

# *Renascence Editions*

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## **The Purple Island.**

**Phineas Fletcher.**

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This [Renascence Editions](#) text was transcribed by Daniel Gustav Anderson, July 2003, and reproduces the 1633 publication of *The Purple Island, with the Piscatory Eclogues and Poeticall Miscellenie*. It retains the spelling and punctuation of the original, silently amending obvious typographical errors such as missing periods at stanza ends. The long "s" and the vowel ligatures, also, are silently amended to the letters of the conventional keyboard. Any errors that have crept into the transcription are the fault of the present publisher. The text is in the public domain. Content unique to this presentation is copyright © 2003 the editor and the University of Oregon. For nonprofit and educational uses only.

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## INTRODUCTION: *THE PURPLE ISLAND*

**Daniel Gustav Anderson**

Phineas Fletcher's 1633 poem *The Purple Island* is unique in literary history and a valuable aesthetic object, praised as "the most elaborate literary expansion of the equation of the little world of man with the big world of nature" (Hunter 311) and as an important (if overlooked) contribution to the longstanding mind/body problem (Cable). It is a specific kind of allegory. According to Gordon Teskey, "an allegory must be ... incoherent on the narrative level, forcing us to unify the work by imposing meaning on it" (5). This kind of "incoherence" makes the poem, according to Frank S. Kastor, "an unmistakable disaster" (148), a poem "almost universally condemned" (140). *The Purple Island* represents an elaborate and heady set of experiments in style and structure; it is a baggy monster rather than a well-wrought urn. It may be for this reason that James Joyce, conscious of critical response to his work, struck a significant allusion to it from a manuscript of *Ulysses*<sup>1</sup>.

*The Purple Island* is no catastrophe, even as Fletcher<sup>2</sup> is willing to flirt with catastrophe in his playful pushing of allegory, psychomachia, and epic high seriousness past their point of breaking, anticipating in the process formal and rhetorical innovations in the work of such writers as John Milton, William Blake, and Joyce.

Fletcher developed in the process a novel genre. The poem's most potent structural development has to do with its

absolute identification of the personal, the political, and the phenomenal, imperceptibly moving in a dull repetitive round of discourse toward an inevitable apocalypse. As in any allegory, the narrative's events have simultaneously political and spiritual significance; the teleology of this poem, however, is also prophetic, psychomachic, and ultimately utopic. This proves to be a direct response to (and an idealizing of) discursive conditions of power -- the power to subjectify, and the power of self-control. The isle of man is here the purple of blood and the body, of monarchy and the state, and intentionally purple verse.

Because of *The Purple Island's* mixed critical reception, it remains largely unexplored by scholars. This introduction includes a section on unanswered questions suggestive of directions explorers can take in Fletcher's unapologetically unique world.

## Apocalyptic Space: The Structure of *The Purple Island*

Blessed is he who reads and those who hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written in it; for the time is near (Revelation 1.3).

Apocalypse is, in one sense, affective. As a genre, it constitutes a dialectic between reader and text, with the expectation of immediate results<sup>3</sup>. *The time is near*, as the story goes, but the literal supernatural event to end all events, the bookend to the Big Bang, has yet to come in spite of anyone's reading<sup>4</sup>. This deferral of promised revolution is a source of anxiety, and (as will be shown) a means of maintaining power through discourse. Fletcher narrates in *The Purple Island* an allegoric version of this long-awaited end, creating a narrative that is at once a transformative psychomachia and a realized utopia -- a narrative with a unique quality I call *apocalyptic space*<sup>5</sup>. Certain ideas in Plato's *Timaeus* are suggestive of the structure of this teleology. From an origin in an absolute, epic past, a given narrative arises with which a set of subjects, by accident of circumstance, identifies. The story is told and retold; the power differential in the relationship of the roles of official narrator and listening subject remains constant, even as the specific scene and lines change. *Timaeus* suggests to Socrates that apparent relationships of duality like this one actually constitute a three-part movement, in which the static binary is maintained by a third force (1176), which does not assume to itself the forms it "receives" (1177); it is the promise of eternity and holiness, and of fundamental change<sup>6</sup>. In the context of late Christianity and Fletcher's poem, this third force is the *promised* intercession of God in apparently static human affairs -- a small scale apocalypse, the victory of self-control over sinfulness by God's grace, or the large-scale End of History. Anything that can be thought or observed is absorbed into this narrative. Apocalyptic speculation is in this way a totalizing response to conditions of totalization. Since all imaginable realities are on principle subject to the force of apocalypse, to appeal to this force is to appeal to the most comprehensive of rhetorical strategies available.

### *Narratives of Origin*

*The Purple Island* narrates a Utopian vision of the English nation. This is significant because, under most conditions, nations are fundamentally of a narrative nature<sup>7</sup>. In "Epic and Novel," Mikhail Bakhtin identifies epic as the genre not only of narratives of national origin, but also of absolutism. The events represented in epic have taken place in an absolute, inaccessible past, insulated without fail from the prosaic lives of any narratee. In the case of Fletcher's faux-epic, the content of the poem moves or stands still in a space wholly exotic relative to the position of any reader because it is allegoric space -- conspicuously non-representational, explicitly make-believe, and (following Teskey) necessarily incoherent. The discourse of authorization, then, is always inaccessible to the immediate apprehension of its audience, and therefore is absolute in its position. According to Bakhtin, a listener encounters this discourse "with

its authority already fused to it" because "its authority was already acknowledged in the past" ("Discourse" 342), in the exotic narrative with which the subject identifies. The shepherds listening to Thirsil (the poem's narrator) are only moving conventions of the exotic rather than breathing subjects with work to do. They represent a past acknowledgment of authority, and their presence encourages a contemporary audience to identify with their narrative, just as imitation laughter is designed to stimulate real laughter among those voyeuristically observing such carefully prepared imitation social settings as sit-coms.

Clearly, one telling such a narrative claims for himself its authority, toward his own ends (keeping static roles intact); where authority is political, the claim of authority is a claim of power, which is relational insofar as narration demands a relationship between a narrator and a set of narratees. Since that claim to power is discursive, the claimant must again and again retell the story in order to maintain the currency of his means to power, to maintain its authority<sup>8</sup>. Because the story risks losing currency due to repetition -- becoming what Nietzsche refers to as "coins which have lost their pictures and now matter only as metal, no longer as coins" (47) -- I argue that the narrative of origins promises implicitly an end to that repetition, an end to the story-in-progress, a change of roles or a curtain call. Walter Benjamin refers to this in his assertion that "our image of happiness is indissolubly bound up with the image of redemption" (254). The conditions under which we live, Benjamin suggests, are inevitably dissatisfactory, but our history has made the notion of permanent change an option for speculation, even as it would take a Messianic moment, a miracle, to do the actual work. According to Benjamin, "we have been endowed with a *weak* Messianic power, a power to which the past has a claim" (254)<sup>9</sup>. This endlessly deferred promise of apocalypse is the apocalyptic element of apocalyptic space; the pre-apocalyptic absolute experience of the same dull round again, where nothing happens but the retelling, I call *dead time*<sup>10</sup>. Time cannot remain dead, so to speak, without the promise of rising up again. Christianity offers a teleology, a grand narrative with both beginning and inevitable end. This is the chronotope at work in apocalyptic texts such as *The Purple Island* -- the end of the fallen world is at hand, and in this case, it is literally written in the absolute hand of James I (12.55-89)<sup>11</sup>, offering his own apocalypse. The teleological promise of utopia (after a frightful series of battle scenes) is implicit in such narratives of origin. This is apocalyptic space. That Fletcher fulfills this promise, ending dead time, is wholly unique.

It is not accidental that the *Timaeus*, which offers a partial model of *The Purple Island's* structure and imagery, opens with a Utopian discussion of national origins, and that the scene is set in Athens on Athena's festival day (1156). Timaeus gives the conservative advice that "we must conform to custom and believe" tales of national origin (1170). This Utopia is tied to credulity or at best idealism rather than reason. Like the Christian teleology it is predicated on a leap of faith. And interestingly, as Thomas More coined the term, Utopia proves to be literally no place at all. Like the absolute past of epic, the future any immediately relevant Utopia offers is irretrievably exotic. This is one reason why More gives the tale of his Utopia in the frame of second-hand news, like any other fantastic travel narrative in parts unseen or imaginary. The characteristics of the Utopia, however, can offer some insight into the rhetorical and political conditions of the Utopia's arising.

As the primary narrator Thirsil (himself a pastoral convention) gives them, politics on the Purple Island are initially absolute and hopelessly tedious. The body/landscape, the body politic of virtues and vices, are seen as static prior to Canto 11. Nothing happens. The situation *is* absolutely. As Kantor notes, the "only plot and action in the book" is the "struggle between God and Satan"(107), which occurred in the absolute past of the Island's narrative of origins, and which doubles the conflict between the soul and flesh. The psychomachic figures in the dead time cantos identify with that exotic narrative's movements. Thirsil later introduces an apocalypse into this manifestation of dead time that also doubles the God-Satan conflict. Features of the rhetorical or imagined past determine the end of the story.

Thomas Healy has shown the ways in which this allegory of power and narration has genuine significance to Fletcher's historical milieu, both culturally and politically. Fletcher distances himself from the syncretic Spenserian

narrative of origin, and constructs a more rigorously absolute one in its place:

Fletcher makes it quite clear that the body is Britain (or England). The creation of humanity in an unfallen world is, in a specific English context, represented by a period of native occupancy in which a wholly native integrity is maintained ... Britain is not originally settled by the foreigner Brute sailing from Italy. Rather, it is when the island seeks beyond its allotted bounds, and contacts the continent that the Fall takes place and diabolical (Roman Catholic) influences gain control (1.45-47) ... An ideal of self-sufficiency and internal integrity for Britain is asserted in Fletcher's construction (347).

Britain is as it always has been after the conflict (imagined to be continuing) between God and Satan (or Protestant and Catholic) began, once upon a time. The status quo is as it is; as it moves, it modulates, but it does not fundamentally change as it promises a revolution. According to Healy, Fletcher awaited the fulfillment of that promise with hope "that the new king (James I) would more firmly establish an uncompromising Protestant identity in England" (349). This is the promised apocalypse of both the Purple Island and Phineas Fletcher: "Since it adopts the commonplace of the world as decayed and applies this apocalyptically, the poem, in the context of 1633, may be indicating a departure from lost values found in a previous greater Protestant age, combined with a sense of urgency for their restoration" (Healy 345). Fletcher thus imagines an "individual body, England, and the whole world are rescued by external, divine and unquestionably male forces" (Healy 350). This apocalypse is clearly backward-looking, and absolute in its promised manifestation. It is also not without complications. The narrative of origins is slippery, given that Fletcher can so readily construct one that radically differs from Spenser's myth of Troynovaunt for his own ends. This implies that Fletcher (and perhaps Spenser with him) lacks the authority to tell such a tale, even as it is much more conservative than others current in his milieu<sup>12</sup>. Fletcher's opposition to English imperialism is significant in this regard. According to Healy, "the poem decries exploration and colonial expansion as fruitless and dangerous activities" (348). Spenser's celebration of London as a third Troy, second Rome, and New Jerusalem in *The Faerie Queene* (2.10, 3.3), authorizing imperial expansion by narrative of origin, seems ridiculous in this context, in its advocacy for fundamentally changing that which pretends to absolute permanence -- in other words, for bringing the wrong apocalypse, a materialistic one:

Yet this fair Isle, sited so nearely neare,  
That from our sides nor place nor time may sever;  
Though to your selves your selves are not more deare,  
Yet with strange carelesnesse you travell never: Thus  
while your selves and native home forgetting,  
You search farre distant worlds with needlesse  
sweating, You never finde your selves;  
so lose ye more by getting (1.38).

That this advice, from the mouth of Thirsil the shepherd, by its sound seems directed as much to an individual as a nation is significant; Fletcher binds the two by means of the metaphysical conceit.

### *Psychomachia in Dead Time*

On the Purple Island, the personal is literally political. Fletcher draws to their rational conclusion many conventions of psychomachia available to him, including the parade of virtues and vices, found in Prudentius' *Psychomachia* and *The Faerie Queene*, the Biblical conflict between the spirit and the flesh, and scale invariance between the microcosm (man) and the macrocosm (the world).

The genre of psychomachia is predicated on an absolute wedding of like with unlike, very much in the spirit of the metaphysical conceit. Donne's declaration that "No man's an Island"; in the Devotions upon Emergent Occasions (Meditation 17) is obviously literally true and quite ironic in that its opposite is also true in apocalyptic space: every man (or Everyman) is an island to scale with the Island of islands. The *Psychomachia* established this logic, which



manifests in complex narrative psychological modeling in *The Faerie Queene*; castles and dungeons become minds and bowels, and knights on parade become emblems of different sins and psychological states. Fletcher's debt to *The Faerie Queene*, especially the House of Alma passage in Book II, has been repeatedly emphasized, often by Fletcher himself. The echoes and allusions are too numerous to count. The most pertinent feature of this passage in this instance is the overtly political nature of the psychomachia in *The Faerie Queene*. Spenser gives a tour of the geography of Alma's body, including its ruling court, immediately before his genealogy of British monarchic history, "from Brute to Vther's raigne"; (argument to 2.10). This is an explicitly English body and body politic.

Donne<sup>13</sup> transforms the different kinds of virtues and vices as roles *any* given individual can play in the *Satyres*; the body becomes a costume one wears and perhaps rebels against. In the first Satyre, the reader is introduced to sinful characters such as the humorist, the puritan, and the philosopher, and he is warned: "And till our Soules be unapparelled/Of bodies, they from blisse are banished"; (43-44). This injunction is at once a social and personal apocalypse. As costume, the body serves a social function predicated on personal motives. Social-spiritual bodies become costumes in precisely this sense in Satyre III: "As women do in divers countries goe/In divers habits, yet are still one kinde;/So doth, so is Religion"; (66-68). Flesh is equated to sin, and sin to costume, on the personal and the social scales.

Fletcher embraces both Donne's and Spenser's version of the psychomachia<sup>14</sup>. Cantos II-VI give a detailed vision of the literal body as a psychomachia in the spirit of the House of Alma, while Cantos VII-X give emblematic portraits or costumes of sinfulness or saintliness. Further, Fletcher follows the *Psychomachia* of Prudentius and the *Timaeus* by investing heavily in militaristic imagery for the body. Timaeus assigns military duty to anatomical parts that stand "in place of guard, that, when the might of passion was roused by reason making proclamation" could "allow the principle of the best to have the command in all of them" (1193). For Prudentius, the conflict of light and dark, soul and matter, remains unrelieved until the intervention of Christ: "Light and darkness with their opposing spirits are at war, and our two-fold being inspires powers at variance with each other, until Christ our God comes to our aid"; (343). The imagery of war is unrelieved; "we must watch in the armour of faithful hearts, and that every part of our body which is in captivity and enslaved to foul desire must be set free by gathering our forces at home" (277-79). The three-force structure is again at work in this instance; the conflict between two forces, spirit and flesh, continues without resolution in dead time until the promised third appears, bringing peace by means of the sword.

The fortification topos is applied with vehemence, and in several directions at once. As Healy observes, "The body's order, the poem makes abundantly clear, is constructed around one overriding principle: it must be defended" (345). For this reason, "Images of battlements, moats, strategically placed mountains and so forth abound in Fletcher's descriptions" (345). The excess of militarism gives a feel of political forcefulness, of absolutism. As such it is an interesting gap between Fletcher's cross-pollenating genres. In addition to the conventions of psychomachia, the defensive topos here may also be a function of Fletcher's pastoral frame. Gary M. Bouchard observes that Fletcher conflates the "green world" of the pastoral with the "blue world" of the piscatory, meaning that the dangers of the sea, "the source of invasion, and a place for battle," and the shore, "a landing place for invading brigands," are introduced into the inland bucolic (234). Because the body is allegorically an island-state, fortification certainly becomes necessary -- and a kind of dead time assurance of safety, of the distance at which the End stands. According to Cable, Fletcher's "language is full of the same reassurances that give us comfort ... the enemy is somewhere else, out there"(143).

Grundy observes that "Thirsil's story ... takes seven days to tell. It does so because it is the story of the microcosm, the 'little world' of man" (189). The microcosm is structured as a scaled-down macrocosm; *The Purple Island* is structured so that gestures with apparent significance for the body -- the order of organs, for example -- not only have *some* social or political significance, but the *same* significance. Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari exhaust the potential of this equation of the body and its literal organs with the stratified body politic. Dismantling the structures

of stratification in one's person (the organization of one's psyche), which mimic those of the social world, in a specific way, allows one to enjoy the body on its own terms as a Body without Organs, a classless state<sup>15</sup>. In different ways and to different idealistic ends, Fletcher and Deleuze and Guattari are appealing to a very old idea; Thucydides compares the symptoms of plague breaking out allegorically to social disease in the plague-affected community. Similarly, Plato shows Timaeus comparing an individual's illness to political strife: Bile is "driven out of the body like an exile from a state in which there has been a civil war" (1206). According to Timaeus, the phenomenal world is a double of the divine world. It is always already an allegory for an order of another scale, and necessarily an imperfect one (1162). As such the material world is "a living creature truly endowed with soul and intelligence by the providence of God" (1163), and therefore is a scaled-up version of the human subject. Psychomachia in the sense of battle of and for the soul is explicit here: After souls were first implanted in bodies, Timaeus explains, they experienced opposites such as love and hatred; "If they conquered these they would live righteously, and if they were conquered by them, unrighteously" (1171). The logic here is nearly indistinguishable from the Christian teleology; Donne, like Spenser and Fletcher, recognizes it in Satyre V: "Each thing, each thing implies or represents./Then man is a world ... /in which officers/Are the devouring stomacke, and Suiters/the excrements" (12-19). Fletcher embraces both the psycho-social order and the appeal to scatology with enthusiasm.

### *The Kingdom is at Hand*

Canto XI introduces the Beginning of the End. Once the moral and saintly emblems have all been enumerated and described, they spontaneously gather against the sinful ones (11.5) and proceed to attack with the blessing of the Intellect. After initial success, the Virtue-knights end the first day of battle (and the Canto) fleeing, sorely wounded (11.49-50). These circumstances, after a measure of mixed success, become much more dire, leading Eclecta -- daughter of Volition and Intellect, and arguably an allegorical image for the Church -- to pray for divine intercession (12.44-53). An "Angel full of heav'nly might," James I according to Fletcher's note (12.55), arrives and ends the war -- and after a brief celebration, Thirsil's tale of the Island. The end is absolute; James' reading of his apocalypse to the island's populace brings it about, vindicating the faithful. All forms of evil are destroyed, and all virtues revive; Prince Intellect enjoys a new freedom (12.68), apparently becoming a genuine dictator, free to make and enforce any law that pleases him.

The apocalyptic space of *The Purple Island* departs sharply from the allegory of *The Faerie Queene*, which never introduces an absolute apocalypse. The dragon is slain but Archimago is never caught in Book I; Mammon's underground fortress remains intact after the Bower of Bliss is razed in Book II. Evil is never without exception eradicated from Faerie Lond. According to Patricia Parker, any corresponding apocalypse remains far on the horizon: "the vision from which *The Faerie Queene* concludes is from the perspective of this world. If the end of history and of mutability is both envisaged and earnestly prayed for, it is remarkable chiefly for its distance" (56). Parker finds Book I, "the very Book most remarkable for its sense of an ending," to function "less like the Apocalypse than the romance *Odyssey*, where Ulysses, after twenty years of wandering, returns to tell Penelope that he must set out again" (75). Because *The Faerie Queene* never passes outside dead time, but only continues to promise the End, *The Purple Island* represents a genuine departure from Spenserian allegory in its narration of a multivalent apocalypse.

This is not without some precedent. The apocalypse Dante experiences in *The Divine Comedy*, unlike that narrated in *The Purple Island*, is strictly unique and personal, antisocial and ahistorical. He is, according to his testimony, the first and only mortal soul to see Paradise after graduating from the allegoric Armageddon of Hell and Purgatory. The political implications of Virgil's crowning and mitering of Dante over his own self at the end of the *Purgatorio* are explicit, but Dante's political sovereignty does not represent allegorically his real-time dominion over any place. The Florentine exile's illumination differs radically from that triggered by James I. Fletcher's anonymous (English) island experiences the everyman's enlightenment, which means by the logic of apocalyptic space that the island nation and



its landscape pass through the same.

William Blake is, by contrast, the most direct heir to Fletcher's innovation. In *The Four Zoas* Blake imagines Albion the Ancient Man to contain multitudes -- at once psychomachia and eventual utopia. This is apocalyptic space *par excellence*; according to Donald Ault, every moment of *The Four Zoas* is transformative, not only for the figures of the allegory (used loosely and with caution in the Blakean context), but also for the reader and the text in interaction with the reader. Clearly, Blake's reworking of the logic of apocalyptic space tends toward desubjectification, away from identifying absolutely with narratives of origin, by beginning a process that brings those narratives to an end. Teskey's proposed reception of *The Purple Island* in Blake's milieu seems ironic in this context: the poem "must have seemed toward the end of the eighteenth century to represent the only hope for poetry in the future" (110) because it represents what Blake most detested: the poeticizing of (absolute) empirical science, heroizing its "achievements" (110).

Teskey is correct in that *The Purple Island* does propose a new order. But is it as new as it appears to be? Prudentius offers a standard by which Fletcher's apocalyptic utopia can be evaluated -- that of peace, the end of politics, history, and dead time: "Peace is the fulfilment of a Virtue's work, peace the sum and substance of her toils, peace the reward for war now ended and for peril faced" (333). The reader never finds out if war has ended, because the narrative ends, implying that history (if anything recognizable as such exists in a space without time) has ended. Utopia remains no place, at least no place knowable. If this is peace, the text leaves the reader with another question from the perspective of the organs, the subjects of the Prince: Is this peace another kind of absolutism, a perfect totalitarianism -- more absolute in the absence of dissent, or more free to choose in the absence of limitation (since all unacceptable choices for all organs or subjects are eliminated)? Deleuze and Guattari make a suggestive distinction between "those emptied dreary bodies" of anorexics, masochists, and addicts who "*had emptied themselves of their organs*" and those who seek "the point at which they could patiently and momentarily dismantle the organization of the organs we call the organism" (160-161). After the apocalypse the Purple Island appears to be emptied of all but the absolutism of its monarch; whether the aftermath of Fletcher's imagined apocalypse is desirable or not remains an open question. Structurally, *The Purple Island* opens more fundamental gaps and lines of questioning than it forecloses by means of its appeal to apocalypse.

### **Verse Uncomb'd: The Style of *The Purple Island***

Fletcher's pastoral frame provides a clue to *The Purple Island's* seemingly unironic and overearnest tone by comparing its composition to the shepherd's wool. This is "verse uncomb'd" (3.3.4). The useful fibers are interwoven or knotted with other (presumably biological) matter, forming in the text-as-textile an alloy of filth and utility. The human body, of course, can also be seen in this way. Grundy asserts that Fletcher's (more properly Thirsil's) "uniformly over-emphatic, over-sensualized style makes it difficult to recognize and respond to the moments of genuine rapture or near-rapture that do occur" (184). Fletcher, like Joyce, conflates the immanent and transcendent divine with the immediately sensual, scatological, and humorous, "shewing that sweetness oft both low and hidden lies" (4.7.7). This is in keeping with Fletcher's repeated use of paradox, chiasmus, and allegory (other-meaning) generally. The role of parody and playfulness, values not typically associated with absolutist and totalizing tendencies, in a text obsessively absolute, is a bit ambiguous. It is not clear if Fletcher parodies absolutism, or preemptively embraces the rhetoric of dissent by identifying with it, thereby turning it to absolutist ends, or if he uses style as a temporary carnivalistic reprieve from the tedium of dead time. It is clear, though, that Fletcher is no stylistic fellow-traveler.

Fletcher's lyrics reveal a contrarian attitude toward tradition and convention. In "To my beloved Thenot in answer of his verse," Fletcher praises Virgil for Turnus' bravery rather than Aeneas', and Spenser for his love poems rather than

the self-consciously Virgillian *Faerie Queene*. Fletcher takes such issue with the conventions of poetry -- "to feigne, and make fine lies" -- that, in "A reply upon the fair M.S.," he declares himself "no poet." Fletcher is not interested in beauty for its own sake, and would rather write unconventional (if ugly) truths, or truth unconventionally. He compares conventional style to the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge:

But give me leave to write as I have found:  
Like ruddy apples are their outsides bright,  
Whose skin is fair, the core or heart unsound;  
Whose cherry-cheek the eye doth much delight,  
But inward rottennesse the taste doth wound:  
Ah! were the taste so good as is the sight,  
To pluck such apples (lost with self-  
same price) Would back restore us part of paradise (33-41).

Fletcher seems to draw attention to the rough skin of his produce, as if to verify the value of the fruit toward the end of restoring Paradise. It may be here that Fletcher's influence on Milton may be most explicit. Very little happens in *The Purple Island*; Milton, also turning against tradition, praises the virtue of doing nothing in *Comus*; *Paradise Lost* is an epic so suspicious of heroism and the attendant rhetoric that conventional heroism is only indulged in by Satan and his host, while acts of loyalty (Abdiel) and humility are praised as genuine heroism<sup>16</sup>. It seems safe to assume generally that there can be no unintentional toilet humor in a poem obsessing over the way matter moves through the body, as *The Purple Island* does. Given the context of Fletcher's self-conscious program of nonbeauty and nonconventionality, it becomes a given that the explicit elements of the poem are not oversights on the poet's part. Fletcher's bawdy aesthetic is best realized in Canto II, although it continues to resurface throughout the poem. Fletcher emphasizes with heavy alliteration a fart joke in what may be the poem's most infamous moment: "That heat, which in his furnace ever fumeth...hot rising fire...And oft the rising fume, which again down descendeth" (2.34.1-7). Bizarrely, organs of digestion carefully examine with detached interest their own contents (2.42). What at first appears to be a narration of childbirth also becomes a deadpan double entendre for repeated male orgasm: "It breaks all lets its ready way denying;/And shakes the trembling Isle with often painfull dying" (3.27.6-7). A gentle reading reveals many more instances of playful ribaldry. Another characteristic of Fletcher's style, tied to the ribald, represents a novel innovation. Fletcher narrates the best parts of the anatomy lesson early in the poem twice, once in verse and again in prose glosses, quoting and parodying himself, often to comic effect. Fletcher describes the human head as a metropolis: "Of other stuffe the Suburbs have their framing" (4.22.1-3). Of itself, this is uninteresting. Fletcher's annotation of the obvious is not: "The first part of the face is the forehead, at whose base are the eyes." This mockingly invokes the glosses found repeatedly in the Geneva Bible and the "E. K." glosses in Spenser's *The Shepherds Calendar*, constructing a narrator who, the reader assumes, gives the frame narrative in order to prepare the reader to understand Thirsil's song. We are made to understand that Thirsil is only a nominally competent storyteller, a beginner (1.4.4); our presumptive narrator overcompensates (hilariously) by offering far too much information, reminding readers to their presumed surprise that their eyes can indeed be found below the forehead<sup>17</sup>. Joyce uses this self-deprecating technique in the Ithaca passage of *Ulysses*, where we learn, for example, the precise path drinking water takes from source to tap as Bloom makes tea for himself and Stephen in ridiculously pompous, close, and copious detail (671). The glosses continue throughout the poem, but with much less frequency, as if the point has conclusively been made early on, and the reader only needs to be reminded of the joke. Thirsil's own incompetence is highlighted by the fact that, according to Kastor, "Without such gloss, most of the content is meaningless" (115). Even though Kastor exaggerates this point, Fletcher's style suggests that *The Purple Island* must be understood through a double layer of irony. The first layer gives Thirsil room to make fart jokes in a Serious Poem about the True Nature of God Relative to the Human Condition; the second lets Fletcher poke fun at the attempt to keep an utterly earnest tone in the face of too-much-information. Fletcher, then, is keenly aware of the complications of writing a serious allegory; he is in on all jokes of this kind, especially those seemingly at his own expense.

Fletcher uses pastiche, both in the form of self-quotation and of explicit intertextuality, throughout his body of work. Grundy finds quotations from Joseph Hall's *Characters of the Vertues and Vices* (189), the "images of the 'weeping Maries' of the counter-reformation," and the *Pia Desideria* by Herman Hugo (201). Langdale has produced multi-

page charts showing Fletcher's instances of reproducing the work of writers such as Ovid, Spenser, Virgil, and Du Bartas, as well as of self-quotation, in his (now dated) biographical study *Phineas Fletcher*. Not all of Fletcher's quotation is, strictly speaking, textual; according to Grundy, one of the closing stanzas of *The Purple Island* (12.85) "exactly reproduces the colour-effects achieved in some Bernini interiors" (202). Outright pastiche further contributes to *The Purple Island's* performative playfulness, its sense of Spenserian epic seriousness, and its apparent syncretism.

Polyvocal pastiche, playfulness and self-deprecation make *The Purple Island* exceptionally coy and sophisticated in terms of style.

### Unanswered Questions

Many aspects of *The Purple Island* remain largely untouched by critics. Since the poem offers real generic and stylistic innovation and represents a relatively open field in which to work, it will be useful to flesh out some lines of questioning scholars may pursue in response to it.

Fletcher's narration of various psychological faculties, represented as an aristocratic state bureaucracy, is gendered in precise and peculiar ways. It is not yet clear what kinds of subjects constitute the Subject (the state, or the man), and how and why those sub-subjects would be gendered as they are.

That the pastoral and landscape imagery in *The Purple Island* become elaborate metaphors for human subjectivity, coupled with the poem's elaborate and rigorous system of correspondences, implies not mental apprehension of the material world but literal identification of the subject with landscape; thus, the world of the poem has much in common with the phenomenal world as deep ecologists imagine it.

Most especially, there is much room for historical study, particularly with attention to *The Purple Island* as a document deeply invested in Early Modern medical doctrine and practice, early psychology, hermeticism, politics, and theological disputes.

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1 Robert M. Adams traces at least one significant allusion to *The Purple Island* in a manuscript of *Ulysses* that was later revised out.

2 For biographical information on Fletcher (1582-1650), see A.B. Langdale's study *Phineas Fletcher*.

3 In *Revolution in Poetic Language*, Julia Kristeva makes similar claims for the process of reading avant-garde literature, citing Joyce and Mallarmé repeatedly. For Kristeva, changing one's mind by reading ideas hostile (or simply foreign) to the prevailing social order unspins the subject from identification with that order, thus freeing the subject and fundamentally altering the social order by that means. The notion of apocalypse Fletcher invokes, however, is not strictly materialistic, and the contexts in which it arises historically are surprising. Aurobindo Ghose (1872-1950), a Cambridge-educated Hindu nationalist turned spiritual leader (and magnificent poet), wrote that

reading the poetry of the future would be a means for the force of God to descend upon men and women, bringing about a new age and race of evolved beings (see *The Future Poetry*, also a history of English literature); Aurobindo implies that his own poetry will play a significant role in this regard. That history has not yet provided an apocalypse or a genuine revolution by avant-garde aesthetics has not prevented earnest (if idealistic) speculation on the topic.

4 The apocalypse as a strictly psychological phenomenon, per the writings of Emmanuel Swedenborg, is outside the frame of this argument. Any divorce of the personal from the political is foreign to Fletcher's project.

5 One contemporary manifestation of the apocalyptic space topos is Gaia Theory, according to which all of animated nature on earth (as earth) is imagined as an organic, latently conscious being.

6 G.I. Gurdjieff's novel *Beelzebub's Tales to his Grandson* -- a wild performance -- embraces this three-part structure but turns it upside down, by allowing a very subversive voice, Beelzebub himself, to do the speaking.

7 Among the best elaborations of this idea are *Nation and Narration*, edited by Homi Bhabha, and Benedict Anderson's *Imagined Communities*.

8 This line of thinking is developed with infinitely greater depth and complexity throughout the writings of Michel Foucault.

9 Benjamin imagines a "Messianic cessation of happening, or, put differently, a revolutionary chance in the fight for the oppressed past" (263). The End has a slightly different connotation for a Christian writer such as Fletcher, however, because the coming of the Messiah did not end history but offered instead a promised return.

10 My definition of dead time differs radically from that of Immanuel Levinas in *Totality and Infinity* (56), a text which otherwise constitutes an argument largely complimentary to this one. Benjamin's poetic interpretation of the Klee painting "Angelus Novus" provides an alternate perspective on the structure of dead time: "This is how one views the angel of history. His face is turned toward the past. Where we perceive a chain of events, he sees one single catastrophe which keeps piling wreckage upon wreckage and hurls it in front of his feet" (257). For Benjamin, "what we call progress" is actually a single moment, a phenomenon (258).

11 Healy observes that James I appears "in a guise resembling the bridegroom of the Song of Songs. The English monarch represents the divine bridegroom in this chosen earthly realm" (345).

12 If Phineas Fletcher can tell an authorized Story of England, anyone can, and where there are multiple voices of competing viability, absolutism is impossible.

13 Grundy shows Fletcher to be familiar enough with Donne's writings to imitate them, particularly Donne's *Ignatious His Conclave* in Fletcher's *Appolyonists* (190).

14 These are by no means the only texts Fletcher may invoke in developing his psychomachia. According to Grundy, Fletcher's vision "has many medieval counterparts, notably in *Sawles Ward*, the *Cursor Mundi*, and Lydgate's *Assembly of the Gods*" -- and much of Fletcher's imagery is culled from Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas' *Divine Weeks and Works* (188).

15 Deleuze and Guattari attack religious orthodoxy as an enemy of this apocalyptic process (158-159), in a spirit congenial to the ideals of Fletcher's radical heir William Blake but antithetical to Fletcher's project of a uniform and

absolutely Protestant England. The ambiguity of the poem's ending rests here: if only good remains after the apocalypse, and therefore only good deeds are possible, what is the purpose of hierarchy and command?

16 It is worth observing that a passage in *The Purple Island* may have provided Milton with a model for his invocation to the Muse as Light at the beginning of the third Book of *Paradise Lost*:

Then thou high Light, whom shepherds low adore,  
Teach me, oh do thou teach thy humble swain  
To raise my creeping song from earthly floor:  
Fill thou my empty breast with loftie strain;  
That singing of thy warres and dreadfull fight,  
My notes may thunder out thy conqu'ring might,  
And 'twixt the golden starres cut out her tousing flight. (*Purple Island* 12.8)

17 Vladimir Nabokov exploits a similar strategy in his exploration of hermeneutics, *Pale Fire*, making explicit the incompetence of both the poet (Shade) and the editor (Kinbote).

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THE  
PURPLE ISLAND  
OR  
THE ISLE OF MAN:  
TOGETHER WITH  
PISCATORIE ECLOGS  
AND OTHER

POETICALL MISCELLANIES

By P. F.

<printer's mark>

Printed by the Printers to the Universitie  
of Cambridge. 1633.

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TO

MY MOST WORTHY

AND LEARNED FRIEND,

EDWARD BENLOWES

*ESQUIRE.*

*SIR,*

AS some *Optick-glasses*, if we look one way, increase the object; if the other, lessen the quantity: Such is an *Eye* that looks through *Affection*; It doubles any good, and extenuates what is amisse. Pardon me, *Sir*, for speaking plain truth; such is that eye whereby you have viewed the raw *Essayes* of my very unripe yeares, and almost childehood. How unseasonable are *Blossomes* in *Autumne*! (unlesse perhaps in this age, where are more flowers than fruit) I am entring upon my *Winter*, and yet these *Blooms* of my first *Spring* must now shew themselves to our *ripe wits*, which certainly will give them no other entertainment but derision. For my self, I canot account that worthy of your *Patronage*, which comes forth so short of my *Desires*, thereby meriting no other light then the fire. But since you please to have them see more *Day* then their credit can well endure, marvel not if they flie under your *Shadow*, to cover them from the piercing eye of this very curious (yet more censorious) age. In letting them abroad I desire only to testifie, how much I preferre your desires before mine own, and how much I owe to *You* more than *any other*: this if they witness for me, it is all their service I require. *Sir*, I leave them to you *tuition*, and entreat you to *love him* who will contend with you in nothing but to *out-love you*, and would be *known* to the world by no other *Name*, then

Your true friend,

*P. F.*

Hilgay, *May* 1. 1633.

To the Readers.

HE that would learn *Theologie*, must first studie *Autologie*. The way to God is by our selves: It is a blinde and ditry way; it hath many windings, and is easie to be lost: This Poem will make them understand that way; and therefore my desire is, that thou maist understand this Poem. Peruse it as thou shouldst thy self, from thy first sheet to thy last. The first view, perchance, may runne thy judgement in debt; the second will promise payment; and the third will perform promise. Thou shalt here find *Philosophie*, and *Moralitie*, two curious handmaids, dressing the Kings daughter, whose garments smell of Myrrhe and Cassia, and being wrought with needlework, and gold, shall make thee take pleasure in her beautie. Here are no blocks for the purblinde; no snares for the timorous; no dangers for the bold: I invite all sorts to be readers; all readers to be understanders; all understanders to be happie.

DANIEL FEALTY.

D. D.

ON THE EXCELLENT

MORALL POEM,

ENTITULED THE  
*ISLE OF MAN.*

*LOrd! how my youth with this vain world hath err'd,  
Applauding theirs as th' onely happy fate,  
Whom to some Empire bloud, choice, chance preferr'd,  
Or who of learned arts could wisely prate;  
Or travelling the world, had well conferr'd  
Mens natures with the mysteries of state!*

*But now thy wiser Muse hath taught me this,  
That these and most men else do aim at blisse;  
But these and most men else to take their aim amisse.*

*Reigne o're the world, not o're this Isle of Man,  
Worse then a slave thou thine own slaves obey'st.  
Study all arts devis'd since time began,  
And not thy Self, thou studiest not, but play'st.  
Out-travell wise Ulysses, (if you can)  
Yet misse this Isle, thou travell'st not, but stray'st.*

*Let me (O Lord) but reigne o're mine own heart,  
And master be of this self-knowing art,  
I'le dwell in th' Isle of Man, ne're travell forrain part.*

E. BENLOWES.

BENEVOLUS.

*Ingeniose*



*INgeniose tuo ne libro supprime nomen;  
Ingenio Authorem deteget ille suo.  
Nempe verecundo memini te scribere vati,  
Quod pulchre ingenio quadrat, amice, tuo.*

*QUid tuas retegis nimis tegendo  
Noctiluca faces? pates latendo:  
Ipsa es sphaera tuae comesque stellae.  
Diem si repetas, die latebis.  
on te nox tenebrist tegit fovendo,  
Sed te nox tenebris fovendo prodit.*

TO THE LEARNED  
AUTHOUR, SONNE  
AND BROTHER TO  
two judicious Poets, himself the  
third, not second to either.

*GRave Father of this Muse, thou deem'st too light  
To wear thy name, 'cause of thy youthfull brain  
It seems a sportfull childe; resembling right  
Thy wittie childehood, not thy graver strain,  
Which now esteems these works of fancie vain.  
Let not thy childe, thee living, orphan be;  
Who when th' art dead, will give a life to thee.*

*How many barren wits would gladly own,  
How few o' th' pregnantest own such another?  
Thou Father art, yet blushest to be known;  
And though't may call the best of Muses Mother,  
Yet thy severer judgement would it smother.  
O judge not Thou, let Readers judge thy book:  
Such Cates should rather please the Guest, then Cook.*

*O but thou fear'st't will stain the reverend gown  
Thou wearest now; nay then fear not to show it:  
For were't a stain, 't were natures, not thine own:  
For thou art Poet born; who know thee, know it:  
Thy brother, sire, thy very name's a Poet.*

*Thy very name will make these Poems take,  
These very Poems else thy name will make.*

W. BENLOWES.

TO  
THE INGENIUS  
COMPSEER OF THIS  
*PASTORALL*, THE  
SPENCER of this age.

*I Vow (sweet stranger) if my lazie quill  
Had not been disobedient to fulfill  
My quick desires, this glory which is thine,  
Had but the Muses pleased had been mine.  
My Genius jumpt with thine; the very same  
Was our Foundation: in the very Frame  
Thy Genius jumpt with mine; it got the start  
In nothing, but Prioritie, and Art.  
If (my ingenious Rivall) these dull times  
Should want the present strength to prize thy rhymes,  
The time-instructed children of the next  
Shall fill thy margent, and admire the text;  
Whose well read lines will teach the how to be  
The happie knowers of themselves and thee.*

FRAN. QUARLES.

TO THE UNKNOWN  
Mr. P. F. UPON SURVAY  
of his *ISLE OF MAN*.

*REnowned Author, let it not seem strange  
A Merchants eye should thus thy Island range:  
It is a Merchants progresse to surround  
The earth, and seek out undiscover'd ground.*

*What though my foot hath trod the fourefold shore?  
And eyes survaid their subdivided store?  
Yet rarer wonders in this Isle of thine  
I view'd this day, then in twice six years time.*

*Justly didst thou, great Macedo, repine  
That thou could'st adde no other world to thine.  
He is not truely great, nor stout, who can  
Curb the great world, and not the lesser, Man.*

*And <sup>1</sup>thou whose name the Western world impos'd  
Upon it self, first by thy skill disclos'd;  
Yet is thy skill by this farre overcome,  
Who hath descride an unknown World at home:*

*A World, which to search out, subdue, and till,  
Is the best object of mans wit, strength, skill:  
A World, where all may dangerlesse obtain  
Without long travell, cheapest, greatest gain.*

LOD. ROBERTS

ON THE MOST ACCU-  
RATE POEM, INSCRIBED  
*THE PURPLE ISLAND.*

*Henceforth let wandering Delos cease to boast  
Herself the God of Learnings dearest coast;  
And let that double-headed mountain hallow  
No more the honour'd name of great Apollo:  
And may the Pegasean spring, that uses  
To cheer the palats of the thirstie Muses,  
Drie up: and let this happie Isle of thine  
Preserve Apolloes harp; where every line  
Carries a Suada with't, and doth display  
The banners of heav'n-born Urania.  
Henceforth let all the world thy verse admire  
Before that Thracean Orpheus charming lyre:  
He but enchanted Beasts, but to thy divine  
And higher aires bring Deities to this Isle of thine.*

A. C.

*MAN's Bodie's like a house: his greater bones  
Are the main timber; and the lesser ones*

*Are smaller splints: his ribs are laths, daub'd o're,  
Plaster'd with flesh, and bloud: his mouth's the doore,  
His throat's the narrow entrie, and his heart  
Is the great chamber, full of curious art:  
His midriffe is a large partition-wall  
'Twixt the great chamber, and the spacious hall:  
His stomack is the kitchin, where the meat  
Is often but half sod, for want of heat:  
His splene's a vessell nature does allot  
To take the skumme that rises from the pot:  
His lungs are like the bellows, that respire  
In ev'ry office, quickning ev'ry fire:  
His nose the chimney is, whereby are vented  
Such fumes as with the bellows are augmented:  
His bowels are the sink, whose part's to drein  
All noisome filth, and keep the kitchin clean:  
His eyes are crystall windows, cleare and bright;  
Let in the object, and let out the sight.  
And as the timber is or great, or small,  
Or strong or weak, 'tis apt to stand, or fall:  
Yet is the likeliest building sometimes known  
To fall by obvious chances; overthrown  
Ofttimes by tempests, by the full-mouth'd blasts  
Of heav'n; sometimes by fire; sometimes in wastes  
Through unadvis'd neglect: put case the stuff  
Were ruine-prooffe, by nature strong enough  
To conquer time, and age; but case it should  
Ne're know an end, alas our leafes would.  
What hast thou then, proud flesh and bloud, to boast?  
Thy dayes are evil, at best; but few, at most;  
But sad, at merriest; and but weak, and strongest;  
Unsure, at surest; and but short, at longest.*

FRAN. QUARLES.

1 Americus.

---

THE

PURPLE ISLAND,

OR

THE ISLE OF MAN.

CANT. I STAN. I.

THE warmer Sun the golden Bull outran,  
And with the Twins made haste to inne and play:  
Scatt'ring ten thousand flowres, he new began  
To paint the world, and piece the length'ning day:  
    (The world more aged by new youths accrewing)  
    Ah wretched man this wretched world pursuing,  
Which still grows worse by age, & older by renewing!

2

The shepherd-boyes, who with the Muses dwell,  
Met in the plain their May-lords new to chuse,  
(For two they yearly chuse) to order well  
Their rurall sports, and yeare that next ensues:  
    Now were they sat, where by the orchyard walls  
    The learned *Chame* with stealing water crawls,  
And lowly down before that royall temple falls.

3

Among the rout they take two gentle swains,  
Whose sprouting youth did now but greenly bud:  
Well could they pipe and sing; but yet their strains  
Were onely known unto the silent wood:  
    Their nearest bloud from self-same fountains flow,  
    Their souls self-same in nearer love did grow:  
So seem'd two joyn'd in one, or one disjoyn'd in two.

4

Now when the shepherd-lads with common voice  
Their first consent had firmly ratifi'd,  
A gentle boy thus 'gan to wave their choice;  
*Thirsil*, (said he) though yet thy Muse untri'd  
    Hath onely learn'd in private shades to feigne  
    Soft sighs of love unto a looser strain,  
Or thy poore *Thelgons* wrong in mournfull verse to plain;

5

Yet since the shepherd-swains do all consent  
To make thee lord of them, and of their art;  
And that choice lad (to give a full content)  
Hath joyn'd with thee in office, as in heart;  
    Wake, wake thy long- (thy too long) sleeping Muse,  
    And thank them with a song, as is the use:  
Such honour thus conferr'd thou mayst not well refuse.

6

Sing what thou list, be it of *Cupids* spite,  
(Ah lovely spite, and spitefull lovelinesse!)  
Or *Gemma's* grief, if sadder be thy sprite:  
Begin, thou loved swain, with good successe.  
    Ah, (said the bashfull boy) such wanton toyes  
    A better minde and sacred vow destroyes,  
Since in a higher love I settled all my joyes.

7

New light new love, new love new life hath bred;  
A life that lives by love, and loves by light:  
A love to him, to whom all loves are wed;  
A light, to whom the Sunne is darkest night:  
    Eyes light, hearts love, souls onely life he is:  
    Life, soul, love, heart, light, eye, and all are his:  
He eye, light, heart, love, soul; he all my joy, & blisse.

8

But if you deigne my ruder pipe to heare,  
(Rude pipe, unus'd, untun'd, unworthy hearing)  
These infantine beginnings gently bear,  
Whose best desert and hope must be your bearing.  
    But you, O Muses, by soft *Chamus* sitting,  
    (Your daintie songs unto his murmures fitting,  
Which bears the under-song unto your chearfull dittyng;)

9

Tell me, ye Muses, what our father-ages  
Have left succeeding times to play upon:  
What now remains unthought on by those Sages,  
Where a new Muse may trie her pineon?  
    What lightning Heroes, like great *Peleus* heir,  
    (Darting his beams through our hard-frozen aire)  
May stirre up gentle heat, and virtues wane repair?



10

Who knows not *Jason*? or bold *Tiphys* hand,  
 That durst unite what Natures self would part?  
 He makes Isles continent, and all one land;  
 O're seas, as earth, he march'd with dangerous art:  
     He rides the white-mouth'd waves, and scorneth all  
     Those thousand deaths wide gaping for his fall:  
 He death defies, fenc't with a thin, low, wooden wall.

11

Who ha's not often read *Troyes* twice-sung fires,  
 And at the second time twice better sung?  
 Who ha's not heard th' *Arcadian* shepherds quires,  
 Which now have gladly chang'd their native tongue;  
     And sitting by slow *Mincius*, sport their fill,  
     With sweeter voice and never-equall'd skill,  
 Chaunting their amorous layes unto a *Romane* quill?

12

And thou, choice wit, Loves scholar and Loves master,  
 Art known to all, where Love himself is known:  
 Whether thou bidd'st *Ulysses* hie him faster,  
 Or dost thy fault and distant exile moan.  
 Who ha's not seen upon the mourning stage  
 Dire *Atreus* feast, and wrong'd *Medea's* rage,  
 Marching in tragick state, and buskin'd equipage?

13

1

And now of late th' *Italian* fisher-swain  
 Sits on the shore to watch his trembling line;  
 There teaches rocks and prouder seas to plain  
 By *Nesis* fair, and fairer *Mergiline*:  
     While his thinne net, upon his oars twin'd,  
     With wanton strife catches the Sunne, and winde,  
 Which still do slip away, and still remain behinde.

14

2

And that *French* Muses eagle eye and wing  
 Hath soar'd to heav'n, and there hath learn'd the art  
 To frame Angelick strains, and canzons sing  
 Too high and deep for every shallow heart.  
     Ah blessed soul! in those celestiall rayes,

Which gave thee light these lower works to blaze,  
Thou sitt'st emparadis'd, and chaunt'st eternall layes.

15

Thrice happy wits, which in your springing May  
(Warm'd with the Sunne of well deserved favours)  
Disclose your buds, and your fair blooms display,  
Perfume the aire with your rich fragrant savours!

Nor may, nor ever shall those honour'd flowers  
Be spoil'd by summers heat, or winters showers;  
But last when eating time shal gnaw the proudest towers.

16

Happy, thrice happy times in silver age!  
When generous plants advanc't their lofty crest;  
When honour stoopt to be learn'd wisdomes page;  
When baser weeds starv'd in their frozen nest;  
When th' highest flying Muse still highest climbs;  
And virtues rise keeps down all rising crimes.  
Happy, thrice happy age! happy, thrice happy times!

17

But wretched we, to whom these iron daies  
(Hard daies) afford nor matter, nor reward!  
Sings *Maro*? men deride high *Maro*'s layes;  
Their hearts with lead, with steel their sense is barr'd:  
Sing *Linus*, or his father, as he uses,  
Our *Midas* eares their well tun'd verse refuses.  
What cares an asse for arts? he brayes at sacred Muses.

18

But if fond *Bavius* vent his clowted song,  
Or *Maevius* chaunt his thoughts in brothell charm;  
The witlesse vulgar, in a numerous throng,  
Like summer flies about their dunghills swarm:  
They sneer, they grinne. *Like to his like will move.*  
Yet never let them greater mischief prove  
Then this, *Who hates not one, may he the other love.*

19

3

Witnesse our *Colin*; whom though all the Graces,  
And all the Muses nurst; whose well taught song  
*Parnassus* self, and *Glorian* embraces,  
And all the learn'd, and all the shepherds throng;

Yet all his hopes were crost, all suits deni'd;  
Discourag'd, scorn'd, his writings vilifi'd:  
Poorly (poore man) he liv'd; poorly (poore man) he di'd.

20

And had not that great *Hart*, (whose honour'd head  
Ah lies full low) piti'd thy wofull plight;  
There hadst thou lein unwept, unburied,  
Unblest, nor grac't with any common rite:  
Yet shalt thou live, when thy great foe shall sink  
Beneath his mountain tomb, whose fame shall stink;  
And time his blacker name shall blurre with blackest ink.

21

O let th'Iambick Muse revenge that wrong,  
Which cannot slumber in thy sheets of lead:  
Let thy abused honour crie as long  
As there be quills to write, or eyes to reade:  
On his rank name let thine own votes be turn'd,  
*Oh may that man that hath the Muses scorn'd,*  
*Alive, nor dead, be ever of a Muse adorn'd!*

22

Oft therefore have I chid my tender Muse;  
Oft my chill breast beats off her fluttering wing:  
Yet when new spring her gentle rayes infuse,  
All storms are laid, I 'gin to chirp and sing:  
At length soft fires disperst in every vein,  
Yeeld open passage to the thronging train,  
And swelling numbers tide rolls like the surging main.

23

So where fair *Thames*, and crooked *Isis* sonne  
Payes tribute to his King, the mantling stream  
Encounter'd by the tides (now rushing on  
With equall force) of's way doth doubtfull seem;  
At length the full-grown sea, and waters King  
Chide the bold waves with hollow murmuring:  
Back flie the streams to shroud them in their mother spring.

24

Yet thou sweet numerous Muse, why should'st thou droop  
That every vulgar eare thy musick scorns?  
Nor can they rise, nor thou so low canst stoop;

No seed of heav'n takes root in mud or thorns.

When owls or crows, imping their flaggy wing

With thy stoln plumes, their notes through th'ayer fling;

Oh shame! They howl & croke, while fond they strain to sing.

25

Enough for thee in heav'n to build thy nest;

(Farre be dull thoughts of winning dunghill praise)

Enough, if Kings enthrone thee in their breast,

And crown their golden crowns with higher baies:

Enough that those who weare the crown of Kings

(Great *Israels* Princes) strike thy sweetest strings:

Heav'ns Dove when high'st he flies, flies with thy heav'nly wings.

26

Let others trust the seas, dare death and hell,

Search either *Inde*, vaunt of their scarres and wounds;

Let others their deare breath (nay silence) sell

To fools, and (swoln, not rich) stretch out their bounds

By spoiling those that live, and in wronging dead;

That they may drink in pearl, and couch their head

In soft, but sleeplesse down; in rich, but restlesse bed.

27

Oh let them in their gold quaff dropsies down;

Oh let them surfets feast in silver bright:

While sugar hires the taste the brain to drown,

And bribes of sauce corrupt false appetite,

His masters rest, health, heart, life, soul to sell.

Thus plentie, fulnesse, sicknesse, ring their knell:

Death weds and beds them; first in grave, and then in hell.

28

But (ah!) let me under some *Kentish* hill

Neare rowling *Medway* 'mong my shepherd peers,

With fearlesse merrie-make, and piping still,

Securely passe my few and slow-pac'd yeares:

While yet the great *Augustus* of our nation

Shuts up old *Janus* in this long ccessation,

Strength'ning our pleasing ease, and gives us sure vacation.

