, and with pipes of brandy fraught;

Yet Rupert, Sandwich, and, of all, the Duke,
 The Duke has made their sea-sick courage puke;
 Like the three comets sent from heaven down
 With fiery flails, to swinge th'ungrateful clown.

The lines, as noted by Margoliouth, are suited to the circumstances of the Dutch War of 1665-7, while some of the concluding lines in the 1684 text are suited to the occasion of 1653 after the English victory over the Dutch in February of that year.

All the three versions agree in their substantive readings in the lines they share in common. The only exceptions are (1) the omission of a in line 88 in the 1684 text, (2) the substitution of to be in 1665 and 1672 editions for for their in 1684 version. In matters of accidentals, however, there are many differences chiefly in the capitalization, spelling and punctuation. All these are recorded below the text.

One gets the impression that the first 100 lines actually formed the whole poem at first, and were probably composed during Marvell's foreign travels in the years 1642 - 1646 purely as a joke at the expense of the Dutch and not tied to any occasion. It was during this time that he also met and satirized Richard Fleckno an English priest in Rome. Later, with the series of wars with the Dutch, a few lines were probably added to suit the varying occasions.

An Horatian Ode p. 115

1. 85 Common Feet: Margoliouth adopts Thompson's reading Commons Feet here "in order to supply an antecedent for theirs [1. 88]". But Feet, itself in the plural number, supplies this antecedent and as such the Folio reading need not be altered.

The First Anniversary of the Government under O.C. p. 119

The poem was first published in 1655. The text of 1681 appears to have been set up from this publication rather than from Marvell's original. Not only do the two texts agree, except for some minor errors, in their substantive readings, but also in important 'accidentals' like punctuation and capitalization. The spellings of certain words are, however, different, reflecting no doubt the difference between the accepted forms in mid-seventeenth century and later on in the century. For instance, the form dos is used throughout in the 1655 text, while it is does in the 1681 text. Some words with final r, l, g and n - e.g. war, fatal, rig, sin - have these consonants doubled in 1655. Also final -ry (as in heavy) and final -ck (as in fabrick) were still -ie and -que in 1655.

In certain cases, however, it appears the compositor of the 1681 text was sometimes carried away by his copy, and unconsciously set some words as represented in the 1655 text, even though the form common in his own text was different. See, for example, Carr and Warr

in lines 215 and 216. Again the ampersand was frequently used to represent and in 1655 text. The 1681 text avoids this practice generally, but on one occasion in line 374 this sign was used.

A Poem upon the Death of O.C. p. 140

Lines 185 - 324 are missing from the copy-text. These are reproduced here from the Bodleian MS Eng.poet.d.49, the earliest known source of the whole version of the poem.

Ad Regem Carolum Parodia p. 151

The poem is a close adaptation of Horace Carmina, I. ii. A comparison of both poems shows that Marvell uses often the very words in Horace's poems - merely substituting Carolus for Caesar.

l. 51 reparato: Cooke's emendation to reperare makes better Latin as noted by Margoliouth. The form in the infinitive is also supported by the corresponding word in Horace:

neu sinas Medos equitare inultos te duce, Caesar

The Last Instructions to a Painter p. 162

The poem was first printed in 1689 in the series "Poems on Affairs of State" and reprinted in 1697. A copy is appended to the

Bodleian MS Eng. Post. d. 49. The first printed version of 1689 is reproduced here as printed in Margoliouth's edition.

l. 181 Two names have been suggested here - Charlton in the 1697 reprint of the poem and in the Bodleian MS, and Compton by Margoliouth. Sir Job Charlton (1614 - 97) was Serjeant-at-Law, which position agrees with line 182 - "and with his locks gives Law." But Margoliouth argues that since Sir Francis Compton was "Captain of a Troop of Horse in the Lord Oxford's Regiment" jokes on his military headgear are reflected in "Coife... Miter... Beaver cock'd Bishop's brim" of lines 181 - 183. In view of this, it appears either of the two names is possible, and I am inclined to adopt Charlton suggested by a near contemporary.

l. 317 This line as printed in 1689 is a syllable short. The 1697 supplies de before Ruyter no doubt to make up the missing syllable. But as Margoliouth rightly points out, Marvell calls this man simply 'Ruyter' elsewhere in the poem (except in l. 758). Thames must therefore be treated as a disyllable as is born out by being written Thames's (like Jane's) in the Bodleian MS.

The Levall Scott p. 186

Four MS sources have been found for this poem - one in the British Museum, two in the Bodleian Library (Douce 357 and MS Eng.

post.d.49) and one reported in possession of H.M. Margoliouth. Versions of the poems with certain omissions and additions were printed in 1694 and 1697.

Margoliouth rightly notes that the various parts of the poem do not always blend well together - especially the anti-prelatical tirade of lines 87 - 235 which is out of proportion in a poem basically written in praise of Douglas. But rather than attribute this to possible interpolation by an inferior hand, I am inclined to attribute it to the fact that Marvell was trying to make a whole new poem from bits and pieces from different sources. Lines 15 - 62 already form part of "The Last Instructions" (l. 549 - 596), and lines 178 - 185 are the English version of "Bludius et Corona". One might also conjecture that the anti-prelatical part (lines 87 - 235) was probably started as a separate poem. Marvell perhaps never had the chance to revise and polish the new poem as made up.

The British Museum MS Sloane 655 (Sloane), the Bodleian Douce 357 (Douce) and Margoliouth's MS agree fairly together, and are the earliest versions known. Any of them can form the basis of a reprint. The poem is only printed in parts in the 1694 and 1697 versions. It is not clear where the version in the Bodleian MS Eng. post.d.49 (MS 49) is copied from, but it appears like an eclectic text. Sometimes it agrees with the other MSS, at other times with either the 1694 or 1697 version.

This edition follows the version in the Bodleian Douce 357 as printed in Margoliouth's edition. But two passages (six lines after l. 80 and eight after l. 103) found in the printed versions and MS Eng.poet.d.49, but regarded as interpolations in Margoliouth's edition are incorporated here. If we consider the patch-work nature of the poem, the lines were probably added by Marvell himself, and Margoliouth in fact confessed he was tempted to accept at least the second passage as genuine but could not without a manuscript authority.

Bludius et Corona p. 193

Manuscript copies have been found in the British Museum Alcous 343 and the Bodleian Douce 357 and MS Eng.poet.d.49 with minor variations. The copy in the Bodleian Douce 357 is here reproduced as printed in Margoliouth's edition.

Genevra Necto-Britannus p. 194

Manuscript copies are found in the British Museum Addit. 34362 and in the Bodleian MS Eng.poet.d.49. The former version is here reproduced as printed in Margoliouth's edition.

l. 25 feriatur: In this context the word means 'keeps a holiday' (i.e. feriātūr). There is therefore a false quantity in line 25 as noted by Margoliouth. The poem is in elegiac couplets, and this particular line should therefore scan thus:

Īntēr|līctō|rīs nī|sūs fēri|ātūr ān|hēlī

The word can also mean 'let him be struck' (i.e. fēriātūr) but that meaning does not suit the context here.

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Clarindon's House-Warming: p. 217

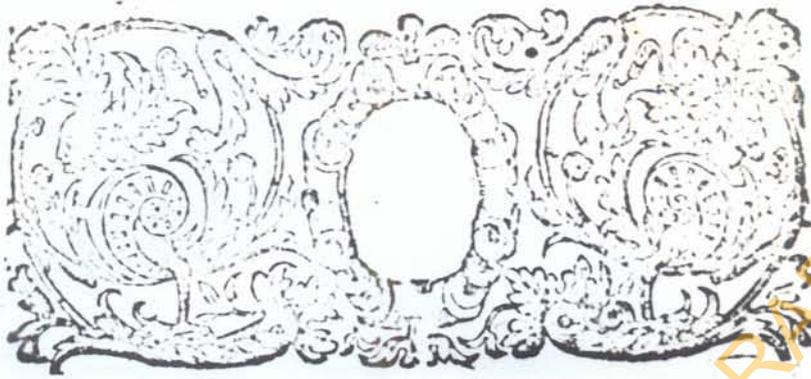
[within single rules] DIRECTIONS | TO A | PAINTER | FOR |
 Describing our Naval Business: | In Imitation of Mr. WALLER. |
 [rule] BEING | The Last Works | OF | Sir JOHN DENHAM. |[rule]
 Whereunto is annexed, | CLARINDON'S House-Warming. | By an Unknown
 AUTHOR. |[rule] Printed in the Year 1667. pp. 44 - 46.

The Second and Third Advices: p. 223 ; p. 236

THE | Second, and Third Advice | TO A | PAINTER, | For Drawing
 the | HISTORY | of Our | NAVALL Actions, | The two last Years,
 1665. And 1666. | In Answer to Mr. WALLER. |[rule] - - - Pictoribus
 atque Poetis, | Quidlibet Audendi semper fuit potestas. | Hermann
 Capiti cervicem pictor equinam, | Pungere si velit ----- | Horat.
 de Arte Poet. |[rule] A. Breda, 1667.

A Dialogue between Britannia and Rawleigh: p. 252

The Bodleian MS Douce 357.



Clarindon's

H O U S E - W A R M I N G :

When *Clarindon* had discern'd beforehand,
 (As the Cause can eas'ly foretel the
 Effect)

At once three Deluges threarning our Land ;
 'Twas the season he thought to turn Architect.