29

There may I, master of a little flock,

Feed my poore lambes, and often change their fare:

My lovely mate shall tend my sparing stock,

And nurse my little ones with pleasing care;  
Whose love and look shall speak their father plain.  
Health be my feast, heav'n hope, content my gain:  
So in my little house my lesser heart shall reigne.

30

The beech shall yeeld a cool safe canopie,  
While down I sit, and chaunt to th' echoing wood:  
Ah singing might I live, and singing die!  
So by fair *Thames*, or silver *Medwayes* floud,  
The dying swan, when yeares her temples pierce,  
In musick strains breathes out her life and verse;  
And chaunting her own dirge tides on her watry herse.

31

What shall I then need seek a patron out,  
Or begge a favor from a mistris eyes,  
To fence my song against the vulgar rout,  
Or shine upon me with her *Geminies*?  
What care I, if they praise my slender song?  
Or reck I, if they do me right, or wrong?  
A shepherds blisse nor stands nor falls to ev'ry tongue.

32

Great prince of shepherds, then thy heav'ns more high,  
Low as our earth, here serving, ruling there;  
Who taught'st our death to live, thy life to die;  
Who when we broke thy bonds, our bonds would'st bear;  
Who reignedst in thy heav'n, yet felt'st our hell;  
Who (God) bought'st man, whom man (though God) did sell;  
Who in our flesh, our graves (and worse) our hearts would'st dwell:

33

Great Prince of shepherds, thou who late didst deigne  
To lodge thy self within this wretched breast,  
(Most wretched breast such guest to entertain,  
Yet oh most happy lodge in such a guest!)  
Thou first and last, inspire thy sacred skill;  
Guide thou my hand, grace thou my artlesse quill:  
So shall I first begin, so last shall end thy will.

34

Heark then, ah heark, you gentle shepheard-crue;  
An Isle I fain would sing, an Island fair;

A place too seldome view'd, yet still in view;  
Neare as our selves, yet farthest from our care;  
Which we by leaving find, by seeking lost;  
A forrain home, a strange, though native coast;  
Most obvious to all, yet most unknown to most:

35

Coevall with the world in her nativitie:  
Which though it now hath pass'd through many ages,  
And still retain'd a naturall proclivitie  
To ruine, compast with a thousand rages  
Of foe-mens spite, which still this Island tosses;  
Yet ever grows more prosp'rous by her crosses;  
By with'ring springing fresh, and rich by often losses.

36

Vain men, too fondly wise, who plough the seas,  
With dangerous pains another earth to find;  
Adding new worlds to th' old, and scorning ease,  
The earths vast limits dayly more unbind!  
The aged world, though now it falling shows,  
And hastes to set, yet still in dying grows.  
Whole lives are spent to win, what one deaths houre must lose.

37

How like's the world unto a tragick stage!  
Where every changing scene the actours change;  
Some subject crouch and fawn; some reigne and rage:  
And new strange plots brings scenes as new & strange,  
Till most are slain; the rest their parts have done:  
So here; some laugh and play; some weep and grone;  
Till all put of their robes, and stage and actours gone.

38

Yet this fair Isle, sited so nearly neare,  
That from our sides nor place nor time may sever;  
Though to your selves your selves are not more deare,  
Yet with strange carelesnesse you travel never:  
Thus while your selves and native home forgetting,  
You searche farre distant worlds with needlesse sweating,  
You never find your selves; so lose ye more by getting.

39

When that great Power, that All, farre more then all,  
(When now his fore-set time was fully come)

Brought into act this undigested Ball,  
Which in himself till then had onely room;  
    He labour'd not, nor suffer'd pain, or ill;  
    But bid each kind their severall places fill:  
He bid, and they obeyed; their action was his will.

40

First stepp'd the Light, and spread his chearfull rayes  
Through all the Chaos; darknesse headlong fell,  
Frighted with suddain beams, and new-born dayes;  
And plung'd her ougly head in deepest hell:  
    Not that he meant to help his feeble sight  
    To frame the rest, he made the day of night:  
All els but darkness; he the true, the onely *Light*.

41

Fire, Water, Earth, and Aire (that fiercely strove)  
His sovraigne hand in strong alliance ti'd,  
Binding their deadly hate in constant love:  
So that great Wisdome temper'd all their pride,  
    Commanding strife and love should never cease)  
    That by their peacefull fight, and fighting peace,  
The world might die to live, and lessen to increase.

42

Thus Earths cold arm cold Water friendly holds,  
But with his drie the others wet defies:  
Warm Aire with mutuall love hot Fire infolds;  
As moist, his dryth abhorres: drie Earth allies  
    With Fire, but heats with cold new warres prepare:  
    Yet Earth drencht Water proves, which boil'd turns Aire;  
Hot Aire makes Fire: condensst all change, and home repair.

43

Now when the first weeks life was almost spent,  
And this world built, and richly furnished;  
To store heav'ns courts, and steer earths regiment,  
He cast to frame an Isle, the heart and head  
    Of all his works, compos'd with curious art;  
    Which like an Index briefly should impart  
The summe of all; the whole, yet of the whole a part.

44

That Trine-one with himself in councell sits,

And purple dust takes from the new-born earth;  
Part circular, and part triang'lar fits,  
Endows it largely at the unborn birth,  
    Despites his Favorite Vice-roy; doth invest  
    With aptnesse thereunto, as seem'd him best;  
And lov'd it more then all, and more then all it blest.

45

Then plac't it in the calm pacifick seas,  
And bid nor waves, nor troublous windes offend it;  
Then peopled it with subjects apt to please  
So wise a Prince, made able to defend it  
    Against all outward force, or inward spite;  
    Him framing like himself, all shining bright;  
A little living Sunne, Sonne of the living Light.

46

Nor made he this like other Isles; but gave it  
Vigour, sense, reason, and a perfect motion,  
To move it self whither it self would have it,  
And know what falls within the verge of notion:  
    No time might change it, but as ages went,  
    So still return'd; still spending, never spent;  
More rising in their fall, more rich in detriment.

47

So once the <sup>4</sup>Cradle of that double light,  
Whereof one rules the night, the other day,  
(Till sad *Latona* flying *Juno's* spite,  
Her double burthen there did safely lay)  
    Not rooted yet, in every sea was roving,  
    With every wave, and every winde removing;  
But since to those fair Twins hath left her ever moving.

48

Look as a scholar, who doth closely gather  
Many large volumes in a narrow place;  
So that great Wisdome all this All together  
Confin'd into this Islands little space;  
    And being one, soon into two he fram'd it;  
    And now made two, to one again reclaim'd it;  
The little *Isle of Man*, or *Purple Island* nam'd it.

49



Thrice happy was the worlds first infancie,  
Nor knowing yet, nor curious ill to know:  
Joy without grief, love without jealousie:  
None felt hard labour, or the sweating plough:  
    The willing earth brought tribute to her King;  
    *Bacchus* unborn lay hidden in the cling  
Of big-swoln grapes; their drink was every silver spring.

50

Of all the windes there was no difference:  
None knew mild *Zephyres* from cold *Eurus* mouth;  
Nor *Orithyia's* lovers violence  
Distinguisht from the ever-dropping South:  
    But either gentle West-winds reign'd alone,  
    Or else no winde, or harmfull winde was none:  
But one wind was in all, and all the windes in one.

51

None knew the sea; (oh blessed ignorance!)  
None nam'd the stars, the North carres constant race,  
*Taurus* bright horns, or Fishes happy chance:  
*Astraea* yet chang'd not her name or place;  
    Her ev'n-pois'd ballance heav'n yet never tri'd:  
    None sought new coasts, nor forrain lands descri'd;  
But in their own they liv'd, and in their own they di'd.

52

But (ah!) what liveth long in happinesse?  
Grief, of an heavy nature, stedly lies,  
And cannot be remov'd for weightinesse;  
But joy, of lighter presence, eas'ly flies,  
    And seldome comes, and soon away will goe:  
    Some secret power here all things orders so,  
That for a sun-shine day follows an age of woe.

53

Witnesse this glorious Isle, which not content  
To be confin'd in bounds of happinesse,  
Would trie what e're is in the continent;  
And seek out ill, and search for wretchednesse.  
    Ah fond, to seek what then was in thy will!  
    That needs no curious search; 'tis next us still.  
'Tis grief to know of grief, and ill to know of ill.

54

That old slie Serpent, (slie, but spitefull more)  
Vext with the glory of this happy Isle,  
Allures it subt'ly from the peacefull shore,  
And with fair painted lies, & colour'd guile

Drench'd in <sup>5</sup> dead seas; whose dark streams, full of fright,  
Emptie their sulphur waves in endlesse night;  
Where thousand deaths and hells torment the damned sprite.

55

So when a fisher-swain by chance hath spi'd  
A big-grown Pike pursue the lesser frie,  
He sets a withy Labyrinth beside,  
And with fair baits allures his nimble eye;  
Which he invading with out-stretched finne,  
All suddainly is compast with the ginne,  
Where there is no way out, but easie passage in.

56

That deathfull lake hath these three properties;  
No turning path, or issue thence is found:  
The captive never dead, yet ever dies;  
It endlesse sinks, yhet never comes to ground:  
Hells self is pictur'd in that brimstone wave;  
For what retiring from that hellish grave?  
Or who can end in death, where deaths no ending have?

57

For ever had this Isle in that foul ditch  
With curelesse grief and endlesse errour strai'd,  
Boyling in sulphur, and hot-bubbling pitch;  
Had not the King, whose laws he (fool) betrai'd,  
Unsnarl'd that chain, then from that lake secur'd;  
For which ten thousand tortures he endur'd:  
So hard was this lost Isle, so hard to be recur'd.

58

O thou deep well of life, wide stream of love,  
(More deep, more wide then widest deepest seas)  
Who dying Death to endlesse death didst prove,  
To work this wilfull-rebell Islands ease;  
Thy love no time began, no time decaies;  
But still increaseth with decreasing daies:  
Where then may we begin, where may we end thy praise?

59

My callow wing, that newly left the nest,  
 How can it make so high a tousing flight?  
 O depth without a depth! in humble breast  
 With praises I admire so wondrous height.  
 But thou, my <sup>6</sup>sister Muse, mayst well go higher,  
 And end thy flight; ne're may thy pineons tire:  
 Thereto may he his grace and gentle heat aspire.

60

Then let me end my easier taken storie,  
 And sing this Islands new recover'd seat.  
 But see, the eye of noon, in brightest glorie,  
 (Teaching great men) is ne're so little great:  
 Our panting flocks retire into the glade;  
 They crouch, and close to th' earth their horns have laid:  
 Vail we our scorched heads in that thick beeches shade.

1 *Sannazar.*

2 *Bartas*

3 *Spencer.*

4 *Delos.*

5 *Mare mortuum.*

6 *A book called Christ Victorie and Triumph.*

## CANT. II.

DEclining *Phoebus*, as he larger grows,  
 (Taxing proud folly) gentler waxeth still;  
 Never lesse fierce, then when he greatest shows;  
 When *Thirsil* on a gentle rising hill  
 (Where all his flock he round might feeding view)  
 Sits down, and circled with a lovely crue  
 Of Nymphs & shepherd-boyes, thus 'gan his song renew:

2

Now was this Isle pull'd from that horrid main,

Which bears the fearfull looks and name of death;  
And settled new with bloud and dreadfull pain,  
By him who twice had giv'n (once forfeit) breath:  
    A baser state then what was first assign'd;  
    Wherein (to curb the too aspiring minde)  
The better things were lost, the worst were left behinde.

3

That glorious image of himself was raz'd;  
Ah! scarce the place of that best part we finde;  
And that bright Sun-like knowledge much defac'd,  
Onely some twinkling starres remain behinde:  
    Then mortall made; yet as one fainting dies,  
    Two other in its place succeeding rise:  
And drooping stock with branches fresh immortalize.

4

So that 'lone bird in fruitfull *Arabie*,  
When now her strength and waning life decaies,  
Upon some airie rock, or mountain high,  
In spiced bed (fir'd by neare *Phoebus* rayes)  
    Her self and all her crooked age consumes:  
    Straight from the ashes and those rich perfumes  
A new-born Phoenix flies, & widow'd place resumes.

5

It grounded lies upon a sure <sup>1</sup> foundation,  
Compact, and hard; whose matter (cold and drie)  
To marble turns in strongest congelation;  
Fram'd of fat earth, which fires together tie:  
    Through all the isle, and every part extent,  
    To give just form to every regiment;  
Imparting to each part due strength and stablishment.

6

<sup>2</sup>Whose looser ends are glu'd with brother earth,  
Of nature like, and of a neare relation;  
Of self-same parents both, and self-same birth;  
<sup>3</sup>That oft it self stands for a good foundation:

<sup>4</sup>

    Both these a third doth soulder fast, and binde;  
    Softer then both, yet of the self-same kinde;  
All instruments of motion, in one league combin'd.

7

Upon this base a <sup>5</sup>curious work is rais'd,  
Like undivided brick, entire and one;  
Though soft, yet lasting, with just balance pais'd;  
Distributed with due proportion:  
    And that the rougher frame might lurk unseen,  
    All fair is hung with coverings slight and thinne;  
Which partly hide it all, yet all is partly seen:

8

As when a virgin her snow-circled breast  
Displaying hides, and hiding sweet displaies;  
The greater segments cover'd, and the rest  
The vail transparent willingly betraies;  
    Thus takes and gives, thus lends and borrows light:  
    Lest eyes should surfet with too greedy sight,  
Transparent lawns withhold, more to increase delight.

9

<sup>6</sup>Nor is there any part in all this land,  
But is a little Isle: for thousand brooks  
In azure chanel's glide on silfer sand;  
Their serpent windings, and deceiving crooks  
    Circling about, and wat'ring all the plain,  
    Emptie themselves into th' all-drinking main;  
And creeping forward slide, but never turn again.

10

Three diff'ring streams from fountains different,  
Neither in nature nor in shape agreeing,  
(Yet each with other friendly ever went)  
Give to this Isle his fruitfulness and being:  
    The <sup>7</sup>first in single chanel's skie-like blue,  
    With luke-warm waters di'd in porphy'r hue,  
Sprinkle this crimson Isle with purple-colour'd dew.

11

<sup>8</sup>The next, though from the same springs first it rise,  
Yet passing through another greater fountain,  
Doth lose his former name and qualities:  
Through many a dale it flows, and many a mountain;  
    More firie light, and needful more then all;

And therefore fenced with a double wall,  
All froths his yellow streams with many a sudding fall.

12

<sup>9</sup>The last, in all things diff'ring from the other,  
Fall from an hill, and close together go,  
Embracing as they runne, each with his brother;  
Guarded with double trenches sure they flow:  
    The coldest spring, yet nature best they have;  
    And like the lacteall stones which heaven pave,  
Slide down to every part with their thick milky wave.

13

<sup>10</sup>These with a thousand streams through th' Island roving,  
Bring tribute in; the first gives nourishment,  
Next life, last sense and arbitrarie moving:  
For when the Prince hath now his mandate sent,  
    The nimble poasts quick down the river runne,  
    And end their journey, though but now begunne;  
But now the mandate came, & now the mandate's done.

14

<sup>11</sup>The whole Isle, parted in three regiments,  
By three Metropolies is jointly sway'd;  
Ord'ring in peace and warre their governments  
With loving concord, and with mutuall aid:  
    The lowest hath the worst, but largest See;  
    The middle lesse, of greater dignitie:  
The highest least, but holds the greatest soveraigntie.

15

Deep in a vale doth that first province lie,  
With many a citie grac't, and fairly town'd;  
And for a fence from forrain enmitie,

<sup>12</sup>With five strong-built walls encompast round;  
    Which my rude pencil will in limming stain;  
    A work more curious, then which poets feigne  
*Neptune* and *Phoebus* built, and pulled down again.

16

<sup>13</sup>The first of these is that round spreading fence,  
Which like a sea girts th' Isle in every part;

Of fairest building, quick and nimble sense,  
Of common matter fram'd with speciall art;  
    Of middle temper, outwardest of all,  
    To warn of every chance that may befall:  
The same a fence, and spie; a watchman, and a wall.

17

<sup>14</sup>His native beautie is a lilie white,  
Which still some other colou'd stream infecteth;  
Least like it self, with divers stainings dight,  
The inward disposition detecteth:  
    If white, it argues wet; if purple, fire;  
    If black, a heavie cheer, and fixt desire;  
Youthfull and blithe, if suited in a rosie tire.

18

<sup>15</sup>It cover'd stands with silken flourishing,  
Which as it oft decaies, renews again,  
The others sense and beautie perfecting;  
Which els would feel, but with unusuall pain:  
    Whose pleasing sweetnesse, and resplendent shine,  
    Softning the wanton touch, and wandring ey'n,  
Doth oft the Prince himself with witch'ries undermine.

19

<sup>16</sup>The second rampier of a softer matter,  
Cast up by th' purple rivers overflowing:  
Whose airy wave, and swelling waters, fatter  
For want of heat congeal'd, and thicker growing,  
    The <sup>17</sup>wandring heat (which quiet ne're subsisteth)  
    Sends back again to what confine it listeth;  
And outward enemies by yielding most resisteth.

20

<sup>18</sup>The third more inward, firmer then the best,  
May seem at first but thinly built, and slight;  
But yet of more defence then all the rest;  
Of thick and stubborn substance, strongly dight.  
    hese three (three common fences) round impile  
    This regiment, and all the other Isle;  
And saving inward friends, their outward foes beguile.

21

19

Beside these three, two more appropriate guards  
 With constant watch compass this government:  
 The first eight companies in severall wards,  
 (To each his station in this regiment)

On each side foure, continuall watch observe,  
 And under one great Captain jointly serve;  
 Two fore-right stand, two crosse, and four obliquely swerve.

22

<sup>20</sup>  
 The other fram'd of common matter, all  
 This lower region girts with strong defence;  
 More long then round, with double-builed wall,  
 Though single often seems to slighter sense;  
 With many gates, whose strangest properties  
 Protect this coast from all conspiracies;  
 Admitting welcome friends, excluding enemies.

23

<sup>21</sup>  
 Between this fences double-walled sides,  
 Foure slender brooks run creeping o're the lea;  
 The first is call'd the Nurse, and rising slides  
 From this low regions Metropolie:  
 Two from th' Heart-citie bend their silent pace;  
 The last from Urine-lake with waters base  
 In th' *Allantoid* sea empties his flowing race.

24

<sup>22</sup>  
 Down in a vale, where these two parted walls  
 Differ from each with wide distending space,  
 Into a lake the Urine-river falls,  
 Which at the Nephros hill beginnes his race:  
 Crooking his banks he often runs astray,  
 Lest his ill streams might backward finde a way:  
 Thereto, some say, was built a curious framed bay.

25

<sup>23</sup>  
 The Urine-lake drinking his colour'd brook,  
 By little swells, and fills his stretching sides:  
 But when the stream the brink 'gins over-look,  
 A sturdy groom empties the swelling tides;  
*Sphincter* some call; who if he loosed be,



Or stiffe with cold, out flows the senselesse sea,  
And rushing unawares covers the drowned lea.

26

<sup>24</sup>  
From thence with blinder passage, (flying name)  
These noisome streams a secret pipe conveys;  
Which though we tearm the hidden parts of shame,  
Yet for the skill deserve no lesser praise  
vThen they, to which we honour'd names impart.

Oh powerfull Wisdome, with what wondrous art  
Mad'st thou the best, who thus hast fram'd the vilest part!

27

<sup>25</sup>  
Six goodly Cities, built with suburbs round,  
Do fair adorn this lower region:

<sup>26</sup>  
The first *Koilia*, whose extreamest bound  
On this side border'd by the *Splenion*,  
On that by soveraigne *Hepars* large commands:  
The merry *Diazome* above it stands,  
To both these joyn'd in league & never failing bands.

28

<sup>27</sup>  
The form (as when with breath our bag-pipes rise,  
And swell) round-wise, and long, yet long-wise more;  
Fram'd to the most capacious figures guise:  
For 'tis the Islands garner; here its store  
Lies treasur'd up, which well prepar'd it sends  
By secret path that to th' Arch-citie bends;  
Which making it more fit, to all the Isle dispends.

29

Farre hence at foot of rocky *Cephals* hills  
This Cities <sup>28</sup> Steward dwells in vaulted stone;  
And twice a day *Koilia's* store-house fills  
With certain rent, and due provision:  
Aloft he fitly dwells in arched cave;  
Which to describe I better time shall have,  
When that fair mount I sing, & his white curdy wave.

30

At that caves mouth <sup>29</sup> twice sixteen Porters stand,

Receivers of the customarie rent;  
Of each side foure, (the formost of the band)  
Whose office to divide what in is sent:  
    Straight other foure break it in peices small;  
    And at each hand twice five, which grinding all,  
Fit it for convoy, and this cities Arsenall.

31

30

From thence a Groom with wondrous volubilitie  
Delivers all unto near officers,  
Of nature like himself, and like agilitie;  
At each side foure, that are the governours  
    To see the vict'als shipt at fittest tide;  
    Which straight from thence with prosp'rous chanel slide,  
And in *Koilias*'s port with nimble oars glide.

32

The <sup>31</sup>haven, fram'd with wondrous sense and art,  
Opens it self to all that entrance seek;  
Yet if ought back would turn, and thence depart,  
With thousand wrinkles shuts the ready creek:  
    But when the rent is slack, it rages rife,  
    And mutines in it self with civil strife:  
Thereto a <sup>32</sup>little groom egges it with sharpest knife.

33

33

Below dwells in this Cities market-place  
The Islands common Cook, Concoction,  
Common to all; therefore in middle space  
Is quarter'd fit in just proportion;  
    Whence never from his labour he retires;  
    No rest he asks, or better change requires:  
Both night and day he works, ne're sleeps, nor sleep desires.

34

<sup>34</sup>That heat, which in his furnace ever fumeth,  
Is nothing like to our hot parching fire;  
Which all consuming, self at length consumeth;  
But moistening flames a gentle heat inspire,  
    Which sure some in-born neighbor to him lendeth;  
    And oft the bord'ring coast fit fuell sendeth,  
And oft the rising fume, which down again descendeth.

35

Like to a pot, where under hovering  
 Divided flames, the iron sides entwining,  
 Above is stopt with close-laid covering,  
 Exhaling fumes to narrow straits confining;  
     So doubling heat, his dutie doubly speedeth:  
     Such is the fire Concoctions vessel needeth,  
 Who daily all the Isle with fit provision feedeth.

36

There many a groom the busie Cook attends  
 In under offices, and severall place:  
 This gathers up the scumme, and thence it sends  
 To be cast out; another liquours base,  
     Another garbage, which the kitchin cloyes,  
     And divers filth, whose sent the place annoyes,  
 By divers secret waies in under-sinks convoyes.

37

<sup>35</sup>Therefore a second Port is sidelong fram'd,  
 To let out what unsavorie there remains:  
 There sits a needful groom, the Porter nam'd,  
 Which soon the full-grown kitchin cleanly drains  
     By divers pipes, with hundred turnings giring;  
     Lest that the food too speedily retiring  
 Should whet the appetite, still cloy'd, & still desiring.

38

So *Erisichthon* once fir'd (as men say)  
 With hungry rage, fed never, ever feeding;  
 Ten thousand dishes serv'd in every day,  
 Yet in ten thousand, thousand dishes needing,  
 In vain his daughter hundred shapes assum'd:  
     A whole camps meat he in his gorge inhum'd;  
 And all consum'd, his hunger yet was unconsum'd.

39

Such would the state of this whole Island be,  
 If those pipes windings (passage quick delaying)  
 Should not refrain too much edacitie,  
 With longer stay fierce appetite allaying.

These <sup>36</sup> pipes are seven-fold longer then the Isle,  
 Yet all are folded in a little pile,

Whereof three noble are, and thinne; three thick, & vile.

40

<sup>37</sup>The first is narrow'st, and down-right doth look,  
Lest that his charge discharg'd might back retire;  
And by the way takes in a bitter brook,  
That when the chanel's stopt with stifeling mire,  
    Through th' idle pipe with piercing waters soking,  
    His tender sides with sharpest stream provoking,  
Thrusts out the muddy parts, & rids the miry choking.

41

<sup>38</sup>The second lean and lank, still pill'd, and harri'd  
By mighty bord'ers oft his barns invading:  
Always his food and new-inn'd store is carri'd;  
Therefore an angry colour, never fading,  
    Purples his cheek: <sup>39</sup>the third for length exceeds,  
    And down his stream in hundred turnings leads:  
These three most noble are, adorn'd with silken threads.

42

<sup>40</sup>The formost of the base half blinde appears;  
And where his broad way in an *Isthmos* ends,  
There he examines all his passengers,  
And those who ought not scape, he backward sends:  
The <sup>41</sup>second *Aeols* court, where tempests raging  
    Shut close within a cave the windes encaging,  
With earthquakes shakes the Island, thunders sad presaging.

43

<sup>42</sup>The last down-right falls to port *Esquiline*,  
More strait above, beneath still broader growing;  
Soon as the gate opes by the Kings assigne,  
Empties it self, farre thence the filth out-throwing:  
    This gate endow'd with many properties,  
    Yet for his office sight and naming flies;  
Therefore between two hills, in darkest valley lies.

44

<sup>43</sup>To that Arch-citie of this government  
The three first pipes the ready feast convoy:

The other three, in baser office spent,  
Fling out the dregs, which else the kitchin cloy.

In<sup>44</sup> every one the *Hepar* keeps his spies;  
Who if ought good with evil blended lies,  
Thence bring it back again to *Hepars* treasures.

45

Two severall covers fence these twice three pipes:

<sup>45</sup>The first from over-swimming takes his name,  
Like cobweb-lawn woven with hundred stripes:

<sup>46</sup>The second, strength'ned with a double frame,  
From forein enmitie the pipes maintains:

Close<sup>47</sup> by the *Pancreas* stands, who ne're complains;  
Though prest by all his neighbors, he their state sustains.

46

Next *Hepar*, chief of all these lower parts,  
One of the three, yet of the three the least.  
But see, the Sunne, like to undaunted hearts,  
Enlarges in his fall his ample breast:

Now hie we home; the pearled dew ere long  
Will wet the mothers, and their tender young:  
To morrow with the day we may renew our song.

1 The foundation of the body is the bones. Bones are a similar part of the body, most dry, or cold; made by the vertue generative, through heat of the thicker portion of seed, which is most earthy and fat for the establishment and figure of the whole.

2 A cartilage, or grisle, is of a middle nature betwixt bones, and ligaments or sinews, made of the same matter, and in the same manner as bones, for variety and safetie in motion.

3 Some of these (even as bones) sustain and uphold some parts.

4 Both these are knit with ligaments: A ligament or sinew is of nature between grisles, and nerves, framed of a tough and clammy portion of the seed, for knitting & holding the bones together, & fitting them for motion.

5 Upon the bones as a foundation, is built the flesh. Flesh is a similar part of the body, soft, ruddy, made of blood indifferently dried, covered with the common membrane or skinne.

6 The whole body is as it were watered with great plenty of rivers, veins, arteries, and nerves.

7 A vein is a vessel long, round, hollow, rising from the liver, appointed to contein, concoct, and

distribute the blood. It hath but one tunicle, and that thinne; the colour of this blood is purple.

8 An arterie is a vessel long, round, hollow, formed for conveyance of that more spritely blood, which is elaborate in the heart. This blood is frothy, yellowish, full of spirits, therefore compast with a double tunicle, that it might not exhale or sweat out by reason of the thinnesse.

9 A nerve is a spermaticall part rising from the brain and the pith of the backbone, the outside skinne, the inside full of pith, carrying the animall spirits for sense and motion and therefore doubly skinned as the brain: none of them single, but runne in couples.

10 The veins convey nourishment from the liver, the arteries life and heat from the heart, the nerves sense and motion from the brain. The will commands, the nerve brings, and the part executes the mandate; all almost in an instant.

11 The whole body may be parted into three regions: the lowest, or belly; the middle, or breast; the highest, or head. In the lowest the liver is soveraigne, whose regiment is the widest, but meanest. In the middle the heart reigns, most necessarie. The brain obtains the highest place, and is as the least in compasse, so the greatest in dignitie.

12 The parts of the lower region are either the contained, or the containing: the containing either common or proper: the common are the skinne, the fleshie panicle, and the fat: the proper are the muscles of the belly-peece, or the inner rimme of the belly.

13 The skinne is a membrane of all the rest the most large, and thick, formed of the mixture of seed and blood; the covering, and ornament of parts that are under it: the temper moderate, the proper organ of outward touching (say Physicians.)

14 The native colour of the skinne is white but (as Hippocrates) changed into the same colour which is brought by the humour predominant. Where melancholie abounds, it is swarthy; where flegme, it is white, and pale; where holer reignes, it is red and firy; but in sanguine of a rosie colour.

15 The skinne is covered with the cuticle, or flourishing of the skinne, it is the mean of touching, without which we feel, but with pain. It polisheth the skinne, which many times is hanged, and (as it is with snakes) put off, and a new, and more amiable brought in.

16 The fat cometh from the airy portion of the blood; which when it flows to the membranes, by their weak heat (which Physicians account, & call cold) grows thick, and close.

17 The fat increaseth inward heat by keeping it from outward parts, and defends the parts subject to it from bruises.

18 The fleshie pannicle is a membrane very thick, sinewy, woven in with little veins.

19 The proper parts infolding this lower region are two, the first the muscles of the belly-peece, which are eight, foure side-long, two right, and two crosse.

20 Peritonaeum (which we call the rimme of the belly) is a thin membrane taking his name from compassing the bowels; round, but longer: every where double, yet so thinne, that it may seem but single. It hath many holes, that the veins, arteries, and other needful vessels might have passage both in, & out.

21 The double tunicle of the rimme is plainly parted into a large space, that with a double wall it might fence the bladder, where the vessels of the navil are contained. These are foure: first, the nurse; which is a vein nourishing the infant in the womb: 2, two arteries in which the infant breaths: the fourth, the Ourachos, a pipe wherby (while the childe is in the wombe) the urine is carried into the Allantoid, or rather Amnion; which is a membrane receiving the sweat and urine.

22 The passages carrying the urine from the kidneys to the bladder. Some affirm that in the passage stands a curious lid, or cover.

23 The bladder endeth in a neck of flesh, and is girded with a muscle which is called Sphincter: which holds in the urine lest it flow away without our permission. If this be loosened, or cold, the urine goes away from us of it self without any feeling.

24 Hence the urine is conveyed through the ordinary passages and cast out.

25 Beside the bladder there are six speciall parts contained in this lower region: the liver, stomack, with the guts; the gall, the splene, or milt; the kidneys, and parts for generation.

26 The stomack (or Koilia) is the first in order though not in dignitie.

27 Koilia, or the stomack is long & round, like a bag-pipe, made to receive and concoct the meat, and to perfect the Chyle or white juice, which riseth from the meat concocted.

28 Gustus, the taste, is the caterer, or the steward to the stomack, which hath his place in Cephal, that is, the head.

29 In either chap are sixteen teeth; foure cutters, two dog-teeth, or breakers, ten grinders.

30 The tongue with great agilitie delivers up the meat (well chewed) to the instruments of swallowing: eight muscles serving to this purpose which instantly send the meat through the Oesophagus or meat-pipe into the stomack.

31 The upper mouth of the stomack hath little veins, or strings circular, to shut in the meat, and keep it from returning.

32 Vas breve, or the short vessel, which sending in a melancholy humour, sharpens the appetite.

33 In the bottome of the stomack (which is placed in the midst of the belly) is concoction perfected.

34 The concoction of meats in the stomack is perfected, as by an innate propertie, and speciall vertue, so

also by the outward heat of parts adjoining. For it is on every side compassed with hotter parts, which as fire to a cauldron helps to seethe, and concoct; and the hot steams within it do not a little further digestion.

35 The lower orifice, or mouth of the stomack, is not placed at the very bottome, but at the side, and is called the (Janitor or) Porter, as sending out the food now concocted through the entrails, which are knotty, and full of windings, lest the meat too suddenly passing through the body should make it too subject to appetite and greedinesse.

36 It is approved that the entrails dried, and blown, are seven times longer then the body: there are all one entire body, yet their differing substance hath distinguished them into the thinne, & thick: the thinne have the more noble office.

37 The first is straight without any winding, that the chyle might not return; and most narrow, that it might not finde too hasty pa passage. It takes in a little passage from the gall, which there purges his choler, to provoke the entrails (when they are slow) to cast out the excrements. This is called Duodenum (or twelve finger) from his length.

38 The second is called the lank or hungry gut, as being more emptie then the rest: for the liver being neare it sucks out his juice, or cream: it is known from the rest by the red colour.

39 The third called Ilion (or winding) from his many folds and turnings, is of all the longest.

40 The first of the baser is called blinde: at whose end is an appendant, where if any of the thinner chyle do chance to escape, it is stopt, and by the veins of the midriff suckt out.

41 The second is Colon (or the tormenter) because of the winde there staying, & vexing the body.

42 The last called Rectum, or straight, hath no windings, short, larger toward the end; that the excrement may more easily be ejected, and retained also upon occasion.

43 The thinne entrails serve for the carrying, & through-concocting of the chyle: the thicker for the gathering, and containing the excrements.

44 The are all sprinkled with little veins, that no part of the chyle might escape till all be brought to the liver.

45 Epiploon (or Overswimmer, descends below the navill; and ascends above the highest entrails, of skinny substance all interlaced with fat.

46 The Mesenterium (or midst amongst the entrails, whence it takes the name) ties and knits the entrails together: it hath a double tunicle.

47 Pancreas (or All-flesh, for so it seems) is laid as a pillow under the stomack; and sustains all the veins that are dispread from the gate-vein.



## CANT. III.

THE Morning fresh, dappling her horse with roses,  
 (Vext at the lingring shades, that long had left her  
 In *Tithons* freezing arms) the light discloses;  
 And chasing Night, of rule and heav'n bereft her:

The Sunne with gentle beams his rage disguises,  
 And like aspiring tyrants, temporizes;  
 Never to be endur'd, but when he falls, or rises.

2

*Thirsil* from withy prison, as he uses,  
 Lets out his flock, and on an hill stood heeding  
 Which bites the grasse, and which his meat refuses;  
 So his glad eyes fed with their greedy feeding:  
 Straight flock a shoal of Nymphs & shepherd-swains  
 While all their lambes rang'd on the flowry plains;  
 Then thus the boy began, crown'd with their circling trains.

3

You gentle shepherds, and you snowie fires,  
 That sit around, my rugged rimes attending;  
 How may I hope to quit your strong desires,  
 In verse uncomb'd such wonders comprehending?  
 Too well I know my rudeness all unfit  
 To frame this curious Isle, whose framing yet  
 Was never thoroughly known to any humane wit.

4

Thou Shepherd-God, who onely know'st it right,  
 And hid'st that art from all the world beside;  
 Shed in my mistie breast thy sparkling light,  
 And in this fogge my erring footsteps guide;  
 Thou who first mad'st, and never wilt forsake it:  
 Else how shall my weak hand dare undertake it,  
 When thou thy self ask'st counsel of thy self to make it?

5

Next to *Koilia*, on the right side stands,  
 Fairly dispread in large dominion,  
 Th' <sup>1</sup>Arch-citie *Hepar*, stretching her commands  
 To all within this lower region;  
 Fenc't with sure barres, and strongest situation;  
 So never fearing foreiners invasion:

Hence are the <sup>2</sup>walls slight, thinne; built but for sight & fashion.

6

<sup>3</sup>To th' Heart and to th' Head-citie surely ti'd  
With firmest league, and mutuall reference:  
His liegers there, theris ever here abide,  
To take up strife, and casuall difference:

Built <sup>4</sup>all alike, seeming like rubies sheen,  
Of some peculiar matter; such I ween,  
As over all the world may no where else be seen.

7

<sup>5</sup>Much like a mount it easily ascendeth;  
The upper part's all smooth as slipperie glasse:  
But on the lower many a cragge dependeth;  
Like to the hangings of some rockie masse:

Here <sup>6</sup>first the purple fountain making vent,  
By thousand rivers through the Isle dispent,  
Gives every part fit growth and daily nourishment.

8

<sup>7</sup>In this fair town the isles great Steward dwells;  
His porphyre house glitters in purple die;  
In purple clad himself: from hence he deals  
His store to all the Isles necessitie:

And though the rent he daily duly pay,  
Yet doth his flowing substance ne're decay;  
All day he rent receives, returns it all the day.

9

And like that golden starre, which cuts his way  
Through *Saturns* ice, and *Mars* his firy ball;  
Temp'ring their strife with his more kindly ray:  
So 'tween the *Splenions* frost and th' angry Gall

The joviall *Hepar* sits; with great expence  
Cheering the Isle by his sweet influence;  
So slakes their envious rage end endlesse difference.

10

Within, some say, <sup>8</sup>Love hath his habitation;  
Not *Cupids* self, but *Cupids* better brother:  
For *Cupids* self dwells with a lower nation,

But this more sure, much chaster then the other;  
By whose command we either love our kinde,  
Or with most perfect love affect the mind;  
With such a diamond knot he often souls can binde.

11

9  
Two purple streams here raise their boiling heads;  
The first and least in th' hollow cavern breeding,  
His waves on divers neighbour grounds dispreads:  
The next fair river all the rest exceeding,  
Topping the hill, breaks forth in fierce evasion,  
And sheds abroad his Nile-like inundation;  
So gives to all the Isle their food and vegetation.

12

Yet these from other streams much different;  
For others, as they longer, broader grow;  
These as they runne in narrow banks impent,  
Are then at least, when in the main they flow:  
Much like a tree, which all his roots so guides,  
That all the trunk in his full body hides;  
Which straight his stemme to thousand branches subdivides.

13

10  
Yet lest these streams might hap to be infected  
With other liquours in the well abounding;  
Before their flowing chaneln are detected,  
Some lesser delfs, the fountains bottome sounding,  
Suck out the baser streams, the springs annoying,  
An hundred pipes unto that end employing;  
Thence run to fitter place their noisome load convoying.

14

Such is fair *Hepar*; <sup>11</sup> which with great dissension  
Of all the rest pleads most antiquitie;  
But yet th' Heart-citie with no lesse contention  
And justest challenge, claims prioritie:  
But sure the *Hepar* was the elder bore;  
For that small river, call'd the Nurse, of yore  
Laid boths foundation, yet *Hepar* built afore.

15

Three pois'nous liquours from this purple well

Rise with the native streams; <sup>12</sup> the first like fire,

All flaming hot, red, furious, and fell,

The spring of dire depate, and civile ire;

Which wer't not surely held with strong retention,

Would stirre domestick strife, and fierce contention,

And waste the weary Isle with never ceas'd dissension.

16

Therefore close by a little conduit stands,

<sup>13</sup> *Choledochus*, that drags this poison hence,

And safely locks it up in prison bands;

Thence gently drains it through a narrow fence;

A needful fence, attended with a guard,

That watches in the straits all closely barr'd,

Lest some might back escape, and break the prison ward.

17

<sup>14</sup>

The next ill stream the wholesome fount offending,

All dreery black and frightfull, hence convay'd

By divers drains unto the *Splenion* tending,

The *Splenion* o're against the *Hepar* laid,

Built long, and square: some say that laughter here

Keeps residence; but laughter fits not there,

Where darknesse ever dwells, and melancholy fear.

18

<sup>15</sup> And should these waies, stopt by ill accident,

To th' *Hepar* streams turn back their muddie humours;

The cloudie Isle with hellish dreeriment

Would soon be fill'd, and thousand fearfull rumours:

Fear hides him here, lockt deep in earthy cell;

Dark, dolefull, deadly-dull, a little hell;

Where with him fright, despair, and thousand horrors dwell.

19

<sup>16</sup> If this black town in over-growth increases,

With too much strength his neighbors over-bearing;

The *Hepar* daily, and whole Isle decreases,

Like ghastly shade, or ashie ghost appearing:

But when it pines, th' Isle thrives; its curse, his blessing:

So <sup>7</sup> when a tyrant raves, his subjects pressing,

His gaining is their losse, his treasure their distressing.

20

<sup>18</sup>The third bad water, bubbling from this fountain,  
Is wheyish cold, which with good liquours meint,  
Is drawn into the double *Nephros* mountain;  
Which suck the best for growth, and nourishment:

    The <sup>19</sup>worst, as through a little pap, distilling  
    To divers pipes, the pale cold humour swilling,  
Runs down to th' Urine-lake, his banks thrice daily filling.

21

<sup>20</sup>These mountains differ but in situation;  
In form and matter like; the left is higher,  
Lest even height might slack their operation:  
Both like the Moon which now wants half her fire;  
    Yet into two obtuser angles bended,  
    Both strongly with a double wall defended;  
And both have walls of mudde before those walls extended.

22

The sixt and last town in this region,  
With largest stretcht precincts, and compasse wide,  
Is that, where *Venus* and her wonton sonne  
(Her wonton *Cupid*) will in youth reside:  
    For though his arrows and his golden bow  
    On other hills he frankly does bestow,  
Yet here he hides the fire with which each heart doth glow.

23

For that great Providence, their course foreseeing  
Too eas'ly led into the sea of death;  
After this first, gave them a second being,  
Which in their off-spring newly flourisheth:  
    He therefore made the fire of generation  
    To burn in *Venus* courts without cessation,  
Out of whose ashes comes another Island nation.

24

For from the first a fellow Isle he fram'd,  
(For what alone can live, or fruitful be?)  
*Arren* the first, the second *The lu* nam'd;  
Weaker the last, yet fairer much to see:

Alike in all the rest, here disagreeing,  
Where *Venus* and her wonton have their being:  
For nothing is produc't of two in all agreeing.

25

But though some few in these hid parts would see  
Their Makers glory, and their justest shame;  
Yet for the most would turn to luxurie,  
And what they should lament, would make their game:  
Flie then those parts, which best are undescri'd;  
Forbear, my maiden song, to blazon wide  
What th' Isle and Natures self doth ever strive to hide.

26

These two fair Isles distinct in their creation,  
Yet one extracted from the others side,  
Are oft made one by Loves firm combination,  
And from this unitie are multipli'd:  
Strange may it seem; such their condition,  
That they are more dispread by union;  
And two are twenty made, by being made in one.

27

For from these two in Loves delight agreeing,  
Another little Isle is soon proceeding;  
At first of unlike frame and matter being,  
In *Venus* temple takes it form and breeding;  
Till at full time the tedious prison flying,  
It breaks all lets its ready way denying;  
And shakes the trembling Isle with often painfull dying.

28

So by the *Bosphor* straits in *Euxine* seas,  
Not farre from old *Byzantium*, closely stand  
Two neighbor Islands, call'd *Symplegades*,  
Which sometime seem but one combined land:  
For often meeting on the watrie plain,  
And parting oft, tost by the boist'rous main,  
They now are joyn'd in one, and now disjoyn'd again.

29

Here oft not Lust, but sweetest Chastitie,  
Coupled sometimes, and sometimes single, dwells;  
Now linkt with Love, to quench Lusts tyrannie,  
Now Phoenix-like alone in narrow cells:

Such Phoenix one, but one at once may be:  
In *Albions* hills thee, *Basilissa*, thee,  
Such onely have I seen, such shall I never see.

30

What Nymph was this, (said fairest *Rosaleen*)  
Whom thou admirest thus above so many?  
She, while she was, (ah!) was the shepherds Queen;  
Sure such a shepherds Queen was never any:  
But (ah!) no joy her dying heart contented,  
Since she a deare Deers side unwilling rented;  
Whose death she all too late, too soon, too much, repented.

31

Ah royall maid! why should'st thou thus lament thee?  
Thy little fault was but too much beleiving:  
It is too much so much thou should'st repent thee;  
His joyous soul at rest desires no grieving.  
These words (vain words!) fond comforters did lend her;  
But (ah!) no words, no prayers might ever bend her  
To give an end to grief, till endlesse grief did end her.

32

But how should I those sorrows dare display?  
Or how limme forth her virtues wonderment?  
She was (ay me! she was) the sweetest May  
That ever flowr'd in *Albions* regiment.  
Few eyes fall'n lights adore: yet fame shall keep  
Her name awake, when others silent sleep;  
While men have eares to hear, eyes to look back, and weep.

33

And though the cures (which whelpt & nurst in *Spain*,  
Learn of fell *Geryon* to snarle and brawl)  
Have vow'd and strove her Virgin tomb to stain;  
And grinne, and fome, and rage, and yelp, and bawl:  
Yet shall our *Cynthia's* high-triumphing light  
Deride their houling throats, and toothlesse spight;  
And sail through heav'n, while they sink down in endlesse night.

34

So is this Islands lower region:  
Yet ah much better is it sure then so.  
But my poore reeds, like my condition,

(Low is the shepherds state, my song as low)

Marre what they make: but now in yonder shade

Rest we, while Sunnes have longer shadows made:

See how our panting flocks runne to the cooler glade.

1 Of all this lower region the Hepar, or liver, is the principall. The situation strong and safe, walled in by the ribs.

2 It is covered with one single tunicle: & that very thinne, and slight.

3 The liver is tied to the heart by arteries, to the head by nerves, and to both by veins dispersed to both.

4 The liver consists of no ordinary flesh, but of a kind proper to it self.

5 The livers upper part rises & swells gently; is very smooth, and even; the lower in the outside like to an hollow rock, rugged & craggy.

6 From it rise all the springs of bloud, which runnes in the veins.

7 The steward of the whole Isle is here fitly placed, because as all (that is brought in) is here fitted, and disposed, so from hence returned, and dispensed.

8 Here Plato disposed the seat of love. And certainly though lust (which some perversely call love) be elsewhere seated, yet that affection whereby we wish, and do well to others, may seem to be better fitted in the liver, then in the heart, (where most do place it) because this moderate heat appears more apt for this affection; and fires of the heart where (as Salamander) anger lives, seem not so fit to entertain it.

9 Hence rise the two great rivers of bloud, of which all the rest are lesser streams: The first is Porta, or the gate-vein, issuing from the hollow part and is shed toward the stomach, splene, guts, and the Epiploon. The second is Cava, the hollow vein, spreading his river over all the body.

10 The chyle, or juice of meats concocted in the stomach could not all be turned into sweet bloud by reason of the divers kindes of humours in it: Therefore there are three kinds of excrementall liquors suckt away by little vessels, and carried to their appointed places: one too light, and fiery; an other too earthy, and heavy; a third wheyish and watery.

11 Famous the controversie between the Peripateticks, and Physicians: one holding the heart, the other the liver to be first. That the liver is first in time and making, is manifest; because the Nurse (the vein that feeds the infant in the womb) empties it self upon the liver.

12 The first excrement drawn from the liver to the gall is cholerick, bitter, like flame in colour; which were it not removed, and kept in due place, would fill all the body with bitterness, and gnawing.

13 Choledochus or the Gall, is of a membranous substance, having but one, yet that a strong tunicle. It



hath two passages, one drawing the humour from the liver, another conveying the overplus into the first gut, and so emptying the gall. And this fence hath a double gate to keep the liquour from returning.

14 The second ill humour is earthy, and heavy, which is drawn from the liver by little vessels unto the splene, the native seat of melancholie, here some have placed laughter: but the splene seems rather the seat of malice and heavinesse.

15 If the splene should fail in this office, the whole body would be filled with melancholy fancies, and vain terrours.

16 Where the splene flourishes, all the body decayes, and withers; where the splene is kept down, the body flourishes. Hence Stratonicus merrily said, that in Crete dead men walked, because they were so splenitive, and pale-coloured.

17 Trajan compared the splene to his exchequer: because as his coffers being full drained his subjects purses, so the full splene makes the body saplesse.

18 The watery humour with some good bloud (which is spent for the nourishment of those parts) is drawn by the kidneys.

19 The Ureters receive the water separated from the bloud, as distilled from little fleshie substances in the kidneys, like to teats.

20 The kidneys are both alike; the left somewhat higher: both have a double skinne, and both compassed with fat.

### CANT. III.

The shepherds in the shade their hunger feasted  
With simple cates, such as the countrey yeelds;  
And while from scorching beams secure they rested,  
The Nymphs disperst along the woody fields,  
    Pull'd from their stalks the blushing strawberries,  
    Which lurk close shrouded from high-looking eyes;  
Shewing that sweetnesse oft both low and hidden lies.

2

But when the day had his meridian runne  
Between his highest throne, and low declining;  
*Thirsil* again his forced task begunne,  
His wonted audience his sides entwining.  
    The middle Province next this lower stands,

Where th' Isles Heart-city spreads his large comands,  
Leagu'd to the neighbour towns with sure and friendly bands.

3

Such as that starre, which sets his glorious chair  
In midst of heav'n, and to dead darknesse here  
Gives light and life; such is this citie fair:  
Their ends, place, office, state, so nearly neare,  
That those wise ancients from their natures sight,  
And likenesse, turn'd their names, and call'd aright  
The sunne the great worlds heart, the heart the lesse worlds light.

4

1  
This middle coast to all the Isle dispends  
All heat and life: hence it another Guard  
(Beside those common to the first) defends;  
Built whole of massie stone, cold, drie, and hard:  
Which stretching round about his circling arms,  
Warrants these parts from all exterior harms;  
Repelling angry force, securing all alar'ms.

5

But in the front <sup>2</sup> two fair twin-bulwarks rise,  
In th' *Arren* built for strength, and ornament;  
In *Thelu* of more use, and larger size;  
For hence the young Isle draws his nourishment:  
Here lurking *Cupid* hides his bended bow;  
Here milkie springs in sugred rivers flow;  
Which first gave th' infant Isle to be, and then to grow.

6

3  
For when the lesser Island (still increasing  
In *Venus* temple) to some greatnesse swells,  
Now larger rooms and bigger spaces seizing,  
It stops the Hepar rivers; backward reels  
The stream, and to these hills bears up his flight,  
And in these founts (by some strange hidden might)  
Dies his fair rosie waves into a lily white.

7

So where fair *Medway*, down the *Kentish* dales  
To many towns her plenteous waters dealing,  
Lading her banks, into wide *Thamis* falls;

The big-grown main with fomie billows swelling,  
Stops there the sudding stream; her stedly race  
Staggers awhile, at length flies back apace,  
And to the parent fount returns its fearfull pace.

8

<sup>4</sup>These two fair mounts are like two hemispheres,  
Endow'd with goodly gifts and qualities;  
Whose top two little purple hillocks reares,  
Most like the poles in heavens Axletrees:  
And round about two circling altars gire,  
In blushing red; the rest in snowy tire  
Like *Thracian Haemus* looks, which ne're feels *Phoebus* fire.

9

That mighty hand in these dissected wreathes,  
(Where moves our Sunne) his thrones fair picture gives;  
The pattern breathlesse, but the picture breathes;  
His highest heav'n is dead, our low heav'n lives:  
Nor scorns that loftie one thus low to dwell;  
Here his best starres he sets, and glorious cell;  
And fills with saintly spirits, so turns to heav'n from hell.

10

About this Region round in compasse stands  
A Guard, both for defence, and respiration,  
<sup>5</sup>Of sixtie foure, parted in severall bands;  
Half to let out the smokie exhalation,  
The other half to draw in fresher windes:  
Beside both these, a third of both their kindes,  
That lets both out, & in; which no enforcement binds.

11

This third the merrie <sup>6</sup>*Diazome* we call,  
A border-citie these two coasts removing;  
Which like a balk, with his crosse-builed wall,  
Disparts the terms of anger, and of loving;  
Keeps from th' Heart-citie fuming kitchin fires,  
And to his neighbours gentle windes inspires;  
<sup>7</sup>Loose when he sucks in aire, contract when he expires.

12

<sup>8</sup>The *Diazome* of severall matter's fram'd:

The first moist, soft; harder the next, and drier:  
His fashion like the fish a *Raia* nam'd;  
Fenc'd with two walls, one low, the other higher;  
    By eight streams water'd; two from *Hepar* low,  
    And from th' Heart-town as many higher go;  
But two twice told down from the *Cephal* mountain flow.

13

<sup>9</sup>Here sportfull Laughter dwells, here ever sitting,  
Defies all lumpish griefs, and wrinkled care;  
And twentie merrie-mates mirth causes fitting,  
And smiles, which Laughters sonnes, yet infants are.  
    But if this town be fir'd with burnings nigh,  
    With selfsame flames high *Cephals* towers fry;  
Such is their feeling love, and loving sympathie.

14

This coast stands girt with a <sup>10</sup>peculiar wall,  
The whole precinct, and every part defending:  
<sup>11</sup>The chiefest Citie, and Imperiall,  
Is fair *Kerdia*, farre his bounds extending;  
    Which full to know were knowledge infinite:  
    How then should my rude pen this wonder write,  
Which thou, who onely mad'st it, onely know'st aright?

15

In middle of this middle Regiment  
*Kerdia* seated lies, the centre deem'd  
Of this whole Isle, and of this government:  
If not the chiefest this, yet needfull'st seem'd,  
    Therefore obtain'd an equall distant seat,  
    More fitly hence to shed his life and heat,  
And with his yellow streams the fruitfull Island wet.

16

<sup>12</sup>Flankt with two severall walls (for more defence)  
Betwixt them ever flows a wheyish moat;  
In whose soft waves, and circling profluence  
This Citie, like an Isle, might safely float:  
    In motion still (a motion fixt, not roving)  
    Most like to heav'n in his most constant moving:  
Hence most here plant the seat of sure and active loving.