His *Mars*, and *Apollo*, and *Vulcan* consume ;
 While he the Betrayer of *England* and *Flander*,
 Like the King-fisher chuseth to build in the Broom,
 And nestles in flames like the Salamander.

42 *Carwinion's House-Warming*

But observing that Mortals run often behind,
 (So unreasonable are the rates they buy-at)
 His Omnipotence therefore much rather design'd
 How he might create a House with a *Fiat*.

He had read of *Rhodope*, a Lady of *Thrace*,
 Who was dig'd up so often ere she did marry;
 And wish'd that his Daughter had had as much grace
 To erect him a Pyramid out of her Quarry.

But then recollecting how the Harper *Amphyon*
 Made *Thebes* dance aloft while he fiddled and sung,
 He thought (as an Instrument he was most free on)
 To build with the Jews-trump of his own tongue.

Yet a President fitter in *Virgil* he found,
 Of *African Pouitney*, and *Tyrian Dide*,
 That he begg'd for a Pallace so much of his ground,
 As might carry the measure and name of an *Hyde*.

Thus dayly his Gouty Inventions he pain'd,
 And all for to save the expences of Brickbat,
 That Engine so fatal, which *Denham* had brain'd,
 And too much resembled his Wives Chocolate.

But while these devices he all doth compare,
 None solid enough seem'd for his strong *Castor*;
 He himself would not dwell in a Castle of air,
 Though he had built full many a one for his Master

Already he had got all our Money and Cattel,
 To buy us for Slaves, and purchase our Lands;
 What *Joseph* by Famine, he wrought by Sea-Battel,
 Nay scarce the Priests portion could scape from
 his hands. And

Clarindon's House-Warming.

43

As *Israel* like *Pharaoh* that *Israel* prest *(Draw,*
 'make *Mortar* and *Brick*, yet allow'd them no
 ar'd not though *Egypt's* Ten *Plagues* us distress,
 he could to build but make *Policy* Law.

the *Scotch* Forts & *Dunkirk*, but that they were sold,
 He would have demolisht to raise up his Walls;
 Nay ev'n from *Tangier* have sent back for the mold,
 But that he had nearer the *Stones* of *St. Pauls*.

His *Wood* would come in at the easier rate,
 So long as the *Yard* had a *Deal* or a *Spar*;
 His *Friend* in the *Navy* would not be ingrate, (*War,*
 To grudge him some *Timber* who fram'd him the

To proceed in the *Model* he call'd in his *Allons*,
 The two *Allons* when jovial, who ply him with
 (gallors,
 The two *Allons* who serve his blind *Justice* for bat-
 (lance,
 The two *Allons* who serve his *Injustice* for *Tallons*.

They approve it thus far, and said it was fine;
 Yet his *Lordship* to finish it would be unable;
 Unless all abroad he divulg'd the design,
 For his *House* then would grow like a *Vegetable*.

His *Rent* would no more in arrear run to *Worster*;
 He should dwell more noble, and cheap too at-
 (home,
 While into a *fabrick* the *Presents* would muster;
 As by *hock* and by *crook* the world cluster'd of
 (Atome.

Claydon's House-Farming.

He lik'd the advice, and then soon it assay'd; (f
 And Presents croud headlong to give good exa
 So the Bribes overlaid her that *Rome* once betray'd
 The Tribes ne'er contributed so to the Temple.

Straight: Judges, Priests, Bishops, true sons of the Sea!
 Sinners, Governors, Farmers, Banquers, Patentees,
 Bring in the whole Mite of a year, at a meal, (Cheese
 As the Cheddar Clubs Dairy to the incorporate

Bulcaies, Beaks, Jockey, Wyrens fingers with te-
 Were shriveled, and *Clu. terback, Eagers & Kipa*
 Since the Act of Oblivion was never such selling,
 As at this Benevolence out of the Snips.

'Twas then that the Chimney-Contractors he smoakd,
 Not would take his beloved Canary in kind:
 But he swore that the Patent shou'd ne'er be revok'd;
 No, would the whole Parliament kiss him behind.

Like *Jove* under *Ætna* o'erwhelming the Gyant,
 For foundation the *Bristo!* sunk in the Earth's
 And *St. John* must now for the Leads be compliant,
 Or his right hand shall sit be cut off with the
 (Trowel

For surveying the building, *Prat* did the feat;
 But for the expence he rely'd upon *Worstenholms*,
 Who sat heretofore at the Kings Receipt;
 But receiv'd now and paid the Chancellours Cu-
 (tome.

Clarinda's House-Warming.

By Subsidies thus both Clerick and Laick,
 And with matter profane, cemented with holy,
 He finish'd at last his Palace Mosaick,
 By a Model more excellent than *Lesly's Folly*;

And upon the *Tarrus*, to consummate all,
 A Lanthorn, like *Faux's* surveys the burnt *Town*,
 And shews on the top by the Regal Gilt Ball,
 V Where you are to expect the Scepter and Crown

Fond City, its Rubbish and Ruines that builds,
 Like vain *Chymists*, a flower from its ashes re:
 (turning;
 Your Metropolis House is in *St James's Fields*,
 And till there you remove, you shall never leave
 burning

This Temple, of VVar and of Peace is the Shrine;
 V Where this Idol of State sits ador'd and accur'd;
 And to handel his Altar and Nostrils divine,
 Great *Buckingham's* Sacrifice must be the first.

Now some (as all Builders must censure abide)
 Throw dust in its *Front*, and blame situation;
 And others as much reprehend his *Backside*,
 As too narrow by far for his expatiation.

But do not consider how in process of times,
 That for Name-sake he may with *Hyde Park* it en-
 (large,
 And with that convenience he soon for his Crime
 At *Tyburn* may land, and spare the Tower-
 (Large.

Or

45 *Clarindon's House-Warming.*

Or rather how wisely his Stall was built near;
 Let with driving too far his Tallow impair;
 When like the good Oxe, for publick good chear,
 He comes to be roasted next St. James's Fair.

 Upon his House.

Here lies the sacred Bones
 Of Paul beguiled of his Stones;
 Here lie Golden Briberies,
 The price of ruin'd Families:
 The Cavaliers Debenter-Wall,
 Fixt on an Eccentrick Basis;
 Here's Dunkirk-Town and Tangier-Hall,
 The Queens Marriage and all;
 The Dutchman's Templum Pacis.

 Upon his Grand-Children.

Kendal is dead, and Cambridge riding post?
 What fitt'r Sacrifice for Denham's Ghost?

 F I N I S.

(3)
 THE
 Second Advice
 TO A
 PAINTER,
 FOR
 Drawing the History of our
 NAVALL Business;
 In Answer to Mr. WALLER.

N Ay Painter, if thou dar'st design that Fight;
 Which Waller only Courage had to Write;
 If thy bold hand, can without shaking Draw,
 What even the Actors trembled when they saw;
 Enough to make the Colours change, like *their's*.
 And all thy Pencills brittle, like *their Haires*.
 First in fit distance of the prospect Maine;
 Paint *Allen* Tilting at the Coast of *Spaine*;
 Heroick Act, and never heard till now,
 Stemming *Heracles* Pillers with his Prow;
 And how two Ships he left, the Hills to waste;
 And with new Sea-marks, *Dover* and *Calice* graft.

(4)

The flaming *London* next doth come in view,
 Like *Nero's Rome*, burnt to re-build it new :
 What lesser Sacrifice then this was meet,
 To offer for the safety of the Fleet?
 Blow one Ship up, another thence doth grow,
 See what free Citizens, and wise Courts can do.
 So some old Merchant, to insure his Name,
 Marries a fresh, and Courtiers share the Dame :
 So Glasses are more durable then Plate.
 For whatsoe're is broke, the Servants pay't,
 No *Mayor* till now so rich a *Pageant* fain'd,
 Nor one *Barge* all the *Companies* contain'd.
 Then draw *Cornelian Coventry*,
 Keeper, or rather Chancelor of the Sea ;
 And more exactly to express his hue,
 Use nothing but *ultra marinish* blue,
 To pay his Fees the *Silver Trumpet* spends,
 And *Boatswains* whistles, For his Place depends,
Pilots in vain repeat the *Compass* o're,
 Untill of him they learn this one point more.
 The constant *Magnets* to the *Pole* doth hold,
Steel to the *Magnet*, *Coventry* to *Gold* ;
Muscovy sells us *Hemp*, and *Pitch*, and *Tar*,
Iron and *Copper* *Sweden*, *Monster War* ;
Ashly Prizes, *Warwick Customs*, *Cartaret Pay*,
 Put *Coventry* doth sell the Fleet away.
 Now let our Navy stretch in *Canvas wings*,
 Swoln like his putie, with tackling like its strings,
 By slow degrees of the encreasing Gale,
 First under Sale, and after under Sayle ;

Then

())
 Then in kind visit unto *Opdams Gout*,
 Hedge the *Dutch* in, only to let them out :
 So *Huntsmen* fair, unto the *Hares* give law,
 First find them, and then civilly with-draw;
 That the blind *Archer*, when they take the *Seas*,
 The *Hamborough Convoy* may betray at ease.
 So that the *Fish* may more securely bite,
 The *Fisher* bits the *River* over night.
 But *Painter*, now prepar t'enrich thy *Piece*,
 Pencills of *Ermines*, Oyl of *Ambergreece* :
 See where the *Dutchesss* with triumphant taylor
 Of numerous *Coaches*, *Harwich* doth assayle ;
 So the *Land Crabs*, at *Natures* kindly call,
 Down to engender, to the *Sea* do crawl ;
 See then the *Admiral* with his *Navy* whole,
 To *Harwich* through the *Ocean* carry *Cole* :
 So *Swallows* buried in the *Sea*, at *Spring*
 Return to *Land*, with *Summer* in their wing.
 One thrifty *Ferry-Boat* of *Mother-Pearle*,
 Suffic'd of old the *Citherean* *Girl* :
 Yet *Navies* are but *properties*, when here
 A small *Sea-mask*, are built to court you *Dear*.
 Three *Goddesses* in one, *Pallas* for *Art*,
Venus for *Sport*, and *Juno* in your *Heart*.
 Oh *Dutchesss* ! if thy *Nuptial Pompe* were mean,
 It's paid with *Intrest* in this *Naval Scene* :
 Never did *Roman Mark* within the *Nyle*,
 So feast the fair *Egyptian Crocodile* ;
 Nor the *Venetian Duke* with greater *State*,
 The *Adriatique* *Marry* at that *Rate*.

(0)

Now *Painter* spare thy weak Art, and forbear
 To Draw her parting passions, and each tear,
 For alas, she hath but a short delight,
 The Winds, the *Dutch*, the King, all calls to Fight;
 She therefore the *Dukes* persons recommends
 To *Brunker*, *Pen* and *Coventry*, as friends;
Pen, much more *Brunker*, most to *Coventry*,
 For they (she knew) were more afraid then she.
 Of flying Fishes one had sav'd the Finn,
 And hop'd that he through the Aire might spin;
 The other thought he might avoid his Knell,
 In the Invention of the Diving Bell:
 The third had tri'd it, and affirm'd, A Cable
 Coil'd round about him, was Impenetrable:
 But these the *Duke* rejected; only chose
 To keep far off, and others Interpose.
Rupert that knew not fear, but health did want,
 Kept state suspended in his *Char volant*,
 All save his his head, shut in the wooden Case,
 He shew'd but like a broken weather-Glasse;
 But arm'd in a whole *Lyon Capuchin*,
 Did represent a *Hercules* within;
 Dear, how the *Dutch* his twinging Anguish know
 And feel what Valour (whet with pain) can do:
 Curst in the mean time be that cursed *Jaiel*,
 That through his Princely temples drove the nail.
Rupert resolv'd to fight it like a *Lyon*,
 But *Sandwich* hop'd to fight it like *Aryon*:
 He to prolong his life in the Dispute,
 (And Charm the *Holland Puppets*, tun'd his Lute
 Till

Till some judicious Dolphin might approach;
 And land him safe and sound as any Roach.
 Hence by the *Gazettier* he was mistooke,
 As unconcern'd, as if at *Hitchinbrooke*.
 Now *Painter* reassume thy Pencills care,
 Thou hast but Skirmisht yet, Now Fight prepare
 And Battel draw, more terrible to show,
 Then the last judgement was of *Angelo*,
 First let our Navy scour through silver froth,
 The Oceans burthen, and the Kingdomes both;
 Whose every bulk may represent it's birth,
 From *Hide*, and *Paston*, burthens of the earth!
Hide, whose transcendant Paunch so swell of late,
 That he the Ruptures seems of Law, and State.
Paston, whose belly devours more Millions
 Than *Indian Carracks*, and contains more Tuns.
 Let sholes of Porpuses on every side
 Wonder in swimming, by the Oake out-vid;e;
 And the Sea-fouls (at gaze) behold a thing
 So vast, more strong and swift then they of wing;
 Both which presaging, yet keep still in fight,
 And follows for the Relique of the Fight.
 Then let the *Dutch* with bold dissembling fear,
 Or bold dispair, more then we wish, draw near;
 At which our Gallants, to the Sea but tender,
 And more to fight; Their squeezey stomachs render
 With breasts so panting, that at every stroake
 You might have felt their hearts beat through the
 Whilst one concern'd most, in the interval (Oake,
 Of straining Choller, thus did cast his Gall;

(8)

Noah be damn'd, an all his Race accurst,
 Who in Sea-brine did pickle Timber first;
 Who, though he Planted Vines, yet Pines cut down
 He taught us how to Drink, and how to drown.
 He first built *Ships*, and in that Wooden-Hall,
 Saving but Eight, e're since endanger'd All.
 And thou *Dutch* Necromantick Frier, be Damn'd,
 And in thine own first Morter-piece be ram'd,
 Who first inventedst Cannon in thy Cell,
Nitre from Earth, and *Brimstone* fetch from Hell:
 But Damn'd, and treble Damn'd be *Clarendine*,
 (Our Seventh *Edward*) with his Houle and Line;
 Who, to divert the danger of the *War*
 With *Bristol*, hurles it on the *Hollander*.
 Fooles-coated Gown-man, sells to fight with *Hans*
Dunkerke, Dismantles *Scotland*, quarr'ls *France*;
 And hopes he now hath busines shap'd, & power,
 T'out-last his life and ours, and 'scape the *Tower*,
 And that he yet may see, e're he goes down,
 His dear *Clarinda* circled in a Crown.
 By this time both the *Fleets* in wrath dispute,
 And each the Other Mortally Salute:
 Draw pensive *Neptune* biting of his thumbs,
 To think himself a *Slave* who e're o'recomes;
 And frighted *Nymphs* retreating to the Rocks,
 Beating their blue breasts, tearing their green locks.
 Paint *Ecchoes* slaine, only the alternate sound,
 From the repeating Cannon doth rebound;
Opdam sayles up, mounted on's Navall throne,
 Assuming Courage greater then his own;
Makes.

Makes to the *Duke*, and threatens him from far,
 To naylor himself to's *Board* like a *Petar* :
 But in this vain attempt, takes Fire too soon,
 And flies up in his Ship to catch the Moon :
Mounfiers, like *Rockets*, mount aloft and crack
 In thousand sparks, and dancingly fall back ;
 Yet e're this hapned, *Destiny* allow'd
 Him his *Revenge*, to make his *Death* more proud,
 A fatall *Bullet* from his side did range
 And battered *Lawson*, Ah ! too dear exchange :
 He led our *Fleet* (that day) too short a space,
 But lost his *Knee*, died since in *Honours* Race :
Lawson, whose *Valour* beyond *Fate* doth go,
 Doth still fight *Opdam* in the shades below.
 The *Duke* himself, though *Pen* did not forget,
 Yet was not out of *Dangers* random set.
Falmouth was there, I know not what to act,
 Unless 'twas to grow *Duke* too by *Contract* ;
 An un-taught *Bullet* in its wanton scope,
 Quashes him all to pieces and his hope :
 Such as his *Rise*, such was his *Fall*, unprais'd,
 A chance-shot sooner took, then chance him rais'd :
 His shatter'd *Head* the fearless *Duke* bestains,
 Which gave the last, first proof that he had *Brains*.
Berkly had heard it soon, and thought not good
 To venter more of royal *Hardings* Blood ;
 To be *Immortal* he was not of *Age*,
 And did even now the *Indian* prize presage ;
 But judg'd it safe and decent (cost what cost)
 To loose the *Day*, since his dear *Brother's* lost ;

With

With his whole *Squadron* straight away he bore,
 And like good Boy, promis'd to fight no more.
 The *Dutch Aurania* careless at us sail'd,
 And promised, to do, what *Opdam* fail'd;
Smith (to the *Duke*) doth intencept her way,
 And cleaves to her closer then the *Kemora*:
 The Captain wondr'd, and withall disdain'd,
 So strongly, by a thing so small, detain'd;
 And in a raging bravery to him runs,
 They stab'd their Ships with one anothers Guns;
 They Fight so near, it seems to be on ground,
 And flying Bullets meeting Bullets wound;
 The noise, the smoke, the sweat, the fire, the blood
 Is not to be exprest, nor understood;
 Each Captain from the quarter Deck Commands,
 They wave their bright Swords glittering in their
 All luxury of War, all Man can do (hands
 In a Sea-fight, did pass between them two:
 But one must conquer, who soe're does fight;
Smith took the *Gyant*, and is since made Knight.
Marlborow, who knew, and dar'd do more then All,
 Falls undistinguish'd by an Iron-Ball;
 Deat *Zord*, but born under a Star ungrate,
 No soul so clear, nor none more gloomy fate;
 Who would set up wars trade, that means to thrive
 Death picks the Valiant out, & Cowards survive:
 When the brave merrit, the Impudent do vaunt,
 And none rewarded but the Sicophant:
 He all his life time against Fortune fenc'd.
 Or not well known, or not well recompenc'd;
 But

But enuy, not the praise to's Memory,
 None more prepared was, or fit to dye.
Rupert did others, and himself excell:
Homes, Tiddiman, Minns, bravely *Sanson* fell.
 What others did, let none omit it's blame,
 I shall record, who e're brings in his name;
 But unless after stories disagree,
 Nine only came to fight, the rest to see.
 Now all conspire unto the *Dutchmens* loss,
 The wind, the fire, Wee, They themselves do cross.
 When a sweet sleep the *Duke* began to drown,
 And with soft Diadems his temples Crown;
 But first he orders all besides to watch,
 (And they the Foe) whilst he a Nap shu'd catch:
 But *Brunker* by a secret instinct
 Slept not, nor needs hee, he all day had wink'd;
 The *Duke* in bed, he then draws forth his Steel,
 Whose Vertue makes the misled Compass wheel;
 So e're he wakes, both Fleets were innocent,
 And *Brunker* Member is of Parliament.
 And now dear *Painter*, after pains like those,
 'Twere time that thou and I too should repose;
 And all our Navy scape so sound of Limb,
 That a small space serv'd to Refresh and Trim,
 And a tame Fleet of theirs do Convoy want,
 Laden with both the *Indies* and *Levant*:
 Paint but this one Scene, now the worlds our own
 The *Halcion Sandwich* doth Command alone,
 To *Bergen* now, with better Maw we hast,
 And the Sweet Spoiles in hope already taste;