17

Built of a substance like smooth porphyrie;  
<sup>13</sup>His matter hid, and (like it self) unknown:  
 Two rivers of his own; another by,  
 That from the *Hepar* rises, like a crown,  
     Infold the narrow part: for that great *All*  
     This his works glory made pyramicall;  
 Then crown'd with triple wreath, & cloath'd in scarlet pall.

18

The Cities self in two <sup>14</sup> partitions rest;  
 That on the right, thes on the other side;  
<sup>15</sup>The right (made tributarie to the left)  
 Brings in his pension at his certain tide,  
     A pension of liquours strangely wrought;  
     Which first by *Hepars* streams are thither brought,  
 And here distill'd with art, beyond or words or thought.

19

<sup>16</sup>The grosser waves of these life-streams (which here  
 With much, yet much lesse labour is prepar'd)  
 A doubtfull chanel doth to *Pneumon* bear:  
 But to the left those labour'd extracts shar'd,  
     As <sup>17</sup> through a wall, with hidden passage slide;  
     Where many secret gates (gates hardly spi'd)  
 With safe convoy give passage to the other side.

20

At each hand of the left <sup>18</sup> two streets stand by,  
 Of severall stufte, and severall working fram'd,  
 With hundred crooks, and deep-wrought cavities:  
 Both like the eares in form, and so are nam'd.  
     I' th' right hand street the tribute liquour sitteth:  
     The left forc't aire into his concave getteth;  
 Which subtile wrought, & thinne, for future workmen fitteth.

21

<sup>19</sup>

The Cities left side, (by some hid direction)  
 Of this thinne aire, and of that right sides rent,  
 (Compound together) makes a strange confection;

And in one vessel both together meynt,  
Stills them with equall never-quenched firing:  
Then in small streams (through all the Island wiring)  
Sends it to every part, both heat and life inspiring.

22

<sup>20</sup>In this Heart-citie four main streams appeare;  
One from the *Hepar*, where the tribute landeth,  
Largely poures out his purple river here;  
At whose wide mouth a band of *Tritons* standeth,  
(Three *Tritons* stand) who with their three-forkt mace  
Drive on, and speed the rivers flowing race,  
But strongly stop the wave, if once it back repace.

23

<sup>21</sup>The second is that doubtfull chanel, lending  
Some of this tribute to the *Pneumon* nigh;  
Whose springs by carefull guards are watcht, that sending  
From thence the waters, all regresse denie:

The <sup>22</sup> third unlike to this, from *Pneumon* flowing,  
And his due ayer-tribute here bestowing,  
Is kept by gates and barres, which stop all backward going.

24

<sup>23</sup>The last full spring out of this left side rises,  
Where three fair Nymphs, like *Cynthia's* self appearing,  
Draw down the stream which all the Isle suffices;  
But stop back-waies, some ill revolture fearing.

This river still it self to lesse dividing,  
At length with thousand little brooks runes sliding,  
His fellow course along with *Hepar* chanel guiding.

25

<sup>24</sup>Within this Citie is the palace fram'd,  
Where life, and lifes companion, heat, abideth;  
And their attendants, passions untam'd:  
(Oft very hell in this strait room resideth)  
And did not neighboring hills, cold aires inspiring,  
Allay their rage and mutinous conspiring,  
Heat all (it self and all) would burn with quenchlesse firing.

26

Yea that great Light, by whom all heaven shines  
With borrow'd beams, oft leaves his loftie skies,  
And to this lowly seat himself confines.

Fall then again, proud heart, now fall to rise:

    Cease earth, ah cease, proud *Babel* earth, to swell:

    Heav'n blast high towers, stoops to a low-rooft cell;

First heav'n must dwell in man, then man in heav'n shall dwell.

27

Close to *Kerdia* <sup>25</sup> *Pneumon* takes his seat,  
Built of a lighter frame, and spongie mold:  
Hence rise fresh aires to fanne *Kerdia's* heat;  
Temp'ring those burning fumes with moderate cold:

    It self of largest size, distended wide,

    In divers streets and out-ways multipli'd:

Yet in one Corporation all are jointly ti'd.

28

<sup>26</sup>

Fitly 't is cloath'd with hangings thinne and light,

Lest too much weight might hinder motion:

His chiefest use to frame the voice aright;

(The voice which publishes each hidden notion)

    And for that end <sup>27</sup> a long pipe down descends,

    (Which here it self in many lesser spends)

Untill low at the foot of *Cephal* mount it ends.

29

This pipe was built for th' aiers safe purveiance,

To fit each severall voice with perfect sound;

Therefore of divers matter the conveiance

Is finely fram'd; the first in circles round,

    In hundred circles bended, hard and drie,

    (For watrie softnesse is sounds enemie)

Not altogether close, yet meeting very nigh.

30

The seconds drith and hardnesse somewhat lesse,

But smooth and pliable made for extending,

Fills up the distant circles emptinesse;

All in one bodie joyntly comprehending:

    The <sup>28</sup> last most soft, which where the circles scanted

    Not fully met, supplies what they have wanted,

Not hurting tender parts, which next to this are planted.

31

29

Upon the top there stands the pipes safe covering,  
Made for the voices better modulation:  
Above it foureteen carefull warders hovering,  
Which shut and open it at all occasion:  
The cover in foure parts it self dividing,  
Of substance hard, fit for the voices guiding;  
One still unmov'd (in *Thelu* double oft) residing.

32

30

Close by this pipe runnes that great chanel down,  
Which from high *Cephals* mount twice every day  
Brings to *Koilia* due provision:

31 Straight at whose mouth a floud-gate stops the way,  
Made like an Ivie leaf, broad-angle-fashion;  
Of matter hard, fitting his operation,  
For swallowing soon to fall, and rise for inspiration.

33

But see, the smoak mounting in village nigh,  
With folded wreaths steals through the quiet aire;  
And mixt with duskie shades in Eastern skie,  
Begins the night, and warns us home repair:  
Bright *Vesper* now hat chang'd his name and place,  
And twinkles in the heav'n with doubtfull face:  
Home then my full-fed lambes; the night comes, home apace.

1 The heart is the seat of heat and life; therefore walled about with the ribs, for more safety.

2 The breasts, or paps, are given to men for strength, and ornament; to women, for milk and nurserie also.

3 When the infant grows big, he so oppreseth the vessls of bloud, that partly through the redinesse of the passage, but especially by the providence of God, the bloud turns back to the breast, & there by an innate but wonderfull facultie is turned into milk.

4 The breasts are in figure hemisphericall; whose tops are crowned with the teats, about which are reddish circles called (*Areolae*, or) little altars.

5 In the Thorax or breast, are sixty five muscles for respiration, or breathing, which is either free, or forced: The instruments of forced breathing are sixtie foure, whereof thirtie two distend, and as many



contract it.

6 The instrument of the free breathing is the Diazome or Diaphragma, which we call the midriff, as a wall parting the heart and liver: Plato affirms it a partition between the seats of desire, and anger: Aristotle, a barre to keep the noisome odour of the stomach from the heart.

7 The midriff dilates it self when it draws in, contracts it self when it puffes out the aire.

8 The midriff consists of two circles, one skinny, the other fleshie. It hath two tunicles, as many veins and arteries, and foure nerves.

9 Here most men have placed the seat of laughter: It hath much sympathie with the brain; so that if the midriff be inflamed, present madness ensues it.

10 Within, the Pleura (or skinne which clotheh the ribs on the inside) compasses this middle region.

11 The chiefest part of this middle region is the Heart, placed in the midst of this province, and of the whole bodie: fitly was it placed in the midst of all, as being of all the most needful.

12 The Heart is immured partly by a membrane going round about it, (and thence receiving his name) and a peculiar tunicle; partly with an humour like whey or urine, as well as to cool the heart, as to lighten the body.

13 The flesh of the heart is proper and peculiar to it self, not like other muscles; of a figure pyramicall. The point of the heart is (as with a diademe) girt with two arteries, and a vein, called the crowns.

14 Though the heart be an entire body, yet it is severed into two partitions, the right, and left; of which the left is more excellent and noble.

15 The right receives into his hollownesse the blood flowing from the liver, and concocts it.

16 This right side sends down to the lungs that part of this blood with is lesse laboured, and thicker; but the thinner part of it sweats through a fleshie partition into the left side.

17 This fleshie partition severs the right side from the left; at first it seems thick, but if it be well viewed, we shall see it full of many pores, or passages.

18 Two skinny additions (from their likenesse called the eares) receive, the one the thicker blood, (that called the right) the other (called the left) takes in the aire sent by the lungs.

19 The left side of the heart takes in this aire, and blood; and concocting them both in his hollow bosome, sends them out by the great arterie into the whole body.

20 In the heart are foure great vessels: the first is the hollow vein bringing in the blood from the liver; at

whose mouth stand three little folding doores, with three forks giving passage, but no return to the bloud.

21 The second vessel is called the arterie-vein, which rising from the right side of the heart, carries down the bloud here prepared to the lungs for their nourishment. Here also is the three-folding doore, made like half-circles; giving passage from the heart, but not backward.

22 The third is called the Veiny arterie, rising from he left side, which hath two folds three-forked.

23 The fourth is the great arterie. This hath also a floudgate made of three semi-circular membraness, to give out load to the vital spirits, and stop their regresse.

24 The Heart is the fountain of life and heat to the whole bodie, and the seat of passions.

25 The Pneumon (or lungs) is nearest the heart, whose flesh is light, and spongie, very large. It is the instrument of breathing, and speaking, divided into many parcels, yet all united into one bodie.

26 The Lungs are covered with a light & very thinne tunicle, lest it might be an hindrance to the motion.

27 The winde-pipe, which is framed partly of cartilage, or grisly matter, because the voice is perfected with hard & smooth things; (these cartilages are compassed like a ring) partly of skin, which tie the grisles together.

28 And because the rights of the grisles do not wholly meet, this space is made up by muscles, that so the meat-pipe adjoyning might not be galled, or hurt.

29 The Larynx, or covering of the winde-pipe, is a grisly substance, parted into foure grisles of which the first is ever unmoved, and in women often double.

30 Adjoyning to it is the Oesophagus, or meat-pipe: conveying meats and drinks to the stomach.

31 At whose end is the Epiglottis, or cover of the throat, the principall instrument of tuning, and apting the voice; & therefore grisly, that it might sooner fall when we swallow, and rise when we breathe.



# Renascence Editions

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## The Purple Island. Cantos IV-VI.

Phineas Fletcher.

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Here lurking *Cupid* hides his bended bow;  
Here milkie springs in sugred rivers flow;  
Which first gave th' infant Isle to be, and then to grow.

6

3  
For when the lesser Island (still increasing  
In *Venus* temple) to some greatnesse swells,  
Now larger rooms and bigger spaces seizing,  
It stops the Hepar rivers; backward reels  
The stream, and to these hills bears up his flight,  
And in these founts (by some strange hidden might)  
Dies his fair rosie waves into a lily white.

7

So where fair *Medway*, down the *Kentish* dales  
To many towns her plenteous waters dealing,

Lading her banks, into wide *Thamis* falls;  
The big-grown main with fomie billows swelling,  
Stops there the sudding stream; her stedly race  
Staggers awhile, at length flies back apace,  
And to the parent fount returns its fearfull pace.

8

<sup>4</sup>These two fair mounts are like two hemispheres,  
Endow'd with goodly gifts and qualities;  
Whose top two little purple hillocks reares,  
Most like the poles in heavens Axletrees:  
And round about two circling altars gire,  
In blushing red; the rest in snowy tire  
Like *Thracian Haemus* looks, which ne're feels *Phoebus* fire.

9

That mighty hand in these dissected wreathes,  
(Where moves our Sunne) his thrones fair picture gives;  
The pattern breathlesse, but the picture breathes;  
His highest heav'n is dead, our low heav'n lives:  
Nor scorns that loftie one thus low to dwell;  
Here his best starres he sets, and glorious cell;  
And fills with saintly spirits, so turns to heav'n from hell.

10

About this Region round in compasse stands  
A Guard, both for defence, and respiration,  
<sup>5</sup>Of sixtie foure, parted in severall bands;  
Half to let out the smokie exhalation,  
The other half to draw in fresher windes:  
Beside both these, a third of both their kindes,  
That lets both out, & in; which no enforcement binds.

11

This third the merrie <sup>6</sup>*Diazome* we call,  
A border-citie these two coasts removing;  
Which like a balk, with his crosse-builed wall,  
Disparts the terms of anger, and of loving;  
Keeps from th' Heart-citie fuming kitchin fires,  
And to his neighbours gentle windes inspires;  
<sup>7</sup>Loose when he sucks in aire, contract when he expires.

12

<sup>8</sup>The *Diazome* of severall matter's fram'd:  
The first moist, soft; harder the next, and drier:  
His fashion like the fish a *Raia* nam'd;  
Fenc'd with two walls, one low, the other higher;  
    By eight streams water'd; two from *Hepar* low,  
    And from th' Heart-town as many higher go;  
But two twice told down from the *Cephal* mountain flow.

13

<sup>9</sup>Here sportfull Laughter dwells, here ever sitting,  
Defies all lumpish griefs, and wrinkled care;  
And twentie merrie-mates mirth causes fitting,  
And smiles, which Laughters sonnes, yet infants are.  
    But if this town be fir'd with burnings nigh,  
    With selfsame flames high *Cephals* towers fry;  
Such is their feeling love, and loving sympathie.

14

This coast stands girt with a <sup>10</sup>peculiar wall,  
The whole precinct, and every part defending:

<sup>11</sup>The chiefest Citie, and Imperiall,  
Is fair *Kerdia*, farre his bounds extending;  
    Which full to know were knowledge infinite:  
    How then should my rude pen this wonder write,  
Which thou, who onely mad'st it, onely know'st aright?

15

In middle of this middle Regiment  
*Kerdia* seated lies, the centre deem'd  
Of this whole Isle, and of this government:  
If not the chiefest this, yet needfull'st seem'd,  
    Therefore obtain'd an equall distant seat,  
    More fitly hence to shed his life and heat,  
And with his yellow streams the fruitfull Island wet.

16

<sup>12</sup>Flankt with two severall walls (for more defence)  
Betwixt them ever flows a wheyish moat;  
In whose soft waves, and circling profluence  
This Citie, like an Isle, might safely float:  
    In motion still (a motion fixt, not roving)  
    Most like to heav'n in his most constant moving:

Hence most here plant the seat of sure and active loving.

17

Built of a substance like smooth porphyrie;

<sup>13</sup>His matter hid, and (like it self) unknown:

Two rivers of his own; another by,

That from the *Hepar* rises, like a crown,

Infold the narrow part: for that great *All*

This his works glory made pyramicall;

Then crown'd with triple wreath, & cloath'd in scarlet pall.

18

The Cities self in two <sup>14</sup>partitions rest;

That on the right, thes on the other side;

<sup>15</sup>The right (made tributarie to the left)

Brings in his pension at his certain tide,

A pension of liquours strangely wrought;

Which first by *Hepars* streams are thither brought,

And here distill'd with art, beyond or words or thought.

19

<sup>16</sup>

The grosser waves of these life-streams (which here  
With much, yet much lesse labour is prepar'd)

A doubtfull chanel doth to *Pneumon* bear:

But to the left those labour'd extracts shar'd,

As <sup>17</sup>through a wall, with hidden passage slide;

Where many secret gates (gates hardly spi'd)

With safe convoy give passage to the other side.

20

At each hand of the left <sup>18</sup>two streets stand by,

Of severall stuffe, and severall working fram'd,

With hundred crooks, and deep-wrought cavities:

Both like the eares in form, and so are nam'd.

I' th' right hand street the tribute liquour sitteth:

The left forc't aire into his concave getteth;

Which subtile wrought, & thinne, for future workmen fitteth.

21

<sup>19</sup>

The Cities left side, (by some hid direction)

Of this thinne aire, and of that right sides rent,

(Compound together) makes a strange confection;  
And in one vessel both together meynt,  
    Stills them with equall never-quenched firing:  
    Then in small streams (through all the Island wiring)  
Sends it to every part, both heat and life inspiring.

22

<sup>20</sup>In this Heart-citie four main streams appeare;  
One from the *Hepar*, where the tribute landeth,  
Largely poures out his purple river here;  
At whose wide mouth a band of *Tritons* standeth,  
    (Three *Tritons* stand) who with their three-forkt mace  
    Drive on, and speed the rivers flowing race,  
But strongly stop the wave, if once it back repace.

23

<sup>21</sup>The second is that doubtfull chanel, lending  
Some of this tribute to the *Pneumon* nigh;  
Whose springs by carefull guards are watcht, that sending  
From thence the waters, all regresse denie:  
    The <sup>22</sup> third unlike to this, from *Pneumon* flowing,  
    And his due ayer-tribute here bestowing,  
Is kept by gates and barres, which stop all backward going.

24

<sup>23</sup>The last full spring out of this left side rises,  
Where three fair Nymphs, like *Cynthia's* self appearing,  
Draw down the stream which all the Isle suffices;  
But stop back-waies, some ill revolture fearing.  
    This river still it self to lesse dividing,  
    At length with thousand little brooks runes sliding,  
His fellow course along with *Hepar* chanel's guiding.

25

<sup>24</sup>Within this Citie is the palace fram'd,  
Where life, and lifes companion, heat, abideth;  
And their attendants, passions untam'd:  
(Oft very hell in this strait room resideth)  
    And did not neighboring hills, cold aires inspiring,  
    Allay their rage and mutinous conspiring,  
Heat all (it self and all) would burn with quenchlesse firing.



26

Yea that great Light, by whom all heaven shines  
 With borrow'd beams, oft leaves his loftie skies,  
 And to this lowly seat himself confines.

Fall then again, proud heart, now fall to rise:

Cease earth, ah cease, proud *Babel* earth, to swell:

Heav'n blast high towers, stoops to a low-rooft cell;

First heav'n must dwell in man, then man in heav'n shall dwell.

27

Close to *Kerdia*<sup>25</sup> *Pneumon* takes his seat,  
 Built of a lighter frame, and spungie mold:

Hence rise fresh aires to fanne *Kerdia*'s heat;  
 Temp'ring those burning fumes with moderate cold:

Temp'ring those burning fumes with moderate cold:

It self of largest size, distended wide,

In divers streets and out-ways multipli'd:

Yet in one Corporation all are jointly ti'd.

28

26

Fitly 't is cloath'd with hangings thinne and light,

Lest too much weight might hinder motion:

His chiefest use to frame the voice aright;

(The voice which publishes each hidden notion)

And for that end<sup>27</sup> a long pipe down descends,

(Which here it self in many lesser spends)

Untill low at the foot of *Cephal* mount it ends.

29

This pipe was built for th' aiers safe purveiance,

To fit each severall voice with perfect sound;

Therefore of divers matter the conveiance

Is finely fram'd; the first in circles round,

In hundred circles bended, hard and drie,

(For watrie softnesse is sounds enemy)

Not altogether close, yet meeting very nigh.

30

The seconds drith and hardnesse somewhat lesse,

But smooth and pliable made for extending,

Fills up the distant circles emptinesse;

All in one bodie joyntly comprehending:

The<sup>28</sup> last most soft, which where the circles scanted

Not fully met, supplies what they have wanted,  
Not hurting tender parts, which next to this are planted.

31

29  
Upon the top there stands the pipes safe covering,  
Made for the voices better modulation:  
Above it foureteen carefull warders hovering,  
Which shut and open it at all occasion:  
The cover in foure parts it self dividing,  
Of substance hard, fit for the voices guiding;  
One still unmov'd (in *Thelu* double oft) residing.

32

30  
Close by this pipe runnes that great chanel down,  
Which from high *Cephals* mount twice every day  
Brings to *Koilias* due provision:  
31  
Straight at whose mouth a floud-gate stops the way,  
Made like an Ivie leaf, broad-angle-fashion;  
Of matter hard, fitting his operation,  
For swallowing soon to fall, and rise for inspiration.

33

But see, the smoak mounting in village nigh,  
With folded wreaths steals through the quiet aire;  
And mixt with duskie shades in Eastern skie,  
Begins the night, and warns us home repair:  
Bright *Vesper* now hat chang'd his name and place,  
And twinkles in the heav'n with doubtfull face:  
Home then my full-fed lambes; the night comes, home apace.

1 The heart is the seat of heat and life; therefore walled about with the ribs, for more safety.

2 The breasts, or paps, are given to men for strength, and ornament; to women, for milk and nurserie also.

3 When the infant grows big, he so oppreseth the vessls of bloud, that partly through the redinesse of the passage, but especially by the providence of God, the bloud turns back to the breast, & there by an innate but wonderfull facultie is turned into milk.

4 The breasts are in figure hemisphericall; whose tops are crowned with the teats, about which are reddish circles called (*Areolae*, or) little altars.

5 In the Thorax or breast, are sixty five muscles for respiration, or breathing, which is either free, or

forced: The instruments of forced breathing are sixtie foure, whereof thirtie two distend, and as many contract it.

6 The instrument of the free breathing is the Diazome or Diaphragma, which we call the midriff, as a wall parting the heart and liver: Plato affirms it a partition between the seats of desire, and anger: Aristotle, a barre to keep the noisome odour of the stomack from the heart.

7 The midriff dilates it self when it draws in, contracts it self when it puffes out the aire.

8 The midriff consists of two circles, one skinny, the other fleshie. It hath two tunicles, as many veins and arteries, and foure nerves.

9 Here most men have placed the seat of laughter: It hath much sympathie with the brain; so that if the midriff be inflamed, present madness ensues it.

10 Within, the Pleura (or skinne which clotheh the ribs on the inside) compasses this middle region.

11 The chiefest part of this middle region is the Heart, placed in the midst of this province, and of the whole bodie: fitly was it placed in the midst of all, as being of all the most needful.

12 The Heart is immured partly by a membrane going round about it, (and thence receiving his name) and a peculiar tunicle; partly with an humour like whey or urine, as well as to cool the heart, as to lighten the body.

13 The flesh of the heart is proper and peculiar to it self, not like other muscles; of a figure pyramicall. The point of the heart is (as with a diademe) girt with two arteries, and a vein, called the crowns.

14 Though the heart be an entire body, yet it is severed into two partitions, the right, and left; of which the left is more excellent and noble.

15 The right receives into his hollownesse the blood flowing from the liver, and concocts it.

16 This right side sends down to the lungs that part of this blood with is lesse laboured, and thicker; but the thinner part of it sweats through a fleshie partition into the left side.

17 This fleshie partition severs the right side from the left; at first it seems thick, but if it be well viewed, we shall see it full of many pores, or passages.

18 Two skinny additions (from their likenesse called the eares) receive, the one the thicker blood, (that called the right) the other (called the left) takes in the aire sent by the lungs.

19 The left side of the heart takes in this aire, and blood; and concocting them both in his hollow bosome, sends them out by the great arterie into the whole body.

20 In the heart are foure great vessels: the first is the hollow vein bringing in the bloud from the liver; at whose mouth stand three little folding doores, with three forks giving passage, but no return to the bloud.

21 The second vessel is called the arterie-vein, which rising from the right side of the heart, carries down the bloud here prepared to the lungs for their nourishment. Here also is the three-folding doore, made like half-circles; giving passage from the heart, but not backward.

22 The third is called the Veiny arterie, rising from he left side, which hath two folds three-forked.

23 The fourth is the great arterie. This hath also a floudgate made of three semi-circular membranes, to give out load to the vital spirits, and stop their regresse.

24 The Heart is the fountain of life and heat to the whole bodie, and the seat of passions.

25 The Pneumon (or lungs) is nearest the heart, whose flesh is light, and spongie, very large. It is the instrument of breathing, and speaking, divided into many parcels, yet all united into one bodie.

26 The Lungs are covered with a light & very thinne tunicle, lest it might be an hindrance to the motion.

27 The winde-pipe, which is framed partly of cartilage, or grisly matter, because the voice is perfected with hard & smooth things; (these cartilages are compassed like a ring) partly of skin, which tie the grisles together.

28 And because the rights of the grisles do not wholly meet, this space is made up by muscles, that so the meat-pipe adjoyning might not be galled, or hurt.

29 The Larynx, or covering of the winde-pipe, is a grisly substance, parted into foure grisles of which the first is ever unmoved, and in women often double.

30 Adjoyning to it is the Oesophagus, or meat-pipe: conveying meats and drinks to the stomach.

31 At whose end is the Epiglottis, or cover of the throat, the principall instrument of tuning, and apting the voice; & therefore grisly, that it might sooner fall when we swallow, and rise when we breathe.

## CANT. V.

BY this the old nights head (grown hoary gray)  
Foretold that her approaching end was neare;  
And gladsome birth of young succeeding day  
Lent a new glory to our Hemisphære:

The early swains salute the infant ray;

Then drove the dammes to feed, the lambes to play:

And *Thirsil* with nights death revives his morning lay.

2

The highest region in this little Isle  
Is both the Islands and Creatours glorie:  
Ah then, my creeping Muse, and rugged style,  
How dare you pencil out this wondrous storie?  
    Oh thou that mad'st this goodly regiment,  
    So heav'nly fair, of basest element,  
Make this inglorious verse thy glories instrument.

3

So shall my flagging Muse to heav'n aspire,  
Where with thy self thy fellow-shepherd sits;  
And warm her pineons at that heav'nly fire;  
But (ah!) such height no earthly shepherd fits:  
    Content we here low sing in this humble vale  
    On slender reeds to sing a slender tale.  
A little boat will need as little sail and gale.

4

<sup>1</sup>The third precinct, the best and chief of all,  
Though least in compasse, and of narrow space,  
Was therefore fram'd like heaven, sphericall,  
Of largest figure, and of loveliest grace:  
    Though shap'd at first the least of all the three;  
    Yet highest set in place, as in degree,  
And over all the rest bore rule and soveraigntie.

5

So of three parts fair *Europe* is the least,  
In which this earthly Ball was first divided;  
Yet stronger farre, and nobler then the rest,  
Where victorie and learned arts resided,  
    And by the *Greek* and *Romane* monarchie  
    Swaid both the rest; now prest by slaverie  
Of *Mosco*, and the big-swoln *Turkish* tyrannie.

6

<sup>2</sup>Here all the senses dwell, and all the arts;  
Here learned Muses by their silver spring:  
The <sup>3</sup>Citie sever'd in two divers parts,  
Within the walls, and Suburbs neighbouring;  
    The Suburbs girt but with a common fence,

Founded with wondrous skill, and great expence;  
And therefore beautie here keeps her chief residence.

7

And sure for ornament and buildings rare,  
Lovely aspect, and ravishing delight,  
Not all the Isle or the world with this compare;  
But in the *Thelu* is the fairer sight:

    These Suburbs many call the Islands face;  
    Whose charming beautie, and bewitching grace  
Ofttimes the Prince himself enthralls in fetters base.

8

For as this Isle is a short summarie  
Of all that in this All is wide dispread;  
So th' Islands face is th' Isles Epitomie,  
Where ev'n the Princes thoughts are often read:

    For when that *All* had finisht every kinde,  
    And all his works would in lesse volume binde,  
Fair on the face he wrote the Index of the minde.

9

Fair are the Suburbs; yet to clearer sight  
The Cities self more fair and excellent:  
A thick-grown wood, not pierced with any light,  
Yeelds it some fence, and much more ornament:

    The divers-colour'd trees and fresh array  
    Much grace the town, but most the *Thelu* gay:  
Yet all in winter turn to snow, and soon decay.

10

Like to some stately work, whose queint devices,  
And glitt'ring turrets with brave cunning dight,  
The gazers eye still more and more entices  
Of th' inner rooms to get a fuller sight;  
    Whose beautie much more winnes his ravisht heart,  
    That now he onely thinks the outward part  
To be a worthie cov'ring of so fair an art.

11

<sup>4</sup>Foure severall walls, beside the common guard,  
For more defence the citie round embrace:  
The first thick, soft; the second drie and hard;  
As when soft earth before hard stone we place.

The second all the Citie round enlaces,  
And like a rock with thicker sides embraces;  
For here the Prince his court & standing palace places.

12

<sup>5</sup>The other two of matter thinne and light;  
And yet the first much harder then the other;  
Both cherish all the Citie: therefore right  
They call that th' hard, and this the tender mother.

The <sup>6</sup> first with divers crooks and turnings wries,  
Cutting the town in four quaternities;  
But both joyn to resist invading enemies.

13

Next these, the buildings yeeld themselves to sight;  
The <sup>7</sup> outward soft, and pale, like ashes look;  
The inward parts more hard, and curdy white:  
Their matter both from th' Isles first matter took;  
Nor cold, nor hot: heats needful sleeps infest,  
Cold nummes the workmen: middle temper's best;  
When kindly warmth speeds work, & cool gives timely rest.

14

<sup>8</sup>  
Within the centre (as a market place)  
Two caverns stand, made like the Moon half spent;  
Of speciall use, for in their hollow space  
All odours to he Judge themselves present:  
Here first are born the spirits animall,  
Whose matter, almost immateriall,  
Resembles heavens matter quintessentiall.

15

<sup>9</sup>  
Hard by, an hundred nimble workmen stand,  
These noble spirits readily preparing;  
Lab'ring to make them thinne, and fit to hand,  
With never ended work, and sleeplesse caring:  
Hereby two little hillocks joyntly rise,  
Where sit two Judges clad in seemly guise,  
That cite all odours here, as to their just assise.

16

<sup>10</sup>Next these, a wall built all of sapphires shining,  
As fair, more precious; hence it takes his name;

<sup>11</sup>By which the third cave lies, his sides combining  
To th' other two, and from them hath his frame;  
(A meeting of those former cavities)

Vaulted <sup>12</sup>by three fair arches safe it lies,  
And no oppression fears, or falling tyrannies.

17

<sup>13</sup>By this third cave the humid citie drains  
Base noisome streams the milkie streets annoying;  
And through a wide-mouth'd tunnel duely strains,  
Unto a bibbing substance down convoying;

Which these foul dropping humours largely swills,  
Till all his swelling sponge he greedy fills,  
And then through other sinks by little soft distills.

18

<sup>14</sup>Between this and the fourth cave, lies a vale,  
(The fourth, the first in worth, in rank the last)  
Where two round hills sit in this pleasant dale,  
Through which the spirits thither safe are past;

Those <sup>15</sup>here refin'd their full perfection have;  
And therefore close by this fourth wondrous cave  
Rises that silver well, scatt'ring his milkie wave.

19

Not that bright spring, where fair *Hermaphrodite*  
Grew into one with wanton *Salmacis*,  
Nor that where *Biblis* dropt, too fondly light,  
Her tears and self, may dear compare with this;

Which <sup>16</sup>here beginning down a lake descends,  
Whose rockie chanel these fair streams defends,  
Till it the precious wave through all the Isle dispends.

20

<sup>17</sup>Many fair rivers take their heads from either,  
(Both from the lake, and from the milkie well)  
Which still in loving chanel runne together,  
Each to his mate a neighbor parallel:

Thus widely spread with friendly combination,



They fling about their wondrous operation,  
And give to every part both motion and sensation.

21

<sup>18</sup>This silver lake, first from th' Head-citie springing,  
To that bright fount foure little chanel sends;  
Through which it thither plenteous water bringing,  
Straight all again to every place dispends:

Such is th' Head-citie, such the Princes Hall;  
Such, and much more, which strangely liberall,  
Though sense it never had, yet gives all sense to all.

22

Of other stufte the Suburbs have their framing;  
May seem soft marble, spotted red and white:

<sup>19</sup>First stands an Arch, pale Cynthia's brightnes shaming,  
The Cities forefront, cast in silver bright:

At whose proud base are built two watching towers,  
Whence hate and love skirmish with equall powers;  
Whence smiling gladnesse shines, and sullen sorrow showers.

23

<sup>20</sup>Here sits retir'd the silent reverence;  
And when the Prince, incens'd with angers fire,  
Thunders aloud, he darts his lightning hence;  
Here dusky-reddish clouds foretell his ire:

Of nothing can this Isle more boast aright:  
A twin-born Sunne, a double seeing light;  
With much delight they see, are seen with much delight.

24

<sup>21</sup>That *Thracian* shepherd call'd them Natures glasse;  
Yet then a glass in this much worthier being:  
Blinde glasses represent some neare-set face;  
But this a living glasse, both seen and seeing:

Like <sup>22</sup>heav'n in moving, like in heav'nly firing;  
Sweet heat and light, no burning flame inspiring:  
Yet (ah!) too oft we find they scorch with hot desiring.

25

They mounted high, sit on a loftie hill;  
(For they the Princes best intelligence,

And quickly warn of future good, or ill)  
Here stands the palace of the noblest sense;  
Here *Visus* keeps, whose Court then crystal smoother,  
And clearer seems; he, though a younger brother,  
Yet farre more <sup>23</sup>noble is, farre fairer then the other.

26

<sup>24</sup>Six bands are set to stirre the moving tower:  
The first the proud band call'd, that lifts it higher;  
The next the humble band, that shoves it lower;  
The bibbing third draws it together nigher;  
The fourth disdainfull, oft away is moving:  
The other two, helping the compasse roving,  
Are call'd the circling trains, & wanton bands of loving.

27

<sup>25</sup>Above, two compasse groves, (Loves bended bows)  
Which fence the towers from flouds of higher place:

<sup>26</sup>Before, a wall, deluding rushing foes,  
That shuts and opens in a moments space:  
The low part fixt, the higher quick descending;  
Upon whose tops spearmen their pikes intending,  
Watch there both night and day, the castles port defending.

28

<sup>27</sup>Three divers lakes within these bulwarks lie,  
The noblest parts and instruments of sight:  
The first, receiving forms of bodies nigh,  
Conveys them to the next, and breaks the light,  
Danting his rash and forcible invasion;  
And with a clear and whitish inundation,  
Restrains the nimble spirits from their too quick evasion.

29

<sup>28</sup>In midst of both is plac't the Crystall pond;  
Whose living water thick, and brightly shining,  
Like Saphires, or the sparkling Diamond,  
His inward beams with outward light combining,  
Alt'ring it self to every shapes aspect,  
The divers forms doth further still direct,  
Till by the nimble past th' are brought to th' Intellect.

29

The third, like molten glasse, all cleare and white:  
Both round embrace the noble Crystalline.

30 Six inward walls fence in this Tower of sight:

The first, most thick, doth all the frame inshrine,  
And girts the Castle with a close embrace,  
Save in the midst is left a circles space,  
Where light and hundred shapes flock out & in apace.

31 The second not so massie as the other,  
Yet thicker then the rest, and tougher fram'd,  
Takes his beginning from that harder mother:  
The outward part like horn, and thence is nam'd;  
Through whose translucent sides much light is born  
Into the Tower, and much kept out by th'horn,  
Makes it a pleasant light, much like the ruddie morn.

32 The third, of softer mold, is like a grape,  
Which all entwines with his encircling side:  
In midst a window lets in every shape;  
Which with a thought is narrow made, or wide:  
His inmost side more black then starrelesse night;  
But outward part (how like an hypocrite!)  
As painted *Iris* looks, with various colours dight.

33 The fourth of finest work, more slight, and thinne,  
Then or *Arachne*, (which in silken twine  
With *Pallas* strove) or *Pallas* self could spinne:  
This round enwraps the fountain Crystalline.

The <sup>34</sup> next is made out of that milkie spring,  
That from the *Cephal* mount his waves doth fling,  
Like to a curious net his substance scattering.

His substance as the Head-spring, perfect white;  
Here thousand nimble spies are round dispread:  
The forms caught in this net, are brought to sight,  
And to his eye are lively pourtrayed.

The <sup>35</sup> last the glassie wall (that round encasing  
The moat of glasse, is nam'd from that enlacing)  
The white & glassy wells parts with his strict embracing.

35

Thus then is fram'd the noble *Visus* bower;  
The outward light by th' first walls circle sending  
His beams and hundred forms into the tower,  
The wall of horn, and that black gate transcending,  
Is lightned by the brightest Crystalline,  
And fully view'd in that white nettie shine,  
From thence with speedy haste is poasted to the minde.

36

Much as an one-ey'd room, hung all with night,  
(Onely that side, which adverse to his eye  
Gives but one narrow passage to the light,  
Is spread with some white shining tapestrie)  
An hundred shapes that through flit ayers stray,  
Shove boldly in, crowding that narrow way,  
And on that bright-fac'd wall obscurely dancing play.

37

<sup>36</sup>  
Two pair of rivers from the Head-spring flow  
To these two Towers: the first in their mid-race  
(The spies conveying) twisted joyntly go,  
Strength'ning each other with a firm embrace.

The <sup>37</sup> other pair these walking Towers are moving;  
At first but one, then in two chanelS roving:  
And therefore both agree in standing, or removing.

38

<sup>38</sup>  
*Auditus*, second of the *Pemptarchie*,  
Is next, not all so noble as his brother;  
Yet of more need, and more commoditie:  
His seat is plac'd somewhat below the other:  
Of each side of the mount a double cave;  
Both which a goodly Portall doth embrace,  
And winding entrance, like *Maeanders* erring wave.

39

<sup>39</sup>  
The Portall hard and drie, all hung around

With silken, thinne, carnation tapestrie:  
Whose open gate drags in each voice and sound,  
That through the shaken ayer passes by:  
    The entrance winding; lest some violence  
    Might fright the Judge with sudden influence,  
Or some unwelcome guest might vex the busie sense.

40

40  
This caves first part fram'd with a steep ascent  
(For in foure parts 'tis fitly severed)  
Makes th' entrance hard, but easie the descent:  
Where stands a braced drumme, whose sounding head  
    (Obliquely plac'd) stook by the circling aire,  
    Gives instant warning of each sounds repair,  
Which soon is thence convey'd unto the Judgement chair.

41

41  
The drumme is made of substance hard and thinne;  
Which if some falling moisture chance to wet,  
The loudest sound is hardly heard within:  
But if it once grows thick, with stubborn let  
    It barres all passage to the inner room;  
    No sounding voice unto his seat may come:  
The lazie sense still sleeps, unsummon'd with his drum.

42

42  
This drumme divides the first and second part,  
In which three hearing instruments reside;  
Three instruments compact by wondrous art,  
With slender string knit to th' drummes inner side:  
    Their native temper being hard and drie,  
    Fitting the sound with their firm qualitie,  
Continue still the same in age and infancie.

43

43  
The first an Hammer call'd, whose out-grown sides  
Lie on the drumme; but with his swelling end  
Fixt on the hollow Stithe, there fast abides:  
The Stithes short foot doth on the drumme depend,  
    His longer in the Stirrup surely plac't;  
    The Stirrups sharp side by the Stithe embrac't,  
But his broad base ti'd to a little window fast.

44

<sup>44</sup>Two little windows ever open lie,  
 The sound unto the caves third part convaying;  
 And slender pipe, whose narrow cavities  
 Doth purge the in-born aire, that idle staying  
     Would els corrupt, and still supplies the spending:  
 The caves third part in twentie by-ways bending,  
 Is call'd the Labyrinth, in hundred crooks ascending.

45

Such whilome was that eye-deceiving frame,  
 Which crafty *Daedal* with a cunning hand  
 Built to empound the *Cretan* Princes shame:  
 Such was that *Woodstock* cave, where *Rosamand*,  
     Fair *Rosamand*, fled jealous *Ellenore*;  
 Whom late a shepherd taught to weep so sore,  
 That woods and hardest rocks her harder fate deplore.

46

The third part with his narrow rockie straits  
 Perfects the sound, and gives more sharp accenting;  
 Then sends it to the <sup>45</sup>fourth; where ready waits  
 A nimble poast, who ne're his haste relenting,  
     Flings to the judgement-seat with speedy flight:  
 There th' equall Judge attending day and night,  
 Receives the entring sounds, & dooms each voice aright.

47

As when a stone, troubling the quiet waters,  
 Prints in the angry stream a wrinkle round,  
 Which soon another and another scatters,  
 Till all the lake with circles now is crown'd:  
     All so the aire struck with some violence nigh,  
     Begets a world of circles in the skie;  
 All which infected move with sounding qualitie.

48

These at *Auditus* palace soon arriving,  
 Enter the gate, and strike the warning drumme;  
 To those three instruments fit motion giving,  
 Which every voice discern: then that third room  
     Sharpens each sound, and quick conveys it thence;  
 Till by the flying poast 'tis hurri'd hence,

And in an instant brought unto the judging sense.

49

This sense is made the Master of request,  
Prefers petitions to the Princes eare;  
Admits what best he likes, shuts out the rest;  
And sometimes cannot, sometimes will not heare:  
    Ofttimes he lets in anger-stirring lies,  
    Oft melts the Prince with oylie flatteries.  
Ill mought he thrive, that loves his Masters enemies!

50

‘Twixt *Visus* double court a Tower stands,  
Plac’t in the Suburbs centre; whose high top,  
And loftie raised ridge the rest commands:  
Low at his foot a double doore stands ope,  
    Admitting passage to the aires ascending;  
    And divers odours to the Citie sending,  
Revives the heavie town, his liberall sweets dispending.

51

This vaulted Tower’s half built of massie stone,  
The other half of stuffe lesse hard and drie,  
Fit for distending, or compression:  
The outward wall may seem all porphyrie.  
    *Olfactus*<sup>46</sup> dwells within this lofty fort;  
    But in the citie is his chief resort,  
Where ‘twixt two little hils he keeps his judging court.

52

By two great caves are plac’t these <sup>47</sup>little hills,  
Most like the nipples of a virgins breast;  
By which the aire that th’ hollow Tower fills,  
Into the Citie passeth: with the rest  
    The odours pressing in are here all staid;  
    Till by the sense impartially weigh’d,  
Unto the common Judge they are with speed conveyd.

53

At each side of that Tower stand two fair plains,  
More fair then that which in rich *Thessalie*  
Was once frequented by the Muses trains:  
Here ever sits sweet-blushing Modestie;  
    Here in two colours Beautie shining bright,

Dressing her white with red, her red with white,  
With pleasing chain enthalls, & binds her loose wandering sight.

54

Below, a cave rooft with an <sup>48</sup> heav'n-like plaister,  
And under strew'd with purple tapestrie,  
Where *Gustus* dwells, the Isles and Princes Taster,  
*Koilia's* Steward, one of th' *Pemptarchie*;

Whom <sup>49</sup> *Tactus* (so some say) got of his mother:  
For by their nearest likeness one to th' other,  
*Tactus* may eas'ly seem his father, and his brother.

55

<sup>50</sup> *Tactus* the last, but yet the eldest brother;  
(Whose office meanest, yet of all the race  
The first and last, more needful then the other)  
Hath his abode in none, yet every place:

Through all the Isle distended is his dwelling;  
He rules the streams that from the *Cephal* swelling  
Runne all along the Isle, both sence & motion dealing.

56

With *Gustus Lingua* dwells, his prating wife,  
Indu'd with strange and adverse qualities;  
The nurse of hate and love, of peace and strife,  
Mother of fairest truth, and foulest lies:

Or best, or worst; no mean: made all of fire,  
Which sometimes hell, & sometimes heav'ns inspire;  
By whom oft Truth self speaks, oft that first murth'ring liar.

57

The idle Sunne stood at her command,  
Breathing his firie steeds in *Gibeon*:  
And pale-fac'd *Cynthia* at her word made stand,  
Resting her coach in the vales of *Aialon*.

Her voice oft open breaks the stubborn skies,  
And holds th' Almightyes hands with suppliant cries:  
Her voice tears open hell with horrid blasphemies.

58

Therefore that great Creatour, well foreseeing  
To what a monster she would soon be changing,  
(Though lovely once, perfect and glorious being)



Curb'd her with iron <sup>51</sup>bit, and held from ranging;  
And with strong bonds her looser steps enchaining,  
Bridled her course, too many words refraining,  
And doubled all his guards, bold libertie restraining.

59

<sup>52</sup>For close within he sets twice sixteen guarders,  
Whose hardned temper could not soon be mov'd:  
Without the gate he plac'd two other warders,  
To shut and ope the doore, as it behov'd:  
But such strange force hat her enchanting art,  
That she hath made her keepers of her part,  
And they to all her slights all furtherance impart.

60

Thus (with their help) by her the sacred Muses  
Refresh the Prince dull'd with much businesse;  
By her the Prince unto his Prince oft uses  
In Heav'nly throne from hell to find accesse.  
She heav'n to earth in music often brings,  
And earth to heaven: but oh how sweet she sings,  
When in rich graces key she tunes poor natures strings!

61

Thus *Orpheus* wanne his lost *Eurydice*;  
Whom some deaf snake, that could no musick heare,  
Or some blinde neut, that could no beautie see,  
Thinking to kisse, kill'd with his forked spear:  
He, when his plaints on earth were vainly spent,  
Down to *Avernus* river boldly went,  
And charm'd the meager ghosts with mournfull blandishment.

62

There what his mother, fair *Calliope*,  
From *Phoebus* harp and Muses spring had brought him,  
What sharpest grief for his *Eurydice*,  
And love redoubling grief had newly taught him,  
He lavisht out, and with his potent spell  
Bent all the rigorous powers of stubborn hell:  
He first brought pitie down with rigid ghosts to dwell.

63

Th' amazed shades came flocking round about,  
Nor car'd they now to pass the *Stygian* ford:

All hell came running there, (an hideous rout)  
And dropt a silent tear for every word:  
    The aged Ferrieman shov'd out his boat;  
    But that without his help did thither float;  
And having ta'ne him in, came dancing on the moat.

64

The hungry *Tantal* might have fill'd him now,  
And with large draughts swill'd in the standing pool:  
The fruit hung listning on the wondring bough,  
Forgetting hells command; but he (ah fool!)  
    Forgot his starved taste, his eares to fill.  
    *Ixions* turning wheel unmov'd stood still;  
But he was rapt as much with powerfull musicks skill.

65

Tir'd *Sisyphus* sat on his resting stone,  
And hop'd at length his labour done for ever:  
The vulture feeding on his pleasing mone,  
Glutted with music, scorn'd grown *Tityus* liver:  
    The Furies flung their snakie whips away,  
    And molt in tears at his enchanting lay,  
No shrieches now were heard; all hell kept holy-day.

66

That treble Dog, whose voice ne're quiet fears  
All that in endlesse nights sad kingdome dwell,  
Stood pricking up his thrice two listning eares,  
With greedy joy drinking the sacred spell;  
    And softly whining, piti'd much his wrongs;  
    And now first silent at those dainty songs,  
Oft wisht himself more ears, & fewer mouths & tongues.

67

At length return'd with his *Eurydice*,  
But with this law, not to return his eyes,  
Till he was past the laws of *Tartarie*;  
(Alas! Who gives love laws in miseries?  
    Love is love's law; love but to love is ti'd)  
    Now when the dawns of neighbour day he spi'd,  
Ah wretch! *Eurydice* he saw, and lost, and di'd.

68

All so who strives from grave of hellish night  
To bring his dead soul to the joyfull skie;

If when he comes in view of heav'nly light,  
He turns again to hell his yeelding eye,  
    And longs to see what he had left; his sore  
    Grows desp'rate, deeper, deadlier then afore:  
His helps and hopes much lesse, his crime & judgement more.

69

But why do I enlarge my tedious song,  
And tire my flagging Muse with wearie flight?  
Ah! much I fear I hold you much too long.  
The outward parts be plain to every sight:  
    But to describe the people of this Isle,  
    And that great Prince, these reeds are all too vile:  
Some higher verse may fit, and some more lofty style.

70

See, *Phlegon* drenched in the hissing main,  
Allays his thirst, and cools the flaming carre;  
*Vesper* fair *Cynthia* ushers, and her train:  
See, th' apish earth hath lighted many a starre,  
    Sparkling in dewie globes: all home invite:  
    Home then my flocks, home shepherds, home; 'tis night:  
My song with day is done; my Muse is set with light.

71

By this the gentle boyes had framed well  
A myrtle garland mixt with conqu'ring bay,  
From whose fit match issu'd a pleasing smell,  
And all enamel'd it with roses gay;  
    With which they crown their honour'd Thirsils head:  
    Ah blessed shepherd-swain! ah happy meed!  
While all his fellows chaunt on slender pipes of reed.

1 The head of these three regions is the least, but noblest in frame, and office: most like to heaven as well in site, being highest in this little world, as also in figure, being round.

2 The Brain is the seat of the minde, and senses.

3 The head is divided into the Citie, and Suburbs; the brain within the wall of the skull, and the face without.

4 Beside the common tunicles of the whole body, the brain is covered first with the bone of the skull, secondly with the Pericranium, or the skin covering the skull, & thirdly with two inward skinner.

5 These two are called the hard, and tender mother.

6 The whole substance of the brain is divided into foure parts by divers folds of the inward skinne.

7 The outside of the brain is softer, and of ashie colour; the inward part white, and harder, framed of seed.

8 Almost in the midst of the brain are two hollow places, like half moons, of much use for preparing the spirits, emptying rheughme, receiving odours, &c.

9 Here is a knot of veins and arteries weaved together; by which the animall spirits are concocted, thinned and fitted for service: and close by are two little bunches like teats, the instruments of smelling.

10 Next is that Septum lucidum, or bright wall, severing these hollow caverns.

11 The third cavitie is nothing else but a meeting of the two former.

12 It lies under (corpus Cameratum or) chamber-substance, which with three arches bears up the whole weight of the brain.

13 By the third cavitie are two passages; and at the end of the first is the (Infundibulum or) tunnell, under which is (Glans Pituitaria or) the Rheugm-kernell, as a sponge sucking the rheugms, & distilling them into the palate.

14 The other passage reaches to the fourth cavitie, which yields a safe way for the spirits.

15 The fourth cavitie is most noble, where all the spirits are perfected. By it is the pith, or marrow, the fountain of these spirits.

16 This pith, or marrow, springing in the brain flows down through the back bone.

17 All the nerves imparting all sense and motion to the whole body have their root partly from the brain, and partly from the back bone.

18 The pith of the back bone springeth from the brain, whence by foure passages it is conveyed into the back; and there all foure joyn in one, and again are thence divided into divers others.

19 The first part of the face is the forehead, at whose base are the eyes.

20 The eyes are the index of the minde, discovering every affection.

21 Orpheus called the eyes the looking glasse of nature.

22 Plato affirmed them lighted up with heavenly fire not burning, but shining.

23 Visus, or the Sight, is the most noble above all the senses.

24 There are six muscles moving the eye, thus termed by Anatomists.

25 Above are the eyebrows keeping off the sweat that it fall not into the eyes.

26 The eyelids shutting the eye are two; the lower ever unmoved in man: and hairs keeping off dust, flies, &c.

27 There are three humours in the eye: the first the Watric, breaking the too vehement light, and stopping the spirits from going out too fast.

28 The second is the Crystalline, and most noble, seated and compact between the other two, and being altered by the entering shapes, is the chief instrument of sight.

29 The third from the likeness is called the glassie humour.

30 There are six tunicles belonging to the eye: the first called the conjunctive, solid, thick, compassing the whole eye, but onely the black window.

31 The second is Cornea, or hornie tunicle, transparent, and made of the hard mother.

32 The third is (Uvea or) grapie; made of the tender mother, thinne, and pervious by a little and round window: it is diversly coloured without, but exceeding black within.

33 The fourth is more thinne then any cobweb (and thence so called) immediately compassing the Crystalline humour.

34 The fifth, Reticularis, netty tunicle, framed of the substance of the brain: this diffuseth the visil spirits, and perceives the alteration of the Crystalline; and here is the mean of sight.

35 The Sixth is calld the glassie tunicle, clasping in the glassie humour.

36 The eye hath two nerves, the Optick or seeing nerve, and moving. The optick, separate in their root, in the midst of their progresse meet, and strengthen one the other.

37 The moving, rising from the same stemme, are at length severed; therefore as one moves, so moves the other.

38 Hearing is the second sense, lesse noble then the eye, more needful.

39 The outward eare is of a grisly matter, covered with the common tunicle. It is framed with many crooks, lest the aire should enter too forcibly.

40 The inward eare consists of foure passages: the first is steepie, lest any thing should creep in.

41 If the Drum be wet with falling of rheugm, we are hard of hearing; but if it grow thick, we are irrecoverably deaf.

42 The Drumme parteth the first and second passage. To it are joined three little bones, the instruments of hearing, which never grow, or decrease in childehood or age: they are all in the second passage.

43 The first of these bones is called the Hammer, the second the Stithe, the third the Stirrup; all taking their names from their likeness: all tied to the Drumme by a little string.

44 These are two small passages, admitting the sounds into the head, and cleansing the aire.

45 The last passage is called the Cochlea, snail, or Periwinkle; where the nerves of hearing plainly appeare.

46 The sense of smelling.

47 These are two little bunches like paps, or teats, spoken of in the 15 Stanz. Of this Cant.

48 Gustus, or the taste is in the palate, which in the Greek is called the heaven.

49 Taste is a kinde of touch, nor can it exist but by touching.

50 Tactus, or the sense of touching.

51 The Tongue is held in place with a ligament, ordinarily called the bridle.

52 The Tongue is guarded with thirtie two teeth, and with the lips; all which do not a little help the speech, and sweeten the voice.

## CANT. VI.

THE houres had unlockt the gate of day,  
When fair *Aurora* leaves her frosty bed,  
Hasting with youthfull *Cephalus* to play,  
Unmaskt her face, and rosie beauties spread:  
*Tithonus* silver age was much despis'd.

Ah! who in love that cruel law devis'd,  
That old love's little worth, and new too highly priz'd?

2

The gentle shepherds on an hillock plac'd,  
(Whose shadie head a beechie garland crown'd)  
View'd all their flocks that on the pastures graz'd:  
Then down they sit, while *Thenot* 'gins the round;  
    *Thenot!* was never fairer boy among  
    The gentle lads, that in the Muses throng  
By *Chamus* yellow streams learn tune their pipe & song.

3

See, *Thirsil*, see the shepherds expectation;  
Why then, (ah!) why sitt'st thou so silent there?  
We long to know that Islands happy nation:  
Oh! do not leave thy Isle unpeopled here.  
    Tell us who brought, and whence these colonies;  
    Who is their king, what foes, and what allies;  
What laws maintain their peace, what warres & victories.

4

*Thenot*, my deare, that simple fisher-swain,  
Whose little boat in some small river strays;  
Yet fondly lanches in the swelling main,  
Soon, yet too late, repents his foolish playes.  
    How dare I then forsake my well-set bounds,  
    Whose new-cut pipe as yet but harshly sounds?  
A narrow compasse best my ungrown Muse impounds.

5

Two shepherds most I love with just adoring;  
That *Mantuan* swain, who chang'd his slender reed  
To trumpets martiall voice, and warres loud roaring,  
From *Corydon* to *Turnus* derring-deed;  
    And next our home-bred *Colins* sweetest firing;  
    Their steps not following close, but farre admiring:  
To lackey one of these is all my prides aspiring.

6

Then you my peers, whose quiet expectation  
Seemeth my backward tale would fain invite;  
Deigne gently heare this purple Islands nation,  
A people never seen, yet still in sight;  
    Our daily guests, and natives, yet unknown;

Our servants born, but now commanders grown;  
Our friends, and enemies; aliens, yet still our own.

7

Not like those Heroes, who in better times  
This happy Island first inhabited  
In joy and peace; when no rebellious crimes  
That God-like nation yet dispeop'led:

Those claim'd their birth from that eternal Light,  
Held th' Isle, and rul'd it in their fathers right,  
And in their faces bore their parents image bright.

8

For when that Isle that main would fond forsake,  
In which at first it found a happy place,  
And deep was plung'd in that dead hellish lake;  
Back to their father flew this heav'nly race,  
And left the Isle forlorn, and desolate,  
That now with fear, and wishes all too late,  
Sought in that blackest wave to hide his blacker fate.

9

How shall a worm, on dust that crawls and feeds,  
Climbe to th' empyreall court, where these states reign,  
And there take view of what heav'ns self exceeds?  
The Sunne lesse starres, these lights the Sunne distain:  
Their beams divine, and beauties do excel  
What here on earth, in aire, or heav'n do dwell:  
Such never eye yet saw, such never tongue can tell.

10

Soon as these Saints the treach'rous Isle forsook,  
Rusht in a false, foul, fiend-like companie,  
And every fort, and every castle took;  
All to this rabble yeeld the soveraigntie:  
The goodly temples which those Heroes plac't,  
By this foul rout were utterly defac't,  
And all their fences strong, and all their bulwarks raz'd.

11

So where the neatest Badger most abides,  
Deep in the earth she frames her prettie cell,  
And into halls and closulets divides:  
But when the stinking fox with loathsome smell



Infects her pleasant cave, the cleanly beast  
So hates her inmate and rank-smelling guest,  
That farre away she flies, and leaves her loathed nest.

12

But when those Graces (at their fathers throne  
Arriv'd) in heav'ns high Court to Justice plain'd,  
How they were wrong'd, and forced from their own,  
And what foul people in their dwellings reign'd;  
How th' earth much waxt in ill, much wan'd in good,  
So full-ripe vice, how blasted virtues bud,  
Begging such vicious weeds might sink in vengefull floud:

13

Forth stept the just *Dicaea*, full of rage;  
(The first-born daughter of th' Almighty King)  
Ah sacred maid, thy kindled ire asswage;  
Who dare abide thy dreadfull thundering?  
Soon as her voice but Father onely spake,  
The faultlesse heav'ns, like leaves in Autumne, shake;  
And all that glorious throng with horrid palsies quake.

14

1

Heard you not late, with what loud trumpet sound  
Her breath awak'd her fathers sleeping ire?  
The heav'nly armies flam'd, earth shook, heav'n frown'd,  
And heav'ns dread King call'd for his three-forkt fire.  
Heark now how the powerfull words strike through the eare;  
The frighted sense shoots up the staring hair,  
And shakes the trembling soul with fright & shudd'ring fear.

15

So have I seen the earth strong windes detaining  
In prison close; they scorning to be under  
Her dull subjection, and her power disdainning,  
With horrid struglings tear their bonds in sunder:  
Mean while the wounded earth, that forc'd their stay,  
With terrour reels, the hils runne farre away;  
And frighted world fears hell breaks out upon the day.

16

But see how 'twixt her sister and her sire,  
Soft-hearted Mercy sweetly interposing,  
Settles her panting brest against his fire,

Pleading for grace, and chains of death unlosing:  
Heark, from her lips the melting hony flowes;  
The striking Thunderer recals his blowes,  
And every armed souldier down his weapon throwes.

17

So when the day, wrapt in a cloudie night,  
Puts out the Sunne, anon the rattling hail  
On earth poures down his shot with fell despight:  
His powder spent, the Sunne puts off his vail,  
And fair his flaming beauties now unsteeps;  
The plough-man from his bushes gladly peeps,  
And hided traveller out of his covert creeps.

18

Ah fairest maid, best essence of thy father,  
Equall unto thy never equall'd sire;  
How in low verse shall thy poore shepherd gather,  
What all the world can ne're enough admire?  
When thy sweet eyes sparkle in chearfull light,  
The brightest day grows pale as leaden night,  
And heav'ns bright burning eye loses his blinded sight.

19

Who then those sugred strains can understand,  
Which calm'd thy father, and our desp'rate fears;  
And charm'd the nimble lightning in his hand,  
That all unwares it dropt in melting tears?  
Then thou deare <sup>2</sup>swain, thy heav'nly load unfraught;  
For she her self hath thee her speeches taught;  
So neare her heav'n they be, so farre from humane thought.

20

But let my lighter skiffe return again  
Unto that little Isle which late it left,  
Nor dare to enter in that boundlesse main,  
Or tell the nation from this Island reft;  
But sing that civil strife, and home dissension,  
'Twixt two strong factions with like fierce contention;  
Where never peace is heard, nor ever peaces mention.

21

For that foul rout, which from the *Stygian* brook  
(Where first they dwelt in midst of death and night)

By force the left and emptie Island took,  
Claim hence full conquest, and possessions right:  
    But that fair band, which Mercie sent anew,  
    The ashes of that first heroick crue,  
From their forefathers claim their right, & Islands due.

22

In their fair look their parents grace appears,  
Yet their renowned sires were much more glorious;  
For what decaies not with decaying yeares?  
All night, and all the day, with toil laborious,  
    (In losse and conquest angrie) fresh they fight:  
    Nor can the other cease or day or night,  
While th' Isle is doubly rent with endlesse warre and fright.

23

As when the *Britain* and *Iberian* fleet  
With resolute and fearlesse expectation  
On trembling seas with equall fury meet,  
The shore resounds with diverse acclamation;  
    Till now at length *Spains* firie *Dons* 'gin shrink:  
    Down with their ships, hope, life, and courage sink:  
Courage, life, hope, and ships the gaping surges drink.

24

But who (alas!) shall teach my ruder breast  
The names and deeds of these heroick Kings?  
Or downy Muse, which now but left the nest,  
Mount from her bush to heav'n with new-born wings?  
    Thou sacred maid, which from fair *Palestine*  
    Through all the world hast spread thy brightest shine  
Kindle thy shepherd-swain with thy light flaming eyn.

25

Sacred *Thespio*, which in *Sinaies* grove  
First took'st thy off-spring from the highest *Jove*,  
Yet deign'dst to dwell with mortalls here beneath,  
    With vilest earth, and men more vile residing;  
    Come holy Virgin in my bosom sliding,  
With thy glad Angel light my blindfold footsteps guiding.

26

And thou dread Spirit, which at first didst spread  
On those dark waters thy all-opening light;  
Thou who of late (of thy great bounty head)

This nest of hellish fogges and *Stygian* night  
With thy bright orient Sunne hast fair renew'd  
And with unwonted day hast it endu'd,  
Which late both day & thee, and most it self eschew'd:

27

Dread Spirit, do thou those severall bands unfold,  
Both which thou sent'st a needfull supplement  
To this lost Isle, and which with courage bold  
Hourely assail thy rightfull regiment;  
And now with strong hand oppresse & keep them under:  
Raise now my humble vein to lofty thunder,  
That heav'n and earth may sound, resound thy praises wonder.

28

The Islands Prince, of frame more then celestiall,  
Is rightly call'd th' all-seeing *Intellect*;  
All glorious bright, such nothing is terrestriall;  
Whose Sun-like face, and most divine aspect  
No humane sight may ever hope descrie:  
For when himself on's self reflects his eye,  
Dull or amaz'd he stands at so bright majestie.

29

Look as the Sunne, whose ray and searching light  
Here, there, and every where it self displayes,  
No nook or corner flies his piercing sight;  
Yet on himself when he reflects his rayes,  
Soon back he flings the too bold vent'ring gleam;  
Down to the earth the flames all broken stream:  
Such is this famous Prince, such his unpierced beam.

30

His strangest body is not bodily,  
But matter without matter; never fill'd,  
Nor filling; though within his compasse high  
All heav'n and earth, and all in both are held;  
Yet thousand thousand heav'ns he could contain,  
And still as empty as at first remain;  
And when he takes in most, readi'st to take again.

31

Though travelling all places, changing none  
Bid him soar up to heav'n, and thence down throwing

The centre search, and *Dis* dark realm; he's gone,  
Returns, arrives, before thou saw'st him going:  
    And while his weary kingdome safely sleeps,  
    All restlesse night he watch and warding keeps,  
Never his carefull head on resting pillow steeps.

32

In every quarter of this blessed Isle  
Himself both present is, and President;  
Nor once retires, (ah happy realm the while,  
That by no Officers lewd lavishment,  
    With greedie lust, and wrong consumed art!)  
    He all in all, and all in every part,  
Does share to each his due, and equall dole impart.

33

He knows nor death, nor yeares, nor feeble age;  
But as his time, his strength and vigour grows:  
And when his kingdome by intestine rage  
Lies broke and wasted, open to his foes,  
    And batter'd sconce now flat and even lies;  
    Sooner then thought to that great Judge he flies,  
Who weighs him just reward of good, or injuries.

34

For he the Judges Viceroy here is plac't;  
Where if he live, as knowing he may die,  
He never dies, but with fresh pleasures grac't,  
Bathes his crown'd head in soft eternitie;  
    Where thousand joyes, and pleasures ever new,  
    And blessings thicker then the morning dew,  
With endlesse sweets rain down on that immortall crue.

35

There golden starres set in the crystal snow;  
There daintie joyes laugh at white-headed caring:  
There day no night, delight no end shall know;  
Sweets without surfet, fulnesse without sparing,  
    And by its spending growing happinesse:  
    There God himself in glories lavishnesse  
Diffus'd in all, to all, is all full blesednesse.

36

But if he here neglect his Masters law,  
And with those traitours 'gainst his Lord rebels;

Down to the deeps ten thousand fiends him draw,  
Deeps, where night, death, despair, and horrou dwells;  
And in worst ills, still worse expecting fears:  
Where fell despite for spite his bowels tears,  
And still increasing grief, and torment never wears.

37

Prayers there are idle, death is woo'd in vain;  
In midst of death poore wretches long to die:  
Night without day or rest, still doubling pain;  
Woes spending still, yet still their end lesse nigh:  
The soul there restlesse, helplesse, hopelesse lies;  
The body frying roars, and roaring fries:  
There's life that never lives, there's death that never dies.

38

Hence while unsettled here he fighting reignes,  
Shut in a Tower where thousand enemies  
Assault the fort, with wary care and pains  
He guards all entrance, and by divers spies  
Searches into his foes and friends designs:  
For most he fears his subjects wavering mindes.  
This Tower then onely falls, when treason undermines.

39

Therefore while yet he lurks in earthly tent,  
Disguis'd in worthlesse robes and poore attire,  
Trie we to view his glories wonderment,  
And get a sight of what we so admire:  
For when away from this sad place he flies,  
And in the skies abides, more bright then skies,  
Too glorious is his sight for our dimme mortall eyes.

40

So curl'd-head *Thetis*, waters feared Queen,  
But bound in cauls of sand, yields not to sight;  
And planets glorious King may best be seen,  
When some thinne cloud dimmes his too piercing light,  
And neither none, nor all his face discloses:  
For when his bright eye full our eye opposes,  
None gains his glorious sight, but his own sight he loses.

41

Within the Castle sit eight Counsellors,

That help him in this tent to govern well:  
Each in his room a severall office bears;  
Three of his inmost private counsell deal  
    In great affairs: five of lesse dignitie  
    Have outward Courts, and in all actions prie,  
But still referre the doom to Courts more fit and high.

42

Those <sup>3</sup> five fair brethren which I sung of late,  
For their just number call'd the *Pemptarchie*;  
The other three, three pillars of the state:  
The <sup>4</sup> first in midst of that high Tower doth lie,  
    (The chiefest mansion of this glorious King)  
    The judge and Arbiter of every thing,  
Which those five brethrens poasts in to his office bring.

43

Of middle yeares, and seemly personage,  
Father of the laws, the rule of wrong and right;  
Fountain of judgement, therefore wondrous sage,  
Discreet, and wise, of quick and nimble sight:  
    Not those seven Sages might him parrallel,  
    Nor he whom *Pythian* Maid did whilome tell  
To be the wisest man that then on earth did dwell.

44

As *Neptunes* cestern sucks in tribute tides  
(Yet never full) which every chanel brings,  
And thirstie drinks, and drinking thirstie bides;  
For by some hidden way back to the springs  
    It sends the streams in erring conduits spread,  
    Which with a circling dutie still are led;  
So ever feeding them, is by them ever fed:

45

Ev'n so the first of these three Counsellers  
Gives to the five the power of all-descrying;  
Which back to him with mutuall dutie bears  
All their informings, and the causes trying:  
    For through strait waies the nimble Poast ascends  
    Unto his hall; there up his message sends,  
Which to the next well scann'd he straightway recommends.

46

The <sup>5</sup> next that in the Castles front is plac't,  
*Phantastes* hight; his yeares are fresh and green,  
His visage old, his face too much defac't  
With ashes pale, his eyes deep sunken been  
    With often thoughts, and never slackt intention:  
    Yet he the fount of speedy apprehension,  
Father of wit, the well of arts, and quick invention.

47

But in his private thoughts and busy brain  
Thousand thinne forms, and idle fancies flit;  
The three-shap't *Sphinx*, and direfull *Harpyes* train,  
Which in the world had never being yet:  
    Oft dreams of fire and water, loose delight;  
    And oft arrested by some ghastly sprite,  
Nor can he think, nor speak, nor move for great affright.

48

*Phantastes* from the first all shapes deriving,  
In new abiliments can quickly dight;  
Of all materiall and grosse parts depriving,  
Fits them unto the noble Princes sight;  
    Which soon as he hath view'd with searching eye,  
    He straight commits them to his Treasurie,  
Which old *Eumnestes* keeps, Father of memorie.

49

*Eumnestes* old, who in his living screen  
(His mindefull breast) the rolls and records bears  
Of all the deeds, and men, which he hath seen,  
And keeps lockt up in faithfull Registers:  
    Well he recalls *Nimrods* first tyrannie,  
    And *Babels* pride daring the loftie skie;  
Well he recalls the earths twice-growing infancie.

50

Therefore his body weak, his eyes half blinde,  
But minde more fresh, and strong; (ah better fate!)  
And as his carcasse, so his house declin'd;  
Yet were the walls of firm and able state:  
    Onely on him a nimble Page attends,  
    Who when for ought the aged Grandsire sends,  
With swift, yet backward steps, his helping aidance lends.



51

But let my song passe from these worthy Sages  
 Unto this Islands highest <sup>6</sup> Sovereigne,  
 And those hard warres which all the yeare he wages:  
 For these three late a gentle shepherd-swain  
     Most sweetly sung, as he before had seen  
     In *Alma's* house: his memorie yet green  
 Lives in his well-tun'd songs, whose leaves immortall been.

52

Nor can I guesse, whether his Muse divine  
 Or gives to those, or takes from them his grace;  
 Therefore *Eumnestes* in his lasting shrine  
 Hath justly him enroll'd in second place:  
     Next to our *Mantuan* poet doth he rest;  
     There shall our *Colin* live for ever blest,  
 Spite of those thousand spites, which living him opprest.

53

The Prince his time in double office spends:  
 For first those forms and fancies he admits,  
 Which to his court busie *Phantastes* sends,  
 And for the easier discerning fits:  
     For shedding round about his sparkling light,  
     He cleares their duskie shades, and cloudy night,  
 Producing like himself their shapes all shining bright.

54

As when the Sunne restores the glitt'ring day,  
 The world late cloath'd in nights black livery,  
 Doth now a thousand colours fair display,  
 And paints it self in choice varietie,  
     Which late one colour hid, the eye deceiving;  
     All so this Prince those shapes obscure receiving,  
 With his suffused light makes ready to conceiving.

55

The first is call'd the Active Facultie,  
 Which to an higher power the object leaves:  
 That takes it in it self, and cunningly  
 Changing it self, the object soon perceives:  
     For straight it self in self same shape adorning,  
     Becomes the same with quick & strange transforming;  
 So is all things it self, to all it self conforming.

56

Thus when the eye through Visus jettie ports  
 Lets in the wandring shapes, the crystall strange  
 Quickly it self to every sort consorts,  
 So is what e're it sees by wondrous change:

Thrice happy then, when on that <sup>7</sup>mirrouer bright  
 He ever fastens his unmoved sight,  
 So is what there he views; divine, full, glorious light.

57

Soon as the Prince these forms hath clearely seen,  
 Parting the false from true, the wrong from right,  
 He straight presents them to his beauteous Queen,  
 Whose Courts are lower, yet of equall might;

*Voletta* <sup>8</sup> fair, who with him lives, and reignes;  
 Whom neither man, nor fiend, nor God constrains:  
 Oft good, oft ill, oft both; yet ever free remains.

58

Not that great Sovereaine of the *Fayrie* land,  
 Whom late our *Colin* hath eternized,  
 (Though Graces decking her with plenteous hand,  
 Themselves of grace have all unfurnished;  
 Though in her breast she Vertues temple bare,  
 The fairest temple of a guest so fair)  
 Not that great *Glorians* self with this might e're compare.

59

Her radiant beautie, daz'ling mortall eye,  
 Strikes blinde the daring sense; her sparkling face  
 Her husbands self now cannot well descric:  
 With such strange brightnesse, such immortall grace,  
 Hath that great parent in her cradle made,  
 That Cynthia's silver cheek would quickly fade,  
 And light it self to her would seem a painted shade.

60

But (ah!) entic't by her own worth and pride,  
 She stain'd her beautie with most loathsome spot;  
 Her Lords fixt law, and spouses light deni'd,  
 So fill'd her spouse and self with leprous blot:  
 And now all dark is their first morning ray.  
 What verse might then their former light display,

When yet their darkest night outshines the brightest day?

61

On her a royall damsell still attends,  
And faithfull Counsellor, <sup>9</sup>*Synteresis*:  
For though *Voletta* ever good intends,  
Yet by fair ills she oft deceived is;  
    By ills so fairly drest with cunning slight,  
    That Vertues self they well may seem to sight,  
But that bright Vertues self oft seems not half so bright.

62

Therefore *Synteresis* of nimble sight,  
Oft helps her doubtfull hand, and erring eye;  
Els mought she ever stumbling in this night  
Fall down as deepest *Tartarie*:  
    Nay thence a sad-fair maid, *Repentance*, rears,  
    And in her arms her fainting Lady bears,  
Washing her often stains with ever-falling tears.

63

Thereto she addes a water soveraigne,  
Of wondrous force, and skilfull composition:  
For first she pricks the heart in tender vein,  
Then from those precious drops, and deep contrition,  
    With lips confession, and with pickled cries,  
    Still'd in a broken spirit, sad vapours rise,  
Exhal'd by sacred fires, and drop through melting eyes.

64

These cordiall drops, these spirit-healing balms  
Cure all her sinfull bruises, cleare her eyes,  
Unlock her ears, recover fainting qualms:  
And now grown fresh and strong, she makes her rise,  
    And glasse of unmaskt sinne she bright displaies,  
    Whereby she sees, loathes, mends her former waies;  
So soon repairs her light, trebling her new-born raies.

65

But (ah!) why do we (simple as we been)  
With curious labour, dimme and vailed sight,  
Prie into the nature of this King and Queen,  
Groping in darknesse for so cleare a light?  
    A light which once could not be thought or told,

But now with blackest clouds is thick enroll'd,  
Prest down in captive chains, and pent in earthly mold.

66

Rather lament we this their wretched fate,  
(Ah wretched fate, and fatal wretchednesse!)  
Unlike those former dayes, and first estate,  
When he espous'd with melting happinesse  
    To fair *Voletta*, both their lights conspiring,  
    He saw what e're was fit for her requiring,  
And she to his cleare sight would temper her desiring.

67

When both replenisht with celestially light,  
All coming evils could foresee and flie;  
When both with clearest eye, and perfect sight  
Could every natures difference descrie:  
    Whose pictures now they scarcely see with pain,  
    Obscure and dark, like to those shadows vain,  
Which thinne and emptie glide along *Avernus* plain.

68

The flowers that frighted with sharp winters dread,  
Retire into their mother *Tellus* wombe,  
Yet in the Spring in troupes new mustered  
Peep out again from their unfrozen tombe:  
    The early Violet will fresh arise,  
    And spreading his flour'd purple to the skies,  
Boldly the little elf the winters spite defies.

69

The hedge green Sattin pinkt and cut araves,  
The *Heliotrope* to cloth of gold aspires;  
In hundred-colour'd silks the Tulip playes,  
Th' Imperiall flower his neck with pearl attires,  
    The Lily high her silver Grogram reares,  
    The Pansie her wrought Velvet garmet bears;  
The red Rose Scarlet, and the Provence Damask wears.

70

How falls it then that such an heav'nly light,  
As this great Kings, should sink so wondrous low,  
That scarce he can suspect his former height?  
Can one eclipse so dark his shining brow,  
    And steal away his beautie glittering fair?

One onely blot so great a light empair,  
That never could he hope his waning to repair?

71

Ah! never could he hope once to repair  
So great a wane, should not that new-born Sun  
Adopt him both his brother and his heir;  
Who through base life, and death, and hell would run,  
    To seat him in his lost, now surer cell.  
    That he may mount to heav'n, he sunk to hell;  
That he might live, he di'd; that he might rise, he fell.

72

A perfect Virgin breeds and bears a Sonne,  
Th' immortall father of his mortall mother;  
Earth, heav'n, flesh, spirit, man, God, are met in one:  
His younger brothers childe, his childrens brother,  
    Eternitie, who yet was born and di'd;  
    His own creatour, earths scorn, heavens pride;  
Who th' dietie inflesht, and mans flesh deifi'd.

73

Thou uncreated Sunne, heav'ns glory bright,  
Whom we with knees and hearts low bent adore;  
At rising, perfect, and now falling, light;  
Ah what reward, what thanks shall we restore?  
    Thou wretched wast, that we might happy be:  
    Oh all the good we hope, and all we see,  
That we thee know and love, comes from thy love, and thee.

74

Receive, which can only back return,  
(Yet that we may return, thou first must give)  
A heart, which fain would smoke, which fain would burn  
In praise; for thee, to thee would onely live:  
    And thou (who sat'st in night to give us day)  
    Light and enflame us with thy glorious ray,  
That we may back reflect, and borrow'd light repay.

75

So we beholding with immortall eye  
The glorious picture of thy heav'nly face,  
In his first beautie and true Majestie,  
May shake from our dull souls these fetters base;

And mounting up to that bright crystal sphere,  
Whence thou strik'st all the world with shudd'ring fear,  
May not be held by earth, nor hold vile earth so deare.

76

Then should thy shepherd (poorest shepherd) sing  
A thousand Canto's in thy heav'nly praise,  
And rouze his flagging Muse, and flutt'ring wing,  
To chant thy wonders in immortall laies,  
(Which once thou wrought'st, when *Nilus* slimie shore,  
Or *Jordans* banks thy mighty hand adore)  
Thy judgements, & thy mercies; but thy mercies more.

77

But see, the stealing night with softly pace,  
To flie the Western Sunne, creeps up the East;  
Cold *Hesper* 'gins unmask his evening face,  
And calls the winking starres from drouzie rest:  
Home then my lambes; the falling drops eschew:  
To morrow shall ye feast in pastures new,  
And with the rising Sunne banquet on pearled dew.

1 See that sweet poem entituled Christs victorie and triumph. part. I. stan. 18.

2 A book entituled Christs victorie and triumph.

3 The five senses.

4 The common sense.

5 The fancie.

6 The understanding.

7 2. Cor. 3.18.

8 The will.

9 Conscience.



**Renaissance Editions**

# Renascence Editions

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## The Purple Island. Cantos VII-IX.

Phineas Fletcher.

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### CANT. VII.

THE rising morn lifts up his orient head,  
And spangled heav'ns in golden robes invests;  
*Thirsil* starting up from his fearlesse bed,  
Where uselesse nights he safe and quiet rests,  
    Unhous'd his bleating flock, and quickly thence  
    Hasting to his expecting audience,  
Thus with sad verse began their grieved mindes incense:

2

Fond man, that looks on earth for happinesse,  
And here long seeks what here is never found!  
For all our good we hold from heav'n by lease,



With many forfeits and conditions bound;  
Nor can we pay the fine and rentage due:  
Though now but writ, and seal'd, and giv'n anew,  
Yet daily we it break, then daily must renew.

3

Why should'st thou here look for perpetuall good,  
At every losse against heav'ns face repining?  
Do but behold where glorious Cities stood,  
With gilded tops, and silver turrets shining;  
There now the Hart fearlesse of greyhound feeds,  
And loving Pelican in safety breeds;  
There shrieking Satyres fill the peoples emptie steads.

4

Where is th' *Assyrian* Lions golden hide,  
That all the East once graspt in lordly paw?  
Where that great *Persian* Beare, whose swelling pride  
The Lions self tore out with ravenous jaw?  
Or he which 'twixt a Lion, and a Pard,  
Through all the world with nimble pineons far'd,  
And to his greedy whelps his conquer'd kingdoms shar'd?

5

Hardly the place of such antiquitie,  
Or note of these great monarchies we finde:  
Onely a fading verball memorie,  
And emptie name in writ is left behinde:  
But when this second life, and glory fades,  
And sinks at length in times obscurer shades,  
A second fall succeeds, and double death invades.

6

That monstrous beast, which nurst in *Tibers* fenne,  
Did all the world with hideous shape affray;  
That fill'd with costly spoil his gaping denne,  
And trode down all the rest to dust and clay:  
His batt'ring horns pull'd out by civil hands,  
And iron teeth lie scatter'd on the sands;  
Backt, bridled by a Monk, with sev'n heads yoked stands.

7

1

And that black Vulture, which with deathfull wing  
O're-shadows half the earth, whose dismall sight

Frighted the Muses from their native spring,  
Already stoops, and flagges with weary flight.

Who then shall look for happines beneath;

Where each new day proclaims chance, change, and death,  
And life it self's as flit as is the aire we breathe?

8

Ne mought this Prince escape, though he as farre  
All these excels in worth and heav'nly grace,  
As the brightest *Phoebus* does the dimmest starre:  
The deepest falls are from the highest place.

There lies he now bruis'd with so sore a fall,

To his base bonds, and loathsome prison thrall,

Whom thousand foes besiege, fenc'd with frail yielding wall.

9

Tell me, oh tell me then, thou holy Muse,  
Sacred *Thespia*, what the cause may be  
Of such despite, so many foemen use  
To persecute unpiti'd miserie:

Or if these cankred foes (as most men say)

So mighty be, that gird this wall of clay;

What makes it hold so long, and threatned ruine stay?

10

When that great Lord his standing Court would build,  
The outward walls with gemmes and glorious lights,  
But inward rooms with nobler Courtiers fill'd;  
Pure, living flames, swift, mighty, blessed sprites:

But some his royall service (fools!) disdain;

So down were flung: (oft blisse is double pain)

In heav'n they scorn'd to serve, so now in hell they reigne.

11

There turn'd to serpents, slown with pride and hate,  
Their Prince a Dragon fell, who burst with spight  
To see this Kings and Queens yet happy state,  
Tempts them to lust and pride, prevails by slight:

To make them wise, and gods he undertakes.

Thus while the snake they heare, they turn to snakes;

To make them gods he boasts, but beasts, and devils makes.

12

2

But that great Lion who in *Judahs* plains

The awfull beasts holds down in due subjection,  
The Dragons craft, and base-got spoil disdains,  
And folds this captive Prince in his protection;

Breaks <sup>3</sup> ope the jayl, & brings the prisoners thence,  
Yet plac't them in this castles weak defence,  
Where they might trust and seek an higher providence.

13.

So now spread round about this little hold,  
With armies infinite encamped lie  
Th' enraged Dragon and his Serpents bold:  
And knowing well his time grows short and nigh,  
He swells with venom'd gore and poys'nous heat;  
His <sup>4</sup> tail unfolded heav'n it self doth beat,  
And sweeps the mighty starres from their transcendent seat.

14

With him goes <sup>5</sup> *Caro*, cursed damme of sinne,  
Foul filthie damme of fouler progenie;  
Yet seems (skin-deep) most fair by witching gin  
To weaker sight; but to a purged eye  
Looks like (nay worse then) hells infernall haggess:  
Her empty breasts hang like lank hollow bagges,  
And *Iris* ulcer'd skin is patcht with leprous ragges.

15

Therefore her loathsome shade in steel arayd,  
All rust within, the outside polisht bright:  
And on her shield a Mermaid sung and playd;  
Whose humane beauties 'lure the wandring sight,  
But slimy scales hid in their waters lie:  
She chants, she smiles, so draws the eare, the eye,  
And whom she winnes, she kills: the word, *Heare, gaze, & die.*

16

And after march her fruitfull serpent frie,  
Whom she of divers lechers divers bore;  
Marshall'd in severall ranks their colours flie:  
<sup>6</sup>Foure to *Anagnus*, foure this painted whore  
To loathsome *Asebie* brought forth to light;  
Twice foure got *Adicus*, a hateful wight;  
But swoln *Acrates* two, born in one bed, and night.

17

<sup>7</sup>*Moechus* the first, of blushlesse bold aspect;  
 Yet with him Doubt and Fear still trembling go:  
 Oft lookt he back, as if he did suspect  
 Th' approach of some unwisht, unwelcome foe:  
     Behinde, fell Jealousie his steps observ'd,  
     And sure Revenge, with dart that never swerv'd:  
 Ten thousand griefs and plagues he felt, but more deserv'd.

18

His armour black as hell, or starlesse night;  
 And in his shield he lively pourtray'd bare  
*Mars* fast impound in arms of *Venus* light,  
 And ti'd as fast as in *Vulcans* subtil snare:  
     She feign'd to blush for shame now all too late;  
     But his red colour seem'd to sparkle hate:  
*Sweet are stoln waters*, round about the marge he wrate.

19

<sup>8</sup>*Porneius* next him pac't, a meager wight;  
 Whose leaden eyes sunk deep in swimming head,  
 And joylesse look, like some pale ashie spright,  
 Seem'd as he now were dying, or now dead:  
     And with him Wastefulnesse, that all expended,  
     And Want, that still in theft and prison ended:  
 A hundred foul diseases close at's back attended.

20

His shining helm might seem a sparkling flame,  
 Yet sooth nought was it but a foolish fire:  
 And all his arms were of that burning frame,  
 That flesh and bones were gnawn with hot desire:  
     Bout his wrist his blazing shield did frie  
     With sweltring hearts in flame of luxurie:  
 His word, *In fire I live, in fire I burn and die.*

21

With him <sup>9</sup>*Acatharus* in *Tuscan* guise;  
 A thing, that neither man will owne, nor beast:  
 Upon a boy he lean'd in wanton wise,  
 On whose fair limbes his eyes still greedie feast;  
     He sports, he toys, kisses his shining face:  
     Behinde, reproach and thousand devils pace;

Before, bold Impudence, that cannot change her grace.

22

His armour seem'd to laugh with idle boyes,  
Which all about their wonton sportings playd;  
Al's would himself help out their childish toyes,  
And like a boy lend them unmanly aid:

    In his broad targe the bird her wings dispread,  
    Which trussing wafts the *Trojan Ganymed*:  
And round which was writ, *Like with his like is coupled*.

23

<sup>10</sup>  
A selges follow'd next, the boldest boy,  
That ever play'd in *Venus* wanton court:

He little cares who notes his lavish joy;  
Broad were his jests, wilde his uncivil sport;

    His fashion too too fond, and loosly light:  
    A long love-lock on his left shoulder plight,  
Like to a womans hair, well shew'd a womans sprite.

24

Lust in strange nests this Cuckoe egge conceiv'd;  
Which nurst with surfets, drest with fond disguises,  
In fancies school his breeding first receiv'd:  
So this brave spark to wilder flame arises;  
    And now to court preferr'd, high bloods he fires,  
    There blows up pride, vain mirths and loose desires;  
And heav'nly souls (oh grief!) with hellish flame inspires.

25

There oft to rivals lends the gentle Dor,  
Oft takes (his mistresse by) the bitter Bob:  
There learns her each daies change of Gules, Verd, Or,  
(His sampler) if she pouts, her slave must sob:

    Her face his sphere, her hair his circling skie;  
    Her love his heav'n, her sight eternitie:  
Of her he dreams, with her he lives, for her he'l die.

26

Upon his arm a tinsell scarf he wore,  
Forsooth his Madams favour, spangled fair:  
Light as himself, a fanne his helmet bore,  
With ribbons drest, begg'd from his Mistresse hair:  
    On's shield a winged boy all naked shin'd;

His folded eyes willing and wilfull blinde:  
The word was wrought with gold, *Such is a lovers minde.*

27

These foure, *Anagnus* and foul *Caro's* sonnes,  
Who led a diff'rent, and disorder'd rout;  
Fancie, a lad that all in feathers wons,  
And loose desire, and danger linkt with doubt;  
    And thousand wanton thoughts still budding new:  
    But lazie ease usher'd the idle crue;  
And lame disease shuts up their troops with torments due.

28

Next band by *Asebie* was boldly led,  
And his foure sonnes, begot in *Stygian* night:

11

First *Idololatros*, whose monstrous head  
Was like an ugly fiend, his flaming sight  
    Like blazing starres; the rest all different:  
    For to his shape some part each creature lent,  
But to the great Creatour all adversly bent.

29

Upon his breast a bloudie Crosse he scor'd,  
Which oft he worshipt; but the *Christ* that di'd  
Thereon, he seldome but in paint ador'd;  
Yet wood, stone, beasts, wealth, lusts, fiends deifi'd:

12

    He makes meer pageants of the saving Rock,  
    Puppet-like trimming his Almighty stock:  
Which then, his god or he, which is the verier block?

30

Of Giant shape, and strength thereto agreeing,  
Wherewith he whilome all the world opprest;  
And yet the greater part his vassals being,  
Slumbring in ignorance, securely rest:  
    A golden calf (himself more beast) he bore;  
    Which brutes with dancings, gifts, and songs adore:  
*Idols are lay-mens books*, he round had wrote in Ore.

31

13

Next *Pharmacus*, of gashly wilde aspect;  
Whom hell with seeming fear, and fiends obey:

Full eas'y would he know each past effect,  
And things to come with double guesse foresay,  
    By slain beasts entrails, and fowls marked flight:  
    Thereto he tempests rais'd by many a spright,  
And charm'd the Sunne and Moon, & chang'd the day and night.

32

So when the South (dipping his sablest wings  
In humid Ocean) sweeps with's dropping beard  
Th' aire, earth, and seas; his lips loud thunderings  
And flasing eyes make all the world afeard:  
    Light with dark clouds, waters with fires are met:  
    The Sunne but now is rising, now is set;  
And findes west-shades in East, and seas in ayers wet.

33

By birth, and hand, he jugling fortunes tells;  
Oft brings from shades his grandsires damned ghost,  
Oft stoln goods forces out by wicked spells:  
His frightfull shield with thousand fiends embost,  
    Which seem'd without a circles ring to play:  
    In midst himself dampens the smiling day,  
And prints sad characters, which none may write, or say.

34

14

The third *Haereticus*, a wrangling carle,  
Who in the way to heav'n would wilfulle erre;  
And oft convicted, still would snatch and snarle:  
His *Crambe* oft repeats; all tongue, no eare.  
    Him Obstinarie, Pride, and Scorn attended:  
    On's shield with Truth Errour disguis'd contended:  
His Motto this, *Rather thus erre, then be amended.*

35

Last marcht *Hypocrisie*, false form of grace,  
That vaunts the show of all, ha's truth of none:  
A rotten heart he masks with painted face;  
Among the beasts a mule, 'mong bees a drone,  
    'Mong starres a meteor: all the world neglects him;  
    Nor good, nor bad, nor heav'n, nor earth affects him:  
The earth for glaring forms, for bare forms heav'n rejects him.

36

His wanton heart he vails with dewy eyes,

So oft the world, and oft himself deceives:  
His tongue his heart, his silver hands his tongue belies:  
In's path (as snails) silver, but slime he leaves:  
    He *Babels* glory is, but *Sions* taint;  
    Religions blot, but Irreligions paint:  
A Saint abroad, at home a Fiend; and worst a Saint.

37

So tallow lights live glitt'ring, stinking die;  
Their gleams aggrate the sight, steams would the smell:  
So *Sodom* apples pease the ravisht eye,  
But sulphure taste proclaims their root's in hell:  
    So airy flames to heav'nly seem alli'd;  
    But when their oyl is spent, they swiftly glide,  
And into jelly'd mire melt all their gilded pride.

38

So rushes green, smooth, full, are spungie light;  
So their ragg'd stones in velvet peaches gown:  
So rotten sticks seem starres in cheating night;  
So quagmires false their mire with emeralds crown:  
    Such is *Hypocrisies* deceitfull frame;  
    A stinking light, a sulphure fruit, false flame,  
Smooth rush, hard peach, sere wood, false mire, a voice, a name.

39

Such were his arms, false gold, true alchymie;  
Glitt'ring with glassie stones, and fine deceit:  
His sword a flatt'ring steel, which gull'd the eye,  
And pierc't the heart with pride and self-conceit:  
    On's shield a tombe, where death had drest his bed  
    With curious art, and crown'd his loathsome head  
With gold, & gems: his word, *More gorgeous when dead.*

40

Before them went their nurse, bold *Ignorance*;  
A loathsome monster, light, sight, 'mendment scorning:  
Born deaf and blinde, fitter to lead the dance  
To such a rout; her silver heads adorning  
    (Her dotage index) much she bragg'd, yet feign'd:  
    For by false tallies many yeares she gain'd.  
*Wise youth is honour'd age; fond's age with dotage stain'd.*

41

Her failing legges with erring footsteps reel'd;



(Lame guide to blisse!) her daughters on each side  
Much pain'd themselves her stumbling feet to weeld;  
Both like their mother, dull and beetle-ey'd:  
    The first was Errour false, who multiplies  
    Her num'rous race in endlesse progenies:  
For but one truth there is, ten thousand thousand lies.

42

Her brood o're-spread her round with sinne and bloud,  
With envie, malice, mischiefs infinite;  
While she to see her self amazed stood,  
So often got with childe and bigge with spite:  
    Her off-spring flie about & spread their seed;  
    Straight hate, pride, schisme, warres & seditions breed,  
Get up, grow ripe. *How soon prospers the vicious weed!*

43

The other Owl-ey'd *Superstition*,  
Deform'd, distorted, blinde in shining light;  
Yet styles her self holy Devotion,  
And so is call'd, and seems in shadie night:  
    Fearfull, as is the hare, or hunted hinde;  
    Her face and breast she oft with crosses sign'd:  
No custome would she break, or change her settled minde.

44

If hare or snake her way, herself she crosses,  
And stops her 'mazed steps; sad fears affright her,  
When falling salt points out some fatall losses,  
Till *Bacchus* grapes with holy sprinkle quite her:  
    Her onely bible is an Erra Pater;  
    Her antidote are hallow d wax and water:  
I' th' dark all lights are sprites, all noises chains that clatter.

45

With them marcht (sunk in deep securitie)  
*Profanenesse*, to be fear'd for never fearing;  
And by him, new-oaths-coyning *Blasphemie*,  
Who names not God, but in curse, or swearing:  
    And thousand other fiends in diverse fashion,  
    Dispos'd in severall ward, and certain station:  
Under, Hell widely yawn'd; and over, flew Damnation.

46

Next *Adicus* his sonnes; first *Ecthroes* slie,  
 Whose prickt-up eares kept open house for lies;  
 And sleering eyes still watch and wait to spie  
 When to return still-living injuries:  
     Fair weather smil'd upon his painted face,  
     And eyes spoke peace, till he had time and place;  
 Then poures down showers of rage, and streams of rancour base.

47

So when a sable cloud with swelling sail  
 Comes swimming through calm skies, the silent aire  
 (While fierce windes sleep in *Aeols* rockie jayl)  
 With spangled beams embroid' red, glitters fair;  
     But soon 'gins lowr: straight clatt'ring hail is bred,  
     Scatt'ring cold shot; light hides his golden head,  
 And with untimely winter earth's o're-silvered.

48

His arms well suit his minde, where smiling skies  
 Breed thund'ring tempests: on his loftie crest  
 Asleep the spotted Panther couching lies,  
 And by sweet sents and skinne so quaintly drest,  
     Draws on her prey: upon his shield he bears  
     The dreadfull monster which great *Nilus* fears;  
 (The weeping Crocadile) his word, *I kill with tears*.

49

With him *Dissemblance* went, his Paramour,  
 Whose painted face might hardly be detected:  
 Arms of offence he seld' or never wore,  
 Lest thence his close designes might be suspected;  
     But clasping close his foe, as loth to part,  
     He steals his dagger with false smiling art,  
 And sheaths the trait'rous steel in his own masters heart.

50

Two *Jewish* Captains, close themselves enlacing  
 In loves sweet twines, his target broad display'd;  
 One th' others beard with his left hand embracing,  
 But in his right a shining sword he sway'd,  
     Which unawares through th' others ribs he smites;  
     There lay the wretch without all buriall rites:  
 His word, *He deepest wounds, that in his fawning bites*.

51

16

*Eris* the next, of sex unfit for warre:  
 Her arms were bitter words from flaming tongue,  
 Which never quiet, wrangle, fight, and jarre;  
 Ne would she weigh report with right, or wrong:  
     What once she held, that would she ever hold,  
     And *Non-obstantes* force with courage bold:  
 The last word she must have, or never leave to scold.

52

She is the trumpet to this angrie train,  
 And whets their furie with loud-railing spite:  
 But when no open foes did more remain,  
 Against themselves themselves she would incite.  
     Her clacking mill, driv'n by her flowing gall,  
     Could never stand, but chide, rail, bark, and bawl:  
 Her shield no word could find; her tongue engrost them all.

53

17

*Zelos* the third, whose spitefull emulation  
 Could not endure a fellow in excelling;  
 Yet slow in any vertues imitation,  
 At easie rate that fair possession selling:  
     Still as he went, he hidden sparkles blew,  
     Till to a mighty flame they sudden grew,  
 And like fierce lightning all in quick destruction drew.

54

Upon his shield lay that *Tirinthian* Swain,  
 Sweltring in fierie gore and pois'nous flame;  
 His wives sad gift venom'd with bloudie stain:  
 Well could he bulls, snakes, hell, all monsters tame;  
     Well could he heav'n support and prop alone;  
     But by fell Jealousie soon overthrown,  
 Without a foe, or sword: his motto, *First, or none.*

55

18

*Thumos* the fourth, a dire, revengefull swain;  
 Whose soul was made of flames, whose flesh of fire:  
 Wrath in his heart, hate, rage and furie reigne;  
 Fierce was his look, when clad in sparkling tire;

But when dead palenesse in his cheek took seisure,  
And all the bloud in's boyling heart did treasure,  
Then in his wilde revenge kept he nor mean, nor measure.

56

Look as when waters wall'd with brazen wreath  
Are sieg'd with crackling flames, their common foe;  
The angrie seas 'gin foam and hotly breathe,  
Then swell, rise, rave, and still more furious grow;  
Nor can be held, but forc't with fires below,  
Tossing their waves, break out and all o'reflow:  
So boyl'd his rising bloud, and dasht his angry brow.

57

For in his face red heat, and ashie cold  
Strove which should paint revenge in proper colours:  
That, like consuming fire, most dreadfull roll'd;  
This, liker death, threatens all deadly dolours:  
His trembling hand a dagger still embrac't,  
Which in his friend he rashly oft encas't:  
His shields devise fresh bloud with foulest stain defac't.

58

19

Next him *Erithius*, most unquiet swain,  
That all in law and fond contention spent;  
Not one was found in all this numerous train,  
With whom in any thing he would consent:  
His Will his Law, he weigh'd not wrong or right;  
Much scorn'd to bear, much more forgive a spight:  
Patience he th' asses load, and cowards Vertue hight.

59

His weapons all were fram'd of shining gold,  
Wherewith he subt'ly fought close under hand:  
Thus would he right from right by force withhold,  
Nor suits, nor friends, nor laws his slights withstand:  
Ah powerfulle weapon! how dost thou bewitch  
Great, but base mindes, & spott'st with leprous itch,  
That never are in thought, nor ever can be rich!

60

Upon his belt (fastned with leather laces)  
Black boxes hung sheaths of his paper-swords;  
Fill'd up with Writs, Sub-poena's, Triall-cases;

This trespass him in cattel, that in words:  
Fit his device, and well his shield became,  
A Salamander drawn in lively frame:  
His word was this, *I live, I breathe, I feed in flame.*

61

20

Next after him marcht proud *Dichostasis*,  
That wont but in the factious court to dwell;  
But now to shepherd-swains close linked is;  
And taught them (fools!) to change their humble cell,  
And lowly weed for courts, and purple gay,  
To sit aloft, and States and Princes sway:  
A hook, no scepter needs our erring sheep to stay.

62

A Miter trebly crown'd th' Impostour wore;  
For heav'n, earth, hell he claims with loftie pride.  
Not in his lips, but hands, two keys he bore,  
Heav'ns doores and hells to shut, and open wide:  
But late his keys are marr'd, or broken quite:  
For hell he cannot shut, but opens light;  
Nor heav'n can ope, but shut; nor buyes, but sells by slight.

63

Two heads, oft three, he in one body had,  
Nor with the body, nor themselves agreeing:  
What this commanded, th' other soon forbad;  
As different in rule, as nature being:  
The body to them both, and neither prone,  
Was like a double-hearted dealer grown;  
Endeavouring to please both parties, pleasing none.

64

As when the powerfull winde and adverse tide  
Strive which should most command the subject main;  
The scornfull waves, swelling with angrie pride,  
Yeelding to neither, all their force disdain:  
Mean time the shaken vessel doubtfull playes,  
And on the stagg'ring billow trembling stayes,  
And would obey them both, and none of them obeyes.

65

A subtil craftsman fram'd him seemly arms,  
Forg'd in the shop of wrangling sophistrie;

And wrought with curious arts, and mightie charms,  
Temper'd with lies, and false philosophie:  
Millions of heedlesse souls thus had he slain.  
His sev'n-fold targe a field of Gules did stain;  
In which two swords he bore: his word, *Divide, and reigne.*

66

*Envie* the next, *Envie* with squinted eyes;  
Sick of a strange disease, his neighbours health:  
Best lives he then, when any better dies;  
Is never poore, but in anothers wealth:  
On best mens harms and griefs he feeds his fill;  
Else his own maw doth eat with spitefull will.  
Ill must the temper be, where diet is so ill.

67

Each eye through divers opticks slily leers,  
Which both his sight, and object self belie;  
So greatest vertue as a mote appeares,  
And molehill faults to mountains multiplie.  
When needs he must, yet faintly, then he praises;  
Somewhat the deed, much more the means he raises:  
So marreth what he makes, & praising most dispraises.

68

Upon his shield that cruell Herd-groom play'd,  
Fit instrument of *Juno's* jealous spight;  
His hundred eyes stood fixed on the maid;  
He pip't, she sigh'd: his word, *Her day my night.*  
His missile weapon was a lying tongue,  
Which he farre off like swiftest lightning flung,  
That all the world with noise & foul blaspheming rung.

69

21

Last of this rout the savage *Phonos* went,  
Whom his dire mother nurst with humane blood;  
And when more age and strength more fiercenesse lent,  
She taught him in a dark and desert wood  
With force and guile poore passengers to slay,  
And on their flesh his barking stomack stay,  
And with their wretched blood his firy thirst allay.

70

So when the never-setled *Scythian*

Removes his dwelling in an empty wain;  
When now the Sunne hath half his journey ranne,  
His horse he bloods, and pricks a trembling vain,  
So from the wound quenches his thirstie heat:  
Yet worse, this fiend makes his own flesh his meat.  
Monster! the ravenous beare his kinde will never eat.

71

Ten thousand Furies on his steps awaited;  
Some sear'd his hardned soul with *Stygian* brand:  
Some with black terrours his faint conscience baited,  
That wide he star'd, and starched hair did stand.  
The first-born man still in his minde he bore,  
Fouly array'd in guiltlesse brothers gore,  
Which for revenge to heav'n from earth did loudly roar.

72

His arms offensive all, to spill, not spare;  
Swords, pistols, poisons, instruments of hell:  
A shield he wore (not that the wretch did care  
To save his flesh, oft he himself would quell)  
For shew, not use: on it a viper swilling  
The dammes spilt gore, his emptie bowels filling  
With flesh that gave him life: his word, *I live by killing*.

73

And last his brutish sonnes *Acrates* sent,  
Whom *Caro* bore both in one birth and bed;

22

*Methos* the first, whose panch his feet out-went,  
As if it usher'd his unsetled head:  
His soul quite sowced lay in grapie bloud;  
In all his parts the idle dropsie stood;  
Which, though already drown'd, still thirsted for the floud.

74

This thing, nor man, nor beast, tunnes all his wealth  
In drink; his dayes, his yeares in liquour drenching:  
So quaffes he sicknesse down by quaffing health,  
Firing his cheeks with quenching, strangely quenching  
His eyes with firing; dull and faint they roll'd:  
But nimble lips known things, and hid unfold;  
Belchings, oft-sips, large spits point the long tale he told.

75

His armour green might seem a fruitfull vine;  
 The clusters prison'd in the close-set leaves,  
 Yet oft between the bloudie grape did shine;  
 And peeping forth, his jaylers spite deceives:  
     Among the boughs did swilling Bacchus ride,  
     Whom wilde-grown *Maenads* bore, and every stride  
*Bacche, Io Bacche*, loud with madding voice they cri'd.

76

On's shield the goatish Satyres dance around,  
 (Their heads much lighter then their nimble heels)  
*Silenus* old, in wine (as ever) drown'd,  
 Clos'd with the ring, in midst (though sitting) reels:  
     Under his arm a bag-pipe swoln he held,  
     (Yet wine-swoln cheeks the windie bag out-swell'd)  
 So loudly pipes: his word, *But full, no mirth I yeeld.*

77

Insatiate sink, how with so generall stain  
 Thy spu'd-out puddles court, town, fields entice!  
 Ay me! the shepherds selves thee entertain,  
 And to thy *Curtian* gulph do sacrifice:  
     All drink to spue, and spue again to drink.  
     Sowre swil-tub sinne, of all the rest the sink,  
 How canst thou thus betwitch with thy abhorred stink?

78

The eye thou wrong'st with vomits reeking streams,  
 The eare with belching; touch thou drown'st in wine;  
 The taste thou surfet'st; smell with spuing steams  
 Thou woundest: foh! thou loathsome putrid swine,  
     Still thou increasest thirst, when thirst thou slakest;  
     The minde and will thou (wits bane) captive takest:  
 Senseles thy hoggish filth, & sense thou senseles makest.

79

Thy fellow sinnes, and all the rest of vices  
 With seeming good are fairly cloath'd to sight;  
 Their feigned sweet the bleare-ey'd will entices,  
 Coz'ning the daz'led sense with borrow'd light:  
     Thee neither true, nor yet false good commends;  
     Profit nor pleasure on thy steps attends:  
 Folly begins thy sinne, which still with madnesse ends.



80

With *Methos*, *Gluttonie*, his gutling brother,  
 Twinne parallels, drawn from the self-same line;  
 So foully like was either to the other,  
 And both most like a monstrous-panched swine:  
     His life was either a continu'd feast,  
     Whose surfets upon surfets him opporest;  
 Or heavie sleep, that helps so great a load digest.

81

Mean time his soul, weigh'd down with muddie chains,  
 Can neither work, nor move in captive bands;  
 But dull'd in vaprous fogges, all carelesse reignes,  
 Or rather serves strong appetites commands:  
     That when he now was gorg'd with crammd-down store,  
     And porter wanting room had shut the doore,  
 The glutton sigh'd that he could gurmandize no more.

82

His crane-like neck was long unlac'd; his breast,  
 His gowtie limbes, like to a circle round,  
 As broad as long; and for his spear in rest  
 Oft with his staffe he beats the yeelding ground;  
     Wherewith his hands did help his feet to bear,  
     Els would they ill so huge a burthen steare:  
 His clothes were all of leaves, no armour could he wear.