Thoug

Though *Clifford* in the Charracter appears,
 Of *Super Cargo* to our Fleet, and *Theirs*.
 Wearing a *Signet* ready to clap on,
 And ceaze all for his Matter *Arlington*.
Ruiter, whose little *Squadron* skims the Seas,
 And waits at our remotest *Collonyes*,
 With Ships all foule return upon our way,
Sandwich would not disperse, nor yet delay;
 And therefore like Commander grave and wise,
 To escape his fight and fight, shuts both his eyes.
 And for more state and sureness, *Curtains* drew,
 He the left Eye closes, the right *Montegue*.
 And truly *Clifford* proffer'd in his Zeal,
 To make all sure, to apply to both his Seal.
Ulysses so, till he the *Cyrens* past,
 Would by his Mates be pinnioned to the Mast.
 Now can our Navy view the wish'd for Port,
 But theirs (to see the fortune) was a Fort.
Sandwich would not be beaten, nor yet beat,
 Fools only fight, the Prudent use to Treat,
 His Couzen *Montegue* by Court disaster,
 Dwingled into a wooden Horses Master.
 To speak of Peace, seem'd to all most proper,
 Had *Talbot* there treated of nought but Copper:
 For what are Forts when void of Ammunition.
 With friend or foe? what would we more condition
 Yet we three dayes (till the *Dutch* furnish'd all,
 Men, money, Cannon, Powder) treat with wall.
 Then *Tiddy*, finding that the *Dane* would not,
 Sends in six Captains bravely to be shot:

And

(13)

And *Mountegue*, though drest like any Bride;
 Aboard the *Amiral*, was reacht and died.
 Sad was this chance, and yet a deeper care,
 Wrinkled our *Membraine* under fore-head fair;
 The *Dutch Armado* yet had impudence,
 To put to Sea, to waite their Merchants thence;
 For as if all their Ships of Walnuts were,
 The more we beat them, still the more they bear.
 But a good Pilot, and a favouring wind,
 Brings *Sandwich* back, and once again doth blind.
 Now gentle *Painter*, e're we leap on shore,
 With thy last stroaks ruffle a Tempest o're;
 As if in our Reproach, the VVinds and Seas,
 VVould undertake the *Dutch*, whilst we take ease:
 The Seas their spoiles within our Hatches throw,
 The wind both Fleets into our mouths did blow,
 Strew'd all the Ships along the Coast by curs,
 As easie to be gathered up as Flowers.
 But *Sandwich* fears for Merchants to mistake
 A man of War, amongst these Flowers a Snake.
 Two *Indian* Ships, pregnant with *Eastern Pearles*,
 And *Diamonds*, sates the *Officers* and *Earls*;
 Then warning of our Fleet, he did devise
 Into our Ports, and so to *Oxford* ride:
 Whilst the *Dutch* re-uniting to our shames,
 Ride all insulting o're the *Downs* and *Thames*.
 Now treating *Sandwich* seems the fittest choice
 For *Spain*, there to condole and to rejoyce:
 He meets the *French*, but to avoid all harms,
 Slips into *Groine* Embassies bears on Armes.

There

(14)

There let him languish a long *Quarrentine*,
 And nere to *England* come, till he be clean.
 Henceforth (O *Gemini*) two Dukes Command,
Caster and *Pollux*, *Aumerle*, *Cumberland*:
 Since they in one Ship go, 'twere fit they went
 In *Pettyes* double-keel'd Experiment.

To the King.

Imperial Prince! King of the Seas, and Isles,
 Dear Object of our Joye, and Heavens smiles,
 What boot's it, that thy Light doth guild our days
 And we lye basking in thy milder Rayes;
 Whilst swarms of Insects from thy warmth begun
 Our Land devour, and Intercept thy Sun:
 Thou, like *Joves Minos*, rul'st a greater *Creet*,
 And for its hundred Cities, counts thy Fleet:
 Why wilt thou that State *Dada'us* allow,
 Who builds thee but a Labyrinth, and a Cow:
 If thou a *Minos*, be a Judge severe,
 In his own Maze, confine the Engineer.
 Or if our Sun, since he so neer presumes,
 Melt the soft wax, with which he imps his Plumes;
 Then let him falling leave his hated Name,
 Unto those Seas, his Wars have set on flame;
 From that Enchanter, having clear'd thine eyes,
 Thy Native Sight will pierce within the Skies,
 And

(15)

And view those Kingdoms full of joy and Light,
 Where's Universal Tryumph, but no Fight:
 Since both from heaven thy care & power descend
 Rule by its Pattern, thereto reascend;
 Let Justice only draw, and Battel cease,
 Kings are in War but Cares, they'r Gods in peace:
 Thus have we Fought, we know not why, nor yet
 W'ave done we know not what, or what we get;
 If to Espouse the Ocean, all these pains,
 Princes Unite, and will forbid the Banes;
 If to destroy *Phanatick*, this makes more,
 For all *Phanaticks* turn, when sick or poor:
 Or if the *House of Commons*, to repay
 Their *Prize Commissions* are transfer'd away:
 If for Triumphant Check, Stones or a Shell
 For *Dutches* Closet, 't'as succeeded well.
 If to make *Parliaments* all odious pass,
 If to reserve a standing Force, alas;
 Or if (as just) *Orange* to reinstate,
 Instead of that, he is Regenerate.
 And if five Millions, vainly given, are spent,
 And with five Millions more of detriment;
 Our Sum amounts, yet only to have won,
 A Bastard *Orange* for Prince *Arlington*.
 Now may Historians argue *Con* and *Pro*,
Denham saies thus, though *Waller* alwaies so;
 But he good man, in his long Sheet and Staff,
 Thy Penance did for *Cromwells* Epitaph;
 And his next Theme must be the *Dukes* Mistris,
 Advice to Draw Madam *L'Edificatis*.

F I N I S.

(17)



THE

Third Advice

TO A

PAINTER,

On our last Summers Success,
with *French and Dutch*.

1666.

Written by the same Hand as the former was.

S *Andwich* in *Spain* now, and the *Duke* in *Love*,
Let's with new *Generalls*, a new *Painter* prove.
Lillie's a *Dutchman* dangerous in his Art,
 His *Pencills* may *Intelligence* impart.
 Thou *Gibson* that amongst the *Navy* small,
 Of *Marshal'd Shells*, *Commandst* *Admiral*;
 Thy self so slender, that thou shew'it no more
 Then *Barnicle* new hatcht of them before:
 Come mix thy *water Colours*, and express,
Drawing in *Little*, how wee *Doc* in *Less*.

B

First

(18)

First paint me *George* and *Rupert*, rattling far
 Within one Box, like the two Dice of War;
 And let the Terror of their linked Time,
 Fly through the Air like Chain-shot tearing Fame.
Jove in one Cloud did scarcely ever wrap
 Lightning so fierce, but never such a clap;
 United Gen'als, sure the only spell,
 Wherewith *United-Provinces* to quell :
 Alas, even they (though shell'd in trebble Oak)
 Will prove an Addle-egg with double Yoalk :
 And therefore next uncouple either Hound,
 And Low them at two Hares ere one be found;
Rupert to *Beaufort*; hollow-Ay there *Rupert*,
 Like the fantastick Hunting of St. *Hubert*,
 When he with Earthy Hounds, and Horn of Air,
 Pursues in *Fontbleau* the witchy Hare :
 Deep providence of State ! that could so soon
 Fight *Beaufort* here, e're he had quit *Thoulon* :
 So have't seen er'e humane quarrels rise,
 Forebodeing Meteors combat in the Skies ;
 But let the *Prince* to fight with rumors go,
 The Gen'ral doth meet a more substantial Foe;
Ruyter he espies, and full of youthful heat,
 (Though half his number) thinks he has odds too :
 The Fowler so watches the watry spot (great :
 And more the Fowl hopes for the better shot;
 Though such a Limb were from his Navy torn,
 He felt no weakness, yet like *Sampson* shorn,
 But swoln with sence of former Glory won,
 Thought *Monk* must be by *Albemarle* out-done ;
Little

(19)

Little he knew with the same Arm and Sword,
 How far the Gentleman out-cuts the Lord:
Ruyter inferior unto none for Heart,
 Superior now in Number and in Art,
 Askt if he thought, as once our Rebel Nation,
 To conquer theirs too by a Declaration,
 And threatens, though he now so proudly Sail,
 He shall tread back his *Iter Boreale*:
 This said, he the short period e're it ends,
 With Iron words from Brazen mouths extends;
Monk yet prevents him, e're the Navies meet,
 And Charges in himself alone, a Fleet,
 And with so quick and frequent motion wound,
 His murd'ring sides about the Ship seem'd round,
 And the exchanges of his circling Tyre;
 Like flaming Hoopes shew'd like Triumphant fire;
 Single he does at their whole Navy aim,
 And shoots them through a porcupine of Flame;
 He plays with Danger, and his Bullets trouls,
 As 'twere at *Tron-Madam* through all the holes;
 In noise so regular his Cannons met,
 You'd think the Thunder were to Musick set;
 Ah, had the rest but kept a time so true.
 What Age could such a martial Consort shew?
 The listning Air unto the distant Shoar,
 Through secret Pipes conveys the tuned Roar,
 Till as the Ecchoe vanishing abate,
 Men feel a deaf sound like the pill of Fate;
 If Fate expire, let *Monk* her place supply,
 His Guns determine who shall live or dye:

B 2

Eut

(20)

But Victory does alwies hate a Rant,
 Valour's her brave Butt, skill is her Gallant,
 Knitt no less with vertuous envy burns,
 And Prodigies for Miracles returns;
 Yet he observ'd how still his Iron-balls
 Brusled in vain, against our Oaken-walls;
 And the hard Pellets fell away as dead,
 Which our Incharnted Timber fillipped:
 Leave then (said he) th'unrulnerable Keel,
 Wee'l find them feeble, like Chittereale:
 He quickly raught, and powers in continual clouds
 Of chain'd Dilemnaes, through our sinewy shrouds
 Forrests of Masts fall with this rude Embrace,
 Our stiffe Sayls, Mastst and Netted into Lace,
 Till our whole Navy lay their wanton marke,
 And no Ship now could sayl, but as the Arke,
 Shot in the wing, so at the Powders call,
 The disappointed Bird does fluttering fall.
 Yet *Monck*. disabled, still such Courage shows,
 As none into his mortal gripes durst close:
 So an old Bustard main'd, yet loath to yeild,
 Duells the Fowler, in *Newmarket-field*,
 But soon he found it was in vain to fight,
 And as he may, doth impe his wings for flight.
 This *Painter* were an noble task to tell,
 What Indignation his great breasts did swell,
 Not vertuous men unworthily abus'd,
 Not constant Lovers, without cause refus'd,
 Not honest Merchant broke, Not skilful Player:
 Hist of the Stage, not Sinner, in despair,

No

(21)

Not loosing Rooks, not Favorites disgrac'd,
 Not Rump, by *Oliver*, or *Monck*, displac'd,
 Not Kings depos'd, Not Prelats when they dye,
 Feel halfe the rage of Generals when they flye :
 Ah! rather then transmit our scorn to Fame,
 Draw Curtains (gentle Artill.) o're the shame:
 Casheir the memory of *Dutcl*, raised up
 To tast (instead of death) his Highness Cup :
 And if the thing were true, yet paint it not
 How *Berkley* (as he long deserv'd) was shot ;
 Though others that surviv'd the Corps and near,
 Say only, he was putrifi'd with fear,
 And the hard Statue Mummyed without a Gun :
 Might the *Dutch* balm have spar'd an *English* tomb
 But if thou wilt paint *Minns* turn'd all to soul,
 And the great *Harman*, charkt almost to Cole,
 And *Jordan* old, thy Pencills worthy pain,
 Who all the way, held up the Ducall-train :
 But in a dark Cloud cover *Ascough*, when
 He quit the Prince t'inbark in *Lovestein*.
 Now wounded Ships which we immortal boast,
 Are first led Captive to an Hostile Coast;
 But must with Story of his hand or thumb
 Conceal as honour would, his Graces Bum,
 When the rude Bullet a large collop tore
 Out of that Buttock, never turn'd before ;
 Fortung it seems would give him by that lash,
 Gentle correction, for his Fight so rash ; (*Mars*)
 But should the Rump preceiv't, they'd say that
 Had now reveng'd them, upon *Aumarles* Arse.

(22)

The long Disaster better ore to vail,
 Paint onely *Jonas* three days in the Whale;
 Then draw the youthful *Perseus* all in halte,
 From a Sea-beast to free the Virgin chaste;
 But neither riding *Pegasus* for speed,
 Nor with the *Gorgon* shielded at his need;
 For no less time did conquering *Ruyter* chaw,
 Our flying Gen'ral in his spongy Maw;
 So *Kupert* the Sea-Dragon did invade,
 But to save *George* himself, and not the Maid;
 But late arriving, soon he quickly mist,
 Even Sails to fie, not able to resist;
 Not *Greenland* Seamen who survive the fright
 Of the cold *Chaos*, and a half years night;
 So gladly the returning Sun adore,
 Or run to meet the next years Fleet from Shoar,
 Hoping yet once within the Oily side
 Of the fat Whale, again their Sphears to hide,
 As our whole Fleet with Universal shout,
 Salute the Prince, and wish the second bout:
 Not Winds long Pris'ners in Earths hollow Vault,
 The fallow Seas so eagerly assault;
 As fiery *Rupert* with revengeful joy,
 Does on the *Dutch* his hungry courage cloy;
 But soon unrigg'd, lay like a useles board,
 As wounded in the wrest, Men drop the sword;
 When a propitious Cloud between us stept,
 And in our Aid did *Ruyter* intercept;
 Old *Homer* yet did never introduce
 To save his *Heroes*, mist of a better use.

Worwip

(23)

Worship the Sun, who dwells where he does rise,
 This Milt doth more deserve our Sacrifice,
 Now joyful fires and the exalted Bell,
 And Court-Gazets our empty Triumphs tell,
 Alas, the time draws near, when overturn'd
 The lying Bells will through the tongue be burn'd;
 Paper shall want to print that lye of State,
 And our false Fires, true Fires shall expiate:
 Stay Painter here a while, and I will stay.
 Not vex the future times with nice survey;
 Seest not the *Monkey Dutchess* all undrest,
 Paint thou but her, and she will paint the rest;
 The sad Fate found her in her outward Room,
 Nailing up Hangings, not of *Persian-Loom*,
 Like chaste *Penelope* who ne'r did Rome,
 But made all fine against her *George* came home;
 Upon a Ladder in a Coat much shorter,
 She stood with Groom and Porter for supporter,
 And careless what they say, or what they thought,
 With *Honi Soit qui mal* she bravely wrought,
 For in the Gen'ral's breech, none could she know;
 Carry away a piece with Eies or Nose;
 One Tenter drove, to loose no time or place,
 At once the Ladder they remove and grace;
 Whilst thus they her translate from North to East,
 In posture of a four-footed Beast
 She heard the News, but altered yet no more,
 Then that which was behind she turn'd before,
 Nor would come down, but with a Handkerchers;
 Which pocket foul, did to her Neck prefer;

B 4

She

(24)

She dry'd no tears, for she was so *Viraginous*,
 But only snuffing her trunk *Carriluginous*;
 From Scaling-ladder she began a Story,
 Worthy to think on, as *Moment. Meri.*
 Arraigning past, and present, and *futuri.*
 With a Prophetick, if not spirit fury;
 Her Hair began to creep, her belly sound,
 Her eyes to startle, and her Udder bound;
 Halfe witch, half Prophet, thus she *Albemarle*
 Like *Presbiterian Sibel*, out did snarl,
 Traytors both to my Lord, and to the King,
 Nay now it grows beyond all suffering;
 One valiant Man, and he alone must be
 Commanded out to stop their Leak at Sea.
 One may if they be beat, or both be hit,
 Or if they overcome, yet honour's split:
 But reckoning *George* already knock'd 'oth' head,
 They cut him out like Beef, e're he be dead;
 Each for a quarter hopes, the first doth skip,
 But shall fall short, though at the Generalship.
 Next they for Master of the Horse agree;
 A third the *Cockpit* beggs, not any mee;
 But they shall know, I marry shall they do;
 That who the *Cockpit* has, shall have me too.
 I told *George* first, as *Calamy* told me,
 If the King these brought over, thus 'twou'd be.
 Oh! what degreious Loyalty to Cheat,
 Oh! what fidelity it was to eat:
 Men that there pickt his Pocket to his face,
 To tell Intelligence, or beg a Place:

That

(25)

That their Religion pawn'd for Cloaths; nor care
 Thus run so long, now to redeem'r, or dare.
 Whilst *Langdale, Hopton, Glenham* starv'd abroad,
 And here true Loyalists sunk beneath their load.
 Men that did there affront, defame, betray
 The King, and do so here, now who but they.
 What say I men? nay rather monsters: men
 Only in bed; nor to my knowledge then:
 See how they home return with *Revel Rout*,
 With the same measure that they first went out;
 No better grown, nor wiser all this while,
 To renew the causes of their first Exile.
 As is to shew you Fools, what 'tis I mean;
 I chuse a foul smock, when I might have clean.
 First: they for fear disband the Army tame,
 And leave good *George* an empty Generals name:
 Next Bishops must revive, and all us fix,
 With discontent, to content twenty six;
 The Lords House drains the Houses of the Lord;
 For Bishops voices silencing the word.
 O *Bartholmew*, Saint of their Callender,
 What's worse their ejection, or their massacre.
 Then *Culp'per, Gloucester*, and the Princesse dy'd;
 Nothing can live, that interrupts a *Hide*:
 O more then humane *Gloucester's* fate did shew,
 See but the Earth, and back again withdarw.
 Then the fat Scrivener durst begin to think,
 'Twas time to mix the Royal blood with Ink.
Berkeley who swore, as oft as she had toes,
 Does kneeling now her Chastity depose,

For

(26)