83

Onely a target light upon his arm  
 He carelesse bore, on which old *Gryll* was drawn,  
 Transform'd into a hog with cunning charm;  
 In head, and paunch, and soul it self a brawn:  
     Half drown'd within, without, yet still did hunt  
     In his deep trough for swill, as he was wont;  
 Cas'd all in loathsome mire: no word; *Gryll* could but grunt.

84

Him serv'd sweet-seeming lusts, self-pleasing lies;  
 But bitter death flow'd from those sweets of sinne:  
 And at the Rear of these in secret guise  
 Crept *Theeverie*, and *Detraction*, neare akinne;  
     No twinnes more like: they seem'd almost the same;  
     One stole the goods, the other the good name:  
 The latter lives in scorn, the former dies in shame.

Their boon companions in their joviall feasting  
Were new-shapt oaths, and damning perjuries:  
Their cates, fit for their taste, profanest jesting,  
Sauc'd with the salt of hell, dire blasphemies.

But till th' ambitious Sunne, yet still aspiring,  
Allayes his flaming gold with gentler firing,  
We'l rest our wearie song in that thick groves retiring.

1 The Turk.

2 Revel. 5.5.

3 Luke. 4.18.

4 Revel. 12.4

5 The flesh.

6 The fruits of the flesh are described Gal. 5.19, 20, 21. and may be ranked into foure companies, 1. of Unchastitie. 2. of Irreligion. 3. of Unrighteousnesse. 4. of Intemperance.

7 Adulterie. Gal. 5.19.

8 Fornication.

9 Sodomie. Rom. 1.26, 27. Levit. 20. 15, 16.

10 Lasciviousnesse.

11 Idolatrie, either by worshipping the true God by false worship; as by images, against the second commandment: or giving away his worship to anything that is not God, against the first.

12 Psal. 62.7.

13 Witchcraft and curious arts.

14 Heresie.

15 Hatred.

16 Variance.

17 Emulation.

18 Wrath.

19 Strife.

20 Sedition or Schisme.

21 Murder.

22 Drunkenesse.

CANT. VIII.

THE Sunne began to slack his bended bow,  
And more obliquely dart his milder ray;  
When cooler ayers gently 'gan to blow,  
And fanne the fields parcht with the scorching day:  
    The shepherds to their wonted seats repair;  
    *Thirsil*, refresht with this soft-breathing aire,  
Thus 'gan renew his task, and broken song repair:

2

What watchfull care must fence that weary state,  
Which deadly foes begirt with cruell siege;  
And frailest wall of glasse, and trait'rous gate  
Strive which should first yeeld up their wofull liege?  
    By enemies assail'd, by friends betray'd;  
    When others hurt, himself refuses aid:  
By weaknesse self his strength is foil'd and overlay'd.

3

How comes it then that in so neare decay  
We deadly sleep in deep securitie,  
When every houre is ready to betray  
Our lives to that still-watching enemy?  
    Wake then thy soul that deadly slumbereth:

For when thy foe hath siez'd thy captive breath,  
Too late to wish past life, too late to wish for death.

4

*Caro* the Vantguard with the Dragon led,

*l*  
*Cosmos* the battell guides, with loud alarms;  
*Cosmos*, the first sonne to the Dragon red,  
Shining in seeming gold, and glitt'ring arms:

Well might he seem a strong and gentle Knight,  
As e're was clad in steel and armour bright;  
But was a recreant base, a foul, false, cheating sprite.

5

And as himself, such were his arms; appearing  
Bright burnisht gold, indeed base alchymie,  
Dimme beetle eyes, and greedy worldlings blearing:  
His shield was drest in nights sad liverie,

Where man-like Apes a Gloworm compasse round,  
Glad that in wintrie night they fire had found;  
Busie they puffe & blow: the word, *Mistake the ground*.

6

Mistake points all his darts; his sunshines bright  
(Mistaken) light appeare, sad lightning prove:  
His clouds (mistook) seem lightnings, turn to light;  
His love true hatred is, his hatred love;  
His shop, a Pedlars pack of apish fashion;  
His honours, pleasures, joyes are all vexation:  
His wages, glorious care, sweet surfets, woo'd damnation.

7

His lib'rall favours, complemental arts;  
His high advancements, Alpine slipp'ry straits;  
His smiling glances, deaths most pleasing darts;  
And (what he vaunts) his gifts are gilded baits:  
Indeed he nothing is, yet all appears.  
Haplesse earths happy fools, that know no tears!  
*Who bathes in worldly joyes, swimmes in a world of fears.*

8

Pure Essence, who hast made a stone descrie  
'Twixt natures hid, and check that metals pride  
That dares aspire to golds high soveraigntie;  
Ah leave some touch-stone erring eyes to guide,

And judge dissemblance; see by what devices  
Sinne with fair glosse our mole-ey'd sight entises,  
That vices vertues seem to most; and vertues, vices.

9

Strip thou their meretricious seemlinese,  
And tifold glitt'ring bare to every sight,  
That we may loath their inward uglinese;  
Or else uncloud the soul, whose shadie light  
Addes a fair luster to false earthly blisse:  
Thine and their beauty differs but in this;  
Theirs what is not, seems; thine seems not what it is.

10

Next to the Captain coward <sup>2</sup>*Deilos* far'd;  
Him right before he as his shield projected,  
And following troops to back him as his guard;  
Yet both his shield and guard (faint heart) suspected:  
And sending often back his doubtfull eye,  
By fearing taught unthought of treacherie;  
So made him enemies, by fearing enmitie.

11

Still did he look for some ensuing crosse,  
Fearing such hap as never man befell:  
No mean he knows, but dreads each little losse  
(With tyrannie of fear distraught) as hell.  
His sense he dare not trust, (nor eyes, nor eares)  
And when no other cause of fright appears,  
Himself he much suspects, and fears his causelesse fears.

12

Harnest with massie steel, for fence, not fight;  
His sword unseemly long he ready drew:  
At sudden shine of his own armour bright  
He started oft, and star'd with ghastly hue:  
He shrieks at every danger that appears,  
Shaming the knightly arms he goodly bears:  
His word, *Safer that all, then he that nothing fears.*

13

With him went *Doubt*, stagg'ring with steps unsure,  
That every way, and neither way enclin'd;  
And fond *Distrust*, whom nothing could secure;

Suspicion lean, as if he never din'd:

He keeps intelligence by thousand spies;

*Argus* to him bequeath'd his hundred eyes:

So waking still he sleeps, and sleeping wakefull lies.

14

Fond *Deilos* all, <sup>3</sup>*Tolmetes* nothing fears;

Just frights he laughs, all terrours counteth base;

And when of danger, or sad news he heares,

He meets the thund'ring fortune face to face:

Yet oft in words he spends his boisterous threat;

That his hot blood, driv'n from the native seat,

Leaves his <sup>4</sup>faint coward heart empty of lively heat.

15

Himself (weak help!) was all his confidence;

He scorns low ebs, but swimmes in highest rises:

His limbes with arms or shield he would not fence;

Such coward fashion (fool!) he much despises:

Ev'n for his single sword the world seems scant;

For hundred worlds his conqu'ring arm could dant:

Much would he boldly do, but much more boldly vant.

16

With him went self-admiring *Arrogance*,

And *Bragge*, his deeds without an helper praising:

Blinde *Carelesnesse* before would lead the dance;

*Fear* stole behind, those vaunts in balance peysing,

Which farre their deeds outweigh'd; their violence,

'Fore danger spent with lavish difffluence,

Was none, or weak in time of greatest exigence.

17

As when a fierie courser readie bent,

Puts forth himself at first with swiftest pace;

Till with too sudden flash his spirits spent,

Alreadie fails now in the middle race:

His hanging crest farre from his wonted pride,

No longer now obeyes his angrie guide;

Rivers of sweat and bloud flow from his gored side:

18

Thus ran the rash *Tolmetes*, never viewing

The fearfull fiends that duly him attended;

Destruction close his steps in poast pursuing,  
And certain ruines heavie weights depended  
Over his cursed head, and smooth-fac'd guile,  
That with him oft would loosly play and smile;  
Till in his snare he lockt his feet with treach'rous wile.

19

Next marcht <sup>5</sup> *Asotus*, careless-spending Swain;  
Who with a fork went spreading all around,  
Which his old sire with sweating toil and pain  
Long time was raking from his racked ground:  
In giving he observ'd nor form, nor matter,  
But <sup>6</sup> best reward he got, that best could flatter;  
Thus what he thought to give, he did not give, but scatter.

20

Before aray'd in sumptuous braverie,  
Deckt court-like in the choice and newest guise;  
But all behinde like drudging slaverie,  
With ragged patches, rent, and bared thighs:  
His shamefull parts, that shunne the hated light,  
Were naked left; (ah foul dishonest sight!)  
Yet neither could he see, nor feel his wretched plight.

21

His shield presents to life deaths latest rites,  
A sad black herse born up with sable swains;  
Which many idle grooms with hundred lights  
(Tapers, lamps, torches) usher through the plains  
To endlesse darknesse; while the Sunnes bright brow  
With fierie beams quenches their smoaking tow  
And wastes their idle cost: the word, *Not need, but show*.

22

A vagrant rout (a shoal of tatling daws)  
Strow him with vain-spent prayers, and idle layes;  
And flatt'rie to his sinne close curtains draws,  
Clawing his itching eare with tickling praise:  
Behinde, fond pitie much his fall lamented,  
And miserie, that former waste repented:  
The usurer for his goods, jayl for his bones indented.

23

His steward was his kinsman, *Vain-expense*,

Who proudly strove in matters light to shew  
Heroick minde in braggard affluence;  
So lost his treasure, getting nought in lieu,  
    But ostentation of a foolish pride;  
    While women fond, and boyes stood gaping wide;  
But wise men all his waste and needlesse cost deride.

24

7

Next *Pleonectes* went, his gold admiring,  
His servants drudge, slave to his basest slave;  
Never enough, and still too much desiring:  
His gold his god, yet in an iron grave  
    Himself protects his god from noysome rusting;  
    Much fears to keep, much more to loose his lusting;  
Himself, and golden god, and every god mistrusting.

25

Age on his hairs the winter snow had spread;  
That silver badge his neare end plainly proves:  
Yet as to <sup>8</sup> earth he nearer bowes his head,  
So loves it more; for *Like his like still loves*.  
    Deep from the ground he digs his sweetest gain,  
    And deep into the earth digs back with pain:  
From hell his gold he brings, and hoords in hell again.

26

His clothes all patcht with more then honest thrift,  
And clouted shoon were nail'd for fear of wasting;  
Fasting he prais'd, but sparing was his drift;  
And when he eats, his food is worse that fasting:  
    Thus starves in store, thus doth in plentie pine,  
    Thus wallowing on his god, his heap of Mine,  
He feeds his famisht soul with that deceiving shine.

27

Oh hungrie metall, false deceitfull ray,  
Well laid'st thou dark, prest in th' earths hidden wombe;  
Yet through our mothers entrails cutting way,  
We dragge thy buried coarse from hellish tombe:  
    The merchant from his wife and home departs,  
    Nor at the swelling ocean ever starts;  
While death & life a wall of thinne planks onely parts.



28

Who was it first, that from thy deepest cell,  
 With so much costly toil and painfull sweat  
 Durst rob thy palace, bord'ring next to hell?  
 Well mayst thou come from that infernall seat;  
     Thou all the world with hell-black deeps dost fill.  
     Fond men, that with such pain do woove your ill!  
 Needlesse to send for grief, for he is next us still.

29

His arms were light, and cheap, as made to save  
 His purse, not limbes; the money, not the man:  
 Rather he dies, then spends: his helmet brave,  
 An old brasse pot; breast-plate a dripping-pan:  
     His spear a spit, a pot-lid broad his shield,  
     Whose smokie plain a chakt Impresa fill'd,  
 A bagge sure seal'd: his word, *Much better sav'd, then spill'd.*

30

By *Pleonectes* shamelesse *Sparing* went,  
 Who whines and weeps to beg a longer day,  
 Yet with a thundering voice claims tardie rent;  
 Quick to receive, but hard and slow to pay:  
     His care's to lessen cost with cunning base;  
     But when he's forc't beyond his bounded space,  
 Loud would he crie, & howl, while others laugh apace.

31

Long after went <sup>9</sup>*Pusillus*, weakest heart,  
 Able to serve, and able to command,  
 But thought himself unfit for either part;  
 And now full loth, amidst the warlike band  
     Was hither drawn by force from quiet cell:  
     Lonenesse his heav'n, and bus'ness was his hell.  
*A weak distrustfull heart is vertues aguish spell.*

32

His goodly arms, eaten with shamefull rust,  
 Betwray'd their masters ease, and want of using;  
 Such was his minde, tainted with idle must,  
 His goodly gifts with little use abusing:  
     Upon his shield was drawn that noble Swain  
     That loth to change his love and quiet reigne  
 For glorious warlike deeds, did craftie madnesse feigne.

33

Finely the workman fram'd the toilsome plough  
 Drawn with an ox and asse, unequall pair;  
 While he with busie hand his salt did sow,  
 And at the furrows end his dearest heir  
     Did helpesse lie, and Greek lords watching still  
     Observ'd his hand guided with carefull will:  
 About was wrote, *Who nothing doth, doth nothing ill.*

34

By him went *Idlennesse*, his loved friend,  
 And Shame with both; with all, ragg'd *Povertie*:  
 Behinde sure *Punishment* did close attend,  
 Waiting a while fit opportunitie;  
     And taking count of houres mispent in vain,  
     And graces lent without returning gain,  
 Pour'd on his guiltie corse late grief, & helpesse pain.

35

This dull cold earth with standing water froze;  
 At ease he lies to coyn pretence for ease;  
 His soul like *Ahaz* diall, where it goes  
 Not forward, poasteth backward ten degrees:  
     In's couch he's pliant wax for fiends to seal;  
     He never sweats, but in his bed, or meal:  
 He'd rather steal then work, and beg then strive to steal.

36

All opposite, though he his brother were,  
 Was <sup>10</sup>*Chaunus*, that too high himself esteem'd:  
 All things he undertook, nor could he fear  
 His power too weak, or boasted strength misdeem'd,  
     With his own praise like windie bladder blown:  
     His eyes too little, or too much is own;  
 For <sup>11</sup>known to all men weak, was to himself unknown.

37

Fondly himself with praising he disprais'd,  
 Vaunting his deeds and worth with idle breath;  
 So raz'd himself, what he himself had rais'd:  
 On's shield a boy threatens high *Phoebus* death,  
     Aiming his arrow at his purest light;  
     But soon the thinne reed, fir'd with lightning bright,

Fell idly on the strond: his word, *Yet high, and right.*

38

Next rave <sup>12</sup> *Philotimus* in poast did ride:  
Like rising ladders was his climbing minde;  
His high-flown thoughts had wings of courtly pride,  
Which by foul rise to greatest height enclin'd;  
His heart aspiring swell'd untill it burst:  
But when he gain'd the top, which spite accurst  
Down would he fling the steps by which he clamb'red first.

39

His head's a shop furnisht with looms of state:  
His brain the weaver, thoughts are shuttles light,  
With which in spite of heav'n he weaves his fate;  
Honour his web: thus works he day and night,  
Till fates cut off his threed; so heapeth sinnes  
And plagues, nor once enjoyes the place he winnes;  
But where his old race ends, there his new race begins.

40

Ah silly man, who dream'st that honour stands  
In ruling others, not thy self! thy slaves  
Serve thee, and thou thy slaves; in iron bands  
Thy servile spirit prest with wilde passions raves.  
Would'st thou live honour'd? clip ambitions wing;  
To reasons yoke thy furious passions bring.  
*Thrice noble is the man, who of himself is King.*

41

Upon his shield was fram'd that vent'rous lad,  
That durst assay the Sunnes bright-flaming team;  
Spite of his feeble hands, the horses mad  
Fling down on burning earth the scorching beam;  
So made the flame in which himself was fir'd;  
The world the bonfire was, where he expir'd:  
His motto written thus, *Yet had what he desir'd.*

42

But <sup>13</sup> *Atimus*, a carelesse idle swain,  
Though Glory off' red him her sweet embrace,  
And fair Occasion with little pain  
Reacht him her ivory hand, yet (lozel base!)  
Rather his way, and her fair self declin'd;

Well did he thence prove his degenerous minde:  
Base were his restie thoughts, base was his dunghill kinde.

43

And now by force dragg'd from the monkish cell,  
(Where teeth he onely us'd, nor hands, nor brains,  
But in smooth streams swam down through ease to hell;  
His work to eat, drink, speal, and purge his reins)  
He left his heart behinde him with his feast:  
His target with a flying dart was drest,  
Poasting unto his mark: *the word, I move to rest.*

44

Next <sup>14</sup>*Colax* all his words with sugar spices;  
His servile tongue, base slave to greatnesse name,  
Runnes nimble descant on the plainest vices;  
He lets his tongue to sinne, takes rent of shame:  
His temp'ring lies, porter to th' eare resides,  
Like Indian apple, which with painted sides,  
More dangerous within his lurking poyson hides.

45

So Echo, to the voice her voice conforming,  
From hollow breast for one will two repay;  
So, like the rock it holds, it self transforming,  
That subtil fish hunts for her heedlesse prey:  
So crafty fowlers with their fair deceits  
Allure the hungrie bird; so fisher waits  
To bait himself with fish, his hook and fish with baits.

46

His art is but to hide, not heal a sore,  
To nourish pride, to strangle conscience;  
To drain the rich, his own drie pits to store,  
To spoil the precious soul, to please vile sense:  
A carrion crow he is, a gaping grave,  
The rich coats moth, the courts bane, trenchers slave;  
Sinnes & hells winning baud, the devils fact'ring knave.

47

A mist he casts before his patrons sight,  
That blackest vices never once appeare;  
But greater then it is, seems vertues light;  
His Lords displeasure is his onely fear:

His clawing lies, tickling the senses frail  
To death, make open way where force would fail.  
*Lesse hurts the lions paw, then foxes softest tail.*

48

His arms with hundred tongues were poud'red gay,  
(The mint of lies) gilt, fil'd, the sense to please;  
His sword which in his mouth close sheathed lay,  
Sharper then death, and fram'd to kill with ease.  
Ah cursed weapon, life with pleasure spilling!  
The Sardoin herb with many branches filling  
His shield, was his device: the word, *I please in killing.*

49

Base slave! how crawl'st thou from thy dunghill nest,  
Where thou wast hatcht by shame and beggerie,  
And pearchest in the learn'd and noble breast?  
Arts learn new art their learning to adorn:  
(Ah wretched mindes!) He is not nobly born,  
Nor learn'd, that doth not thy ignoble learning scorn.

50

Close to him *Pleasing* went, with painted face,  
And *Honour*, by some hidden cunning made;  
Not *Honours* self, but *Honours* semblance base,  
For soon it vanisht like an emptie shade:  
Behinde, his parents duely him attend;  
With them he forced is his age to spend:  
Shame his beginning was, and shame must be his end.

51

Next follow'd <sup>15</sup>*Dyscolus*, a froward wight;  
His lips all swoln, and eyebrows ever bent,  
With sootie locks, swart looks, and scouling sight,  
His face a tell-tale to his foul intent:  
He nothing lik't, or prais'd; but reprehended  
What every one beside himself commended.  
*Humours of tongues impostum'd, purg'd with shame, are mended.*

52

His mouth a pois'nous quiver, where he hides  
Sharp venom'd arrows, which his bitter tongue  
With squibs, carps, jests, unto their object guides;  
Nor fears he gods on earth, or heav'n to wrong:

Upon his shield was fairly drawn to sight  
A raging dog, foaming out wrath and spite:  
The word to his device, *Impartiall all I bite*.

53

<sup>16</sup>  
*Geloios* next ensu'd, a merrie Greek,  
Whose life was laughter vain, and mirth misplac't;  
His speeches broad, to shame the modest cheek;  
Ne car'd he whom, or when, or how disgrac't.  
Salt round about he flung upon the sand;  
If in his way his friend or father stand,  
His father & his friend he spreads with carelesse hand.

54

His foul jests steep'd and drown'd in laughter vain,  
And rotten speech, (ah!) was not mirth, but madnesse:  
His armour crackling thorns all flaming stain  
With golden fires, (embleme of foppish gladnesse)  
Upon his shield two laughing fools you see,  
(In number he the third, first in degree)  
At which himself would laugh, and fleer: his word, *We three*.

55

And after, <sup>17</sup> *Agrios*, a sullen swain,  
All mirth that in himself and others hated;  
Dull, dead, and leaden was his cheerlesse vein:  
His weary sense he never recreated;  
And now he marcht as if he somewhat dream'd:  
All honest joy but madnesse he estemm'd,  
Refreshings idlenesse, but sport he folly deem'd.

56

In's arms his minde the workman fit exprest,  
Which all with quenched lamps, but smoking yet,  
And foully stinking, were full queintly drest;  
To blinde, not light the eyes, to choke, not heat:  
Upon his shield an heap of fennie mire  
In flagges and turfs (with sunnes yet never drier)  
Did smoth'ring lie, not burn: his word, *Smoke without fire*.

57

Last *Impudence*, whose never-changing face  
Knew but one colour; with some brasse-brow'd lie,  
And laughing loud she drowns her just disgrace:

About her all the fiends in armies flie:

Her feather'd beaver sidelong cockt, in guise

Of roaring boyes; set look with fixed eyes

Out-looks all shamefac't forms, all modestie defies.

58

And as her thoughts, so arms all black as hell:

Her brasen shield two sable dogs adorn,

Who each at other stare, and snarle, and swell:

Beneath the word was set, *All change I scorn.*

But if I all this rout and foul array

Should muster up, and place in battle ray,

Too long your selves & flocks my tedious song would stay.

59

The aged day growes dimme, and homeward calls:

The parting Sunne (mans state describing well)

Falls when he rises, rises when he falls:

So we by falling rose, and rising fell.

The shadie cloud of night 'gins softly creep,

And all our world with sable tincture steep:

Home now ye shepherd-swains; home now my loved sheep.

1 The World or Mammon.

2 Fearfulnesse.

3 Overbold-nesse, or foolhardinesse.

4 The Philosopher rightly calls such <TEXT FAULTY>. Ethic. 3. cap. 7. not foolhardy, but faint-hardy.

5 Prodigalitie.

6 Arist. Eth. 4.

7 Coveteousnesse.

8 Arist. Eth.

9 Feeble-mindednesse.

10 Arrogancie.

11 The arrogant are more stupid. Arist. Ethic. 4

12 Ambition.

13 Baseness of minde.

14 Flatterie.

15 Morositie.

16 Mad laughter. Eccles. 2.2.

17 Rusticitie, or feritie.

## CANT IX.

The bridegroome Sunne, who late the Earth had spous'd,  
Leaves his star-chamber; early in the East  
He shook his sparkling locks, head lively rouz'd,  
While Morn his couch with blushing roses drest;  
His shines the Earth soon latcht to gild her flowers:  
*Phosphor* his gold-fleec't drove folds in their bowers,  
Which all the night had graz'd about th' *Olympick* towers.

2

The cheerfull Lark, mounting from early bed,  
With sweet salutes awakes the drowsie light;  
The earth she left, and up to heav'n is fled;  
There chants her Makers praises out of sight:  
Earth seems a molehill, men but ants to be;  
Teaching proud men, that soar to high degree,  
The farther up they climbe, the lesse they seem, and see.

3

The shepherds met, and *Thomalin* began;  
Young *Thomalin*, whose notes and silver string  
Silence the rising Lark, and falling Swan:  
Come *Thirsil*, end thy lay, and cheerly sing:  
Hear'st how the Larks give welcome to the day,  
Temp'ring their sweetest notes unto thy lay?  
Up then, thou loved swain; why dost thou longer stay?



4

Well sett'st thou (friend) the Lark before mine eyes,  
Much easier to heare then imitate:  
Her wings lift up her notes to loftie skies;  
But me a leaden sleep, and earthly state  
    Down to the centre ties with captive string:  
    Well might I follow here her note and wing;  
Singing she loftie mounts: ah! mounting I should sing.

5

Oh thou dread King of that heroick band,  
Which by thy power beats back these hellish sprites,  
Rescuing this State from death and base command;  
Tell me, (dread King) what are those warlike Knights?  
    What force? what arms? where lies their strengths increase,  
    That though so few in number, never cease  
To keep this sieged town 'gainst numbers numberlesse?

6

The first Commanders in this holy train,  
Leaders to all the rest, an ancient pair;  
Long since sure linkt in wedlocks sweetest chain;  
His name *Spiritto*, she <sup>1</sup>*Urania* fair:  
    Fair had she been, and full of heav'nly grace,  
    And he in youth a mightie warrier was,  
Both now more fair, & strong; which prov'd their heav'nly race.

7

His arms with flaming tongues all sparkled bright,  
Bright flaming tongues, in divers sections parted;  
His piercing sword, edg'd with their firy light,  
'Twixt bones and marrow, soul and spirit disparted:  
    Upon his shield was drawn a glorious Dove,  
    'Gainst whom the proudest Eagle dares not move;  
Glitt'ring in beams: his word, *Conqu'ring by peace and love.*

8

But she *Amazon*-like in azure arms,  
Silver'd with starres, and gilt with sunnie rayes,  
Her mighty Spouse in fight and fierce alarms  
Attends, and equals in these bloudie frayes;  
    And on her shield an heav'nly globe (displaying  
    The constellations lower bodies swaying,

Sway'd by the higher) she bore: her word, *I rule obeying*.

9

About them swarm'd their fruitfull progenie;  
An heav'nly off-spring of an heav'nly bed:  
Well mought you in their looks his stoutnesse see  
With her sweet graces lovely tempered.

Fit youth they seem'd to play in Princes hall,  
(But ah long since they thence were banisht all)  
Or shine in glitt'ring arms, when need fierce warre doth call.

10

The first in order (nor in worth the last)  
Is *Knowledge*, drawn from peace and Muses spring;  
Where shaded in fair *Sinaies* groves, his taste  
He feasts with words and works of heav'nly King;  
But now to bloody field is fully bent:  
Yet still he seem'd to study as he went:  
His arms cut all in books; strong shield slight papers lent.

11

His glitt'ring armour shin'd like burning day,  
Garnisht with golden Sunnes, and radiant flowers;  
Which turn their bending heads to *Phoebus* ray,  
And when he falls, shut up their leavie bowers:  
Upon his shield the silver Moon did bend  
Her horned bow, and round her arrows spend:  
His word in silver wrote, *I borrow what I lend*.

12

All that he saw, all that he heard, were books,  
In which he read and learn'd his Makers will:  
Most on his word, but much on heav'n he looks,  
And thence admires with praise the workmans skill.  
Close to him went still-musing *Contemplation*,  
That made good use of ills by meditation;  
So to him ill it self was good by strange mutation.

13

And *Care*, who never from his sides would part,  
Of knowledge oft the waies and means enquiring,  
To practice what he learnt from holy art;  
And oft with tears, and oft with sighs desiring  
Aid from that Sovereaign Guide, whose wayes so steep,  
Though fain he would, yet weak he could not keep:

But when he could not go, yet forward would he creep.

14

Next <sup>2</sup>*Tapinus*, whose sweet, though lowly grace  
All other higher then himself esteem'd;  
He in himself priz'd things as mean and base,  
Which yet in others great and glorious seem'd:  
    All ill due debt, good undeserv'd he thought;  
    His heart a low-rooft house, but sweetly wrought,  
Where God himself would dwell, though he it dearly bought.

15

Honour he shunnes, yet is the way unto him;  
As hell, he hates advancement wonne with bribes;  
But publick place and charge are forc't to wooe him;  
He good to grace, ill to desert ascribes:  
    Him (as his Lord) contents a lowly room,  
    Whose first house was the blessed Virgins wombe,  
The next a cratch, the third a crosse, the fourth a tombe.

16

So choicest drugs in meanest shrubs are found;  
So precious gold in deepest centre dwells:  
So sweetest violets trail on lowly ground;  
So richest pearls ly clos'd in vilenst shells:  
    So lowest dales we let and highest rates;  
    So creeping strawberries yeeld daintiest cates.  
The Highest highly loves the low, the loftie hates.

17

Upon his shield was drawn that Shepherd lad,  
Who with a sling threw down fain *Israels* fears;  
And in his hand his spoils, and trophies glad,  
The Monsters sword and head, he bravely bears:  
    Plain in his lovely face you might behold  
    A little blushing meeknesse met with courage bold:  
*Little, not little worth*, was fairly wrote in gold.

18

With him his kinsman both in birth and name,  
*Obedience*, taught by many bitter showers  
In humble bonds his passions proud to tame,  
And low submit unto the higher powers:  
    But yet no servile yoke his forehead brands;

For ti'd in such an holy service bands,  
In this obedience rules, and serving thus commands.

19

3

By them went *Fido*, Marshal of the field:  
Weak was his mother, when she gave him day;  
And he at first a sick and weakly childe,  
As e're with tears welcom'd the sunnie ray:  
    Yet when more yeares afford more growth, & might,  
    A champion stout he was, and puissant Knight,  
As ever came in field, or shone in armour bright.

20

So may we see a little lionet,  
When newly whelpt, a weak and tender thing,  
Despis'd by every beast; but waxen great,  
When fuller times full strength and courage bring,  
    The beasts all crouching low, their King adore,  
    And dare not see what they contemn'd before:  
The trembling forrest quakes at his affrighting roar.

21

Mountains he flings in seas with mighty hand;  
Stops, and turns back the Sunnes impetuous course;  
Nature breaks natures laws at his command;  
No force of hell or heav'n withstands his force:  
    Events to come yet many ages hence  
    He present makes, by wondrous prescience;  
Proving the senses blinde, by being blinde to sense.

22

His sky-like arms, di'd all in blue and white,  
And set with golden starres that flamed wide;  
His shield invisible to mortall sight,  
Yet he upon it easily descri'd  
    The lively semblance of his dying Lord;  
    Whose bleeding side with wicket steel was gor'd,  
Which to his fainting spirits new courage would afford.

23

Strange was the force of that enchanted shield,  
Which highest powers to it from heav'n impart;  
For who could bear it well, and rightly wield,  
It sav'd from sword, and spear, and poison'd dart:

Well might he slip, but yet not wholly fall:  
No finall losse his courage might appall;  
Growing more sound by wounds, and rising by his fall.

24

So some have feign'd that *Tellus* giant sonne  
Drew many new-born lives from his dead mother;  
Another rose as soon as one was done,  
And twentie lost, yet still remain'd another:  
For when he fell, and kist the barren heath,  
His parent straight inspir'd successive breath;  
And though her self was dead, yet ransom'd him from death.

25

With him his Nurse went, carefull <sup>4</sup>*Acoe*,  
Whose hands first from his mothers wombe did take him,  
And ever since have foster'd tenderly:  
She never might, she never would forsake him;  
And he her lov'd again with mutuall band:  
For by her needful help he oft did stand,  
When else he soon would fail, and fall in foemens hand.

26

With both sweet *Meditation* ever pac't,  
His Nurses daughter, and his Foster-sister:  
Deare as his soul he in his soul her plac't,  
And oft embrac't, and oft by stealth he kist her:  
For she had taught him by her silent talk  
To tread the safe, and dangerous wayes to balk;  
And brought his God with him, him with his God to walk.

27

Behinde him *Penitence* did sadly go,  
Whose cloudie dropping eyes were ever raining;  
Her swelling tears, which ev'n in ebbing flow,  
Furrow her cheek, the sinfull puddles draining:  
Much seem'd she in her pensive thought molested,  
And much the mocking world her soul infested;  
More she the hatefull world, and most her self detested.

28

She was the object of lewd mens disgrace,  
The squint-ey'd, wrie-mouth'd scoffe of carnall hearts;  
Yet smiling heav'n delights to kisse her face,

And with his bloud God bathes her painfull smarts:  
Afflictions iron flail her soul had thrasht;  
Sharp *Circumcisions* knife her heart had slasht;  
Yet it was angels wine, which in her eyes was masht.

29

With her a troop of mournfull grooms abiding,  
Help with their sullen blacks their Mistresse wo;  
*Amendment* still (but still his own faults) chiding,  
And *Penance* arm'd with smarting whips did go:  
Then sad *Remorse* came sighing all the way;  
Last *Satisfaction*, giving all away:  
Much surely did he owe, much more he would repay.

30

Next went <sup>5</sup>*Elpinus*, clad in skie-like blue;  
And through his arms few starres did seem to peep,  
Which there the workmans hand so finely drew,  
That rockt in clouds they softly seem'd to sleep:  
His rugged shield was like a rockie mold,  
On which an anchour bit with surest hold:  
*I hold by being held*, was written round in gold.

31

Nothing so cheerfull was his thoughtfull face,  
As was his brother *Fido's*: Fear seem'd dwell  
Close by his heart; his colour chang'd apace,  
And went, and came, that sure all was not well:  
Therefore a comely Maid did oft sustain  
His fainting steps, and fleeting life maintain:

<sup>6</sup>*Pollicita* she hight, which ne're could lie or feigne.

32

Next to *Elpinus* marcht his brother *Love*;  
Not that great Love which cloth'd his Godhead bright  
With rags of flesh, and now again above  
Hath drest his flesh in heav'ns eternall light;  
Much lesse the brat of that false *Cyprian* dame,  
Begot by froth, and fire in bed of shame,  
And now burns idle hearts swelt'ring in lustfull flame:

33

But this from heav'n brings his immortall race,  
And nurst by *Gratitude*; whose carefull arms

Long held, and hold him still in kinde embrace:  
But train'd to daily warres, and fierce alarms,  
    He grew to wondrous strength, and beautie rare:  
    Next that God-Love, from whom his off-springs are,  
No match in earth or heav'n may with this *Love* compare.

34

His Page, who from his side might never move,  
*Remembrance*, on him waits; in books reciting  
The famous passions of that highest Love,  
His burning zeal to greater flames exciting:  
    Deep would he sigh, and seem empassion'd sore,  
    And oft with tears his backward heart deplore,  
That loving all he could, he lov'd that Love no more.

35

Yet sure he truly lov'd, and honour'd deare  
That glorious name; for when, or where he spi'd  
Wrong'd, or in hellish speech blasphem'd did heare,  
Boldly the rash blasphemer he defi'd,  
    And forc't him eat the words he foully spake:  
    But if for him he grief or death did take,  
That grief he counted joy, and death life for his sake.

36

His glitt'ring arms, drest all with firie hearts,  
Seem'd burn in chaste desire, and heav'nly flame:  
And on his shield kinde *Jonathan* imparts  
To his souls friend his robes, and princely name  
    And kingly throne, which mortals so adore:  
    And round about was writ in golden ore,  
*Well might he give him all, that gave his life before.*

37

These led the Vantguard; and an hundred moe  
Fill'd up the emptie ranks with ord'red train:  
But first in middle ward did justly go  
In goodly arms a fresh and lovely Swain,  
    Vaunting himself *Loves* twin, but younger brother:  
    Well mought it be; for ev'n their very mother  
With pleasing error oft mistook the one for th' other.

38

As when fair *Paris* gave that golden ball,

A thousand doubts ranne in his stagg'ring breast:  
All lik'd him well, fain would he give it all;  
Each better seems, and still the last seems best:  
    Doubts ever new his reaching hand deferr'd;  
    The more he looks, the more his judgement err'd:  
So she first this, then that, then none, then both preferr'd.

39

Like them, their armour seem'd full neare of kinne:  
In this they onely differ; th' elder bent  
His higher soul to heav'n, the younger Twinne  
'Mong mortals here his love and kindenesse spent;  
    Teaching strange alchymie, to get a living  
    By selling land, and to grow rich by giving;  
By emptying filling bags, so heav'n by earth atchieving.

40

About him troop the poore with num'rous trains,  
Whom he with tender care, and large expence,  
With kindest words, and succour entertains;  
Ne looks for thanks, or thinks of recompence:  
    His wardrobe serves to cloath the naked side,  
    And shamefull parts of bared bodies hide;  
If other cloaths he lackt, his own he would divide.

41

To rogues his gate was shut; but open lay,  
Kindely the weary traveller inviting:  
Oft therefore Angels, hid in mortall clay,  
And God himself in his free roofs delighting,  
    Lowly to visit him would not disdain,  
    And in his narrow cabin oft remain,  
Whom heav'n, & earth, & all the world cannot contain.

42

His table still was fill'd with wholesome meat,  
Not to provoke, but quiet appetite;  
And round about the hungry freely eat,  
With plenteous cates cheering their feeble sprite:  
    Their earnest vows broke open heav'ns wide doore,  
    That not in vain sweet Plentie evermore  
With gracious eye looks down upon his blessed store.

43

Behinde attend him in an uncouth wise



A troop with little caps, and shaved head;  
Such whilome was infranched bondmens guise,  
New freed from cruell masters servile dread:  
    These had he lately bought from captive chain;  
    Hence they his triumph sing with joyfull strain,  
And on his head due praise and thousand blessings rain.

44

Her was a father to the fatherlesse,  
To widows he suppli'd an husbands care;  
Nor would he heap up woe to their distresse,  
Or by a Guardians name their state impair;  
    But rescue them from strong oppressours might:  
    Nor doth he weight the great mans heavie spight.  
*Who fears the highest Judge, needs fear no mortal wight.*

45

Once every week he on his progresse went,  
The sick to visit, and those meager swains,  
Which all their weary life in darknesse spent,  
Clogg'd with cold iron, prest with heavy chains:  
    He hoords not wealth for his loose heir to spend it,  
    But with a willing hand doth well expend it.  
*Good then is onely good, when to our God we lend it.*

46

And when the dead by cruell tyrants spight  
Lie out to rav'nous birds and beasts expos'd,  
His yearnfull heart pitying that wretched sight,  
In seemly graves their weary flesh enclos'd,  
    And strew'd with dainty flowers the lowly herse;  
    Then all alone the last words did rehearse,  
Bidding them softly sleep in his sad sighing verse.

47

So once that royall <sup>7</sup>Maid fierce *Thebes* beguil'd,  
Though wilfull *Creon* proudly did forbid her;  
Her brother, from his home and tombe exil'd,  
(While willing night in darknesse safely hid her)  
    She lowly laid in earths all-covering shade:  
    Her dainty hands (not us'd to such a trade)  
She with a mattock toils, and with a weary spade.

48

Yet feels she neither sweat, nor irksome pain,  
Till now his grave was fully finished;  
Then on his wounds her cloudy eyes 'gin rain,  
To wash the guilt painted in bloody red:  
    And falling down upon his gored side,  
    With hundred varied plaints she often cri'd,  
*Oh had I di'd for thee, or with the might have di'd!*

49

Ay me! my ever wrong'd, and banisht brother,  
How can I fitly thy hard fate deplore,  
Or in my breast so just complainings smother?  
To thy sad chance what can be added more?  
    Exile thy home, thy home a tombe thee gave:  
    Oh no; such little room thou must not have,  
But for thy banisht bones I (wretch) must steal a grave.

50

But whither, wofull Maid, have thy complaints  
With fellow passion drawn my feeling mone?  
But thus this *Love* deals with those murd' red Saints;  
Weeps with the sad, and sighs with those that grone.  
    But now in that beech grove we'l safely play,  
    And in those shadows mock the boyling ray;  
Which yet increases more with the decreasing day.

1 Heaven.

2 Humilitie.

3 Faith.

4 Hearing.

5 Hope.

6 Promise.

7 Antigone, daughter of Oedipus, contrary to the edict of Creon, buries Polynices.



# *Renaissance Editions*

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## **The Purple Island. Cantos X-XII.**

**Phineas Fletcher.**

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### CANT. X.

1

THE Shepherds to the woodie mount withdrew,  
Where th' hillock seats, shades yeeld a canopie;  
Whose tops with violets di'd allin blue  
Might seem to make an azure skie:  
    And that round hill, which their weak heads maintain'd,  
    A lesser *Atlas* seem'd, whose neck sustain'd  
The weight of all the heav'ns, which sore his shoulders pain'd.

2

And here and there a sweet Primrose scattered,  
Spangling the blue, fit constellations make:  
Some broadly flaming their fair colours spread;

Some other winkt, as yet but half awake:

Fit were they plac't, and set in order due:

Nature seem'd work by art, so lively true

A little heav'n on earth in narrow space she drew.

3

Upon this earthly heav'n the shepherds play,

The time beguiling, and the parching light;

Till the declining Sunne, and elder day

Abate their flaming heat, and youthfull might:

The sheep had left the shades, to minde their meat;

Then all returning to their former seat,

*Thirsil* again began his wearie song repeat.

4

Great power of Love! with what commanding fire

Dost thou enflame the worlds wide Regiment,

And kindly heat in every heart inspire!

Nothing is free from thy sweet government:

Fish burn in seas; beasts, birds thy weapons prove;

By thee dead elements and heavens move,

Which void of sense it self, yet are not void of love.

5

But those twinne Loves, which from thy seas of light

To us on earth derive their lesser streams,

Though in their force they shew thy wondrous might,

On thee reflecting back their glorious beams,

Yet here encountred with so mightie foe,

Had need both arm'd and surely guarded go:

But most thy help they need; do not thy help foreslow.

6

Next to the younger *Love*<sup>1</sup> *Irenus* went,

Whose frostie head proclaim'd his winter age:

His spring in many battles had he spent,

But now all weapons chang'd for counsell sage.

His heavie sword (the witsse of his might)

Upon a lopped tree he idlyly pight;

There hid in quiet sheath, sleeps it in endlesse night.

7

*Patience* his shield had lent to ward his breast,

Whose golden plain three Olive-branches dresse:

The word in letters large was fair exprest,  
*Thrice happy authour of a happie peace.*

Rich plenty yeelds him power, power stores his will;  
Will ends in works, good works his treasures fill:

Earths slave, <sup>2</sup>heav'ns heir he is; as God, payes good for ill.

8

By him <sup>3</sup>*Andreos* pac't, of middle age,  
His minde as farre from rashnesse, as from fears;  
Hating base thoughts as much as desperate rage:  
The worlds loud thund'rings he unshaken heares;  
Nor will he death or life or seek or flie,  
Readie for both. *He is as cowardly*  
*That longer fears to live, as he that fears to die.*

9

Worst was his civil warre, where deadly fought  
He with himself, till Passion yeelds, or dies:  
All heart and hand, no tongue; not grimme, but stout:  
His flame had counsell in't, his furie eyes;  
His rage well temper'd is: no fear can dant  
His reason; but cold bloud is valiant:  
Well may he strength I death, but never courage want.

10

But like a mighty rock, whose unmov'd sides  
The hostile sea assaults with furious wave,  
And 'gainst his head the boist'rous North-winde rides;  
Both fight, and storm, and swell, and roar, and rave;  
Hoarse surges drum, loud blasts their trumpets strain:  
Th' heroick cliffe laughs at their frustrate pain:  
Waves scatter'd drop in tears, windes broken whining plain:

11

Such was this Knights undanted constancie;  
No mischief weakens his resolved minde:  
None fiercer to a stubborn enemie,  
But to the yielding none more sweetly kinde.  
His shield an even-ballast ship embraves,  
Which dances light, while *Neptune* wildely raves:  
His word was this, *I fear but heav'n, nor windes, nor waves.*

12

4

And next, *Macrothumus*, whose quiet face  
No cloud of passion ever shadowed;  
Nor could hot anger Reasons rule displace,  
Purpling the scarlet cheek with firie red:  
Nor could revenge, clad in a deadly white,  
With hidden malice eat his vexed sprite:  
For ill he good repay'd, and love exchang'd for spite.

13

Was never yet a more undanted spirit;  
Yet most him deem'd a base and tim'rous swain:  
But he well weighing his own strength and merit,  
The greatest wrong could wisely entertain.  
Nothing resisted his commanding spear:  
Yeelding it self to him a winning were;  
And though he di'd, yet dead he rose a conquerer.

14

His naturall force beyond all nature stretched:  
Most strong he is, because he will be weak;  
And happie most, because he can be wretched.  
Then whole and sound, when he himself doth break;  
Rejoycing most when most he is tormented:  
In greatest discontents he rests contented:  
By conquering himself all conquests he prevented.

15

His rockie arms of massie adamant  
Safely could back rebut the hardest blade:  
His skinne it self could any weapon dant,  
Of such strange mold and temper was he made:  
Upon his shield a Palm-tree still increased,  
Though many weights his rising arms depressed:  
His word was, *Rising most, by being most oppressed.*

16

5

Next him *Androphilus*, whose sweetest minde  
'Twixt mildenesse temper'd, and low courtesie,  
Could leave as soon to be, as not be kinde:  
Churlish despite ne're lookt from his calm eye,  
Much lesse commanded in his gentle heart:  
To baser men fair looks he would impart;  
Nor could he cloak ill thoughts in complementall art.

17

His enemies knew not how to discommend him,  
All others dearely lov'd; fell ranc'rous Spite,  
And vile Detraction fain would reprehend him;  
And oft in vain his name they closely bite,  
    As popular, and flatterer accusing:  
    But he such slavish office much refusing,  
Can eas'ly quit his name from their false tongues abusing.

18

His arms were fram'd into a glitt'ring night,  
Whose sable gown with starres all spangled wide  
Affords the weary traveller cheerfull light,  
And to his home his erring footsteps guide:  
    Upon his ancient shield the workman fine  
    Had drawn the Sunne, whose eye did ne're repine  
To look on good, and ill: his word, *To all I shine.*

19

Fair Vertue, where stay'st thou in poore exile,  
Leaving the Court from whence thou took'st thy name?  
While in thy place is stept Disdaining vile,  
And Flatterie, base sonne of Need and Shame;  
    And with them surly Scorn, and hateful Pride;  
    Whose artificiall face false colours di'd,  
Which more display her shame, then loathsome foulnesse hide.

20

Late as thou livedst with a gentle Swain,  
(As gentle Swain as ever lived there)  
Who lodg'd thee in his heart, and all thy train,  
Where hundred other Graces quarter'd were:  
    But he (alas!) untimely dead and gone,  
    Leaves us to rue his death, and thee to mone,  
That few were ever such, & now those few are none.

21

By him the stout <sup>6</sup>*Encrates* boldly went,  
Assailed oft by mightie enemies,  
Which all on him alone their spine misspent;  
For he whole armies single bold defies:  
    With him nor might, nor cunning slights prevail;  
    All force on him they trie, all forces fail:



Yet still assail him fresh, yet vainly still assail.

22

His body full of vigour, full of health;  
His table feeds not lust, but strength, and need:  
Full stor'd with plenty, not by heaping wealth,  
But topping rank desires, which vain exceed:  
    On's shield an hand from heav'n an orchyard dressing,  
    Pruning superfluous boughs the trees oppressing,  
So adding fruit: his word, *By lessening increasing*.

23

His settled minde was written in his face:  
For on his forehead cheerfull gravitie  
False joyes and apish vanities doth chase;  
And watchfull care did wake in either eye:  
    His heritance he would not lavish sell,  
    Nor yet his treasure hide by neighbouring hell:  
But well he ever spent, what he had gotten well.

24

A lovely pair of twins clos'd either side:  
Not those in heav'n, the flowrie Geminies,  
Are half so lovely bright; the one his Bride,  
<sup>7</sup> *Agnia* chaste, was joyn'd in *Hymens* ties,  
    And love, as pure as heav'ns conjunction:  
    Thus she was his, and he her flesh and bone:  
So were they two in sight, in truth entirely one.

25

Upon her arched brow unarmed Love  
Triumphing sat in peacefull victorie;  
And in her eyes thousand chaste Graces move,  
Checking vain thoughts with awfull majestie:  
    Ten thousand moe her fairer breast contains;  
    Where quiet meeknesse every ill restrains,  
And humbly subject spirit by willing service reignes.

26

Her skie-like arms glitter'd in golden beams,  
And brightly seem'd to flame with burning hearts:  
The scalding ray with his reflected streams  
Fire to their flames, but heav'nly fire, imparts:  
    Upon her shield a pair of Turtles shone;

A loving pair, still coupled, ne're alone:  
Her word, *Though one when two, yet either two, or none.*

27

With her, her sister went, a warlike Maid,  
<sup>8</sup>  
*Parthenia*, all in steel, and gilded arms;  
In needles stead a mighty spear she swayd,  
With which in bloody fields and fierce alarms  
The boldest champion she down would bear,  
And like a thunderbolt wide passage tear,  
Flinging all to the earth with her enchanted spear.

28

Her goodly armour seem'd a garden green,  
Where thousand spotlesse lilies freshly blew;  
And on her shield the 'lone bird might be seen,  
Th' Arabian bird, shining in colours new:  
It self unto it self was onely mate;  
Ever the same, but new in newer date:  
And underneath was writ, *Such is chaste single state.*

29

Thus hid in arms, she seem'd a goodly Knight,  
And fit for any warlike exercise:  
But when she list lay down her armour bright,  
And back resume her peacefull Maidens guise;  
The fairest maid she was, that ever yet  
Prison'd her locks within a golden net,  
Or let them waving hand, with roses fair beset.

30

Choice Nymph, the crown of chaste *Diana's* train,  
Thou beauties lillie, set in heav'nly earth;  
Thy fairs unpattern'd all perfections stain:  
Sure heav'n with curious pencil, at thy birth,  
In thy rare face her own full picture drew:  
It is a strong verse here to write but true:  
Hyperboles in others are but half thy due.

31

Upon her forehead Love his trophies fits,  
A thousand spoils in silver arch displaying;  
And in the midst himself full proudly sits,  
Himself in awfull majestie araying:

Upon her brows lies his bent Ebon bow,  
And ready shafts: deadly those weapons show;  
Yet sweet that death appear'd, lovely that deadly blow.

32

And at the foot of this celestial frame  
Two radiant starres, then starres yet better being,  
Endu'd with living fire, and seeing flame;  
Yet with heav'ns starres in this too neare agreeing;  
They timely warmth, themselves not warm, inspire;  
These kindle thousand hearts with hot desire,  
And burning all they see, feel in themselves no fire.

33

Ye matchlesse starres, (yet each the others match)  
Heav'ns richest diamonds, set on Ammel white,  
From whose bright speares all grace the Graces catch,  
And will not move but by your load-starres bright;  
How have you stoln, and stor'd your armourie  
With Loves and deaths strong shafts, and from your skie  
Poure down thick showers of darts to force whole armies flie?

34

Above those Sunnes two Rainbows high aspire,  
Not in light shews, but sadder liveries drest;  
Fair *Iris* seem'd to mourn in sable tire;  
Yet thus more sweet the greedie eye they feast:  
And but that wondrous face it well allow'd,  
Wondrous it seem'd, that two fair Rainbows show'd  
Above their sparkling Sunnes, without or rain, or cloud.

35

A bed of lilies flower upon her cheek,  
And in the midst was set a circling rose;  
Whose sweet aspect would force *Narcissus* seek  
New liveries, and fresher colours choose  
To deck his beauteous head in snowie tire;  
But all in vain: for who can hope t' aspire  
To such a fair, which none attain, but all admire?

36

Her rubie lips lock up from gazing sight  
A troop of pearls, which march in goodly row:  
But when she deignes those precious bones undight,  
Soon heav'nly notes from those divisions flow,

And with rare musick charm the ravisht eares,  
Danting bold thoughts, but cheering modest fears:  
The spheres so onely sing, so onely charm the spheres.

37

Her daintie breasts, like to an Aprill rose  
From green-silk fillets yet not all unbound,  
Began their little rising heads disclose,  
And fairly spread their silver circlets round:  
From those two bulwarks Love doth safely fight;  
Which swelling easily, may seem to sight  
To be enwombed both of pleasure and delight.

38

Yet all these Starres which deck this beauteous skie,  
By force of th' inward Sunne both shine and move:  
Thron'd in her heart sits Loves high majestie;  
In highest majestie the highest Love.  
As when a taper shines in glassie frame,  
The sparkling crystall burns in glitt'ring flame:  
So does that brightest Love brighten this lovely dame.

39

Thus, and much fairer, fair *Parthenia*  
Glist'ring in arms, her self presents to sight;  
As when th' *Amazon* Queen, *Hippolyta*,  
With *Theseus* entred lists in single fight,  
With equall arms her mighty foe opposing;  
Till now her bared head her face disclosing,  
Conquer'd the conquerour, & wan the fight by losing.

40

A thousand Knights woo'd her with busie pain,  
To thousand she her virgin grant deni'd;  
Although her dear-sought love to entertain  
They all their wit and all their strength appli'd:  
Yet in her heart Love close his scepter swayd,  
That to an heav'nly spouse her thoughts betraid,  
Where she a maiden wife might live, and wifely maid.

41

Upon her steps a virgin Page attended,  
Fair <sup>9</sup>*Erythre*, whose often-blushing face  
Sweetly her in-born shame-fac't thoughts commended;

The faces change prov'd th' hearts unchanged grace,  
Which she a shrine to puritie devotes:  
So when cleare ivorie vermeil fitly blots,  
By stains it fairer grows, and lovelier by its spots.

42

Her golden hair, her silver forehead high,  
Her teeth of solid, eyes of liquid pearl;  
But neck and breast no man might bare descrie,  
So sweetly modest was this bashfull girle:  
But that sweet paradise (ah!) could we see,  
On these white mountlets daintier apples be,  
Then those we bought so deare on *Edens* tempting tree.

43

These noble Knights this treatned fort defend;  
These, and a thousand moe heroick Swains,  
That to this 'stressed State their service lend,  
To free from force, and save from captive chains.  
But now too late the battell to recite;  
For *Hesperus* heav'ns tapers 'gins to light,  
And warns each starre to wait upon their Mistres Night.