For Portion, if she should prove light when weigh'd
 Four Millions will within three years be paid;
 To raise it, we must have a Naval war,
 As if 'twere nothing but a *Tarantar*
 Abroad, all Princes disobliging, first
 At home, all Parties but the very worst;
 To speak of *Dunkirk, Ireland, Scotland's* sad,
 Or the Kings Marriage, but he thinks me mad,
 A sweeter Creature never saw the Sun,
 If we the King wisht *Monk*, or Queen a *Nau*;
 But a *Dutch* war shall all these Rumors still,
 Bleed out these Fancies, and our Purfes spill;
 Yet after one daies trembling Fight, they saw
 'Twas too much danger for a Son-in-law,
 Hire him to leave with sixscore thousand pound,
 As with the Kings Drums, men for sleep compound
 The modest *Sandwich* thought it might agree,
 With the State-prudence to do less then he;
 And to excuse their timorousness and sloth, (both:
 The've found how *George* may now do less then
 First *Smith* must for *Legorn* with force enough
 To venture back again, but not go through:
Beaufort is here, and to their dazeling eies,
 The distance more the Object magnifies;
 But this they gain, that *Smith* his time shall lose,
 For my *Duke* too, he cannot interpose,
 But fearing that the Navy-*George* so break,
 Might yet not be sufficiently weak,
 The Secretary, who had never yet
 Intelligence, but from the *Court-Gazet*;
 Discovers

(27)

Discovers a great Secret fit to sell,
 And pays himself for't e're he would it tell :
Beaufort is in the *Channel*, *Hixy* here,
Doxy Thoulon, *Beaufort* is every where :
 Herewith assembles the Supream Divan,
 Where enters none but *Devil*, *Ned*, and *Nan* ;
 And upon this pretence they straight design'd,
 The Fleet to separate, and the World to blind,
Monk to the *Dutch*, and *Rubert* (here the *Wench*
 Could not but smile) is destin'd to the *French* ;
 To write the Orders, *Bristols* Clerk they chose,
 One slit in's Pen, another in his Nose ;
 For he first brought the News, and 'tis his place,
 He'l see the Fleet divided like his face,
 And through that Cranny in his Grissly part,
 To the *Dutch*, thinks Intelligence may start. !
 Officious *Will* seems fittest, as afraid
 Least *George* should look too far into his Trade ;
 And now presuming of his certain Rack,
 To help him late, they write for *Rupert* back ;
 On the first draught they pause with Statesmens
 Then write it out, and copy't out as fair ; (care
 These they compare, and then at last 'tis sign'd,
Will soon his Purse-strings, but no Seal could find ;
 At night he sends it by the common Post,
 To save the King of an Express, the cost ;
 Lord ! what adoe to pack one Letter hence ?
 Some Patrents pass with less circumference ;
 Well *George*, in spite of them thou safe dost ride,
 Lessen'd in nought I hope but thy Backside ;

For

(28)

For as to Reputation, this Retreat
 Of thine exceeds their Victory so great,
 Nor with vain pomp will I accost the Shore,
 To try the Valour of the *Buoy in the Nore* :
 'Tis time I want, so long the Nuptial gift,
 But as I oft t'have done, Ile make a shift;
 Fall to thy work *George* there, as I do here,
 See that the men have Pay, and Beef, and Beer,
 Cherish the Valiant up, the Coward *Cashier*,
 Find out the Cheats of the four Millioner ;
 Never such Cotqueans by small Arts to ring,
 Ne'r such ill Huswives in the managing
 Out of the very Beer they steal the Malt,
 Powder out of Powder, powder'd Beef the Salt;
 See that thou hast new Sails, and spoyl
 All their Sea-markets, and their Cable coyl ;
 Put thy hand to the Tub, instead of Ox,
 They victual with *French* Pork that hath the Pox :
 Tell the King all, who do him Countermine,
 Trust not till done him with thy own design ;
 Look to the Pris'ners sick, and wounded all,
 As Prize they rob the very Hospital ;
 Recover back the Prizes too, in vain
 VVe fight, if all be taken that is tane,
 Along our Coasts, the *Dutchmen* like a flight
 Of feeding Ducks, Morning and Evening light.
 How our Land-Hectors tremble, void of sence,
 As if they came straight to transport them hence ;
 they wish even *George*, divided, to Command
 One half of them by Sea, and one by Land ;

Some

(2)

Some Sheep are stoln, the Kingdom's all array'd,
 And even *Presbiter* now call for aid,
 What's that I see, ha? 'tis my *George* agen: (then
 It seems in seven weeks & have new Rig'd him
 The curious Heaven with lightning him surrounds
 To view him, and his Name in thunder sounds,
 But with the same shaft, gores their Navy neer,
 So er'e we hunt the Keeper shoots the Deer:
 Stay Heaven a while, and thou shalt see him Sail;
 And how *George* too, can Thunder Lighten, Hail:
 Avant *Rotterdam*, *dog-Ruyter*, Avant,
 Thou *V*Water-Rat, thou Shark, thou Cormorant,
 Ile teach thee to shoot Cifers, Ile repair
 Each Rope thou loofest *George*, out of this haire
 Ere thou shalt lack a Sail, and lie a drift,
 'Tis strong, and course enough, Ile cut this shift;
 Bring home the old ones, I again will sew
 And dearn them up to be as good as new,
 What twice disabled I never such a thing,
 Now help him *Sovereign* that brought in the King
 Guard thy Posterior least all be gone,
 Though *Jury-Masts*, tho' hast *Jury-buttocks* none
 Courage I now bravely whet with this disgrace,
 He turns, and Bullets spits in *Ruyters* face;
 They fly, they fly, their Fleet does now divide,
 But they discard their *Trump*, our *Trump* is *Hide*;
 Where are you now *de Ruyter* with your Bears?
 See how your Merchants burn about your Eears,
 Fire but the wasps *George* from the hollow Trees,
 Cram'd with the Honey of our *English* Bees.

Ah,

(30)

Ah, now they'r paid for *Guiny*, e're they Steer
 To the Coast, they find it hotter here;
 Turn all their Ships to Stoves, e're they set forth
 Towards their Traffick in the frozen North:
 Ah *Sandwich*, had thy Conduct been the same,
Bergen had seen a less, but richer Flame;
 No *Ruyter* liv'd, new Battel to repeat,
 And oftner beaten be, then we can beat:
 Scarce has *George* leisure, after all his pain
 To tye his Breeches, *Ruyter's* out again,
 Thrice in one year, why sure the man is wood,
 Beat him to Stock-fish, else he, I ne'r be good:
 I see them both prepared to try
 And shoot each other through in the Eye:
 Then---But that ruling Providence that must
 With humane Quarrels play, as Wind with Dust,
 Raised a Storm, so Constables a Fray,
 Knock down, and sends them both well Cuff away.
 Plant now *Virginian* fires in *English* Oak,
 Build your Ship-ribs proof to the Cannon stroak,
 To get a Fleet to Sea, exhaust the Land;
 Let lingring Princes pine for the Command,
 Strong *Marchpanns*, wafers light, so thin a puff
 Of angry Air, ruine all this Huff.
 Woe's me! what see I next? alas the fate
 I see of *England*, and its utmost Date;
 Those flames of theirs, at which we fondly smile,
 Kindled like Torches our *Sepulchral* pile:
 See how men all like Ghosts, while *London* burns,
 Wander, and each over his own Ashes mourns:
 For

(31)

For shame, come home *George*, 'tis for thee too much
 To fight at once with Heaven, and the *Dutch* ;
 War, fire, and Plague against us all conspire,
 We the War, God the Plague, who rais'd the Fire ?
 Dear *George*, sad fate, vain mind, that me doth pleas
 To meet thine with far other flames then these :
 Curst be the man, who first begat this war
 In an ill hour under a blazing Star,
 For others sport, two Nations fight a Prize,
 Between them both, Religion wounded lies !
 So of first, *Troy* the angry Gods unpaid,
 Rais'd the Foundations which themselves had laid ;
 Welcome though late, dear *George*, wher hast thou
 Well scap'd, let *Rupert* bring the Navy in ; (bin ?
 Now thou art gone, see *Beaufort* dares approach,
 And our whole Fleet have Angling, catcht a Roch,
Gibson farewell, till next we put to sea,
 Faith thou hast drawn her in Effgie.

7 NO 61

(33)

To the King.

Great Prince, & so much greater as more wise,
 Sweet as our life, and dearer then our eyes;
 What Servants will conceal, and Counselors spare
 To tell the *Painter*; and the *Poet* dare,
 With the assistance of an heavenly Muse,
 And Pencil, represents the Crimes abstruse:
 Here needs no Sword, no Fleet, no Forraign Foe,
 Only let Vice be damn'd, and Justice flow;
 Shake but (like *Jove*) thy locks devine, & frown,
 Thy Scepter will suffice to gaurd thy Crown;
 Hark to *Cassandra's* Song, e're Fate destroy,
 By their own Navyes; Wooden-horse thy *Troy*.
 Us our *Apollo* from all Tumults wave,
 And gentle Gales (though but in Oars) will save,
 So *Philomel* her sad Embrodery strung,
 And vocal Silkes tun'd with her Needles-tong,
 The Pictures dumb, in Colours loud reveal'd
 The Tragidies of Court, so long conceal'd;
 But when Restor'd, to voice inclos'd with wings,
 To Woods & Groves what once she painted sings.

I I N I S.

BRITANNIA and RAWLEIGH.

Brit: Ah! Rawleigh, when thy Breath thou didst resign
To trembling James, would I had yeilded mine.
Cubbs, didst thou call 'um? hadst thou seen this Brood
Of Earles, of Dukes, and Princes of the blood,
No more of Scottish race thou wouldst complain;
Those would be Blessings in this spurious reign,
Awake, arise, from thy long blest repose;
Once more with me partake of mortall woes.

Raw: What mighty power has forc'd me from my rest?
Ah! mighty Queen, why so unsemly drest?

Brit: Favour'd by night, conceald by this disguise,
Whilest the Lew'd Court in drunken slumbers lyes,
I stole away; and never will return
Till England knowes who did her Citty burn,
Till Cavaleers shall favorites be Deem'd
And loyall sufferings by the Court esteem'd,
Till Howard and Garway shall a bribe reject,
Till Golden Osborn cheating shal detect,
Till Atheist Lauderdale shall leave this Land,
Till commons votes shall cut-nose guards disband,
Till Kate a happy mother shall become,
Till Charles loves Parliaments, till James hates Rome.

Rawl: What fatall crimes make you forever fly
Your own lov'd Court and Masters Progeny?

Brit: A Colony of French Possess the Court;
Pimps, Priests, Buffoones i'th privy chamber sport.
Such slimy Monsters ne're approacht a throne
Since Pharoh's Reign nor so Defild a Crown.
I'th sacred ear Tyranick Arts they Croak,
Pervert his mind, his good Intencions Choak,
Tell him of Golden Indies, Fayry Lands,
Leviathans and absolute comands.

Thus Fayry like the King they steal away
And in his place a Lewis Changling lay.
How oft have I him to himself restor'd,
In 's left the scales, in 's right hand plac'd the sword,
Taught him their use, what dangers would ensue

To those that try'd to seperate these two.
The Bloody scottish Chronicle turnd o're
Shew'd him how many Kings in Purple Gore
Were Hurl'd to Hell by Learning Tyrants Lore.

The other day fam'd Spencer I did bring
In Lofty Notes Tudors blest reign to sing,
How Spaines prow'd power her Virgin Armes contrould
And Golden dayes in peacefull order rould,
How, like ripe fruit, she dropt from of the Throne
Full of Gray Hairs, good deeds, endless renown.
As the Jessean Heroe did appease
Sauls stormy rage and Check his black disease,

Q: Eliz.

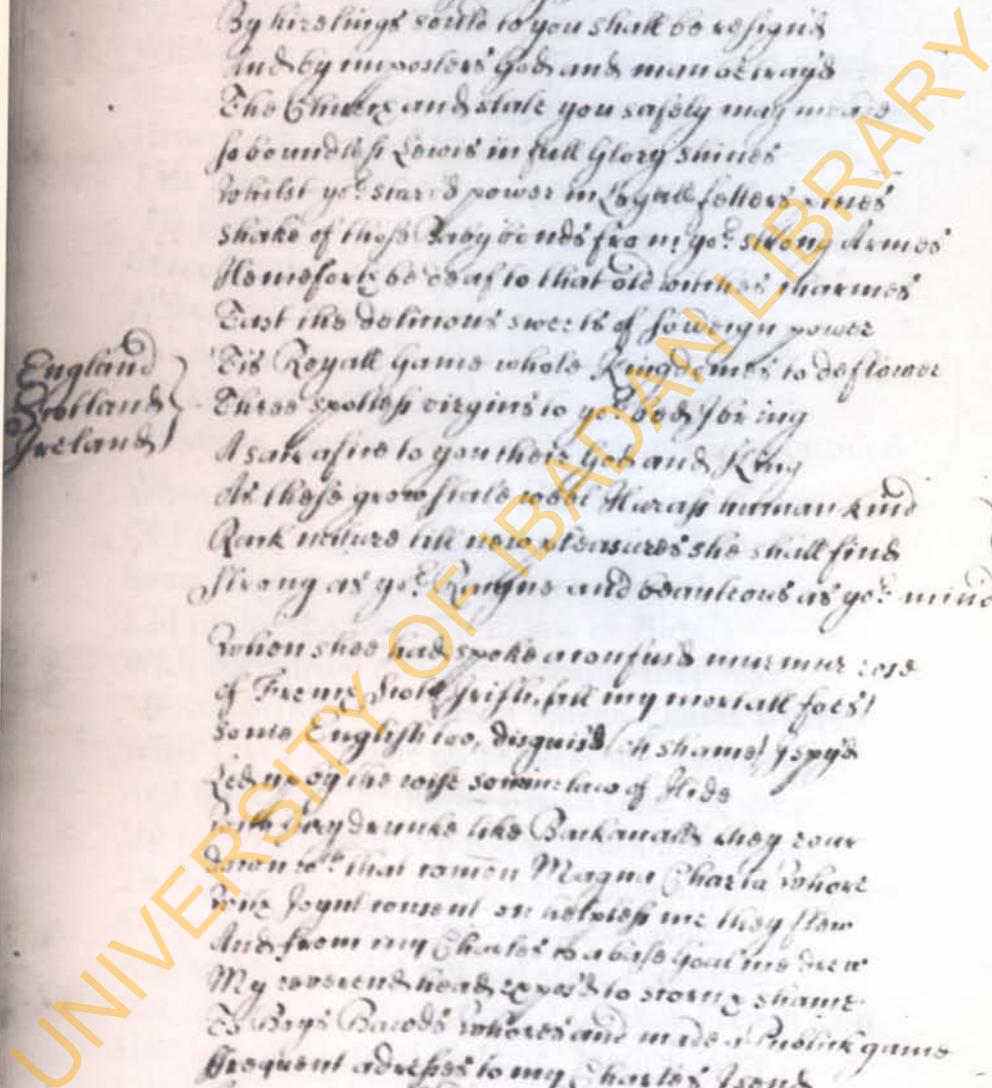
This other day found Spence I did bring
 In Lefty Mole & udore best roign to sing
 How Spence's power her Virgin dymas contoured
 And golden dayes in pearefull old world
 How like ripe fruit she dropt from of the Church
 Full of Gray Hairs good doeds endles at now
 In the Joseph's Horae did appeare
 Scant Stormy rage and Mark his black disease
 For the leaured Bard with full song & roost
 His swelling Passions of his Carke did boast
 And in his heart kind influence shad
 of Countreyes love by truth and Justice bred
 Thou to constant the true so well begun
 To him I showed this glorious salt in sun
 How by her Peoples looks & sued from far
 x shad mounted up on a triumphall Car
 Out shining Virgo and the Julian Star
 Whilst in leathers Mirror this glad scene he spy'd
 Entered a Dame bedeck't with spotted pride
 Hairs flower & dews in an obscure field
 How rest ch on board the dutient Gallies shield
 By her usurp'd her right a bloody sword
 Guarded her with the sov'rain sword
 Her down front & fiery Meteor beards
 From Chalation love of blood and scars
 How in her Jewels laid rav'nous Curro complain
 x And death, lust, Horror fill her pompous train
 From the deysis King the truthed bright Mirror took
 And on the ground in spitefull rage it break
 And flourishing in with proud disdain she spoke
 The third: O the virtues ornaments for Kings
 Just now redoubt to my name underlings
 How Men in this life by vertues or the sword
 Who are great of keeping of his word
 Virtues a joint great weakness of the soule
 Demands the hearts, and in this heat contoured
 End for all gods monuments of the world
 This Moral payson amongst virtues hid
 Bearing the Augury objects of the great
 should be in from their world's bestiall sect
 If not the well of new found holy that

Britannia and Rawleigh

Soe the learn'd Bard with Artfull song repress
 The swelling Passions of his Cankred breast,
 And in his heart kind influences shed
 Of Countryes love (by truth and Justice bred).
 Then, to confirm the cure so well begun,
 To him I shew'd this Glorious setting sun,
 How by her Peoples looks persued from far }
 Shee mounted up on a triumphall Car
 Outshining Virgo and the Julian Star. }
 Whilst in truthes Mirror this Glad scene he spy'd,
 Entred a Dame bedeckt with spotted pride ; 60
 Faire flower-deluces in an Azure field
 Her left Arm bears, the Antient Gallick shield
 (By her usurpt), her right a bloody sword
 Inscrib'd *Leviathan the sovereign Lord*;
 Her Towry front a fiery Meteor bears
 From Exhalation bred of blood and tears.
 Around her Joyes lou'd ravenous Currs complain ;
 Pale death, lusts, Horror fill her pompous train.
 From th' easie King she truthes bright Mirrour took, }
 And on the ground in spitefull rage it broak, } 70
 And, frowning, thus with proud disdain she spoke.
 ' Are thred-bare Virtues Ornaments for Kings ?
 Such poor pedantick toys teach underlings.
 Doe Monarchs rise by vertues or the sword ?
 Who e're grew great by keeping of his word ?
 Virtues a faint-green-sickness of the souls,
 Dastards the hearts and active heat controules.
 The Rivall Gods, Monarchs of th' other world,
 This Mortall poyson amongst Princes hurld,
 Fearing the mighty Projects of the great }
 Should drive them from their proud Celestiall seat, } 80
 If not ore aw'd by new found holy cheat.
 These pious frauds (too slight t'ensnare the brave)
 Are proper arts, the long-eard rout t'enslave :
 Bribe hungry Priests to deify your might, }
 To teach your will 's the onely rule of right, }
 To sound damnacion to those dare deny't. }