1 Peaceableness.

2 Matth. 5.9.

3 Fortitude.

4 Long-suffering.

5 Gentleness, or courtesie.

6 Temperance.

7 Chastitie in the married.

8 Chastitie in the single.

9 Modestie.

## CANT. XI.

THE early Morn lets out the peeping day,  
 And strew'd his paths with golden Marygolds:  
 The Moon grows wanne, and starres flie all away,  
 Whom *Lucifer* locks up in wonted folds,  
     Till light is quencht, and heav'n in seas hath flung  
 The headlong day: to th' hill the shepherds throng,  
 And *Thirsil* now began to end his task and song.

2

Who now (alas!) shall teach my humble vein,  
 That never yet durst peep from covert glade;  
 But softly learnt for fear to sigh and plain,  
 And vent her griefs to silent myrtils shade?  
     Who now shall teach to change my oaten quill  
 For trumpet 'larms, or humble verses fill  
 With gracefull majestie, and loftie rising skill?

3

Ah thou dread Spirit, shed thy holy fire,  
 Thy holy flame into my frozen heart;  
 Teach thou my creeping measures to aspire,  
 And swell in bigger notes, and higher art:  
     Teach my low Muse thy fierce alarums ring,  
 And raise my soft strain to high thundering:  
 Tune thou my loftie song; thy battles must I sing.

4

Such as thou wert within the sacred breast  
 Of that thrice famous Poet-Shepherd-King;  
 And taught'st his heart to frame his Canto's best  
 Of all that e're thy glorious works did sing:  
     Or as those holy Fishers once amongs  
 Thou flamedst bright with sparkling parted tongues,  
 And brought'st down heav'n to earth in those all-conqu'ring songs.

5

These mighty Heroes, fill'd with justest rage  
 To be in narrow walls so closely pent,  
 Glitt'ring in arms, and goodly equipage,  
 Stood at the Castles gate, now ready bent  
     To sally out, and meet theemie:

A hot disdain sparkled in every eye,  
Breathing out hatefull warre, and deadly enmitie.

6

Thither repairs the carefull *Intellect*,  
With his fair Spouse *Voletta*, heav'nly fair:  
With both, their daughter; whose divine aspect,  
Though now sad damp of sorrow much empair,  
    Yet through those clouds did shine so glorious bright,  
    That every eye did homage to the sight,  
Yeelding their captive hearts to that commanding light.

7

But who may hope to paint such majestie,  
Or shadow well such beautie, such a face,  
Such beauteous face, unseen to mortall eye?  
Whose powerfull looks, and more then mortall grace  
    *Loves* self hath lov'd, leaving his heav'nly throne,  
    With amorous sighs, and many a lovely mone  
(Whom all the world woud woee) woo'd her his onely one.

8

Farre be that boldnesse from thy humble swain,  
Fairest *Ectecta*, to describe thy beautie,  
And with unable skill thy glory stain,  
Which ever he admires with humble dutie:  
    But who to view such blaze of beautie longs,  
    Go he to *Sinah*, th' holy groves amongs;  
Where that wise Shepherd chants her in his Song of songs.

9

The Islands King with sober countenance  
Aggrates the Knights, who thus his right defended;  
And with grave speech, and comely amenance  
Himself, his State, his Spouse, to them commended:  
    His lovely childe, that by him pensive stands,  
    He last delivers to their valiant hands;  
And her to thank the Knights, her Champions, he commands.

10

The God-like Maid a while all silent stood,  
And down to th' earth let fall her humble eyes;  
While modest thoughts shot up the flaming bloud,  
Which fir'd her scarlet cheek with rosie dies:  
    But soon to quench the heat, that lordly reignes,

From her fair eye a shower of crystall rains,  
Which with his silver streams o're-runs the beauteous plains.

11

As when the Sunne in midst of summers heat  
Draws up thinne vapours with his potent ray,  
Forcing dull waters from their native seat;  
At length dimme clouds shadow the burning day:  
    Till coldest aire, soon melted into showers,  
    Upon the earth his welcome anger powres,  
And heav'ns cleare forehead now wipes off her former lowres.

12

At length a little lifting up her eyes,  
A renting sigh way for her sorrow brake,  
Which from her heart 'gan in her face to rise,  
And first in th' eye, then in the lip thus spake;  
    Ah gentle Knights, how may a simple maid,  
    With justest grief and wrong so ill apaid,  
Give due reward for such your pains, and friendly aid?

13

But if my Princely Spouse do not delay  
His timely presence in my greatest need,  
He will for me your friendly love repay,  
And well requite this your so gentle deed:  
    Then let no fear your mighty hearts assail;  
    His word's himself; himself he cannot fail.  
Long may he stay, yet sure he comes, and must prevail.

14

By this the long-shut gate was open laid;  
Soon out they rush in order well arang'd:  
And fastning in their eyes that heav'nly Maid,  
How oft for fear her fairest colour chang'd!  
    Her looks, her worth, her goodly grace, and state  
    Comparing with her present wretched fate,  
Pitie whets just revenge, and loves fire kindles hate.

15

Long at the gate the thoughtfull *Intellect*  
Staid with his fearfull Queen, and daughter fair;  
But when the Knights were past their dimme aspect,  
They follow them with vowes, and many a prayer:



At last they climbe up to the Castles height;  
From which they view'd the deeds of every Knight,  
And markt the doubtfull end of this intestine fight.

16

As when a youth, bound for the *Belgick* warre,  
Takes leave of friends upon the *Kentish* shore;  
Now they are parted, and he sail'd so farre,  
They see not now, and now are seen no more:  
Yet farre of viewing the white trembling sails,  
The tender mother soon plucks off her veils  
And shaking them aloft, unto her sonne she hails.

17

Mean time these Champions march in fit aray,  
Till both the armies now were come in sight:  
A while each other boldly viewing stay,  
With short delays whetting fierce rage and spite.  
Sound now ye trumpets, sound alarums loud;  
Heark how their clamours whet their anger proud:  
See, yonder are they met in midst of dustie cloud.

18

So oft the South with civil enmitie  
Musters his watrie forces 'gainst the West;  
The rowling clouds come tumbling up the skie,  
In dark folds wrapping up their angry guest:  
At length the flame breaks from th' imprisoning cold,  
With horrid noise tearing the limber mold;  
While down in liquid tears the broken vapours roll'd.

19

First did that warlike maid her self advance;  
And riding from amidst her companie,  
About her helmet wav'd her mighty lance,  
Daring to fight the proudestemie:  
*Porneios* soon his ready spear addrest,  
And kicking with his heel his hastie beast,  
Bent his sharp-headed lance against her dainty breast.

20

In vain the broken staffe sought entrance there,  
Where *Love* himself oft entrance sought in vain:  
But much unlike the Martial Virgins spear,  
Which low dismounts her foe on dustie plain,

Broaching with bloody point his breast before:

Down from the wound trickled the bubbling gore,  
And bid pale death come in at that red gaping doore.

21

There lies he cover'd now in lowly dust,  
And foully wallowing in clutter'd blood,  
Breathing together out his life and lust,  
Which from his breast swamme in the steaming floud:  
In maids his joy; now by a maid defi'd,  
His life he lost, and all his former pride:  
With women he would live, now by a woman di'd.

22

*Aselges*, struck with such a heavie sight,  
Greedie to venge his brothers sad decay,  
Spurr'd forth is flying steed with fell despight,  
And met the virgin in the middle way:  
His spear against her head he fiercely threw,  
Which to that face performing homage due,  
Kissing her helmet, thence in thousand shivers flew.

23

The wanton boy had dreamt that latest night,  
That he had learnt the liquid aire dispart,  
And swimme along the heav'ns with pineons light;  
Now that fair maid taught him this nimble art:  
For from his saddle farre away she sent,  
Flying along the emptie element;  
That hardly yet he knew whither his course was bent.

24

The rest that saw with fear the ill successe  
Of single fight, durst not like fortune trie;  
But round beset her with their numerous presse:  
Before, beside, behinde they on her flie,  
And every part with coward odds assail:  
But she redoubling strokes as thick as hail,  
Drove farre their flying troops, & thresht with iron flail.

25

As when a gentle greyhound set around  
With little cures, which dare his way molest,  
Snapping behinde; soon as the angrie hound

Turning his course, hath caught the busiest,  
And shaking in his fangs hath welnigh slain;  
The rest fear'd with his crying, runne amain;  
And standing all aloof whine, houl, and bark in vain.

26

The subtil Dragon, that from farre did view  
The waste and spoil made by this maiden Knight,  
Fell to his wonted guile; for well he knew  
All force was vain against such wondrous might:  
A craftie swain well taught to cunning harms,  
Call'd false Delight, he chang'd with hellish charms;  
That true Delight he seem'd, the self-same shape and arms.

27

The watchfull'st sight no difference could descree;  
The same his face, his voice, his gate the same:  
Thereto his words he feign'd; and coming nigh  
The Maid, that fierce pursues her martiall game,  
He whets her wrath with many a guilefull word,  
Till she lesse carefull did fit time afford:  
Then up with both his hands he lifts his balefull sword.

28

You powerfull heav'ns! and thou their Governour!  
With what eyes can you view this dolefull sight?  
How can you see your fairest Conquerour  
So nigh her end by so unmanly slight?  
The dreadfull weapon through the aire doth glide;  
But sure you turn'd the harmfull edge aside:  
Else must she there have fall'n, and by that traitour di'd.

29

Yet in her side deep was the wound impight;  
Her flowing life the shining armour stains:  
From that wide spring long rivers took their flight,  
With purple streams drowning the silver plains:  
Her cheerfull colour now grows wanne and pale,  
Which oft she strives with courage to recall,  
And rouze her fainting head, which down as oft would fall.

30

All so a Lilie, prest with heavie rain,  
Which fills her cup with showers up to the brinks;  
The wearie stalk no longer can sustain

The head, but low beneath the burden sinks:  
Or as a virgin Rose her leaves displayes,  
Whom too hot scorching beams quite disarayes;  
Down flags her double ruffe, and all her sweet decayes.

31

Th' undanted Maid, feeling her feet denie  
Their wonted dutie, to a tree retir'd;  
Whom all the rout pursue with deadly crie:  
As when a hunted Stag, now welnigh tir'd,  
Shor'd by an oak, 'gins with his head to play;  
The fearfull hounds dare not his horns assay,  
But running round about, with yelping voices bay.

32

And now perceiving all her strength was spent,  
Lifting to listning heav'n her trembling eyes,  
Thus whispring soft, her soul to heav'n she sent;  
Thou chastest Love, that rul'st the wandring skies,  
More pure then purest heavens by thee moved;  
If thine own love in me thou sure hast proved;  
If ever thou my self, my vows, my love hast loved.

33

Let not this Temple of thy spotlesse love  
Be with foul hand and beastly rage defil'd:  
But when my spirit shall his camp remove,  
And to his home return, too long exil'd;  
Do thou protect it from the ravenous spoil  
Of ranc'rous enemies, that hourelly toil  
Thy humble votarie with loathsome spot to foil.

34

With this few drops fell from her fainting eyes,  
To dew the fading roses of her cheek;  
That much high Love seem'd passion'd with those cries;  
Much more those streams his heart and patience break:  
Straight he the charge gives to a winged Swain,  
Quickly to step down to that bloudie plain,  
And aid her wearie arms, and rightfull cause maintain.

35

Soon stoops the speedie Herauld through the aire,  
Where chaste *Agneia* and *Encrates* fought:

See, see, he cries, where your *Parthenia* fair,  
The flower of all your armie, hemm'd about  
    With thousand enemies, now fainting stands,  
    Readie to fall into their murdring hands:  
Hie ye, oh hie ye fast; the highest Love commands.

36

They casting round about their angrie eye,  
The wounded Virgin almost sinking spi'd:  
They prick their steeds, which straight like lightning flie:  
Their brother *Continence* runnes by their side;  
    Fair *Continence*, that truly long before  
    As his hearts liege, this Ladie did adore:  
And now his faithfull love kindled his hate the more.

37

*Encrates* and his Spouse with flashing sword  
Assail the scatter'd troops, that headlong flie;  
While *Continence* a precious liquour pour'd  
Into the wound, and suppld tenderly:  
    Then binding up the gaping orifice,  
    Reviv'd the spirits, that now she 'gan to rise,  
And with new life confront her heartlesse enemies.

38

So have I often seen a purple flower  
Fainting through the heat, hang down her drooping head;  
But soon refreshed with a welcome shower,  
Begins again her lively beauties spread,  
    And with new pride her silken leaves display;  
    And while the Sunne doth now more gently play,  
Lay out her swelling bosome to the smiling day.

39

Now rush they all into the flying trains;  
Bloud fires their bloud, and slaughter kindles fight:  
The wretched vulgar on the purple plains  
Fall down as thick, as when a rustick wight  
    From laden oaks the plenteous acorns poures,  
    Or when the blubbring ayer sadly lowres,  
And melts his sullen brow, and weeks sweet April showers.

40

The greedy Dragon, that aloof did spie  
So ill successe of this renewed fray;

More vex't with losse of certain victorie,  
Depriv'd of so assur'd and wished prey,  
    Gnashed his iron teeth for grief and spite:  
    The burning sparks leap from his flaming sight,  
And forth his smoking jawes steams out a smouldring night.

41

Straight thither sends he in a fresh supply,  
The swelling band that drunken *Methos* led,  
And all the rout his brother *Gluttonie*  
Commands, in lawlesse bands disordered:  
    So now they bold restore their broken fight,  
    And fiercely turn again from shamefull flight;  
While both with former losse sharpen their raging spite.

42

Freshly these Knights assault these fresher bands,  
And with new battell all their strength renew:  
Down fell *Geloios* by *Encrates* hands,  
*Agneia Moechus* and *Anagnus* slew;  
    And spying *Methos* fenc't in's iron vine,  
    Pierc't his swoln panch: there lies the grunting swine,  
And spues his liquid soul out in his purple wine.

43

As when a greedy lion, long unfed,  
Breaks in at length into the harmlesse folds;  
(So hungry rage commands) with fearfull dread  
He drags the silly beasts: nothing controlls  
    The victour proud; he spoils, devours, and tears:  
    In vain the keeper calls his shepherd peers:  
Mean while the simple flock gaze on with silent fears:

44

Such was the slaughter of these three Champions made;  
But most *Encrates*, whose unconquer'd hands  
Sent thousand foes down to th' infernall shade,  
With uselesse limbes strewing the bloudie sands:  
    Oft were they succourd fresh with new supplies,  
    But fell as oft: the Dragon grown more wise  
By former losse, began another way devise.

45

Soon to their aid the *Cyprian* band he sent,

For easie skirmish clad in armour light:  
Their golden bowes in hand stood ready bent,  
And painted quivers (furnisht well for fight)  
    Stuck full of shafts, whose head foul poyson stains;  
    Which dipt in *Phlegethon* by hellish swains,  
Bring thousand painfull deaths, and thousand daily pains.

46

Thereto of substance strange, so thinne, and slight,  
And wrought by subtil hand so cunningly,  
That hardly were discern'd by weaker sight;  
Sooner the heart did feel, they eye could see:  
    Farre off they stood, and flung their darts around,  
    Raining whole clouds of arrows on the ground;  
So safely others hurt, and never wounded wound.

47

Much were the Knights encumbred with these foes;  
For well they saw, and felt their enemies:  
But when they back would turn the borrow'd blows,  
The light-foot troop away more swiftly flies,  
    Then do their winged arrows through the winde:  
    And in their course oft would they turn behinde,  
And wit their glancing darts their hot pursuers blinde.

48

As when by *Russian Volgha's* frozen banks  
The false-back *Tartars* fear with cunning feigne,  
And poasting fast away in flying ranks,  
Oft backward turn, and from their bowes down rain  
    Whole storms of darts; so do they flying fight:  
    And what by force they lose, they winne by slight;  
Conquerd by standing out, and conquerours by flight:

49

Such was the craft of this false *Cyprian* crue:  
Yet oft they seem'd to slack their fearfull pace,  
And yeeld themselves to foes that fast pursue;  
So would they deeper wound in nearer space:  
    In such a fight he winnes, that fastest flies.  
    Flie, flie, chaste Knights, such subtil enemies:  
The vanquisht cannot live, and conqu'rour surely dies.

50

The Knights opprest with wounds and travel past,

Began retire, and now were neare to fainting:  
With that a winged Poast him speeded fast,  
The Generall with these heavy newes acquainting:  
    He soon refresht their hearts that 'gan to tire.  
    But let our weary Muse a while respire:  
Shade we our scorched heads from *Phoebus* parching fire.

CANT. XII.

The shepherds guarded from the sparkling heat  
Of blazing aire, upon the flowrie banks,  
(Where various flowers damask the fragrant seat,  
And all the grove perfume) in wonted ranks  
    Securely sit them down, and sweetly play:  
    At length thus *Thirsil* ends his broken lay,  
Lest that the stealing night his later song might stay.

2

Thrice, oh thrice happie shepherds life and state,  
When Courts are happinesse unhappie pawns!  
His cottage low, and safely humble gate  
Shuts out proud fortune, with her scorns, and fawns:  
    No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep:  
    Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep;  
Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.

3

No *Serian* worms he knows, that with their threed  
Draw out their silken lives; nor silken pride:  
His lambes warm fleece well fits his little need,  
Not in that proud *Sidonian* tincture di'd:  
    No emptie hopes, no courtly fears him fright;  
    No begging wants his middle fortune bite:  
But sweet content exiles both miserie and spite.

4

In stead of musick and base flattering tongues,  
Which wait to first-salute my Lords uprise;  
The cheerfull lark wakes him with early songs,  
And birds sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes:  
    In cuntry playes is all the strife he uses,  
    Or sing, or dance unto the rurall Muses;



And but in musicks sports, all difference refuses.

5

His certain life, that never can deceive him,  
Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content:  
The smooth-leav'd beeches in the field receive him  
With coolest shades, till noon-tides rage is spent:  
    His life is neither tost in boist'rous seas  
    Of troublous world, nor lost in slothfull ease:  
Pleas'd & full blest he lives, when he his God can please.

6

His bed of wool yeelds safe and quiet sleeps,  
While by his side his faithfull spouse hath place:  
His little sonne into his bosome creeps,  
The lively picture of the fathers face:  
    Never had his humble house or state torment him;  
    Lesse would he like, if lesse his God had sent him:  
And when he dies, green turfs with grassie tombe content him.

7

The worlds Light his lowly state hath blest,  
And left his heav'n to be a shepherd base:  
Thousand sweet songs he to his pipe adrest:  
Swift rivers stood; beasts, trees, stones ranne apace,  
    And serpents flew to heare his softest strains:  
    He fed his flock, where rolling *Jordan* reignes;  
There took our rags, gave us his robes, and bore our pains.

8

Then thou high Light, whom shepherds low adore,  
Teach me, oh do thou teach thy humble swain  
To raise my creeping song from earthly floor:  
Fill thou my empty breast with loftie strain;  
    That singing of thy warres and dreadfull fight,  
    My notes may thunder out thy conqu'ring might,  
And 'twixt the golden starres cut out her towring flight.

9

The mightie Generall moved with the news  
Of those foure famous Knights so neare decay,  
With hastie speed the conquering foe pursues;  
At last he spies where they were led away,  
    Forc't to obey the Victours proud commands:  
    Soon did he rush into the middle bands,

And cut the slavish cords from their captived hands.

10

And for the Knights were faint, he quickly sent  
To *Penitence*, whom *Phoebus* taught his art;  
Which she had eakt with long experiment:  
For many a soul, and many a wounded heart  
    Had she restor'd, and brought to life again  
    The broken spirit, with grief and horreur slain;  
That oft reviv'd, yet di'd as oft with smarting pain.

11

For she in severall baths their wounds did steep;  
The first of Rue which purg'd the foul infection,  
And cur'd the deepest wound, by wounding deep:  
Then would she make another strange confection,  
    And mix it with *Nepenthe* soveraigne;  
    Wherewith she quickly swag'd the rankling pain:  
Thus she the Knights recur'd, and washt from sinfull stain.

12

Mean time the fight now fiercer grows then ever:  
(For all his troops the Dragon hither drew)  
The two *Twin-Loves*, whom no place mought dissever,  
And *Knowledge* with his train begins anew  
    To strike fresh summons up, and hot alarms:  
    In midst great *Fido*, clad in sunne-like arms,  
With his unmatcht force repairs all former harms.

13

So when the Sunne shines in bright *Taurus* head,  
Returning tempests all with winter fill;  
And still successive storms fresh mustered  
The timely yeare in his first springings kill:  
    And oft it breathes a while, then straight again  
    Doubly powres out his spite in smoking rain:  
The countreys vows & hopes swimme on the drowned plain.

14

The lovely Twinnes ride 'gainst the *Cyprian* bands,  
Chasing their troops now with no feigned flight:  
Their broken shafts lie scatter'd on the sands,  
Themselves for fear quite vanisht out of sight:  
    Against these conquerours *Hypocrisie*,

And *Cosmo's* hated bands, with *Echthros* slie,  
And all that rout do march, & bold the Twinnes defie.

15

*Elpinus* mightie enemies assail;  
But *Doubt* of all the other most infested;  
That oft his fainting courage 'gan to fail,  
More by his craft then ods of force molested:  
For oft the treachour chang'd his weapon light,  
And sudden alter'd his first kinde of fight,  
And oft himself and shape transform'd with cunning slight.

16

So that great river, with *Alcides* striving  
In *Oeneus* court for the *Aetolian* Maid,  
To divers shapes his fluent limbes contriving,  
From manly form in serpents frame he staid,  
Sweeping with speckled breast the dustie land;  
Then like a bull with horns did armed stand:  
His hanging dewlap trail'd along the golden sand.

17

Such shapes and changing fashions much dismaid him,  
That of the stagger'd with unwonted fright;  
And but his brother *Fido* oft did aid him,  
There had he fell in unacquainted fight:  
But he would still his wavering strength maintain,  
And chase that Monster through the sandie plain;  
Which from him fled apace, but oft return'd again.

18

Yet him more strong and cunning foes withstand,  
Whom he with greater skill and strength defi'd:  
Foul *Ignorance*, with all her owl-ey'd band;  
Oft-starting *Fear*, *Distrust*, ne're satisfi'd,  
And fond *Suspect*, and thousand other foes;  
Whom farre he drives with his unequall blows,  
And with his flaming sword their fainting armie mows.

19

As when bloud-guilty earth for vengeance cries,  
(If greatest things with lesse we may compare)  
The mighty Thunderer through the ayer flies,  
While snatching whirlwinds open waies prepare:  
Dark clouds spread out their sable curtains o're him;

And Angels on their flaming wings up bore him:  
Mean time the guilty heav'ns for fear flie fast before him.

20

There while he on the windes proud pineons rides,  
Down with his fire some lofty mount he throwes,  
And fills the low vale with his ruin'd sides;  
Or on some church his three-forkt dart bestowes;  
    (Which yet his sacred worship foul mistakes)  
    Down falls the spire, the body fearfull quakes;  
Nor sure to fall, or stand, with doubtfull trembling shakes.

21

With *Fido Knowledge* went, who order'd right  
His mighty hands: so now his scatter'd troops  
Make head again, filling their broken fight;  
While with new change the Dragons armie droops,  
    And from the following victours headlong runne:  
    Yet still the Dragon frustrates what is done;  
And eas'ly makes them lose what they so hardly wonne.

22

Out of his gorge a hellish smoke he drew,  
That all the field with foggie mist enwraps;  
As when *Tiphoeus* from his panch doth spew  
Black smothering flames, roll'd in loud thunder-claps:  
    The pitchie vapours choke the shining ray,  
    And bring dull night upon the smiling day;  
The wavering *Aetna* shakes, and fain would runne away.

23

Yet could his bat-ey'd legions eas'ly see  
In this dark Chaos; they the seed of night:  
But these not so, who night and darknesse flee;  
For they the sonnes of day, and joy in light:  
    But *Knowledge* soon began a way devise,  
    To bring again the day, and cleare their eyes:  
So open'd *Fido's* shield, and golden veil unties.

24

Of one pure diamond, celestial fair,  
That heav'nly shield by cunning hand was made;  
Whose light divine, spred through the mistie aire,  
To brightest morn would turn the Western shade,

And lightsome day beget before his time;  
Framed in heav'n without all earthly crime;  
Dipt in the firy Sunne, which burnt the baser slime.

25

As when from fennie moors the lumpish clouds  
With rising steams damp the bright mornings face;  
At length the piercing Sunne his team unshrouds,  
And with his arrows th' idle fogge doth chase:  
The broken mist lies melted all in tears:  
So this bright shield the stinking darknesse teares,  
And giving back the day, dissolves their former fears.

26

Which when afarre the firie Dragon spies,  
His slights deluded with so little pain;  
To his last refuge now at length he flies:  
Long time his pois'nous gorge he seem'd to strain;  
At length with loathly sight he up doth spue  
From stinking panch a most deformed crue,  
That heav'n it self did flie from their most ugly view.

27

The first that crept from his detested maw,  
Was <sup>1</sup>*Hamartia*, foul deformed wight;  
More foul, deform'd, the Sunne yet never saw;  
Therefore she hates the all-betraying light:  
A woman seem'd she in her upper part;  
To which she could such lying glosse impart,  
That thousands she had slain with her deceiving art.

28

The rest (though hid) in serpents form arayd,  
With iron scales, like to a plaited mail:  
Over her back her knotty tail displaid,  
Along the empty aire did lofty sail:  
The end was pointed with a double sting,  
Which with such dreaded might she wont to fling,  
That nought could help the wound, but bloud of heav'nly King.

29

Of that first woman her the Dragon got,  
(The foulest bastard of so fair a mother)  
Whom when she saw so fil'd with monstrous spot,

She cast her hidden shame and birth to smother;  
But she welnigh her mothers self had slain:  
And all that dare her kindly entertain;  
Some parts of her damme, more of her sire remain.

30

Her viperous locks hung loose about her eares;  
Yet with a monstrous snake she them restrains,  
Which like a border on her head she wears:  
About her neck hang down long adder chains,  
In thousand knots, and wreaths infolded round;  
Which in her anger lightly she unbound,  
And darting farre away would sure and deadly wound.

31

Yet fair and lovely seems to fools dimme eyes;  
But hell more lovely, Pluto's self more fair  
Appears, when her true form true light descries:  
Her loathsome face, blancht skinne, and snakie hair,  
Her shapelesse shape, dead life, her carrion smell,  
The devils dung, the childe and damme of hell,  
Is chaffer fit for fools their precious souls to sell.

32

The second in this rank was black *Despair*,  
Bred in the dark wombe of eternall Night:  
His looks fast nail'd to *Sinne*, long sootie hair  
Fill'd up his lank cheeks with wide-staring fright:  
His leaden eyes, retir'd into his head,  
Light, heav'n, and earth, himself, and all things fled:  
A breathing coarse he seem'd, wrapt up in living lead.

33

His bodie all was fram'd of earthly paste,  
And heavie mold; yet earth could not content him:  
Heav'n fast he flies, and heav'n fled him as fast;  
Though 'kin to hell, yet hell did much torment him:  
His very soul was nought but ghastly fright:  
With him went many a fiend, and ugly sprite,  
Armed with ropes and knives, all instruments of spite.

34

In stead of feathers, on his dangling crest  
A lucklesse Raven spred her blackest wings;  
And to her croaking throat gave never rest,

But deathfull verses and sad dirges sings:

His hellish arms were all with fiends embost,  
Who damned souls with endlesse torments roast,  
And thousand wayes devise to vex the tortur'd ghost.

35

Two weapons sharp as death he ever bore;  
Strict *Judgment*, which from farre he deadly darts;  
*Sinne* at his side, a two-edg'd sword, he wore,  
With which he soon appalls the stoutest hearts:

Upon his shield *Alecto* with a wreath  
Of snakie whips the damn'd souls tortureth:  
And round about was wrote, *Reward of sinne is death*.

36

The last two brethren were farre different,  
Onely in common name of death agreeing;  
The first arm'd with a sithe still mowing went;  
Yet whom, and when he murder'd, never seeing;  
Born deaf, and blinde: nothing might stop his way:  
No prayers, no vows his keenest sithe could stay;  
Nor Beauties self his pitie, nor Vertues self allay.

37

No state, no age, no sex may hope to move him;  
Down falls the young, and old, the boy, and maid:  
No begger can intreat, nor King reprove him;  
All are his slaves in's cloth of flesh araid:  
The bride he snatches from the bridegrooms arms,  
And horreur brings, in midst of loves alarms:  
Too well we know his power by long experience't harms.

38

A dead mans skull suppli'd his helmets place,  
A bone his club, his armour sheets of lead:  
Some more, some lesse fear his all-frighting face;  
But most who sleep in downie pleasures bed:  
But who in life have daily learnt to die,  
And dead to this, live to a life more high;  
Sweetly in death they sleep, and slumbring quiet lie.

39

The second farre more foul in every part,  
Burnt with blue fire, and bubbling sulphure streams;

Which creeping round about him, fill'd with smart  
His cursed limbes, that direly he blasphemés:  
Most strange it seems, that burning thus for ever,  
No rest, no time, no place these flames may sever:  
Yet death in thousand deaths without death dieth never.

40

Soon as these hellish monsters came in sight,  
The Sunne his eye in jettie vapours drown'd,  
Scar'd at such hell-hounds view; heav'ns 'mazed light  
Sets in an early evening; earth astound,  
Bids dogs with howls give warning: at which sound  
The fearfull ayer starts, seas break their bound,  
And frighted fled away; no sands might them impound.

41

The palsied troop first (like asps shaken) fare;  
Till now their heart, congeal'd in icie bloud,  
Candied the ghastly face; locks stand and stare:  
Thus charm'd, in ranks of stone they marshall'd stood:  
Their uselesse swords fell idley on the plain,  
And now the triumph sounds in loftie strain;  
So conqu'ring Dragon bindes the Knights with slavish chain.

42

As when proud *Phineus* in his brothers feast  
Fill'd all with tumult, and intestine broil;  
Wise *Perseus*, with such multitudes opprest,  
Before him bore the snakie Gorgons spoil:  
The vulgar rude stood all in marble chang'd,  
And in vain ranks and rockie order rang'd  
Were now more quiet guests, from former rage estrang'd.

43

The fair *Electa*, who with grief had stood,  
Viewing th' oft changes of this doubtfull fight,  
Saw now the field swimme in her Champions bloud,  
And from her heart, rent with deep passion, sigh'd;  
Limming true sorrow in sad silent art.  
*Light grief floats on the tongue; but heavie smart  
Sinks down, and deeply lies in centre of the heart.*

44

What *Daedal* art such griefs can truly shew,  
Broke heart, deep sighs, thick sobs, & burning prayers,



Baptizing ever limbe in weeping dew?  
Whose swoln eyes, pickled up in brinie tears,  
    Crystalline rocks, corall the lid appeares,  
    Compast about with tides of grief and fears;  
Where grief stores fear with sighs, and fear stores grief with tears.

45

At length sad Sorrow, mounted on the wings  
Of loud-breath'd sighs, his leaden weight uprears;  
And vents it self in softest whisperings,  
Follow'd with deadly grones, usher'd by tears:  
    While her fair hands, and watrie shining eyes  
    Were upward bent upon the mourning skies,  
Which seem'd with cloudie brow her grief to sympathize.

46

Long while the silent passion, wanting vent,  
Made flowing tears her words, and eyes her tongue;  
Till Faith, Experience, Hope assistance lent  
To shut both floud-gates up with patience strong:  
    The streams well ebb'd, new hopes some comforts borrow  
    From firmest truth; then glimpsst the hopefull morrow:  
So spring some dawns of joy, so sets the night of sorrow.

47

Ah dearest Lord, my hearts sole Sovereaigne,  
Who sitt'st high mounted on thy burning throne;  
Heark from thy heav'ns, where thou dost safely reigne,  
Cloth'd with the golden Sunne, and silver Moon:  
    Cast down a while thy sweet and gracious eye,  
    And low avail that flaming Majestie,  
Deigning thy gentle sight on our sad miserie.

48

To thee, deare Lord, I lift this watrie eye,  
This eye which thou so oft in love<sup>2</sup> hast prais'd;  
This eye with which thou<sup>3</sup> wounded oft wouldst die;  
To thee (deare Lord) these suppliant hands are rais'd:  
    These to be lilies thou hast often told me;  
    Which if but once again may ever hold thee,  
Will never let thee lose, will never more unfold thee.

49

Seest how thy foes despitefull trophies reare,

Too confident in thy prolong'd delays?  
Come then, oh quickly come, my dearest deare:  
When shall I see thee crown'd with conqu'ring bayes,  
    And all thy foes trod down, and spread as clay?  
    When shall I see thy face, and glories ray?  
Too long thou stay'st, my Love; come Love, no longer stay.

50

Hast thou forgot thy former word and love,  
Or lockt thy sweetnesse up in fierce disdain?  
In vain didst thou those thousand mischiefs prove?  
Are all those griefs, thy birth, life, death in vain?  
    Oh no; of ill thou onely dost repent thee,  
    And in thy dainty mercies most content thee:  
Then why with stay so long so long dost thou torment me?

51

Reviving Cordiall of my dying sprite,  
The best Elixar for souls drooping pain;  
Ah now unshade thy face, uncloud thy sight;  
See, every way's a trap, each path's a train:  
    Hells troops my soul beleaguer; bow thine eares,  
    And hear my cries pierce through my grones & fears:  
Sweet Spouse, see not my sinnes, but through my plaints and tears.

52

Let frailty favour, sorrow succour move;  
Anchor my life in thy calm streams of bloud:  
Be thou my rock, though I poore changeling rove,  
Tost up and down in waves of worldly floud:  
    Whil'st I in vale of tears at anchor ride,  
    Where windes of earthly thoughts my sails misguide,  
Harbour my fleshly bark safe in thy wounded side.

53

Take, take my contrite heart, thy sacrifice,  
Washt in her eyes that swimmes and sinks in woes:  
See, see, as seas with windes high working rise,  
So storm, so rage, so gape thy boasting foes.  
    Deare Spouse, unlesse thy right hand even steers,  
    Oh if thou anchor not these threatening fears;  
Thy ark will sail as deep in bloud, as now in tears.

54

With that a thundering noise seem'd shake the skie,

As when with iron wheels through stonie plain  
A thousand chariots to the battell flie;  
Or when with boistrous rage the swelling main,  
Puft up with mighty windes, does hoarsly roar;  
And beating with his waves the trembling shore,  
His sandie girdle scorns, & breaks earths ramperd doore.

55

And straight <sup>4</sup>an Angel full of heav'nly might,  
(Three severall crowns circled his roayall head)  
From Northern coast heaving his blazing light,  
Through all the earth his glorious beams dispread,  
And open laies the Beasts and Dragons shame:  
For to this end th' Almighty did him frame,  
And therefore from supplanting gave his ominous name.

56

A silver trumpet oft he loudly blew,  
Frighting the guiltie earth with thundering knell;  
And oft proclaim'd, as through the world he flew,  
*Babel*, great *Babel* lies as low as hell:  
Let every Angel loud his trumpet sound,  
Her heav'n-exalted towers in dust are drown'd:  
*Babel*, proud *Babel's* fall'n, and lies as low as ground.

57

The broken heav'ns dispart with fearfull noise,  
And from the breach out shoots a suddain light;  
Straight shrilling tumpets with loud sounding voice  
Give echoing summons to new bloody fight:  
Well knew the Dragon that all-quelling blast,  
And soon perceiv'd that day must be his last;  
Which strook his frighted heart, & all his troops aghast.

58

Yet full of malice and of stubborn pride,  
Though oft had strove, and had been foild as oft,  
Boldly his death and certain fate defi'd:  
And mounted on his flaggie sails aloft,  
With boundlesse spite he long'd to try again  
A second losse, and new death; glad and fain  
To shew his pois'nous hate, though ever shew'd in vain.

59

So up he rose upon his stretched sails,  
Fearlesse expecting his approaching death:  
So up he rose, that th' ayer starts, and fails,  
And over-pressed sinks his load beneath:  
    So up he rose, as does a thunder-cloud,  
    Which all the earth with shadows black does shroud:  
So up he rose, and through the weary ayer row'd.

60

Now his Almighty foe farre off he spies;  
Whose Sun-like arms daz'd the eclipsed day,  
Confounding with their beams lesse-glitt'ring skies,  
Firing the aire with more then heav'nly ray;  
    Like thousand Sunnes in one: such is their light;  
    A subject onely for immortall sprite,  
Which never can be seen, but by immortall sight.

61

His treatning eyes shine like that dreadfull flame,  
With which the Thunderer arms his angry hand:  
Himself had fairly wrote his wondrous name,  
Which neither earth nor heav'n cound understand:  
    A hundred crowns, like towers, beset around  
    His conqu'ring head: well may they there abound,  
When all his limbes and troops with gold are richly crown'd.

62

His armour all was dy'd in purple bloud;  
(In purple bloud of thousand rebell Kings)  
In vain their stubborn powers his arm withstood:  
Their proud necks chain'd he now in triumph brings,  
    And breaks their spears, & cracks their traitour swords  
    Upon whose arms and thigh, in golden words  
Was fairly writ, *The KING of Kings, & LORD of Lords.*

63

His snow-white steed was born of heav'nly kinde,  
Begot by *Boreas* on the *Thracian* hills;  
More strong and speedy then his parent Winde:  
And (which his foes with fear and horrour fills)  
    Out from his mouth a two-edg'd sword he darts;  
    Whose sharpest steel the bone and marrow parts,  
And with his keenest point unbreasts the naked hearts.

64

The Dragon, wounded with this flaming brand,  
They take, and in strong bonds and fetters tie:  
Short was the fight, nor could he long withstand  
Him, whose appearance is his victorie.

So now he's bound in adamantine chain;  
He storms, he roars, he yells for high disdain:  
His net is broke, the fowl go free, the fowler ta'ne.

65

Thence by a mighty Swain he soon was led  
Unto a thousand thousand torturings:  
His tail, whose folds were wont the starres to shed,  
Now stretcht at length, close to his belly clings:  
Soon as the pit he sees, he back retires,  
And battel new, but all in vain, respire:  
So there he deeply lies, flaming in icie fires.

66

As when *Alcides* from forc't hell had drawn  
The three-head dog, and master'd all his pride;  
Basely the fiend did on his Victour fawn,  
With serpent tail clapping his hollow side:  
At length arriv'd upon the brink of light,  
He shuts the day out of his dullard sight,  
And swelling all in vain renews unhappie fight.

67

Soon as this sight the Knights revive again,  
As fresh as when the flowers from winter tombe  
(When now the Sunne brings back his nearer wain)  
Peep out again from their fresh mothers wombe:  
The primrose lighted new, her flame displayes,  
And frights the neighbour hedge with firie rayes:  
And all the world renew their mirth & sportive playes.

68

The Prince, who saw his long imprisonment  
Now end in never-ending libertie;  
To meet the Victour, from his castle went,  
And falling down, clasping his royall knee,  
Poures out deserved thanks in gratefull praise:  
But him the heav'nly Saviour soon doth raise,  
And bids him spend in joy his never spending dayes.

69

The fair *Electa*, that with widowed brow  
 Her absent Lord long mourn'd in sad aray,  
 Now <sup>5</sup> silken linnen cloth'd like frozen snow,  
 Whose silver spanglets sparkle 'gainst the day:  
     This shining robe her Lord himself had wrought,  
     While he her love with hundred presents sought,  
 And it with many a wound, & many a torment bought.

70

And thus arayd, her heav'nly beauties shin'd  
 (Drawing their beams from his most glorious face)  
 Like to a precious <sup>6</sup> Jasper, pure refin'd;  
 Which with a Crystall mixt, much mends his grace:  
     The golden starres a garland fair did frame,  
     To crown her locks; the Sunne lay hid for shame,  
 And yeilded all his beams to her more glorious flame.

71

Ah who that flame can tell? ah who can see?  
 Enough is me with silence to admire;  
 While bolder joy, and humb[l]e majestie  
 In either cheek had kindled gracefull fire:  
     Long silent stood she, while her former fears  
     And griefs ran all away in sliding tears;  
 That like a watrie Sunne her gladsome face appears.

72

At length when joyes had left her closer heart,  
 To seat themselves upon her thankfull tongue;  
 First in her eyes they sudden flashes dart,  
 Then forth i' th' musick of her voice they throng;  
     My Hope, my Love, my Joy, my Life, my Blisse,  
     (Whom to enjoy is heav'n, but hell to misse)  
 What are the worlds false joyes, what heav'ns true joyes to this?

73

Ah dearest Lord! does my rapt soul behold thee?  
 Am I awake? and sure I do not dream?  
 Do these thrice blessed arms again infold thee?  
 Too much delight makes true things feigned seem.  
     Thee, thee I see; thou, thou, thus unfolded art:  
     For deep thy stamp is printed in my heart,  
 And thousand ne're-felt joyes stream in each melting part.

74

Thus with glad sorrow did she sweetly plain her,  
Upon his neck a welcome load depending;  
While he with equall joy did entertain her,  
Her self, her Champions, highly all commending:  
    So all in triumph to his palace went,  
    Whose work in narrow words may not be pent;  
For boundlesse thought is lesse then is that glorious tent.

75

There sweet delights, which know nor end, nor measure;  
No chance is there, nor eating times succeeding:  
No wastfull spending can empair their treasure;  
Pleasure full grown, yet ever freshly breeding:  
    Fulnesse of sweets excludes not more receiving:  
    The soul still big of joy, yet still conceiving;  
Beyond slow tongues report, beyond quick thoughts perceiving.

76

There are they gone, there will they ever bide;  
Swimming in waves of joyes, and heav'nly loves:  
He still a Bridegroom, she a gladsome Bride;  
Their hearts in love, like spheres still constant moving:  
    No change, no grief, no age can them befall:  
    Their bridal bed is in that heav'nly hall,  
Where all dayes are but one, and onely one is all.

77

And as in state they thus in triumph ride,  
The boyes and damsels their just praises chaunt;  
The boyes and Bridegroom sing, the maids the Bride,  
While all the hills glad *Hymens* loudly vaunt:  
    Heav'ns winged shoals, greeting this glorious spring,  
    Attune their higher notes, and *Hymens* sing:  
Each thought to passe, & each did passe thoughts loftiest wing.

78

Upon his lightning brow Love proudly sitting  
Flames out in power, shines out in majestie;  
There all his loftie spoils and trophies fitting,  
Displays the marks of highest Deitie:  
    There full of strength in lordly arms he stands,  
    And every heart, and every soul commands:  
No heart, no soul his strength and lordly force withstands.

79

Upon her forehead thousand cheerfull Graces,  
Seated in thrones of spotlesse ivorie;  
There gentle Love his armed hand unbraces,  
His bow unbent disclaims all tyrannie:  
    There by his play a thousand souls beguiles,  
    Perswading more by simple modest smiles,  
Then ever he could force by arms, or craftie wiles.

80

Upon her cheek doth Beauties self implant  
The freshest garden of her choicest flowers;  
On which if Envie might but glance ascant,  
Her eyes would swell, and burst, and melt in showers:  
    There fairer both then ever fairest ey'd.  
    Heav'n never such a Bridegroom yet descri'd;  
Nor ever earth so fair, so undefil'd a Bride.

81

Full of his Father shines his glorious face,  
As farre the Sunne surpassing in his light,  
As doth the Sunne the earth with flaming blaze:  
Sweet influence streams from his quickning sight:  
    His beams from nought did all this All display;  
    And when to lesse then nought they fell away,  
He soon restor'd again by his new orient ray.

82

All heav'n shines forth in her sweet faces frame:  
Her seeing Starres (which we miscall bright eyes)  
More bright then is the mornings brightest flame,  
More fruitfull then the May-time Geminies:  
    These back restore the timely summers fire;  
    Those springing thoughts in winter hearts inspire,  
Inspiring dead souls, and quickning warm desire.

83

These two fair Sunnes in heav'nly sphere are plac't,  
Where in the centre Joy triumphing sits:  
Thus in all high perfections fully grac't,  
Her mid-day blisse no future night admits;  
    But in the mirrours of her Spouses eyes  
    Her fairest self she dresses; there where lies



All sweets, a glorious beautie to emparadize.

84

His locks like ravens plumes, or shining jet,  
Fall down in curls along his ivory neck;  
Within their circlets hundred Graces set,  
And with love-knots their comely hangings deck:  
    His mighty shoulders, like that Giant Swain,  
    All heav'n and earth, and all in both sustain;  
Yet knows no wearinesse, nor feels oppressing pain.

85

Her amber hair, like to the sunnie ray,  
With gold enamels fair the silver white;  
There heav'nly loves their prettie sportings play,  
Firing their darts in that wide flaming light:  
    Her daintie neck, spread with that silver mold,  
    Where double beautie doth it self unfold,  
In th' own fair silver shines, and fairer borrow'd gold.

86

His breast a rock of purest alabaster,  
Where Loves self saling shipwrackt often sitteth;  
Hers a twinne-rock, unknown, but to th' ship-master;  
Which harbours him alone, all other splitteth.  
    Where better could her love then here have nested?  
    Or he his thoughts then here more sweetly feasted?  
Then both their love & thoughts in each are ever rested.

87

Runne now you shepherd-swains; ah run you thither,  
Where this fair Bridegrom leads the blessed way:  
And haste you lovely maids, haste you together  
With this sweet Bride; while yet the sunne-shine day  
    Guides your blinde steps, while yet loud summons call,  
    That every wood & hill resounds withall,  
Come *Hymen, Hymen* come, drest in thy golden pall.

88

The sounding Echo back the musick flung,  
While heav'nly spheres unto the voices playd.  
But see, the day is ended with my song,  
And sporting bathes with that fair Ocean Maid:  
    Stoop now thy wing, my Muse, now stoop thee low:  
    Hence mayst thou freely play, and rest thee now;

While here I hang my pipe upon the willow bough.

89

So up they rose, while all the shepherds throng  
With their loud pipes a countrey triumph blew,  
And led their *Thirsil* home with joyfull song:  
Mean time the lovely Nymphs with garlands new  
    His locks in Bay and honour'd Palm-tree bound,  
    With Lilies set, and Hyacinths around;  
And Lord of all the yeare, and their May-sportings crown'd.

*FINIS.*

<printer's mark>

1 Sinne.

2 Cant. 1. 25.

3 Cant. 4.9.

4 Our late most learned Sovereigne in his remonstrance and comment upon the Apocal.

5 Revel. 19.8.

6 Revel. 21.11.



# *Renascence Editions*

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## **The Purple Island. Piscatory Eclogues.**

**Phineas Fletcher.**

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This [Renascence Editions](#) text was transcribed by Daniel Gustav Anderson, July 2003, and reproduces the 1633 publication of *The Purple Island, with the Piscatory Eclogues and Poeticall Miscellenie*. It retains the spelling and punctuation of the original, silently amending obvious typographical errors such as missing periods at stanza ends. The long "s" and the vowel ligatures, also, are silently amended to the letters of the conventional keyboard. Any errors that have crept into the transcription are the fault of the present publisher. The text is in the public domain. Content unique to this presentation is copyright © 2003 the editor and the University of Oregon. For nonprofit and educational uses only.

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### **INTRODUCTION: *PISCATORIE ECLOGUES***

The *Eclogues* are less rigorously conventional and more experimental than they might appear. Lee Peipho argues that Fletcher's innovation with the *Eclogues* is the "religious allegorization of Sannazaro's piscatory world" (471). The literary landscape is again invested with spiritual significance, specifically Anglo-Protestant significance. Following this, Gary M. Bouchard traces the influence of Fletcher's Protestant "blue world" of fishermen in the pastoral space of Milton's elegy, "Lycidas" (241-242). Here, Fletcher's more modest generic innovations seem to be of more immediately recognizable value than those of *The Purple Island*, and have been of greater impact historically (through Milton) on English letters.

Daniel Gustav Anderson

---

PISCATORIE  
ECLOGS,  
AND  
OTHER POETICALL  
MISCELLANIES.

*By P. F.*

<printer's mark>

Printed by the Printers to the UNIVERSITIE  
of CAMBRIDGE. 1633.

---

<<<sup>1</sup>, ALIEYTIKON>>  
OR,  
PISCATORIE  
ECLOGUES.

ECLOG. I.

*AMYNTAS.*

IT was the time faithfull *Halcyone*,  
Once more enjoying new-liv'd *Ceyx* bed,  
Had left her young birds to the wavering sea,  
Bidding him calm his proud white-curl'd head,  
And change his mountains to a champian lea;  
The time when gentle *Flora's* lover reignes,  
Soft creeping all along green *Neptunes* smoothest plains;

2

When haplesse *Thelgon* (a poore fisher-swain)  
Came from his boat to tell the rocks his plaining:  
In rocks he found, and the high-swelling main  
More sense, more pitie farre, more love remaining,  
Then in the great *Amyntas* fierce disdain:

Was not his peer for song 'mong all the lads,  
Whose shrilling pipe, or voice the sea-born maiden glads.

3

About his head a rocky canopie,  
And craggy hangings round a shadow threw,  
Rebutting *Phoebus* parching fervencie;  
Into his bosome *Zephyr* softly flew;  
Hard by his feet the sea came waving by;

The while to seas and rocks (poore swain!) he sang;  
The while the seas & rocks answ'ring loud echoes rang.

4

You goodly Nymphs, that in your marble cell  
In spending never spend your sportfull dayes,  
Or when you list in pearled boats of shell  
Glide on the dancing wave, that leaping playes  
About the wanton skiffe, and you that dwell

In *Neptunes* court, the Oceans plenteous throng,  
Deigne you to gently heare sad *Thelgons* plaining song.

5

When the raw blossome of my youth was yet  
In my first childhoods green enclosure bound,  
Of *Aquadune* I learnt to fold my net,  
And spread the sail, and beat the river round,  
And withy labyrinths in straits to set,

And guide my boat, where *Thames* and *Isis* heire  
By lowly *Aeton* slides, and *Windsor* proudly fair.

6

There while our thinne nets dangling in the winde  
Hung on our oars tops, I learnt to sing  
Among my Peers, apt words to fitly binde  
In numerous verse: witnessse thou crystall Spring,  
Where all the lads were pebles wont to finde;

And you thick hasles, that on *Thamis* brink  
Did oft with dallying boughs his silver waters drink.

7

But when my tender youth 'gan fairly blow,  
I chang'd large *Thames* for *Chamus* narrower seas:  
There as my yeares, so skill with yeares did grow;  
And now my pipe the better sort did please;  
So that with *Limnus*, and with *Belgio*

I durst to challenge all my fisher-peers,  
That by learn'd *Chamus* banks did spend their youthfull yeares.

8

And *Janus* self, that oft with me compared,  
With his oft losses rais'd my victory;  
That afterward in song he never dared  
Provoke my conquering pipe, but enviously  
Deprave the songs which first his songs had marred;

And closely bite, when now he durst not bark,  
Hating all others light, because himself was dark.

9

And whether nature, joyn'd with art, had wrought me,  
Or I too much beleev'd the fishers praise;  
Or whether *Phoebus* self, or Muses taught me,  
Too much enclin'd to verse, and Musick playes;  
So farre credulitie, and youth had brought me,

I sang sad *Telethusa's* frustrate plaint,  
And rustick *Daphnis* wrong, and magicks vain restraint:

10

And then appear'd young *Myrtilus*, repining  
At generall contempt of shepherds life;  
And rais'd my rime to sing of *Richards* climbing;  
And taught our *Chame* to end the old-bred strife,  
*Mythicus* claim to *Nicias* resigning:

The while his goodly Nymphs with song delighted,  
My notes with choicest flowers, & garlands sweet requited.

11

From thence a Shepherd great, pleas'd with my song,  
Drew me to *Basilissa's* Courtly place:  
Fair *Basilissa*, fairest maid among  
The Nymphs that white-cliffe *Albions* forrests grace.  
Her errand drove my slender bark along

The seas, which wash the fruitfull *Germans* land

And swelling *Rhene*, whose wines run swiftly o're the sand.

12

But after bold'ned with my first successe,  
I durst assay the new-found paths, that led  
To slavish *Mosco*'s dullard sluggishnesse;  
Whose slothfull Sunne all winter keeps his bed,  
But never sleeps in summers wakefulnessse:

    Yet all for nought: another took the gain:  
Faitour, that reapt the pleasure of anothers pain!

13

And travelling along the Northern plains,  
At her command I past the bounding *Tweed*,  
And liv'd a while with *Caledonian* swains:  
My life with fair *Amyntas* there I led:  
*Amyntas* fair, whom still my sore heart plains.

    Yet seem'd he then to love, as he was loved;  
But (ah!) I fear, true love his high heart never proved.

14

And now he haunts th'infamous woods and downs,  
And on *Napaeon* Nymphs doth wholly dote:  
What cares he for poore *Thelgons* plaintfull sounds?  
*Thelgon*, poore master of a poorer boat.

*Janus* is crept from his wont prison bounds,  
    And sits the Porter to his eare and minde:  
What hope, *Amyntas* love a fisher-swain should finde?

15

Yet once he said (which I, then fool, beleev'd)  
(The woods of it, and *Damon* witnesse be)  
When in fair *Albions* fields he first arriv'd,  
When I forget true *Thelgons* love to me,  
The love which ne're my certain hope deceiv'd;

    The wavering sea shall stand, and rocks remove:  
He said, and I beleev'd: so credulous is love.

16

You steady rocks, why still do you stand still?  
You fleeting waves, why do you never stand?  
*Amyntas* hath forgot his *Thelgons* quill;  
His promise, and his love are writ in sand:  
But rocks are firm, though *Neptune* rage his fill;  
    When thou, *Amyntas*, like the fire-drake rangest:

The sea keeps on his course, when like the winde thou changest.

17

Yet as I swiftly sail'd the other day,  
The setled rock seem'd from his seat remove,  
And standing waves seem'd doubtful lof their way,  
And by their stop thy wavering reprove:  
Sure either this thou didst but mocking say,  
Or else the rock and sea had heard my plaining.  
But thou (ay me!) art onely constant in disdainning.

18

Ah! would thou knew'st how much it better were  
To 'bide among the simple fisher-swains:  
No shrieking owl, no night-crow lodgeth here;  
Nor is our simple pleasure mixt with pains:  
Our sports begin with the beginning yeare,  
In calms to pull the leaping fish to land,  
In roughs to sing, and dance along the golden sand.

19

I have a pipe, which once thou lovedst well,  
(Was never pipe that gave a better sound)  
Which oft to heare fair *Thetis* from her cell,  
*Thetis* the Queen of seas, attended round  
With hundred Nymphs and many powers that dwell  
In th' Oceans rocky walls, came up to heare,  
And gave me gifts, which still for thee lie hoarded here.

20

Here with sweet bayes the lovely myrtills grow,  
Where th' Oceans fair-cheekt maidens oft repair;  
Here to my pipe they dancen on a row:  
No other swain may come to note their fair;  
Yet my *Amyntas* there with me shall go.  
*Proteus* himself pipes to his flocks hereby,  
Whom thou shalt heare, ne're seen by any jealous eye.

21

But (ah!) both me, and fishers he disdainns,  
While I sit piping to the gadding winde,  
Better that to the boysterous sea complains;  
Sooner fierce waves are mov'd, then his hard minde:  
I'le to some rock farre from our common mains,



And in his bottome learn forget my smart,  
And blot *Amyntas* name from *Thelgons* wretched heart.

22

So up he rose, and lancht into the deep;  
Dividing with his oare the surging main,  
Which dropping seem'd with teares his case to weep;  
The whistling windesjoyn'd with the seas to plain,  
And o're his boat in whines lamenting creep.

Nought feared he fierce Oceans watry ire,  
Who in his heart of grief and love felt equall fire.

*FINIS.*

---

## ECLOG. II.

*THIRSIL.*

*Dorus, Myrtilus, Thomalin, Thirsil.*

*Dorus. MYrtil*, why idl sit we on the shore?  
Since stormy windes, and waves intestine spite  
Impatient rage of sail, or bending oare;  
Sit we, and sing, while windes & waters fight;  
And carol lowd of love, and loves delight.

2

*Myrtil. Dorus*, ah rather stormy seas require  
With sadder song the tempests rage deplore:  
In calms let's sing of love, and lovers fire.  
Tell we how *Thirsil* late our seas forswore,  
When forc't he left our *Chame*, and desert shore.

3

*Dorus*. Now as thou art a lad, repeat that lay;  
*Myrtil*, his songs more please my ravisht eare,  
Then rumbling brooks that with the pebles play,  
Then murmuring seas broke on the banks to heare,  
Or windes on rocks their whistling voices teare.

4

*Myrtil*. Seest thou that rock, which hanging o're the main  
Looks proudly down? there as I under lay,  
*Thirsil* with *Thomalin* I heard complain,  
*Thomalin*, (who now goes sighing all the day)  
Who thus 'gan tempt his friend with *Chamish* boyes to stay.

5

*Thom*. *Thirsil*, what wicked chance, or lucklesse starre  
From *Chamus* streams removes thy boat and minde?  
Farre hence thy boat is bound, thy minde more farre;  
More sweet, or fruitfull streams where canst thou finde?  
Where fisher-lads, or Nymphs more fair, or kinde?  
The Muses selves sit with the sliding *Chame*:  
*Chame* and the Muses selves do love thy name.  
Where thou art lov'd so dear, so much to hate is shame.

6

*Thirsil*. The Muses me forsake, not I the Muses;  
*Thomalin*, thou know'st how I them honour'd ever:  
Not I my *Chame*, but me proud *Chame* refuses:  
His froward spites my strong affections sever;  
Else, from his banks could I have parted never.  
But like his Swannes, when now their fate is nigh,  
Where singing sweet they liv'd, there dead they lie;  
So would I gladly live, so would I gladly die.

7

His stubborn hands my net hath broken quite:  
My fish (the guerdon of my toil and pain)  
He causelesse seiz'd, and with ungratefull spite  
Bestow'd upon a lesse deserving swain:  
The cost and labour mine, his all the gain.  
My boat lies broke; my oares crackt, and gone:  
Nought ha's he left me, but my pipe alone,  
Which with his sadder notes may help his master moan.

8

*Thom*. Ungratefull *Chame*! how oft hath *Thirsil* crown'd  
With songs and garlands thy obscurer head?  
That now thy name through *Albion* loud doth sound.  
Ah foolish *Chame*! who now in *Thirsils* stead  
Shall chant thy praise, since *Thelgon*'s lately dead?  
He whom thou lov'st, can neither sing, nor play;

His dusty pipe, scorn'd, broke, is cast away:  
Ah foolish *Chame!* who now shall grace thy holy-day?

9

*Thirsil.* Too fond my former hopes! I still expected  
With my desert his love should grow the more:  
Ill can he love, who *Thelgons* love rejected,  
*Thelgon*, who more hath grac'd his gracelesse shore,  
Then any swain that ever sang before.

Yet *Gripus* he prefer'd, when *Thelgon* strove:  
I wish no other curse he ever prove;  
Who *Thelgon* causelesse hates, still may he *Gripus* love.

10

*Thom.* *Thirsil*, but that so long I know thee well,  
I now should think thou speak'st of hate, or spite:  
Can such a wrong with *Chame*, or Muses dwell,  
That *Thelgons* worth and love with hate they 'quite?  
*Thirsil.* *Thomalin*, judge thou; and thou that judgest right,  
Great King of seas, (that grasp'st the Ocean) heare,  
If ever thou thy *Thelgon* lovedst deare:  
Though thou forbear a while, yet long thou canst not bear.

11

When *Thelgon* here had spent his prentise-yeares,  
Soon had he learnt to sing as sweet a note,  
As ever strook the churlish *Chamus* eares:  
To him the river gives a costly boat,  
That on his waters he might safely float,  
The songs reward, which oft unto his shore  
He sweetly tun'd: Then arm'd with sail, and oare,  
Dearely the gift he lov'd, but lov'd the giver more.

12

Scarce of the boat he yet was full possess,  
When, with a minde more changing then his wave,  
Again bequeath'd it to a wandring guest,  
Whom then he onely saw; to him he gave  
The sails, and oares: in vain poore *Thelgon* strave,  
The boat is under sail, no boot to plain:  
Then banisht him, the more to eke his pain,  
As if himself were wrong'd, & did no wrong thte swain.

13

From thence he furrow'd many a churlish sea,  
The viny *Rhene*, and *Volgha's* self did passe,  
Who sleds doth suffer on his watry lea,  
And horses trampling on his ycie face:  
Where *Phoebus* prison'd in the frozen glasse,  
All winter cannot move his quenched light,  
Nor in the heat will drench his chariot bright:  
Thereby the tedious yeare is all one day and night.

14

Yet little thank, and lesse reward he got:  
He never learn'd to sooth the itching eare:  
One day (as chanc't) he spies the painted boat,  
Which once was his: though his of right it were,  
He bought it now again, and bought it deare.  
But *Chame* to *Gripus* gave it once again,  
*Gripus* the basest and most dung-hil swain,  
That ever drew a net, or fisht in fruitfull main.

15

Go now, ye fisher-boyes, go learn to play,  
To play, and sing along your *Chamus* shore:  
Go watch, and toyl, go spend the night and day,  
While windes & waves, while storms & tempests roar;  
And for your trade consume your life, and store:  
Lo your reward; thus will your *Chamus* use you.  
Why should you plain, that lozel swains refuse you?  
*Chamus* good fishers hates, the Muses selves abuse you.

16

*Thomal*. Ah *Thelgon*, poorest, but the worthiest swain,  
That ever grac't unworthy povertie!  
How ever here thou liv'dst in joylesse pain,  
Prest down with grief, and patient miserie;  
Yet shalt thou live when thy proud enemy  
Shall rot, with scorn and base contempt opprest.  
Sure now in joy thou safe and glad doth rest,  
Smil'st at those eager foes, which here thee so molest.

17

*Thirsil*. *Thomalin*, mourn not for him: he's sweetly sleeping  
In *Neptunes* court, whom here he sought to please;  
While humming rivers by his cabin creeping,  
Rock soft his slumbering thoughts in quiet ease:

Mourn for thy self, here windes do never cease;  
Our dying life will better fit thy crying:  
He softly sleeps, and blest is quiet lying.  
Who ever living dies, he better lives by dying.

18

*Thomal.* Can *Thirsil* then our *Chame* abandon ever?  
And never will our fishers see again?  
*Thirsil.* Who 'gainst a raging stream doth vain endeavour  
To drive his boat, gets labour for his pain:  
When fates command to go, the lagge is vain.  
As late upon the shore I chanc't to play,  
I heard a voice, like thunder, lowdly say,  
*Thirsil*, why idle liv'st? *Thirsil*, away, away.

19

Thou God of seas, thy voice I gladly heare;  
Thy voice (thy voice I know) I glad obey:  
Onely do thou my wandring whirry steer;  
And when it erres, (as it will eas'ly stray)  
Upon the rock with hopefull anchour stay.  
Then will I swimme, where's either sea, or shore,  
Where never swain, or boat was seen afore:  
My trunk shall be my boat, my arm shall be my oare.

20

*Thomalin*, me thinks I heare thy speaking eye  
Woo me my posting journey to delay:  
But let thy love yeeld to necessitie:  
With thee, my friend, too gladly would I stay,  
And live, and die: were *Thomalin* away,  
(Though now I half unwilling leave his stream)  
How ever *Chame* doth *Thirsil* lightly deem,  
Yet would thy *Thirsil* lesse proud *Chamus* scorns esteem.

21

*Thom.* Who now with *Thomalin* shall sit, and sing?  
Who left to play in lovely myrtils shade?  
Or tune sweet ditties to as sweet a string?  
Who now those wounds shall 'swage in covert glade,  
Sweet-bitter wounds, which cruel love hath made?  
You fisher-boyes, and sea-maids dainty crue,  
Farewell; for *Thomalin* will seek a new,  
And more respectfull stream: ungratefull *Chame* adieu.

22

*Thirsil. Thomalin*, forsake not thou the fisher-swains,  
 Which hold thy stay and love at dearest rate:  
 Here mayst thou live among their sportfull trains,  
 Till better times afford thee better state:  
 Then mayst thou follow well thy guiding fate:  
     So live thou here with peace, and quiet blest;  
     So let thy love afford thee ease and rest;  
 So let thy sweetest foe recure thy wounded breast.

23

But thou, proud *Chame*, which thus hast wrought me spite,  
 Some greater river drown thy hatefull name:  
 Let never myrtle on thy banks delight,  
 But willows pale, the badge of spite and blame,  
 Crown thy ungratefull shores with scorn and shame.  
     Let dirt and mud thy lazie waters seise,  
     Thy weeds still grow, thy waters still decrease:  
 Nor let thy wretched love to *Gripus* ever cease.

24

Farewell ye streams, which once I loved deare;  
 Farewell ye boyes, which on your *Chame* do float;  
 Muses farewell, if there be Muses here;  
 Farewell my nets, farewell my little boat:  
 Come sadder pipe, farewell my merry note:  
     My *Thomalin*, with thee all sweetnesse dwell;  
     Think of thy *Thirsil*, *Thirsil* loves thee well.  
*Thomalin*, my dearest deare, my *Thomalin*, farewell.

25

*Dorus*. Ah haplesse boy, the fishers joy and pride!  
 Ah wo is us we cannot help thy wo!  
 Our pity is vain: ill may that swain betide,  
 Whose undeserved spite hath wrong'd thee so.  
*Thirsil*, with thee our joy, and wishes go.

26

*Myrtil. Dorus*, some greater power prevents thy curse:  
 So vile, so basely lives that hatefull swain;  
 So base, so vile, that none can wish him worse.  
 But *Thirsil* much a better state doth gain,  
 For never will he finde so thanklesse main.

*FINIS.*

---

**ECLOG. III.**

*MYRTILUS.*

A Fisher-lad (no higher dares he look)  
*Myrtil*, sat down by silver *Medwayes* shore:  
His dangling nets (hung on the trembling oare)  
Had leave to play, so had his idle hook,  
While madding windes the madder Ocean shook.  
    Of *Chamus* had he learnt to pipe, and sing,  
    And frame low ditties to his humble string.

2

There as his boat late in the river stray'd,  
A friendly fisher brought the boy to view  
*Coelia* the fair, whose lovely beauties drew  
His heart from him into that heav'nly maid:  
There all his wandring thoughts, there now they staid.  
    All other fairs, all other love defies,  
    In *Coelia* he lives, for *Coelia* dies.

3

Nor durst the coward woo his high desiring,  
(For low he was, lower himself accounts;  
And she the highest height in worth surmounts)  
But sits alone in hell his heav'n admiring,  
And thinks with sighs to fanne, but blows his firing.  
    Nor does he strive to cure his painfull wound;  
    For till this sicknesse never was he sound.

4

His blubber'd face was temper'd to the day;  
All sad he look't, that sure all was not well;  
Deep in his heart was hid an heav'nly hell;  
Thick clouds upon his watrie eye-brows lay,  
Which melting showre, and showring never stay:  
    So sitting down upon the sandy plain,  
    Thus 'gan he vent his grief, and hidden pain;

5

You sea-born maids, that in the Ocean reigne,  
(If in your courts is known Loves matchlesse power,  
Kindling his fire in your cold watry bower)

Learn by your own to pity others pain.

*Tryphon*, that know'st a thousand herbs in vain,  
But know'st not one to cure a love-sick heart,  
See here a wound, that farre outgoes thy art.

6

Your stately seas (perhaps with loves fire) glow,  
And over-seeth their banks with springing tide,  
Mustring their white-plum'd waves with lordly pride,  
They soon retire, and lay their curl'd heads low;  
So sinking in themselves they backward go:

But in my breast full seas of grief remain,  
Which ever flow, and never ebbe again.

7

How well, fair *Thetis*, in thy glasse I see,  
As in a crystall, all my raging pains!  
Late thy green fields slept in their even plains,  
While smiling heav'ns spread round a canopie:  
Now tost with blasts, and civil enmitie,

While whistling windes blow trumpets to their fight,  
And roaring waves, as drummes, whet on their spite.

8

Such cruell storms my restles heart command:  
Late thousand joyes securely lodged there,  
Ne fear'd I then to care, ne car'd to fear;  
But pull'd the prison'd fishes to the land,  
Or (spite of windes) pip't on the golden sand:

But since love sway'd my breast, these seas alarms  
Are but dead pictures of my raging harms.

9

Love stirres desire; desire, like stormy winde,  
Blows up high swelling waves of hope, and fear:  
Hope on his top my trembling heart doth bear  
Up to my heav'n, but straight my lofty minde  
By fear sunk in despair deep drown'd I finde.

But (ah!) your tempests cannot last for ever;  
But (ah!) my storms (I fear) will leave me never.



10

Haples, and fond! too fond, more haples swain,  
Who lovest where th'art scorn'd, scorn'st where th'art loved:  
Or learn to hate, where thou hast hatred proved;  
Or learn to love, where thou art lov'd again:  
Ah cease to love, or cease to woo thy pain.  
    Thy love thus scorn'd is hell; to not so earn it;  
    At least learn by forgetting to unlearn it.

11

Ah fond, and haples swain! but much more fond,  
How canst unlearn by learning to forget it,  
When thought of what thou should'st unlearn does whet it,  
And surer ties thy minde in captive bond?  
Canst thou unlearn a ditty thou hast con'd?  
    Canst thou forget a song by oft repeating?  
    Thus much more wilt thou learn by thy forgetting.

12

Haplesse, and fond! most fond, more haplesse swain!  
Seeing thy rooted love will leave thee never,  
(She hates thy love) love thou her hate for ever:  
In vain thou hop'st, hope yet, though still in vain:  
Joy in thy grief, and triumph in thy pain:  
    And though reward exceedeth thy aspiring,  
    Live in her love, and die in her admiring.

13

Fair-cruel maid, most cruel, fairer ever,  
How hath foul rigour stol'n into thy heart?  
And on a comick stage hath learnt thee art  
To play a Tyrant-tragical deceiver?  
To promise mercy, but perform it never?  
    To look more sweet, maskt in thy looks disguise,  
    Then Mercy self can look with Pities eyes?

14

Who taught thy honied tongue the cunning slight,  
To melt the ravisht eare with musicks strains?  
And charm the sense with thousand pleasing pains?  
And yet, like thunder roll'd in flames, and night,  
To break the rived heart with fear and fright?  
    How rules therein thy breast, so quiet state,

Spite leagu'd with mercy, love with lovelesse hate?

15

Ah no, fair *Coelia*, in thy sunne-like eye  
Heav'n sweetly smiles; those starres soft loving fire,  
And living heat, not burning flames inspire:  
Love's self enthron'd in thy brows ivorie,  
And every grace in heavens liverie:

My wants, not thine, me in despairing drown:  
When hell presumes, no mar'l if heavens frown.

16

Those gracefull tunes, issuing from glorious spheares,  
Ravish the eare and soul with strange delight,  
And with sweet Nectar fill the thirsty sprite;  
Thy honied tongue, charming the melted eares,  
Stills stormy hearts, and quiets frights and fears:

My daring heart provokes thee; and no wonder,  
When earth so high aspires, if heavens thunder.

17

See, see, fair *Coelia*, seas are calmly laid,  
And end their boisterous threats in quiet peace;  
The waves their drummes, the windes their trumpets cease:  
But my sick love (ah love full ill apayd!)  
Never can hope his storms may be allayd;

But giving to his rage no end, or leisure,  
Still restles rests: Love knows no mean or measure.

18

Fond boy, she justly scorns thy proud desire,  
While thou with singing would'st forget thy pain:  
Go strive to empty the still-flowing main:  
Go fuell seek to quench thy growing fire:  
Ah foolish boy! scorn is thy musicks hire.

Drown then these flames in seas: but (ah!) I fear  
To fire the main, and to want water there.

19

There first thy heav'n I saw, there felt my hell;  
There smooth-calm seas rais'd storms of fierce desires;  
There cooling waters kindled burning fires,  
Nor can the Ocean quench them: in thy cell  
Full stor'd with pleasures, all my pleasures fell.

Die then, fond lad: ah, well my death may please thee:

But love, (thy love) not life, not death, must ease me.

20

So down he swowning sinks; nor can remove,  
Till fisher-boyes (fond fisher-boyes) revive him  
And back again his life and loving give him:  
But he such wofull gift doth much reprove:  
Hopelesse his life; for hopelesse is his love.

Go then, most loving, but most dolefull swain:  
Well may I pitie; she must cure thy pain.

*FINIS.*

---

### ECLOG. III

*CHROMIS.*

*Thelgon. Chromis.*

*Thel. CHromis*, my joy, why drop thy rainie eyes?  
And sullen clouds hang on thy heavie brow?  
Seems that thy net is rent, and idle lies;  
Thy merrie pipe hangs broken on a bough:  
But late thy time in hundred joyes thou spent'st;  
Now time spends thee, while thou in vain lament'st.

2

*Chrom. Thelgon*, my pipe is whole, and nets are new:  
But nets and pipe contemn'd, and idle lie:  
My little reed, that late so merry blew,  
Tunes sad notes to his masters miserie:  
Time is my foe, and hates my rugged rimes:  
And I do as much hate both that hate, and times.

3

*Thel.* What is it that causeth thy unrest?  
Or wicked charms? or loves new-kindled fire?  
Ah! much I fear love eats thy tender breast;  
Too well I knew his never quenched ire,

Since I *Amyntas* lov'd, who me disdains,  
And loves in me nought but my grief and pains.

4

*Chrom.* No lack of love did ever breed my smart:  
I onely learn'd to pity others pain,  
And ward my breast from his deceiving art:  
But one I love, and he loves me again;  
    In love this onely is my greatest sore,  
    He loves so much, and I can love no more.

5

But when the fishers trade, once highly priz'd,  
And justly honour'd in those better times,  
By ever lozel-groom I see despis'd;  
No marvel if I hate my jocund rimes,  
    And hang my pipe upon a willow bough:  
    Might I grieve ever, if I grieve not now.

6

*Thel.* Ah foolish boy! why should'st thou so lament  
To be like him, whom thou dost like so well?  
The Prince of fishers thousand tortures rent.  
To heav'n, lad, thou art bound: the way by hell.  
    Would'st thou ador'd, and great and merry be,  
    When he was mockt, debas'd, and dead for thee?

7

Mens scorns should rather joy, then sorrow move;  
For then thou highest art, when thou art down.  
Their storms of hate shold more blow up my love;  
Their laughters my applause, their mocks my crown.  
    Sorrow for him, and shame let me betide,  
    Who for me wretch in shame and sorrow died.

8

*Chrom. Thelgon,* 'tis not my self for whom I plain,  
My private losse full easie could I bear,  
If private losse might help the publick gain:  
But who can blame my grief, or chide my fear,  
    Since now the fishers trade, and honour'd name  
    Is made the common badge of scorn and shame?

9

Little know they the fishers toilsome pain,

Whose labour with his age, still growing, spends not:  
His care and watchings (oft mispent in vain)  
The early morn begins, dark evening ends not.  
    Too foolish men, that think all labour stands  
    In travell of the feet, and tired hands!

10

Ah wretched fishers! born to hate and strife;  
To others good, but to your rape and spoil.  
This is the briefest summe of fishers life,  
To sweat, to freeze, to watch, to fast, to toil,  
    Hated to love, to live despis'd, forlorn,  
    A sorrow to himself, all others scorn.

11

*Thel.* Too well I know the fishers thanklesse pain,  
Yet bear it cheerfully, nor dare repine.  
To grudge at losse is fond, (too fond and vain)  
When highest causes justly it assigne.  
    Who bites the stone, and yet the dog condemnes,  
    Much worse is then the beast he so contemnes.

12

*Chromis*, how many fishers dost thou know,  
That rule their boats, and use their nets aright?  
That neither winde, nor time, nor tide foreslow?  
Such some have been; but (ah!) by tempests spite  
    Their boats are lost; while we may sit and moan,  
    That few were such, and now those few are none.

13

*Chrom.* Ah cruel spite, and spitefull crueltie,  
That thus hath robb'd our joy, and desert shore!  
No more our seas shall heare your melodie;  
Your songs and shrilling pipes shall sound no more:  
    Silent our shores, our seas are vacant quite.  
    Ah spitefull crueltie, and cruel spite!

14

*Thel.* In stead of these a crue of idle grooms,  
Idle, and bold, that never saw the seas,  
Fearlesse succeed, and fill thy empty rooms:  
Some lazy live, bathing in wealth and ease:  
    Their floating boats with waves have leave to play,  
    Their rusty hooks all yeare keep holy-day.

15

Here stray their skiffs, themselves are never here,  
Ne're saw their boats: ill mought they fishers be:  
Mean time some wanton boy the boat doth steer,  
(Poore boat the while!) that cares as much as he:  
    Who in a brook a whirry cannot row,  
    Now backs the seas, before the seas he know.

16

*Chrom.* Ah foolish lads, that think with waves to play,  
And rule rough seas, which never knew command!  
First in some river thy new skill assay,  
Till time and practise teach thy weakly hand:  
    A thin, thin plank keeps in thy vitall breath:  
    Death ready waits. Fond boyes, to play with death!

17

*Thel.* Some stretching in their boats supinely sleep,  
Seasons in vain recall'd, and windes neglecting:  
Other their hooks and baits in poison steep,  
*Neptune* himself with deathfull drugges infecting:  
    The fish their life and death together drink,  
    And dead pollute the seas with venom'd stink.

18

Some teach to work, but have no hands to row:  
Some will be eyes, but have no light to see:  
Some will be guides, but have no feet to go:  
Some deaf, yet eares; some dumbe, yet tongues will be:  
    Dumbe, deaf, lame, blinde, and maim'd; yet fishers all:  
    Fit for no use, but store an hospital.

19

Some greater, scorning now their narrow boat,  
In mighty hulks and ships (like courts) do dwell;  
Slaving the skiffes that in their seas do float;  
Their silken sails with windes do proudly swell;  
    Their narrow bottomes stretch they large and wide,  
    And make full room for luxurie and pride.

20

Self did I see a swain not long ago,  
Whose lordly ship kept all the rest in aw:  
About him thousand boats do waiting row;

His frowns are death, his word is firmest law;  
While all the fisher-boyes their bonnets vail,  
And farre adore their lord with strucken sail.

21

His eare is shut to simple fisher-swain.  
For *Gemma's* self (a sea-nymph great and high)  
Upon his boat attended long in vain:  
What hope, poore fisher-boy may come him nigh?  
His speech to her, and presence he denied.  
Had *Neptune* come, *Neptune* he had defied.

22

Where *Tybers* swelling waves his banks o'reflow,  
There princely fishers dwell in courtly halls:  
The trade they scorn, their hands forget to row;  
Their trade, to plot their rising, others falls;  
Into their seas to draw the lesser brooks,  
And fish for steeples high with golden hooks.

23

*Chrom. Thelgon*, how canst thou well that fisher blame,  
Who in his art so highly doth excell,  
That with himself can raise the fishers name?  
Well may he thrive, that spends his art so well.  
Ah, little needs their honour to depresse:  
Little it is; yet most would have it lesse.

24

*Thel*. Alas poore boy! thy shallow-swimming sight  
Can never dive into their deepest art;  
Those silken shews so dimme thy dazel'd sight.  
Could'st thou unmask their pomp, unbreast their heart,  
How would'st thou laugh at this rich beggerie!  
And learn to hate such happy miserie!

25

Panting ambition spurres their tired breast:  
Hope chain'd to doubt, fear linkt to pride and threat,  
(Too ill yok't pairs) give them no time to rest;  
Tyrants to lesser boats, slaves to the great.  
That man I rather pity, then adore,  
Who fear'd by others much, fears others more.

26

Most cursed town, where but one tyrant reignes:  
(Though lesse his single rage on many spent)  
But much more miserie that soul remains,  
When many tyrants in one heart are pent:  
    When thus thou serv'st, the comfort thou canst have  
    From greatnesse is, thou art a greater slave.

27

*Chrom.* Ah wretched swains, that live in fishers trade;  
With inward griefs, and outward wants distressed;  
While every day doth more your sorrow lade;  
By others scorn'd, and by your selves oppressed!  
The great the greater serve, the lesser these:  
    And all their art is how to rise and please.

28

*Algon.* Those fisher-swains, from whom our trade doth flow,  
That by the King of seas their skill were taught;  
As they their boats on *Jordan* wave did row,  
And catching fish, were by a Fisher caught;  
    (Ah blessed chance! much better was the trade,  
    That being fishers, thus were fishes made).

29

Those happy swains, in outward shew unblest,  
Were scourg'd, were scorn'd, yet was this losse their gain:  
By land, by sea, in life, in death, distrest;  
But now with King of seas securely reigne:  
    For that short wo in this base earthly dwelling,  
    Enjoying joy all excellence excelling.

30

Then do not thou, my boy, cast down thy minde,  
But seek to please with all thy busie care  
The King of seas; so shalt thou surely finde  
Rest, quiet, joy, in all this troublous fare.  
    Let not thy net, thy hook, thy singing cease:  
    And pray these tempests may by turn'd to peace.

31

Oh Prince of waters, Sovereaigne of seas,  
Whom storms & calms, whom windes and waves obey;  
If ever that great Fisher did thee please,  
Chide thou the windes, and furious waves allay:



So on thy shore the fisher-boys shall sing  
Sweet songs of peace to our sweet peaces King.

*FINIS.*

---

**ECLOG. V.**

*NICAEA.*

*Damon, Algon, Nicaea.*

THE well known fisher-boy, that late his name,  
And place, and (ah for pity!) mirth had changed;  
Which from the Muses spring, & churlish *Chame*  
Was fled, (his glory late, but now his shame:  
For he with spite the gentle boy estranged)  
Now 'long the *Trent* with his new fellows ranged:  
There *Damon* (friendly *Damon*) met the boy,  
Where lordly *Trent* kisses the *Darwin* coy,  
Bathing his liquid streams in lovers melting joy.

2

*Damon. Algon*, what lucklesse starre thy mirth hath blasted?  
My joy in thee, and thou in sorrow drown'd.  
The yeare with winter storms all rent and wasted  
Hath now fresh youth and gentler seasons tasted:  
The warmer sunne his bride hath newly gown'd,  
With firie arms clipping the wanton ground,  
And gets an heav'n on earth: that primrose there,  
Which 'mongst these violets sheds his golden hair,  
Seems the sunnes little sonne, fixt in his azure spheare.

3

Seest how the dancing lambes on flowrie banks  
Forget their food, to minde their sweeter play?  
Seest how they skip, and in their wonton pranks  
Bound o're the hillocks, set in sportfull ranks?  
They skip, they vault; full little caren they  
To make their milkie mothers bleating stay.  
Seest how the salmons (waters colder nation)  
Lately arriv'd from their sea-navigation,

How joy leaps in their heart, shew by their leaping fashion?

4

What witch enchants thy minde with sullen madnes?  
When all things smile, thou onely sitt'st complaining.  
*Algon. Damon*, I, onely I, have cause of sadnesse:  
The more my wo, to weep in common gladnesse:  
When all eyes shine, mine onely must be raining;  
No winter now, but in my breast, remaining:  
Yet feels this breast a summers burning fever:  
And yet (alas!) my winter thaweth never:  
And yet (alas!) this fire eats and consumes me ever.

5

*Damon*. Within our *Darwin*, in her rockie cell  
A Nymph there lives, which thousand boys hath harm'd;  
All as she gliding rides in boats of shell,  
Darting her eye, (where spite and beauty dwell:  
Ay me, that spite with beautie should be arm'd!)  
Her witching eye the boy, and boat hath charm'd.  
No sooner drinks he down that poisonous eye,  
But mourns and pines: (ah piteous crueltie!)  
With her he longs to live; for her he longs to die.

6

*Algon. Damon*, what *Tryphon* taught thine eye the art  
By these few signes to search so soon, so well,  
A wound deep hid, deep in my fester'd heart,  
Pierc't by her eye, Loves, and deaths pleasing dart?  
Ah, she it is, an earthly heav'n, and hell,  
Who thus hath charm'd my heart with sugred spell.  
Ease thou my wound: but (ah!) what hand can ease,  
Or give a medicine that such wound may please;  
When she my sole Physician is my souls disease?

7

*Damon*. Poore boy! the wounds which spite and Love impart,  
There is no ward to fence, no herb to ease.  
Heav'ns circling folds lie open to his dart:  
Hells *Lethe's* self cools not his burning smart:  
The fishes cold flame with this strong disease,  
And want their water in the midst of seas:  
All are his slaves, hell, earth, and heav'n above:  
Strive not i' th' net, in vain thy force to prove.

Give, woo, sigh, weep, & pray: Love's only cur'd by love.

8

*Algon.* If for thy love no other cure there be,  
Love, thou art cureles: gifts, prayers, vows, and art,  
She scorns both you and me: nay Love, ev'n thee:  
Thou sigh'st her prisoner, while she laughs as free.  
What ever charms might move a gentle heart,  
I oft have try'd, and shew'd the earnfull smart,  
Which eats my breast: she laughs at all my pain:  
Art, prayers, vows, gifts, love, grief, she does disdain:  
Grief, love, gifts, vows, prayers, art; ye all are spent in vain.

9

*Damon.* *Algon,* oft hast thou fisht, but sped not straight;  
With hook and net thou beat'st the water round:  
Oft-times the place thou changest, oft the bait;  
And catching nothing, still, and still dost wait:  
Learn by thy trade to cure thee: time hath found  
In desp'rate cures a salve for every wound.  
The fish long playing with the baited hook,  
At last is caught: Thus many a Nymph is took;  
Mocking the strokes of Love, with her striking strook.

10

*Algon.* The marbles self is pierc't with drops of rain:  
Fires soften steel, and hardest metals try:  
But she more hard then both: such her disdain,  
That seas of tears, *Aetna's* of love are vain.  
In her strange heart (weep I, burn, pine, or die)  
Still reignes a cold, coy, careless apathie.  
The rock that bears her name, breeds that hard stone  
With goats bloud onely softned, she with none:  
More precious she, and (ah!) more hard then diamond.

11

That rock I think her mother: thence she took  
Her name and nature: *Damon, Damon,* see,  
See where she comes, arm'd with a line and hook:  
Tell me, perhaps thou think'st, in that sweet look,  
The white is beauties native tapestrie;  
'Tis crystall, (friend) yc'd in the frozen sea:  
The red is rubies; these two joyn'd in one,  
Make up that beauteous frame: the difference none

But this; she is a precious, living, speaking stone.

12

*Damon.* No gemme so costly, but with cost is bought:  
The hardest stone is cut, and fram'd by art:  
A diamond hid in rocks is found, if sought:  
Be she a diamond, a diamond's wrought.  
Thy fear congeales, thy fainting steels her heart.  
I'le be thy Captain, boy, and take thy part:  
*Alcides* self would never combat two.  
Take courage, *Algon*; I will teach thee woo.  
Cold beggars freez our gifts: thy faint suit breeds her no.

13

Speak to her, boy. *Al.* Love is more deaf then blinde.  
*Damon.* She must be woo'd. *Al.* Love's tongue is in the eyes.  
*Damon.* Speech is Love's dart. *Al.* Silence best speaks the minde.  
*Damon.* Her eye invites. *Al.* Thence love and death I finde.  
*Damon.* Her smiles speak peace. *Al.* Storms breed in smiling skies.  
*Damon.* Who silent loves? *Al.* Whom speech all hope denies.  
*Damon.* Why should'st thou fear? *Al.* To Love Fear's neare akinne.  
*Damon.* Well, if my cunning fail not, by a gin  
(Spite of her scorn, thy fear) I'le make thee woo, and winne.

14

What, ho, thou fairest maid, turn back thine oare,  
And gently deigne to help a fishers smart.  
*Nicaea.* Are thy lines broke? or are thy trammels tore?  
If thou desir'st my help, unhide thy sore.

2  
Ah gentlest Nymph, oft have I heard, thy art  
Can soveraigne herbs to every grief impart:  
So mayest thou live the fishers song, and joy,  
As thou wilt deigne to cure this sickly boy.  
Unworthy they of art, who of their art are coy.

15

His inward grief in outward change appears;  
His cheeks with sudden fires bright-flaming glow;  
Which quencht, end all in ashes: storms of teares  
Becloud his eyes, which soon forc't smiling cleares:  
Thick tides of passions ever ebbe, and flow:  
And as his flesh still wastes, his griefs still grow.  
*Nicaea.* *Damon,* the wounds deep rankling in the minde  
What herb could ever cure? what art could finde?

Blinde are mine eyes to see wounds in the soul most blinde.

16

*Algon.* Hard maid, t'is worse to mock, then make a wound:  
Why should'st thou then (fair-cruel) scorn to see  
What thou by seeing mad'st? my sorrows ground  
Was in thy eye, may by thy eye be found.  
How can thy eye most sharp in wounding be,  
In seeing dull? these two are one in thee,  
To see, and wound by sight: thy eye the dart.  
Fair-cruel maid, thou well hast learn'd the art,  
With the same eye to see, to wound, to cure my heart.

17

*Nicaea.* What cures thy wounded heart? *Algon.* Thy heart so wounded.  
*Nicaea.* Is't love to wound thy love? *Algon.* Loves wounds are pleasing.  
*Nicaea.* Why plain'st thou then? *Al.* Because thou art unwounded.  
Thy wound my cure: on this my plaint is grounded.  
*Nicaea.* Cures are diseases, when the wounds are easing:  
Why would'st thou have me please thee by displeasing?  
*Algon.* Scorn'd love is death; love's mutuall wounds delighting:  
Happie thy love, my love to thine uniting.  
Love paying debts grows rich; requited in requiting.

18

*Damon.* What lives alone, *Nicaea?* starres most chaste  
Have their conjunctions, speares their mixt embraces,  
And mutuall folds. Nothing can single last:  
But die in living, in increasing waste.  
*Nicaea.* Their joyning perfects them, but us defaces.  
*Algon.* That's perfect which obtains his end: your graces  
Receive their end in love. She that's alone  
Dies as she lives: no number is in one:  
Thus while she's but her self, she's not her self, she's none.

19

*Nicaea.* Why blam'st thou then my stonie hard confection,  
Which nothing loves? thou single nothing art.  
*Algon.* Love perfects what it loves; thus thy affection  
Married to mine, makes mine and thy perfection.  
*Nicaea.* Well then, to passe our *Tryphon* in his art,  
And in a moment cure a wounded heart;  
If fairest *Darwin*, whom I serve, approve  
Thy suit, and thou wilt not thy heart remove;

I'le joyn my heart to thine, and answer thee in love.

20

The sunne is set; adieu. *Algon*. 'Tis set to me;  
Thy parting is my ev'n, thy presence light.  
*Nicaea*. Farewell. *Algon*. Thou giv'st thy wish; it is in thee:  
Unlesse thou wilt, haplesse I cannot be.  
*Damon*. Come *Algon*, cheerly home; the theevish night  
Steals on the world, and robs our eyes of sight.  
The silver streams grow black: home let us coast:  
There of loves conquest may we safely boast:  
Soonest in love he winnes, that oft in love hath lost.

*FINIS.*

---

**ECLOG. VI.**

*THOMALIN.*

*Thirsil, Thomalin.*

A Fisher-boy that never knew his peer  
In dainty songs, the gentle *Thomalin*,  
With folded arms, deep sighs, & heavy cheer  
Where hundred Nymphs, & hundred Muses inne,  
Sunk down by *Chamus* brinks; with him his deare,  
Dear *Thirsil* lay; oft times would he begin  
    To cure his grief, and better way advise;  
    But still his words, when his sad friend he spies,  
Forsook his silent tongue, to speak in watrie eyes.

2

Under a sprouting vine they carelesse lie,  
Whose tender leaves bit with the Eastern blast,  
But now were born, and now began to die;  
The latter warned by the formers haste,  
Thinly for fear salute the envious skie:  
Thus they sat, *Thirsil* embracing fast  
    His loved friend, feeling his panting heart  
    To give no rest to his increasing smart,  
At length thus spake, while sighs words to his grief impart:

3

*Thirsil. Thomalin*, I see thy *Thirsil* thou neglect'st,  
 Some greater love holds down thy heart in fear;  
 Thy *Thirsils* love, and counsel thou reject'st;  
 Thy soul was wont to lodge within my eare:  
 But now that port no longer thou respect'st;  
 Yet hath it still been safely harbour'd there.

My eare is not acquainted with my tongue,  
 That either tongue, or eare should do thee wrong:  
 Why then should'st thou conceal thy hidden grief so long?

4

*Thom. Thirsil*, it is thy love that makes me hide  
 My smother'd grief from thy known faithfull eare:  
 May still my *Thirsil* safe, and merry 'bide;  
 Enough is me my hidden grief to bear:  
 For while thy breast in hav'n doth safely ride,  
 My greater half with thee rides safely there.

*Thirsil*. So thou art well; but still my better part,  
 My *Thomalin*, sinks loaden with his smart:  
 Thus thou my finger cur'st, and wound'st my bleeding heart.

5

How oft hath *Thomalin* to *Thirsil* vowed,  
 That as his heart, so he his love esteem'd!  
 Where are those oaths? where is that heart bestowed,  
 Which hides it from that breast which deare it deem'd,  
 And to that heart room in his heart allowed?  
 That love was never love, but onely seem'd.

Tell me, my *Thomalin*, what envious thief  
 Thus robs thy joy: tell me, my liefest lief:  
 Thou little lov'st me, friend, if more thou lov'st thy grief.

6

*Thom. Thirsil*, my joyous spring is blasted quite,  
 And winter storms prevent the summers ray:  
 All as this vine, whose green the Eastern spite  
 Hath di'd to black, his catching arms decay,  
 And letting go their hold for want of might,  
 Mar'l winter comes so soon, in first of May.

*Thirsil*. Yet see the leaves do freshly bud again:  
 Thou drooping still di'st in this heavie strain:  
 Nor can I see or end or cause of all thy pain.

7

*Thom.* No marvel, *Thirsil*, if thou dost not know  
 This grief, which in my heart lies deeply drown'd:  
 My heart it self, though well it feels his wo,  
 Knows not the wo it feels: the worse my wound,  
 Which though I rankling finde, I cannot show.  
 Thousand fond passions in my breast abound;  
     Fear leagu'd to joy, hope and despair together,  
     Sighs bound to smiles; my heart though prone to either,  
 While both it would obey, 'twixt both obeyeth neither.

8

Oft blushing flames leap up into my face;  
 My guiltlesse cheek such purple flash admires:  
 Oft stealing tears slip from mine eyes apace,  
 As if they meant to quench those causelesse fires.  
 My good I hate; my hurt I glad embrace:  
 My heart though griev'd, his grief as joy desires:  
     I burn, yet know no fuel to my firing:  
     My wishes know no want, yet still desiring:  
 Hope knows not what to hope, yet still in hope aspiring.

9

*Thirsil.* Too true my fears: alas, no wicked sprite,  
 No writhel'd witch, with spells or powerfull charms,  
 Or hellish herbs digg'd in as hellish night,  
 Gives to thy heart these oft and fierce alarms:  
 But *Love*, too hatefull *Love*, with pleasing spite,  
 And spitefull pleasure, thus hath bred thy harms,  
     And seeks thy mirth with pleasance to destroy.  
     'Tis *Love*, my *Thomalin*, my liefest boy;  
 'Tis *Love* robs me of thee, and thee of all thy joy.

10

*Thomal.* *Thirsil*, I ken not what is hate, or *Love*,  
 Thee well I love, and thou lov'st me as well;  
 Yet joy, no torment, in this passion prove:  
 But often have I heard the fishers tell,  
 He's not inferiour to the mighty *Jove*;  
*Jove* heaven rules; *Love Jove*, heav'n, earth, and hell:  
     Tell me, my friend, if thou dost better know:  
     Men say, he goes arm'd with is shafts, and bow;  
 Two darts, one swift as fire, as lead the other slow.



11

*Thirsil.* Ah heedlesse boy! *Love* is not such a lad,  
 As he is fancy'd by the idle swain;  
 With bow and shafts, and purple feathers clad;  
 Such as *Diana* (with her buskin'd train  
 Of armed Nymphs along the forrests glade  
 With golden quivers) in *Thessalian* plain,  
     In level race outstrips the jumping Deer  
     With nimble feet; or with a mighty spear  
 Flings down a bristled bore, or else a squalid bear.

12

*Love's* sooner felt, then seen: his substance thinne  
 Betwixt those snowy mounts in ambush lies:  
 Oft in the eyes he spreads his subtil ginne;  
 He therefore soonest winnes, that fastest flies.  
 Fly thence my deare, fly fast, my *Thomalin*:  
 Who him encounters once, for ever dies:  
     But if he lurk between the ruddy lips,  
     Unhappie soul that thence his Nectar sips,  
 While down into his heart the sugred poison slips!

13

Oft in a voice he creeps down through the eare:  
 Oft from a blushing cheek he lights his fire:  
 Oft shrouds his golden flame in likest hair:  
 Oft in a soft-smooth skin doth close retire:  
 Oft in a smile; oft in a silent tear:  
 And if all fail, yet *Vertue's* self he'll hire:  
     Himself's a dart, when nothing els can move.  
     Who then the captive soul can well reprove,  
 When *Love*, and *Vertue's* self become the darts of *Love*?

14

*Thom.* Sure, *Love* it is, which breeds this burning fever:  
 For late (yet all too soon) on *Venus* day,  
 I chanc't (Oh cursed chance, yet blessed ever!)  
 As carelesse on the silent shores I stray,  
 Five Nymphs to see (five fairer saw I never)  
 Upon the golden sand to dance and play:  
     The rest among, yet farre above the rest,  
     Sweet *Melite*, by whom my wounded breast,  
 Though rankling still in grief, yet joyes in his unrest.

15

There to their sportings while I pipe, and sing,  
 Out from her eyes I felt a firie beam,  
 And pleasing heat (such as in first of Spring  
 From Sol, inn'd at the Bull, do kindly stream)  
 To warm my heart, and with a gentle sting  
 Blow up desire: yet little did I dream  
     Such bitter fruits from such sweet roots could grow,  
     Or from so gentle eye such spite could flow:  
 For who could fire expect hid in an hill of snow?

16

But when those lips (those melting lips) I prest,  
 I lost my heart, which sure she stole away:  
 For with a blush she soon her guilt confest,  
 And sighs (which sweetest breath did soft convey)  
 Betraid her theft: from thence my flaming breast  
 Like thundering *Aetna* burns both night and day:  
     All day she present is, and in the night  
     My wakefull fancie paints her full to sight:  
 Absence her presence makes, darknes presents her light.

17

*Thirsil. Thomalin*, too well those bitter sweets I know,  
 Since fair *Nicaea* bred my pleasing smart:  
 But better times did better reason show,  
 And cur'd those burning wounds with heav'nly art.  
 Those storms of looser fire are laid full low;  
 And higher love safe anchours in my heart:  
     So now a quiet calm does safely reigne.  
     And if my friend think not my counsel vain;  
 Perhaps my art may cure, or much asswage thy pain.

18

*Thom. Thirsil*, although this witching grief doth please  
 My captive heart, and Love doth more detest  
 The cure, and curer, then the sweet disease;  
 Yet if my *Thirsil* doth the cure request,  
 This storm, which rocks my heart in slumbring ease,  
 Spite of it self, shall yeeld to thy behest.  
     *Thirsil*. Then heark how *Tryphons* self did salve my paining,  
     While in a rock I sat of love complaining;  
 My wounds with herbs, my grief with counsel sage restraining.

19

But tell me first; Why should thy partial minde  
 More *Melite*, then all the rest approve?  
*Thom. Thirsil*, her beautie all the rest did blinde,  
 That she alone seem'd worthy of my love.  
 Delight upon her face, and sweetnesse shin'd:  
 Her eyes do spark as starres, as starres do move:  
     Like those twin-fires, which on our masts appear,  
     And promise calms. Ah that those flames so clear  
 To me alone could raise such storms of hope and fear!

20

*Thirsil*. If that which to thy minde doth worthiest seem,  
 By thy wel-temper'd soul is most affected;  
 Canst thou a face worthy thy love esteem?  
 What in thy soul then love is more respected?  
 Those eyes which in their sphere thou, fond, dost deem  
 Like living starres, with some disease infected,  
     Are dull as leaden drosse: those beauteous rayes,  
     So like a rose, when she her breast displayes,  
 Are like a rose indeed; as sweet, as soon decayes.

21

Art thou in love with words? her words are winde,  
 As flit as in their matter, flittest aire.  
 Her beautie moves? can colours move thy minde?  
 Colours in scorned weeds more sweet, and fair.  
 Some pleasing qualitie thy thoughts doth binde?  
 Love then thy self. Perhaps her golden hair?  
     False metall, which to silver soon descends!  
     Is't pleasure then which so thy fancie bends?  
 Poore pleasure, that in pain begins, in sorrow ends!

22

What? is't her company so much contents thee?  
 How would she present stirre up such stormy weather,  
 When thus in absence present she torments thee?  
 Lov'st thou not one, but all these joyn'd together?  
 All's but a woman. Is't her love that rents thee?  
 Light windes, light aire; her love more light then either.  
     If then due worth thy true affection moves,  
     Here is no worth. Who some old hagge approves,  
 And scorns a beauteous spouse, he rather dotes, then loves.

23

Then let thy love mount from these baser things,  
 And to the highest love, and worth aspire:  
 Love's born of fire, fitted with mounting wings;  
 That at his highest he might winde him higher;  
 Base love, that to base earth so basely clings!  
 Look as the beams of that celestiall fire  
     Put out these earthly flames with purer ray;  
     So shall that love this baser heat allay,  
 And quench these coals of earth with his more heav'nly day.

24

Raise then thy prostrate love with towring thought;  
 And clog it not in chains, and prison here:  
 The God of fishers deare thy love hath bought:  
 Most deare he loves: for shame, love thou as deare.  
 Next, love thou there, where best thy love is sought;  
 My self, or els some fitting peer.  
     Ah might thy love with me for ever dwell!  
     Why should'st thou hate thy heav'n, and love thy hell?  
 She shall not more deserve, nor cannot love so well.

25

Thus *Tryphon* once did wean my fond affection;  
 Then fits a salve unto th infected place,  
 (A salve of soveraigne and strange confection)  
*Nepenthe* mixt with *Rue*, and *Herb-de-grace*:  
 So did he quickly heal this strong infection,  
 And to my self restor'd my self apace.  
     Yet did he not my love extinguish quite:  
     I love with sweeter love, and more delight:  
 But most I love that Love, which to my love ha's right.

26

*Thom.* Thrice happy thou that could'st! my weaker minde  
 Can never learn to climbe so lofty flight.  
*Thirsil.* If from this love thy will thou canst unbinde;  
 To will, is here to can: will gives thee might:  
 'Tis done, if once thou wilt; 'tis done, I finde.  
 Now let us home: for see, the creeping night  
     Steals from those further waves upon the land.  
     To morrow shall we feast; then hand in hand  
 Free will we sing, and dance along the golden sand.

*FINIS.*

---

**ECLOG. VII.**

*The PRIZE.*

*Thirsil, Daphnis, Thomalin.*

*AU*rora from old *Tithons* frosty bed  
(Cold, wintry, wither'd *Tithon*) early creeps;  
Her cheek with grief was pale, with anger red;  
Out of her window close she blushing peeps;  
Her weeping eyes in pearled dew she steeps,  
Casting what sportlesse nights she ever led:  
She dying lives, to think he's living dead.

Curst be, and cursed is that wretched sire,

That yokes green youth with age, want with desire.

Who ties the sunne to snow? or marries frost to fire?

2

The morn saluting, up I quickly rise,  
And to the green I poste; for on this day  
Shepherd and fisher-boyes had set a prize,  
Upon the shore to meet in gentle fray,  
Which of the two should sing the choicest lay;  
*Daphnis* the shepherds lad, whom *Mira's* eys  
Had kill'd; yet with such wound he gladly dies:

*Thomalin* the fisher, in whose heart did reigne

*Stella*; whose love his life, and whose quiet disdain

Seems worse then angry skies, or never quiet main.

3

There soon I view the merry shepherd-swains  
March three by three, clad all in youthfull green:  
And while the sad recorder sweetly plains,  
Three lovely Nymphs (each several row between  
More lovely Nymphs could no where els be seen,  
Whose faces snow their snowy garments stains)  
With sweeter voices fit their pleasing strains.

Their flocks flock round about; the horned rammes,

And ewes go silent by, while wanton lambes

Dancing along the plains, forget their milky dammes.

4

Scarce were the shepherds set, but straight in sight  
The fisher-boyes came driving up the stream;  
Themselves in blue, and twenty sea-nymphs bright  
In curious robes, that well the waves might seem:  
All dark below, the top like frothy cream:  
Their boats and masts with flowres, and garlands dight;  
And round the swannes guard them with armies white:  
    Their skiffes by couples dance to sweetest sounds,  
    Which running cornets breath to full plain grounds,  
That strikes the rivers face, and thence more sweet rebounds.

5

And now the Nymphs and swains had took their place;  
First those two boyes; *Thomalin* the fishers pride,  
*Daphnis* the shepherds: Nymphs their right hand grace;  
And choicest swains shut up the other side:  
So sit they down in order fit appli'd;  
*Thirsil* betwixt them both, in middle space:  
(*Thirsil* their judge, who now's a shepherd base,  
    But late a fisher-swain, till envious *Chame*  
    Had rent his nets, and sunk his boat with shame;  
So robb'd the boyes of him, and him of all his game).

6

So as they sit, thus *Thirsil* 'gins the lay;  
*Thirsil*. You lovely boyes, (the woods, and Oceans pride)  
Since I am your judge of this sweet peacefull fray,  
First tell us, where, and when your Loves you spied:  
And when in long discourse you well are tried,  
Then in short verse by turns we'l gently play:  
In love begin, in love we'l end the day.  
    *Daphnis*, thou first; to me you both are deare:  
    Ah, if I might, I would not judge, but heare:  
Nought have I of a judge, but an impartiall eare.

7

*Daph.* *Phoebus*, if as thy words, thy oaths are true;  
Give me that verse which to the honour'd bay  
(That verse which by thy promise now is due)  
To honour'd *Daphne* in a sweet tun'd lay  
(*Daphne* thy chang'd, thy love unchanged aye)

Thou sangest late, when she now better staid,  
More humane when a tree, then when a maid,  
Bending her head, thy love with gentle signe repaid.

8

What tongue, what thought can paint my Loves perfection?  
So sweet hath nature pourtray'd every part,  
That art will prove that artists imperfection,  
Who, when no eye dare view, dares limme her face.  
*Phoebus*, in vain I call thy help to blaze  
More light then thine, a light that never fell:  
Thou tell'st what's done in heav'n, in earth, and hell:  
Her worth thou mayst admire; there are no words to tell.

9

She is like thee, or thou art like her, rather:  
Such as her hair, thy beams; thy single light,  
As her twin-sunnes: that creature then, I gather,  
Twice heav'nly is, where two sunnes shine so bright:  
So thou, as she, confound'st the gazing sight:  
Thy absence is my night; her absence hell.  
Since then in all thy self she doth excel,  
What is beyond thy self, how canst thou hope to tell?