Those pious frauds (too slight to name the brave)
 And by and, the long-ears with idleness
 And hungry Priests, to defy ye: might
 To tear ye: will the only unto of him
 To sound damnation to those darts }
 Thus Heavens designs ag: heavens seth you turn
 And they will fear those powers they once did own
 whom all their haughty fustest in Rank ind
 By hissing sculls to you shall be resign'd
 And by the powers Gods and man of ways
 The Church and state you safely may we
 so undisturb'd in full glory shine
 whilst ye: star'd power in by all follow
 shake of thep: they be no's for in ye: strong darts
 Howsoever be'ed as to that old wither'd thornes
 East the delirious sweet of sovereignty
 'Tis Royall game whole Kingdoms to deflower
 These spotted virgins to ye: body for in
 A sake as to you their God and King
 At this grow state rocke Hurax in man and
 Rank withed till now at darts she shall find
 Strong as ye: might and daunt as ye: mind
 When shee had speak a confused murmur
 of Treachery, stol'n gifts, full my most all foes!
 Some English too, disguis'd (in shame) yep
 led up by the rope some: laws of Kings
 with they darts like Darkmats they come
 down to: that raven Magna Charta where
 was found consent on which we they flow
 And from my Charter to a base foul me drew
 My reverend head, exposed to stony shame
 To days Darts whored and made a public game
 frequent adreps to my Charter's friends
 And to his me die my sad state remain
 But his face soul transfered by that flying Darts
 had set all kind of stony Justice
 like a Darts printer in some sit
 Beside eyes whored, dissonant, and, bastard (ills
 true in severity cutting in lust
 Assigns his Charter to Angell Carwells trust
 Her creature unborn the Revenue state
 shall thus have Anglesy assigned the fount

England
 Scotland
 Ireland



Britannia and Rawleigh

Thus Heavens designs against heavens self you'll turn
 And they will fear those powers they once did scorn.
 When all their Gobling Intrest in Mankind 90
 By hirelings sould to you shall be resign'd
 And by imposters God and man betray'd,
 The Church and state you safely may invade.
 So boundless Lewis in full Glory shines,
 Whilst your starv'd power in Legall fetters pines.
 Shake of those Baby bonds from your strong Armes,
 Henceforth be deaf to that old witches charmes,
 Tast the delicious sweets of sovereign power,
 'Tis Royall Game whole Kingdomes to deflower.
 Three spotless virgins to your bed I bring, 100
 A sacrafice to you, their God and King.
 As these grow stale weel Harass humankind,
 Rack nature till new pleasures she shall find,
 Strong as your Raigne and beauteous as your mind.' }
 When she had spoke, a confus'd murmur rose
 Of French, Scots, Irish (all my mortall foes) :
 Some English too disguis'd (oh shame) I spy'd
 Led up by the wise son-in-law of Hide.
 With fury drunke like Backanalls they roar
 ' Down with that common Magna Charta whore.' 110
 With Joynt consent on helpless me they flew,
 And from my Charles to a base Goal me drew,
 My reverend head expos'd to scorn and shame,
 To Boys, Bawds, whores, and made a Publick game.
 Frequent adresses to my Charles I send,
 And to his care did my sad state commend.
 But his fair soul, transform'd by that French Dame,
 Had lost all sense of Honour, Justice, fame ;
 Like a Tame spinster in 's scraglio sits,
 Beseig'd by 's whores, Buffoones, and Bastard Chitts ; 120
 Luld in security, rouling in lust,
 Resigns his Crown to Angell Carwells trust.
 Her Creature Osborn the Revenue steals ;
 False Finch, Knave Anglesey misguide the seals ;
 Mack James the Irish Pagod does Adore,
 His French and Teagues comand on sea and shoar.

Mark James (the Irish Pagod) does those
 It is strength and courage to mend on sea and shore
 The stonish scabbards of our Court two Jiles
 Friends, Lindsdale, with endure all desires
 Thus the states right Mars by this Mollish rout
 And none and left those furies to last out
 Oh vindicator, and purge the Beyond state
 Desires, desire and the Curab desperate

Quolough
 One more great Reason thy darling try to save
 Rescue him from fraud and the grave
 Present to his thought his long sound's Parham!
 (The Basis of his throne and government!)
 In his deaf ear sound his dead fathers name
 Perhaps if well may his living soul reclaim
 Who knows what good effects from hence may spring
 His gods be good to save a falling King

Binania
 Quolough no more too long in vain J's try'd
 The Stuart from the Tyrant to divide
 It's easily locust's delusion's way
 With y^e Doggs stand his gentle kind convey
 Into y^e Wolf's mark him Guardian turn
 So y^e Blatting flock by him so lively turn
 If this Imperiall eye our tarnt y^e Blood
 His by the silent Antidote withstood
 Tyrants like Leprous Kings for publick weal
 Must be immur'd lest their contagion steal
 Over y^e whole the alert Joseph like
 So this firm Law their scepter did resign
 And shall this striking British sword invade
 Eternal Lawd by God for mankind made
 Noo!

To the second Donatian state He goes
 From her fays mouth faint Principles to know
 With her thevidence of the Antients road
 To turn my People in their sleep to lead
 By these great Patterns sure & state He frames
 Shall darken story Inquish loud mouthed frames

The scotch scabbado of one Court, two Isles,
Fiend Lauderdale, with ordure all defiles.
Thus the state's night-Mard by this Hellish rout
And none are left these furies to cast out.
Oh Vindex, come, and purge the Poyson'd state ;
Descend, descend, ere the Cures desperate.

130

Rawl: Once more, great Queen, thy darling try to save ;
Rescue him again from scandall and the Grave.
Present to his thought his long scorn'd Parliament
(The Basis of his throne and Government) ;
In his deaf ear sound his dead Fathers name ;
Perhaps that spell may his Erring soul reclaim.
Who knows what good effects from thence may spring ;
'Tis god-like-good to save a falling King.

140

Brit: Rawleigh, noe more ; too long in vain I've try'd
The Stuart from the Tyrant to deuide.
As easily learn'd Virtuoso's may
With the Doggs bloud his gentle kind convey
Into the Wolf and make him Guardian turn
To the Bleating Flock by him so lately torn.
If this Imperiall oyl once taint the Blood,
It 's by noe Potent Antidote withstood.
Tyrants like Leprous Kings for publick weal
Must be immur'd, lest their contagion steal
Over the whole : the elect Jessean line
To this firm Law their scepter did resign :
And shall this stinking Scottish brood evade
Eternall Lawes by God for mankind made ?
Noe !

150

To the serene Venetian state I'le goe
From her sage mouth fam'd Principles to know,
With her the Prudence of the Antients read
To teach my People in their steps to tread.
By those great Patterns such a state I'le frame
Shall darken story, Ingross loudmouthd fame.
Till then, my Rawleigh, teach our noble Youth
To love sobriety and holy truth,
Watch and Preside over their tender age
Least Court corrupcions should their souls engage.

160

With then my Rowloigh teach our noble youth
 To love sobriety and holy rule
 Watch and Prayers ere their tender age
 Least Court corruptions should their souls engage
 Tell em how arts and duns in thy young dayes
 Impleyd the youth not favours Stewards and playes
 Tell em the Honour from their Age to come
 To Flattery Pimping and a gawdy show
 To watch em to frown the Carwells, Pembrookes, Nells,
 The Cleavelands, Osborne, Bartons, Landscapes
 Poppa Egolins And Arto's name
 To all these in Lowndes lust and shame
 Make em admire the Sidnys, Calbotts, Doros,
 Blake, Candish, Draks, (men bold of slavish fears)
 True sons of glory Pillars of the state
 On whose faith Dods all tongues all writers wait
 Whom will frowne chide our lezie brave soules do burn
 Back to my dearest Country its return
 Equivocall just judges & Cesars Equall Peers
 With me its being to dry my peoples tears
 Publicke with healing hands shall power
 Balm in their wounds, will flooting life restore
 Greek arts, and Roman armes in her conjunction
 Shall England raise oldire oppress mankind
 As Jones great sum, the infested globe did free
 From Noxious Monsters Hell born tyranny
 So shall my England, by a Holy warre
 In triumph lead thair tyrants from a fure
 Her true Crusade shall at last pull down
 The Turkish Capont and the Persian sun
 Freed by thy Labours fortunate and best Jits
 The Earth shall rest the Heavens shall on thee smile
 And this kind, sweet for reward shall give
 No Poisonous tyrant on thy ground shall live

FINIS.

Britannia and Rawleigh

Tell 'em how arts and Arms in thy young dayes
 Imployd the Youth, not Taverns, Stewes and playes :
 Tell em the Generous scorn their Rise to owe
 To Flattery, Pimping, and a gawdy shew :
 Teach 'em to scorn the Carwells, Pembrookes, Nells,
 The Cleavelands, Osbornes, Barties, Lauderdale.
 Poppea, Tegeline and Acte's name

170

Yeild to all these in Lewdness, lust, and shame.
 Make 'em admire the Sidnies, Talbots, Veres,
 Blake, Candish, Drake, (men void of slavish fears)
 True sons of Glory, Pillars of the state,
 On whose fam'd Deeds all tongues, all writers wait.
 When with fierce Ardour their brave souls do burn,
 Back to my dearest Country I'll return :

Tarquins just judge and Cesar's Equall Peers
 With me I'll bring to dry my peoples tears :

180

Publicola with healing hand shall power
 Balm in their wounds, will fleeting life restore.
 Greek arts and Roman armes in her conjoynd
 Shall England raise, relieve opprest mankind.
 As Joves great sunn the infested globe did free
 From Noxious Monsters, Hellborn tyranny,
 Soe shall my England by a Holy Warr
 In Triumph lead chaine tyrants from afarr.
 Her true Crusado shall at last pull down

The Turkish Crescent and the Persian sun.

190

Freed by thy labours, Fortunate blest Isle,
 The Earth shall rest, the Heavens shall on thee smile,
 And this kind secret for reward shall give :
 No Poisonous tyrant on thy ground shall live.