10

First I saw her, when tir'd with hunting toyl,  
In shady grove spent with the weary chace,  
Her naked breast lay open to the spoil;  
The crystal humour trickling down apace,  
Like ropes of pearl, her neck and breast enlace:  
The aire (my rivall aire) did coolly glide  
Through every part: such when my Love I spi'd,  
So soon I saw my Love, so soon I lov'd, and di'd.

11

Her face two colours paint; the first a flame,  
(Yet she all cold) a flame in rosie die,  
which sweetly blushes like the mornings shame:  
The second snow, such as on Alps doth lie,  
And safely there the sunne doth bold defie:  
Yet this cold snow can kindle hot desire.  
Thou miracle; mar'l not, if I admire,  
How flame should coldly freez, and snow should burn as fire.

12

Her slender waste, her hand, that dainty breast,  
Her cheek, her forehead, eye, and flaming hair,  
And those hid beauties, which must sure be best,  
In vain to speak, when words will more impair:  
Of all the fairs she is the fairest fair.

Cease then vain words; well may you shew affection,  
But not her worth: the minde her sweet perfection  
Admires: how should it then give the lame tongue direction?

13

*Thom.* Unlesse thy words be flitting as thy wave,  
*Proteus*, that song into my breast inspire,  
With which the seas (when loud they rore and rave)  
Thou softly charm'st, and windes intestine ire  
(When 'gainst heav'n, earth, and seas they did conspire)  
Thou quiet laid'st: *Proteus*, thy song to heare,  
Seas listning stand, and windes to whistle fear;  
The lively Delphins dance, and brisly Seales give eare.

14

*Stella*, my starre-like love, my lovely starre:  
Her hair a lovely brown, her forehead high,  
And lovely fair; such her cheeks roses are:  
Lovely her lip, most lovely is her eye:  
And in each of these all love doth lie;  
So thousand loves within her minde retiring,  
Kindle ten thousand loves with gentle firing.  
Ah let me love my Love, not live in loves admiring!

15

At *Proteus* feast, where many a goodly boy,  
And many a lovely lasse did lately meet;  
There first I found, there first I lost my joy:  
Her face mine eye, her voice mine eare did greet;  
While eare & eye strove which should be most sweet,  
That face, or voice: but when my lips at last  
Saluted hers, those senses strove as fast,  
Which most those lips did please; the eye, ear, touch, or taste.

16

The eye swears, never fairer lip was eyed;  
The eare with those sweet relishes delighted,  
Thinks them the spheares; the taste that nearer tried  
Their relish sweet, the soul to feast invited;



The touch, with pressure soft more close united,  
    Wisht ever there to dwell; and never cloyed,  
    (While thus their joy too greedy they enjoyed)  
Enjoy'd not half their joy, by being overjoyed.

17

Her hair all dark more clear the white doth show,  
And with its night he faces morn commends:  
Her eye-brow black, like to an ebon bow;  
Which sporting *Love* upon her forehead bends,  
And thence his never-missing arrow sends.  
    But most I wonder how that jetty ray,  
    Which those two blackest sunnes do fair display,  
Should shine so bright, & night should make so sweet a day.

18

So is my love an heav'n; her hair a night:  
Her shining forehead *Dian's* silver light:  
Her eyes the stars; their influence delight:  
Her voice the sphears; her cheek *Aurora* bright:  
Her breast the globes, where heav'ns path milkie-white  
    Runnes 'twixt those hills: her hand (*Arions* touch)  
    As much delights the eye, the eare as much.  
Such is my Love, that, but my Love, was never such.

19

*Thirsil*. The earth her robe, the sea her swelling tide;  
The trees their leaves, the moon her divers face;  
The starres their courses, flowers their springing pride;  
Dayes change their length, the Sunne his daily race:  
    Be constant when you love; *Love* loves not ranging:  
    Change when you sing; Muses delight in changing.

20

*Daph*. *Pan* loves the pine-tree; *Jove* the oak approves;  
High populars *Alcides* temples crown:  
*Phoebus*, though in a tree, still *Daphne* loves,  
And hyacinths, though living now in ground:  
    Shepherds, if you your selves would victours see,  
    Girt then this head with *Phoebus* flower and tree.

21

*Thom*. *Alcinous* peares, *Pomona* apples bore:  
*Bacchus* the vine, the olive *Pallas* chose:  
*Venus* loves myrtils, myrtils love the shore:

*Venus Adonis* loves, who freshly blowes,  
Yet breathes no more: weave, lads, with myrtles roses  
And bay, and hyacinth the garland loses.

22

*Daph. Mira*, thine eyes are those twin-heav'nly powers,  
Which to the widowed earth new offspring bring:  
No marvel then, if still thy face so flowers,  
And cheeks with beauteous blossomes freshly spring:  
So is thy face a never-fading *May*:  
So is thine eye a never-falling day.

23

*Thom. Stella*, thine eyes are those twin-brothers fair,  
Which tempests slake, and promise quiet seas:  
No marvel then if thy brown shadie hair,  
Like night, portend sweet rest and gentle ease.  
Thus is thine eye an ever-calming light:  
Thus is thy hair a lovers ne'r-spent night.

24

*Daph.* If sleepy poppies yeeld to lilies white;  
If black to snowy lambes; if night to day;  
If Western shades to fair *Aurora's* light;  
*Stella* must yeeld to *Mira's* shining ray.  
In day we sport, in day we shepherds toy:  
The night, for wolves; the light, the shepherds joy.

25

*Thom.* Who white-thorn equals with the violet?  
What workman rest compares with painfull light?  
Who weares the glaring glasse, and scorns the jet?  
Day yeeld to her, that is both day and night.  
In night the fishers thrive, the workmen play;  
Love loves the night; night's lovers holy-day.

26

*Daph.* Fly thou the seas, fly farre the dangerous shore:  
*Mira*, if thee the king of seas should spie,  
He'l think *Medusa* (sweeter then before)  
With fairer hair, and double fairer eye,  
Is chang'd again; and with thee ebbing low,  
In his deep courts again will never flow.

27

*Thom. Stella*, avoid both *Phoebus* eare, and eye:  
His musick he will scorn, if thee he heare:  
Thee *Daphne*, (if thy face by chance he spie)  
*Daphne* now fairer chang'd, he'l rashly sweare:  
    And viewing thee, will later rise and fall;  
    Or viewing thee, will never rise at all.

28

*Daph. Phoebus* and *Pan* both strive my love to gain,  
And seek by gifts to winne my carelesse heart;  
*Pan* vows with lambes to fill the fruitfull plain;  
*Apollo* offers skill, and pleasing art:  
    But *Stella*, if thou grant my suit, a kisse;  
    *Phoebus* and *Pan* their suit, my love, shall misse.

29

*Thom. Proteus* himself, and *Glaucus* seek unto me;  
And twenty gifts to please my mind devise:  
*Proteus* with songs, *Glaucus* with fish doth woo me:  
Both strive to winne, but I them both despise:  
    For if my Love my love will entertain,  
    *Proteus* himself, and *Glaucus* seek in vain.

30

*Daph. Two* twin, two spotted lambes, (my songs reward)  
With them a cup I got, where *Jove* assumed  
New shapes, to mock his wives too jealous guard;  
Full of *Joves* fires it burns still unconsumed:  
    But *Mira*, if thou gently deigne to shine,  
    Thine be the cup, the spotted lambes be thine.

31

*Thom. A* pair of swannes are mine, and all their train;  
With them a cup, which *Thetis* self bestowed,  
As she of love did heare me sadly plain;  
A pearled cup, where Nectar oft hath flow'd:  
    But if my Love will love the gift, and giver;  
    Thine be the cup, thine be the swannes for ever.

32

*Daph. Thrice* happy swains! thrice happy shepherds fate!  
*Thom. Ah* blessed life! ah blessed fishers state!  
Your pipes asswage your love; your nets maintain you.  
*Daph. Your* lambkins clothe you warm; your flocks sustain you;

You fear no stormie seas, nor tempests roaring.

*Thom.* You sit not rots or burning starres deploring:  
In calms you fish; in roughs use songs and dances.

*Daph.* More do you fear our Loves sweet-bitter glances,  
Then certain fate, or fortune ever changing.

*Thom.* Ah that the life in seas so safely ranging,  
Should with loves weeping eye be sunk, and drown'd!

*Daph.* The shepherds life *Phoebus* a shepherd crown'd,  
His snowy flocks by stately *Peneus* leading.

*Thom.* What herb was that, on which old *Glaucus* feeding,  
Grows never old, but now the gods augmenteth?

*Daph.* *Delia* her self her rigor hard relenteth:  
To play with shepherds boy she's not ahamed.

*Thom.* *Venus*, of frothy seas thou first wast framed;  
The waves thy cradle: now *Love's Queen* art named.

33

*Daph.* Thou gentle boy, what prize may well reward thee?  
So slender gift as this not half requites thee.

May prosperous starres, and quiet seas regard thee;  
But most, that pleasing starre that most delights thee:

May *Proteus* still and *Glaucus* dearest hold thee;

But most, her influence all safe infold thee:

May she with gentle beams from her fair sphear behold thee.

34

*Thom.* As whistling windes 'gainst rocks their voices tearing;  
As rivers through the valleys softly gliding;  
As haven after cruel tempests fearing:  
Such, fairest boy, such is thy verses sliding.

Thine be the prize: may *Pan* and *Phoebus* grace thee:

Most, whom thou most admir'st, may she embrace thee;  
And flaming in thy love, with snowy arms enlace thee.

35

*Thirsil.* You lovely boyes, full well your art you guided;  
That with your striving songs your strife is ended:  
So you your selves the cause have well decided;  
And by no judge can your award be mended.

Then since the prize for onely one intended

You both refuse, we justly may reserve it,

And as your offering in *Love's* temple serve it;

Since none of both deserve, when both so well deserve it.

Yet, for such songs should ever be rewarded;  
*Daphnis*, take thou this hook of ivory clearest,  
 Giv'n me by *Pan*, when *Pan* my verse regarded:  
 This fears the wolf, when most the wolf thou fearest.  
 But thou, my *Thomalin*, my love, my dearest,  
     Take thou this pipe, which oft proud storms restrained;  
     Which, spite of *Chamus* spite, I still retained:  
 Was never little pipe more soft, more sweetly plained.

And you, fair troop, if *Thirsil* you disdain not,  
 Vouchsafe with me to take some short reflection:  
 Excesse, or daints my lowly roofs maintain not;  
 Peares, apples, plummes, no sugred made confection.  
 So up they rose, and by *Love's* sweet direction  
 Sea nymphs and shepherds sort: sea-boyes complain not  
 That wood-nymphs with like love them entertain not.  
     And all the day to songs and dances lending,  
     Too swift it runnes, and spends too fast in spending.  
 With day their sports began, with day they take their ending.

*FINIS.*

1 *The 1633 text has this title in the Greek—this represents my best attempt at Romanization.* Ed.

2 *The 1633 text gives no change of speaker, but the context demands it. Boas (1908) suggests Damon speaks these lines.* Ed.

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The Purple Island

Miscellany

Elisa



Renascence Editions

# Renascence Editions

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## The Purple Island: Poeticall Miscellenies.

Phineas Fletcher.

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This [Renascence Editions](#) text was transcribed by Daniel Gustav Anderson, July 2003, and reproduces the 1633 publication of *The Purple Island, with the Piscatory Eclogues and Poeticall Miscellenie*. It retains the spelling and punctuation of the original, silently amending obvious typographical errors such as missing periods at stanza ends. The long "s" and the vowel ligatures, also, are silently amended to the letters of the conventional keyboard. Any errors that have crept into the transcription are the fault of the present publisher. The text is in the public domain. Content unique to this presentation is copyright © 2003 the editor and the University of Oregon. For nonprofit and educational uses only.

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### INTRODUCTION: *POETICALL MISCELENNIES*

This collection of lyrics reveals Fletcher's flexibility as a poet, by turns as capable of densely compacted and redoubled metaphor ("To Thomalin") and open, even playful, verse (the hymns). In nearly every instance, Fletcher puts forward a witty and weighty performance, with grace and gravity at once.

If *The Purple Island* and "Elisa" are elaborate and extended experiments, these lyrics suggest in their diversity that Fletcher is an often brilliant poet by conventional standards, begging comparison to George Herbert, Donne, Jonson, and the early verse of Milton.

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## POETICALL MISCELLANIES.

An *Hymen* at the Marriage of my most  
*deare Cousins Mr. W. and M. R.*

*CHamus*, that with thy yellow-sanded stream  
Slid'st softly down where thousand Muses dwell,  
Gracing their bowres, but thou more grac'd by them;  
Heark *Chamus*, from thy low-built greeny cell;  
Heark, how our *Kentish* woods with *Hymen* ring,  
While all the Nymphs, and all the shepherds sing,  
*Hymen*, oh *Hymen*, here thy saffron garment bring.

With him a shoal of goodly shepherd-swains;  
Yet he more goodly then the goodliest swain:  
With her a troop of fairest wood-nymphs trains;  
Yet she more fair then fairest of the train:  
And all in course their voice attempering,  
While the woods back their bounding Echo fling,  
*Hymen*, come holy *Hymen*; *Hymen* lowd they sing.

His high-built forehead almost maiden fair,  
Hath made an hundred Nymphs her chance envying:  
Her more then silver skin, and golden hair,  
Cause of a thousand shepherds forced dying.  
Where better could her love then here have nested?  
Or he his thoughts more daintily have feasted?  
*Hymen*, come *Hymen*; here thy saffron coat is rested.

His looks resembling humble Majesty,  
Rightly his fairest mothers grace befitteth:  
In her face blushing, fearfull modesty,  
The Queens of chastity and beauty, sitteth:  
There cheerfulness all sadnesse farre exileth:  
Here love with bow unbent all gently smileth.  
*Hymen* come, *Hymen* come; no spot thy garment 'fileth.

*Love's* bow in his bent eye-brows bended lies,  
And in her eyes a thousand darts of loving:  
Her shining starres, which (fools) we oft call eyes,  
As quick as heav'n it self in speedy moving;  
And this in both the onely difference being,  
Other starres blinde, these starres indu'd with seeing.  
*Hymen*, come *Hymen*; all is for thy rites agreeing.

His breast a shelf of purest alabaster,  
Where *Love's* self sailing often shipwrackt sitteth:  
Hers a twin-rock, unknown but to th'ship-master;  
Which though him safe receives, all other splitteth:  
Both *Love's* high-way, yet by *Love's* self unbeaten,  
Most like the milky path which crosses heaven.

*Hymen*, come *Hymen*; all their marriage joyes are even.

And yet all these but as gilt covers be;  
Within, a book more fair we written finde:  
For Nature, framing th' Alls epitome,  
Set in the face the Index of the minde.  
Their bodies are but Temples, built for state,  
To shrine the Graces in their silver plate:

Come *Hymen*, *Hymen* come, these Temples consecrate.

*Hymen*, the tier of hearts already tied;  
*Hymen*, the end of lovers never ending;  
*Hymen*, the cause of joyes, joyes never tried;  
Joyes never to be spent, yet ever spending:  
*Hymen*, that sow'st with men the desert sands;  
Come, bring with thee, come bring thy sacred bands:

*Hymen*, come *Hymen*, th' hearts are joyn'd, joyn thou the hands.

Warrant of lovers, the true seal of loving,  
Sign'd with the face of joy; the holy knot,  
That bindes two hearts, and holds from slippery moving;  
A gainfull losse, a stain without a blot;  
That mak'st one soul as two, and two as one;  
Yoke lightning burdens; love's foundation:

*Hymen*, come *Hymen*, now untie the maiden zone.

Thou that mad'st Man a brief of all thou mad'st,  
A little living world, and mad'st him twain,  
Dividing him whom first thou one creat'st,  
And by this bond mad'st one of two again,  
Bidding her cleave to him, and him to her,  
And leave their parents, when no parents were:

*Hymen*, send *Hymen* from thy sacred bosome here.

See where he goes, how all the troop he cheereth,  
Clad with a saffron coat, in's hand a light;  
In all his brow not one sad cloud appeareth:  
His coat all pure, his torch all burning bright.  
Now chant we *Hymen*, shepherds; *Hymen* sing:



See where he goes, as fresh as is the Spring.  
*Hymen*, oh *Hymen*, *Hymen*, all the valleys ring.

Oh happy pair, where nothing wants to either,  
Both having to content, and be contented;  
Fortune and nature being spare to neither!  
Ne're may this bond of holy love be rented,  
But like to parallels, run a level race,  
In just proportion, and in even space.  
*Hymen*, thus *Hymen* will their spotlesse marriage grace.

Live each other firmly lov'd, and loving;  
As farre from hate, as self-ill, jealousye:  
Moving like heav'n still in the self same moving;  
In motion ne're forgetting constancy.  
Be all your dayes as this; no cause to plain:  
Free from satiety, or (but lovers) pain.  
*Hymen*, so *Hymen* still their present joyes maintain.

To my beloved Cousin *W. R. Esquire*.  
*Calend. Januar.*

Cousin, day-birds are silenc't, and those fowl  
Yet onely sing, which late warm *Phoebus* light;  
Th' unlucky Parrat, and death-boding Owl,  
Which ush'ring in to heav'n their mistresse Night,  
Hollow their mates, triumphing o're the quick-spent light.

The wronged *Philomel* hath left to plan  
*Tereus* constraint and cruel ravishment:  
Seems the poore bird hath lost her tongue again.  
*Progne* long since is gone to banishment;  
And the loud-tuned Thrush leaves all her merriment.

All so my frozen Muse, hid in my breast,  
To come into the open aire refuses;  
And dragg'd at length from hence, doth oft protest,  
This is no time for *Phoebus*-loving Muses;  
When the farre-distant sunne our frozen coast disuses.

Then till the sunne, which yet in fishes hasks,  
Or watry urn, impounds his fainting head,  
'Twixt Taurus horns his warmer beam unmaskes,  
And sooner rises, later goes to bed;

Calling back all the flowers, now to their mother fled:

Till *Philomel* resumes her tongue again,  
And *Progne* fierce returns from long exiling;  
Till the shrill Blackbird chants his merry vein;  
And the day-birds the long-liv'd sunne beguiling,  
Renew their mirth, and the yeares pleasant smiling:

Here I must stay, in sullen study pent,  
Among our *Cambridge* fennes my time misspending;  
But then revisit our long-long'd-for *Kent*.  
Till then live happy, the time ever mending:  
Happy the first o' th' yeare, thrice happy be the ending.

To Master W. C.

*Willy* my deare, that late by *Haddam* sitting,  
By little *Haddam*, in those private shades,  
Unto thy fancie thousand pleasures fitting,  
With dainty Nymphs in those retired glades,  
Didst spend thy time; (time that too quickly fades)  
Ah! much I fear, that those so pleasing toyes  
Have too much lull'd thy sense and minde in slumbring joyes.

Now art thou come to nearer *Maddingly*,  
Which with fresh sport and pleasure doth enthrall thee;  
There new delights withdraw thy eare, thy eye;  
Too much I fear, lest some ill chance befall thee:  
Heark, how the *Cambridge* Muses thence recall thee;  
*Willy* our dear, *Willy* his time abuses:  
But sure thou hast forgot our *Chame*, and *Cambridge* Muses.

Return now, *Willy*; now at length return thee:  
Here thou and I, under the sprouting vine,  
By yellow *Chame*, where no hot ray shall burn thee,  
Will sit, and sing among the Muses nine;  
And safely cover'd from the scalding shine,  
We'l read that *Mantuan* shepherds sweet complaining  
Whom fair *Alexis* griev'd with his unjust disdainning:

And when we list to lower notes descend,  
Heare *Thirsil's* moan, and *Fusca's* crueltye:  
He cares not now his ragged flock to tend;  
*Fusca* his care, but carelesse enemye:

Hope oft he sees shine in her humble eye;  
But soon her angry words of hope deprives him:  
So often dies with love, but love as oft revives him.

To my ever honoured Cousin  
*W. R. Esquire.*

STrange power of home, with how strong-twisted arms  
And Gordian-twined knot dost thou enchain me!  
Never might fair *Calisto's* doubled charms,  
Nor powerfull *Circe's* whispring so detain me,  
Though all her art she spent to entertain me;  
Their presence could not force a weak desire:  
But (oh!) thy powerfull absence breeds still-growing fire.

By night thou try'st with strong imagination  
To force my sense 'gainst reason to belie it:  
Me thinks I see the fast-imprinted fashion  
Of every place, and now I fully eye it;  
And though with fear, yet cannot well denie it,  
Till the morn bell awakes me; then for spite  
I shut mine eyes again, and wish back such a night.

But in the day, my never-slak't desire  
Will cast to prove my welcome forgerie,  
That for my absence I am much the nigher;  
Seeking to please with soothing flatterie.  
Love's wing is thought; and thought will soonest fly,  
Where it findes want: then as our love is dearer,  
Absence yeelds presence; distance makes us nearer.

Ah! might I in some humble *Kentish* dale  
For ever eas'ly spend my slow-pac't houres;  
Much should I scorn fair *Aeton's* pleasant vale,  
Or *Windsor Tempe's* self, and proudest towers:  
There would I sit safe from the stormie showers,  
And laugh the troublous windes, and angry skie.  
Piping (ah!) might I live, and piping might I die!

And would my luckie fortune so much grace me,  
As in low *Cranebrook*, or high *Brenchly's* hill,  
Or in some cabin neare thy dwelling place me,  
There would I gladly sport, and sing my fill,  
And teach my tender Muse to raise her quill;

And that high *Mantuan* shepherd self to dare;  
If ought with that high *Mantuan* shepherd mought compare.

There would I chant either thy *Gemma's* praise,  
Or els my *Fusca*; (fairest shepherdesse)  
Or when me list my slender pipe to raise,  
Sing of *Eliza's* fixed mournfulnesse,  
And much bewail such wofull heavinesse;  
Whil'st she a dear-lov'd Hart (ah lucklesse!) slew:  
Whose fall she all too late, too soon, too much, did rue.

But seeing now I am not as I would,  
But here among th'unhonour'd willows shade,  
The muddy *Chame* doth me enforced hold;  
Here I forswear my merry piping trade:  
My little pipe of seven reeds ymade  
(Ah pleasing pipe!) I'le hang upon this bough.  
Thou *Chame*, and *Chamish* Nymphs, bear witness of my vow.

To *E. C.* in *Cambridge*, my sonne  
by the *University*.

WHen first my minde call'd it self in to think,  
There fell a strife not easie for to end;  
Which name should first crown the white papers brink,  
An awing father, or an equall friend:  
Fortune gives choice of either to my minde;  
Both bonds to tie the soul, it never move;  
That of commanding, this of easie love.

The lines of love, which from a fathers heart  
Are draw'n down to the sonne; and from the sonne  
Ascend to th'father, draw'n from every part,  
Each other cut, and from the first transition  
Still further wander with more wide partition:  
But friends, like parallels, runne a level race,  
In just proportion, and most even space.

Then since a double choice, double affection  
Hath plac't it self in my twice-loving breast;  
No title then can adde to this perfection,  
Nor better that, which is alreadie best:  
So naming one, I must implie the rest;  
The same a father, and a friend; or rather,

Both one; a father-friend, and a friend-father.

No marvel then the difference of the place  
Makes in my minde at all no difference:  
For love is not produc'd or penn'd in space,  
Having i' th' soul his onely residence.  
Love's fire is thought; and thought is never thence,  
Where it feels want: then where a love is deare,  
The minde in farthest distance is most neare.

Me *Kent* holds fast with thousand sweet embraces;  
(There mought I die with thee, there with thee live!)  
All in the shades, the Nymphs and naked Graces  
Fresh joyes and still-succeeding pleasures give;  
So much we sport, we have no time to grieve:  
Here do we sit, and laugh white-headed caring;  
And know no sorrow simple pleasures marring.

A crown of wood-nymphs spread i' th' grassie plain  
Sit round about, no niggards of their faces;  
Nor do they cloud their fair with black disdain;  
All to my self will they impart their graces:  
Ah! not such joyes finde I in other places:  
To them I often pipe, and often sing,  
Sweet notes to sweeter voices tempering.

And now but late I sang the *Hymen* toyes  
Of two fair lovers, (fairer were there never)  
That in one bed coupled their spousall joyes;  
Fortune and Nature being scant to neither:  
What other dare not wish, was full in either.  
Thrice happie bed, thrice happie lovers firing,  
Where present blessings have out-stript desiring!

And when me list to sadder tunes apply me,  
*Pasilia's* dirge, and *Eupathus* complaining;  
And often while my pipe lies idle by me,  
Read *Fusca's* deep disdain, and *Thirsil's* plaining;  
Yet in that face is no room for disdain;  
Where cheerfull kindnesse smiles in either eye,  
And beauty still kisses humilitie.

Then do not marvel *Kentish* strong delights  
Stealing the time, do here so long detain me:  
Not powerfull *Circe* with her *Hecate* rites,

Nor pleasing *Lotos* thus could entertain me,  
As *Kentish* powerfull pleasures here enchain me.  
Mean time, the Nymphs that in our *Brenchly* use,  
Kindly salute your busy *Cambridge* Muse.

To my beloved *Thenot* in answer of his  
verse.

*Thenot* my deare, how can a lofty hill  
To lowly shepherds thoughts be rightly fitting?  
An humble dale well fits with humble quill:  
There may I safely sing, all fearlesse sitting,  
My *Fusca's* eyes, my *Fusca's* beauty dittyng;  
My loved lonenesse, and hid Muse enjoying:  
Yet should'st thou come, and see our simple toying,  
Well would fair *Thenot* like our sweet retired joying.

But if my *Thenot* love my humble vein,  
(Too lowly vein) ne're let him *Colin* call me;  
He, while he was, was (ah!) the choicest swain,  
That ever grac'd a reed: what e're befall me,  
Or *Myrtil*, (so'fore *Fusca* fair did thrall me,  
Most was I know'n) or now poore *Thirsil* name me,  
*Thirsil*, for so my *Fusca* pleases frame me:  
But never mounting *Colin*; *Colin's* high stile will shame me.

Two shepherds I adore with humble love;  
The' high-towring swain, that by slow *Mincius* waves  
His well-grown wings at first did lowly prove,  
Where *Corydon's* sick love full sweetly raves;  
But after sung bold *Turnus* daring braves:  
And next our nearer *Colin's* sweetest strain;  
Most, where he most his *Rosalind* doth plain.  
Well may I after look, but follow all in vain.

Why then speaks *Thenot* of the honour'd Bay?  
*Apollo's* self, though fain, could not obtain her;  
She at his melting songs would scorn to stay,  
Though all his art he spent to entertain her:  
Wilde beasts he tam'd, yet never could detain her.  
Then sit we here within this willow glade:  
Here for my *Thenot* I a garland made  
With purple violets, and lovely myrtill shade.

Upon the picture of *Achmat* the  
*Turkish tyrant*.

SUch *Achmat* is, the *Turks* great Emperour,  
Third sonne to *Mahomet*, whose youthly spring  
But now with blossom'd cheek begins to flower;  
Out of his face you well may read a King:  
Which who will throughly view, will eas'ly finde  
A perfect Index to his haughty minde.

Within his breast, as in a palace, lie  
Wakefull ambition leagu'd with hastie pride;  
Fiercenesse alli'd with *Turkish* Majestie;  
Rests hate, in which his father living dy'd:  
Deep in his heart such *Turkish* vertue lies,  
And thus looks through the window of his eyes.

His pleasure (farre from pleasure) is to see  
His navie spread her wings unto the winde:  
In stead of gold, arms fill his treasurie,  
Which (numberlesse) fill not his greedie minde.  
The sad *Hungarian* fears his tried might;  
And waning *Persia* trembles at his sight.

His greener youth, most with the heathen spent,  
Gives Christian Princes justest cause to fear  
His riper age, whose childhood thus is bent.  
A thousand trophies will he shortly rear,  
Unlesse that God, who gave him first this rage,  
Binde his proud head in humble vassalage.

To Mr. *Jo. Tomkins*.

*THomalin* my lief, thy musick strains to heare,  
More raps my soul, then when the swelling windes  
On craggie rocks their whistling voices tear;  
Or when the sea, if stopt his course he findes,  
With broken murmures thinks weak shores to fear,  
Scorning such sandie cords his proud head bindes:  
More then where rivers in the summers ray  
(Through covert glades cutting their shadie way)  
Run tumbling down the lawns, & with the pebles play.

Thy strains to heare, old *Chamus* from his cell  
Comes guarded with an hundred Nymphs around;  
An hundred Nymphs, that in his rivers dwell,  
About him flock with water-lilies crown'd:  
For thee the Muses leave their silver well,  
And marvel where thou all their art hast found:  
    There sitting they admire thy dainty strains,  
    And while thy sadder accent sweetly plains,  
Feel thousand sugred joyes creep in their melting veins.

How oft have I, the Muses bower frequenting,  
Miss'd them at home, and found them all with thee!  
Whether thou sing'st sad *Eupathus* lamenting,  
Or tunest notes to sacred harmonie,  
The ravisht soul, with thy sweet songs consenting,  
Scorning the earth, in heav'nly extasie  
    Transcends the starres, and with the angels train  
    Those courts survaies; and now come back again,  
Findes yet another heav'n in thy delightfull strain.

Ah! could'st thou here thy humble minde content  
Lowly with me to live in countrey cell,  
And learn suspect the courts proud blandishment;  
Here might we safe, here might we sweetly dwell.  
Live *Pallas* in her towers and marble tent;  
But (ah!) the countrey bowers please me as well:  
    There with my *Thomalin* I safe would sing,  
    And frame sweet ditties to thy sweeter string:  
There would we laugh at spite and fortunes thundering.

No flattery, hate, or envy lodgeth there;  
There no suspicion wall'd in proved steel,  
Yet fearfull of the arms her self doth wear:  
Pride is not there; no tirent there we feel;  
No clamorous laws shall deaf thy musick eare:  
They know no change, nor wanton fortunes wheel:  
    Thousand fresh sports grown in those daintie places:  
    Light Fawns & Nymphs dance in the woodie spaces,  
And little *Love* himself plaies with the naked Graces.

But seeing fate my happie wish refuses,  
Let me alone enjoy my low estate.  
Of all the gifts that fair *Parnassus* uses,  
Onely scorn'd povertie, and fortunes hate



Common I finde to me, and to the Muses:  
But with the Muses welcome poorest fate.  
    Safe in my humble cottage will I rest;  
    And lifting up from my untainted breast  
A quiet spirit to heav'n, securely live, and blest.

To thee I here bequeath the courtly joyes,  
Seeing to court my *Thomalin* is bent:  
Take from thy *Thirsil* these his idle toyes;  
Here I will end my looser merriment:  
And when thou sing'st them to the wanton boyes,  
Among the courtly lasses blandishment,  
    Think of thy *Thirsil's* love that never spends;  
    And softly say, his love still better mends:  
Ah too unlike the love of court, or courtly friends!

Go little pipe; for ever I must leave thee,  
My little little pipe, but sweetest ever:  
Go, go; for I have vow'd to see thee never,  
Never, (ah!) never must I more receive thee;  
But he in better love will still persever:  
    Go little pipe, for I must have a new:  
    Farewell ye *Norfolk* maids, and *Ida* crue:  
*Thirsil* will play no more; for ever now adieu.

To *Thomalin*.

*THomalin*, since *Thirsil* nothing ha's to leave thee,  
And leave thee must; pardon me (gentle friend)  
If nothing but my love I onely give thee;  
Yet see how great this *Nothing* is, I send:  
    For though this love of thine I sweetest prove,  
    *Nothing's* more sweet then is this sweetest love.

The souldier *Nothing* like his prey esteems;  
*Nothing* toss'd sailers equall to the shore:  
*Nothing* before his health the sick man deems;  
The pilgrim hugges his countrey; *Nothing* more:  
    The miser hoording up his golden wares,  
    This *Nothing* with his precious wealth compares.

Our thoughts ambition onely *Nothing* ends;  
*Nothing* fills up the golden-dropsied minde:  
The prodigall, that all so lavish spends,

Yet *Nothing* cannot; *Nothing* stayes behinde:

The King, that with his life a kingdome buyes,  
Then life or crown doth *Nothing* higher prize.

Who all enjoyes, yet *Nothing* now desires;

*Nothing* is greater then the highest *Jove*:

Who dwells in heav'n, (then) *Nothing* more requires;

Love, more then honey; *Nothing* is more sweet then love:

*Nothing* is onely better then the best;

*Nothing* is sure: *Nothing* is ever blest.

I love my health, my life, my books, my friends,

Thee; (dearest *Thomalin*) *Nothing* above thee:

For when my books, friends, health, life, fainting ends,

When thy love fails, yet *Nothing* still will love me:

When heav'n, and aire, the earth, and floating mains

Are gone, yet *Nothing* still untoucht remains.

Since then to other streams I must betake me,

And spitefull *Chame* of all ha's quite bereft me;

Since Muses selves (false Muses) will forsake me,

And but this *Nothing*, nothing els is left me;

Take thou my love, and keep it still in store:

That given, *Nothing* now remaineth more.

*Against a rich man despising  
povertie.*

IF well thou view'st us with no squinted eye,

No partiall judgement, thou wilt quickly rate

Thy wealth no richer then my povertie;

My want no poorer then thy rich estate:

Our ends and births alike; in this, as I;

Poore thou wert born, and poore again shalt die.

My little fills my little-wishing minde;

Thou having more then much, yet seekest more:

Who seeks, still wishes what he seeks, to finde;

Who wishes, wants; and who so wants, is poore:

Then this must follow of necessitie;

Poore are thy riches, rich my povertie.

Though still thou gett'st, yet is thy want not spent,

But as thy wealth, so growes thy wealthy itch:

But with my little I have much content;  
Content hath all; and who hath all, is rich:  
Then this in reason thou must needs confesse,  
If I have little, yet that thou hast lesse.

What ever man possesses, God hath lent,  
And to his audit liable is ever,  
To reckon, how, and where, and when he spent:  
Then this thou bragg'st, thou art a great receiver:  
Little is my debt, when little is my store:  
The more thou hast, thy debt still growes the more.

But seeing God himself descended down  
T' enrich the poore by his rich povertie;  
His meat, his house, his grave, were not his own,  
Yet all is his from all eternitie:  
Let me be like my head, whom I adore:  
Be thou great, wealthie, I still base and poore.

*Contemnenti.*

Continuall burning, yet no fire or fuel,  
Chill icie frosts in midst of summers frying,  
A hell most pleasing, and a heav'n most cruel,  
A death still living, and a life still dying,  
And whatsoever pains poore hearts can prove,  
I feel, and utter in one word, I LOVE.

Two fires, of love and grief, each upon either,  
And both upon one poore heart ever feeding;  
Chill cold despair, most cold, yet cooling neither,  
In midst of fires his ycie frosts is breeding:  
So fires and frosts, to make a perfect hell,  
Meet in one breast, in one house friendly dwell.

Tir'd in this toylsome way (my deep affection)  
I ever forward runne, and never ease me:  
I dare not swerve, her eye is my direction:  
A heavie grief, and weighty love oppresse me.  
Desire and hope, two spurres, that forth compell'd me;  
But awfull fear, a bridle, still withheld me.

Twice have I plung'd, and flung, and strove to cast  
This double burden from my weary heart:

Fast though I runne, and stop, they sit as fast:  
Her looks my bait, which she doth seld' impart.  
Thus fainting, still some inne I wish and crave;  
Either her maiden bosome, or my grave.

A vow.

BY hope and fear, by grief and joy opprest,  
With deadly hate, more deadly love infected;  
Without, within, in body, soul, distrest;  
Little by all, least by my self respected,  
But most, most there, where most I lov'd, neglected;  
Hated, and hating life, to death I call;  
Who scorns to take what is refus'd by all.

Whither, ah, whither then wilt thou betake thee,  
Despised wretch, of friends, of all forlorn,  
Since hope, and love, and life, and death forsake thee?  
Poore soul, thy own tormenter, others scorn!  
Whither, poore soul, ah, whither wilt thou turn?  
What inne, what host (scorn'd wretch) wilt thou now chuse thee?  
The common host, and inne, death, grave, refuse thee.

To thee, great Love, to thee I prostrate fall,  
That right'st in love the heart in false love swerved:  
On thee, true Love, on thee I weeping call;  
I, who am scorn'd, where with all truth I served,  
Oh thee, so wrong'd, where thou hast so deserved:  
Disdain'd, where most I lov'd, to thee I plain me,  
Who truly lovest those, who (fools) disdain thee.

Thou never-erring Way, in thee direct me;  
Thou Death of death, oh, in thy death engrave me:  
Thou hated Love, with thy firm love respect me;  
Thou freest Servant, from this yoke unslave me:  
Glorious Salvation, for thy glory save me.  
So neither love, nor hate, scorn, death, shall move me;  
But with thy love, great Love, I still shall love thee.

On womens lightnesse.

WHO sowes the sand? or ploughs the easie shore?  
Or strives in nets to prison in the wind?

Yet I, (fond I) more fond, and senselesse more,  
Thought in sure love a womans thoughts to binde.  
Fond, too fond thoughts, that thought in love to tie  
One more inconstant then inconstancie!

Look as it is with some true April day,  
Whose various weather stores the world with flowers;  
The sunne his glorious beams doth fair display,  
Then rains, and shines again, and straight it lowres,  
And twenty changes in one houre doth prove;  
So, and more changing is a womans love.

Or as the hairs on which deck their wanton heads,  
Which loosely fly, and play with every winde,  
And with each blast turn round their golden threads;  
Such as their hair, such is their looser minde:  
The difference this, their hair is often bound;  
But never bonds a woman might impound.

False is their flattering colour, false and fading;  
False is their flattering tongue; false every part:  
Their hair is forg'd, their silver foreheads shading;  
False are their eyes, but falsest is their heart:  
Then this in consequence must needs ensue;  
All must be false, when every part's untrue.

Fond then my thoughts, which thought a thing so vain!  
Fond hopes, that anchour on so false a ground!  
Fond love, to love what could not love again!  
Fond heart, thus fir'd with love, in hope thus drown'd!  
Fond thoughts, fond heart, fond hope; but fondest I,  
To grasp the winde, and love inconstancie!

A reply upon the fair *M. S.*

A Daintie maid, that drawes her double name  
From bitter sweetnesse, (with sweet bitternesse)  
Did late my skill and faulty verses blame,  
And to her loving friend did plain confesse,  
That I my former credit foul did shame,  
And might no more a poets name professe:  
The cause that with my verse she was offended,  
For womens levitie I discommended.

Too true you said, that poet I was never,  
And I confesse it (fair) if that content ye,  
That then I playd the poet lesse then ever;  
Not, for such a verse I now repent me,  
(Poets to feigne, and make fine lies endeavour)  
But I tell the truth, truth (ah!) too certain sent ye:  
    Then that I am no poet I denie not;  
    For when their lightnesse I condemne, I ly not.

But if my verse had ly'd against the minde,  
And praised that which truth cannot approve,  
And falsely said, they were as fair as kinde,  
As true as sweet, their faith could never move,  
But sure is linkt where constant love they finde,  
That with sweet braving they vie truth and love;  
    If thus I write, it cannot be deni'd  
    But I a poet were, so foul I ly'd.

But give me leave to write as I have found:  
Like ruddy apples are their outsides bright,  
Whose skin is fair, the core or heart unsound;  
Whose cherry-cheek the eye doth much delight,  
But inward rottennesse the taste doth wound:  
Ah! were the taste so good as is the sight,  
    To pluck such apples (lost with self-same price)  
    Would back restore us part of paradise.

But truth has said it, (truth who dare denie?)  
Men seldome are, more seldome women sure:  
But if (fair-sweet) thy truth and constancie  
To better faith thy thoughts and minde procure,  
If thy firm truth could give firm truth the lie,  
If thy first love will first and last endure;  
    Thou more then woman art, if time so proves thee,  
    And he more then a man, that loved loves thee.

An Apologie for the premises to the  
*Ladie Culpepper.*

Who with a bridle strives to curb the waves?  
Or in a cypresse chest locks flaming fires?  
So when love angred in thy bosome raves,  
And grief with love a double flame inspires,  
    By silence thou mayst adde, but never lesse it:

The way is by expressing to repress it.

Who then will blame affection not respected,  
To vent in grief the grief that so torments him?  
Passion will speak in passion, if neglected:  
Love that so soon will chide, as soon repents him;  
    And therefore boyish *Love's* too like a boy,  
    With a toy pleas'd, displeas'd with a toy.

Have you not seen, when you have chid or fought,  
That lively picture of your lovely beauty,  
Your pretty childe, at first to lowre or pout,  
But soon again reclaim'd to love and duty;  
    Forgets the rod, and all her anger ends,  
    Plays on your lap, or on your neck depends:

Too like that pretty childe is childish *Love*,  
That when in anger he is wrong'd, or beat,  
Will rave and chide, and every passion prove,  
But soon to smiles and fawns turns all his heat,  
    And prays, and swears he never more will do it;  
    Such one is *Love*: alas that women know it!

But if so just excuse will not content ye,  
But still you blame the words of angry *Love*;  
Here I recant, and of those words repent me:  
In signe hereof I offer now to prove,  
    That changing womens love is constant ever,  
    And men, though ever firm, are constant never.

For men that to one fair their passions binde,  
Must ever change, as do those changing fairs;  
So as she alters, alters still their minde,  
And with their fading Loves their love impairs:  
    Therefore still moving, as thee fair they loved,  
    Most do they move, by being most unmoved.

But women, when their lovers change their graces,  
What first in them they lov'd, love now in others,  
Affecting still the same in divers places;  
So never change their love, but change their lovers:  
    Therefore their minde is firm and constant prov'd,  
    Seeing they ever love what first they lov'd.

Their love ty'd to some vertue, cannot stray,

Shifting the outside oft, the inside never:  
But men (when now their Loves dissolv'd to clay  
Indeed are nothing) still in love persever:  
How then can such fond men be constant made,  
That nothing love, or but (a nothing) shade?

What fool commends a stone for never moving?  
Or blames the speedie heav'ns for ever ranging?  
Cease then, fond men, to blaze your constant loving;  
*Love's* fire, winged, light, and therefore changing:  
Fond man, that thinks such fire and air to fetter!  
All change; men for the worse, women for better.

To my onely chosen Valentine and wife,  
MAYSTRESS ELISABETH VINCENT  
IS MY BRESTS CHASTE VALENTINE.  
Ana-gram.

THink not (fair love) that Chance my hand directed  
To make my choice my chance; blinde Chance & hands  
Could never see what most my minde affected;  
But heav'n (that ever with chaste true love stands)  
Lent eyes to see what most my heart respected:  
Then do not thou resist what heav'n commands;  
But yeeld thee his, who must be ever thine:  
My heart thy altar is, my breast thy shrine;  
Thy name forever is, *My brests chaste Valentine*.

A translation of Boethius, the third book  
*and last verse*.

HAppie man, whose perfect sight  
Views the over-flowing light!  
Happie man, that canst unbinde  
Th' earth-barres pounding up the minde!  
Once his wives quick fate lamenting  
*Orpheus* sat, his hair all renting,  
While the speedie woods came running,  
And rivers stood to heare his cunning;  
And the lion with the hart  
Joyn'd side to side to heare his art:  
Hares ran with the dogs along,  
Not from dogs, but to his song.



But when all his verses turning  
Onely fann'd his poore hearts burning,  
And his grief came but the faster,  
(His verse all easing, but his master)  
Of the higher powers complaining,  
Down he went to hell disdainig:  
There his silver lute-strings hitting,  
And his potent verses fitting,  
All the sweets that e're he took  
From his sacred mothers brook,  
What his double sorrow gives him,  
And love, that doubly-double grieves him,  
There he spends to move deaf hell,  
Charming divels with his spell,  
And with sweetest asking leave  
Does he lords of ghosts deceive.  
The dog, whose never quiet yell  
Affrights sad souls in night that dwell,  
Pricks up now his thrice two eares;  
To howl, or bark, or whine he fears:  
Struck with dumbe wonder at those songs,  
He wisht more eares, and fewer tongues.

*Charon* amaz'd his oare foreslowes,  
While the boat the sculler rowes.

*Tantal* might have eaten now  
The fruit as still as is the bough;  
But he (fool!) no hunger fearing,  
Starv'd his taste, to feed his hearing.

*Ixion*, though his wheel stood still,  
Still was rapt with musicks skill.  
At length the Judge of souls with pitie  
Yeelds, as conquer'd with his dittie;  
Let's give back his spouses herse,  
Purchas'd with so pleasing verse:  
Yet this law shall binde our gift,  
He turn not, till ha's *Tartar* left.

Who to laws can lovers draw?  
Love in love is onely law:  
Now almost he left the night,  
When he first turn'd back his sight;  
And at once, while her he ey'd,  
His Love he saw, and lost, and dy'd.  
So, who strives out of the night  
To bring his soul to joy in light,

Yet again turns back his eye  
To view left hells deformitie;  
Though he seems enlightned more,  
Yet is blacker then afore.

A translation of Boethius,  
book 2 verse 7.

Who onely honour seeks with prone affection,  
And thinks that glory is his greatest blisse;  
First let him view the heav'ns wide-stretched section,  
Then in some mappe the earths short narrownesse:  
    Well may he blush to see his name not able  
    To fill one quarter of so brief a table.

Why then should high-grow'n mindes so much rejoyce  
To draw their stubborn necks from mans subjection?  
For though loud fame stretch high her pratling voice  
To blaze abroad their vertues great pefection;  
    Though goodly titles of their house adorn them  
    With ancient Heraldrie, yet death doth scorn them:  
    The high and base lie in the self same grave;  
    No difference there between a King and slave.

Where now are true *Fabricius* bones remaining?  
Who knowes where *Brutus*, or rough *Cato* lives?  
Onely a weak report, their names sustaining,  
In records old a slender knowledge gives:  
    Yet when we reade the deeds of men inhumed,  
    Can we by that know them, long since consumed?

Now therefore lie you buried and forgotten;  
Nor can report frustrate encroaching death:  
Or if you think when you are dead, and rotten,  
You live again by fame, and vulgar breath;  
    When with times shadows this false glory wanes,  
    You die again: but this your glorie gains.

Upon my brother, Mr *G. F.* his book entituled  
*Christs Victorie and Triumph.*

Fond lads, that spend so fast your posting time,

(Too posting time, that spends your time as fast)  
To chant light toys, or frame some wanton rhyme,  
Where idle boyes may glut their lustfull taste;  
Or else with praise to clothe some fleshly slime  
With virgin roses, and fair lilies chaste:

While itching blouds, and youthfull eares adore it;  
But wiser men, and once your selves will most abhorre it.

But thou, (most neare, most deare) in this of thine  
Hast prov'd the Muses not to *Venus* bound;  
Such as thy matter, such thy Muse, divine:  
Or hast thou such grace with Mercie's self hast found,  
That she her self deignes in thy leaves to shine;  
Or stoll'n from heav'n, thou brought'st this verse to ground,  
Which frights the nummed soul with fearfull thunder,  
And soon with honeyed dewes thawes it 'twixt joy and wonder.

Then do not thou malicious tongues esteem;  
(The glasse, through which an envious eye doth gaze,  
Can eas'ly make a mole-hill mountain seem)  
His praise dispraises; his dispraises praise;  
Enough, if best men best thy labours deem,  
And to the highest pitch thy merit raise;  
While all the Muses to thy song decree  
Victorious Triumph, Triumphant Victorie.

Upon the B. of *Exon*. Doct. *Hall*  
*his Meditations.*

MOst wretched soul, that here carowsing pleasure,  
Hath all his heav'n on earth; and ne're distressed  
Enjoes these fond delights without all measure,  
And freely living thus, is thus deceased!  
Ah greatest curse, so to be ever blessed!  
For where to live is heav'n, 'tis hell to die.  
Ah wretch, that here begins hells miserie!

Most bessed soul, that lifted up with wings  
Of faith and love, leaves this base habitation,  
And scorning sluggish earth, to heav'n up springs;  
On earth, yet still in heav'n by meditation;  
With the souls eye foreseeing th' heav'nly station:  
Then 'gins his life, when he's of life bereaven.  
Ah blessed soul, that here begins his heaven!

Upon the Contemplations of the B. of Excester,  
*given to the Ladie E. W. at New-yeares-tide.*

THis little worlds two little starres are eyes;  
And he that all eyes framed, fram'd all others  
Downward to fall, but these to climbe the skies,  
There to acquaint them with their starrie brothers;  
Planets fixt in the head (their speare of sense)  
Yet wandring still through heav'ns circumference,  
The Intellect being their Intelligence.

Dull then that heavie soul, which ever bent  
On earth and earthly toyes, his heav'n neglects;  
Content with that which cannot give content:  
What thy foot scorning kicks, thy soul respects.  
Fond soul! thy eye will up to heav'n erect thee;  
Thou it direct'st, and must it now direct thee?  
Dull, heavie soul! thy scholar must correct thee.

Thrice happie soul, that guided by thine eyes,  
Art mounted up unto that starrie nation;  
And leaving there thy sense, entrest the skies,  
Enshrin'd and sainted there by contemplation!  
Heav'n thou enjoy'st on earth, and now bereaven  
Of life, a new life to thy soul is given.  
Thrice happie soul, that hast a double heaven!

That sacred hand, which to this yeare hath brought you  
Perfect your yeares, and with your yeares, his graces;  
And when his will unto his will hath wrought you,  
Conduct your soul unto those happie places,  
Where thousand joyes, and pleasures ever new,  
And blessings thicker then the morning dew  
With endlesse sweets rain on that heav'nly crue.

These Asclepiads of Mr. H. S. translated  
*and enlarged.*

*Ne Verbum mihi sit mortua Litera,  
Nec Christi Meritum Gratia vanida;  
Sed Verbum fatuo sola Scientia,  
Et Christus misero sola Redemptio.*

UNletter'd *Word*, which never eare could heare;  
Unwritten *Word*, which never eye could see,  
Yet syllabled in flesh-spell'd character,  
That so to senses thou might'st subject be;  
    Since thou in bread art stamp't, in print art read,  
    Let not thy print-stamp't Word to me be dead.

Thou all-contriving, all-deserving Siprit,  
Made flesh to die, that so thou might'st be mine,  
That thou in us, and we in thee might merit,  
We thine, thou ours; thou humane, we divine;  
    Let not my dead lifes merit, my dead heart,  
    Forfeit so deare a purchas'd deaths desert.

Thou *Sunne* of wisdome, knowledge infinite,  
Made folly to the wise, night to prophane;  
Be I thy *Moon*, oh let thy sacred light  
Increase to th' full, and never, never wane:  
    Wise folly set in me, fond wisdome rise,  
    Make me renounce my wisdome, to be wise.

Thou *Life* eternall, purest blessednesse,  
Made mortal, wretched, sinne it self for me;  
Shew me my death, my sin, my wretchednesse,  
That I may flourish, shine, and life in thee:  
    So I with praise shall sing thy live, deaths storie,  
    O thou my *Merit, Life, my Wisdome, Glorie.*

Certain of the royal Prophets  
    Psalmes metaphrased.

Psalm 42. which agrees with the tune of  
    *Like the Hermite poore.*

LOOK as an hart with sweat and bloud embrued,  
Chas'd and embost, thirsts in the soil to be;  
So my poore soul with eager foes pursued,  
Looks, longs, O Lord, pines, pants, and faints for thee:  
    When, O my God, when shall I come in place  
    To see thy light, and view thy glorious face?

I dine and sup with sighs, with grones and teares,  
While all thy foes mine eares with taunting load;

Who now thy cries, who now thy prayer heares?  
Where is, say they, where is thy boasted God?  
My molted heart deep plung'd in sad despairs  
Runnes forth to thee in streams of teares and prayers.

With grief I think on those sweet now past dayes,  
When to thy house my troops with joy I led:  
We sang, we danc'd, we chanted sacred layes;  
No men so haste to wine, no bride to bed.  
Why droop'st, my soul? why faint'st thou in my breast?  
Wait still with praise; his presence is thy rest.

My famisht soul driv'n from thy sweetest word,  
(From Hermon hill, and Jordans swelling brook)  
To thee laments, sighs deep to thee, O Lord,  
To thee sends back her hungrie longing look:  
Flouds of thy wrath breed flouds of grief and fears;  
And flouds of grief breed flouds of plaints and teares.

His early light with morn these clouds shall clear,  
These drearie clouds, and storms of sad despairs:  
Sure am I in the night his songs to heare,  
Sweet songs of joy, as well as he my prayers.  
I'le say, My God, why slight'st thou my distresse,  
While all my foes my wearie soul oppresse?

My cruel foes both thee and me upbraid;  
They cut my heart, they vant that bitter word,  
Where is thy trust? where is thy hope? they said;  
Where is thy God? where is thy boasted Lord?  
Why droop'st, my soul? why faint'st thou in my breast?  
Wait still with praise; his presence is thy rest.

Psal. 63. which may be sung, as  
*The widow, or mock-widow.*

O Lord, before the morning  
Gives heav'n warning  
To let out the day,  
My wakefull eyes  
Look for thy rise,  
And wait to let in thy joyfull ray.  
Lank hunger here peoples the desert cells,  
Here thirst fills up the emptie wells:

How long my flesh for that bread without leaven!

How thirsts my soul for that wine of heaven!

Such (oh!) to taste thy ravishing grace!

Such in thy house to view thy glorious face!

Thy love, thy light, thy faces

Bright-shining graces,

(Whose unchanged ray

Knows nor morns dawn,

Nor evenings wane)

How farre surmount they lifes winter day!

My heart to thy glorie tunes all his strings;

My tongue thy praises cheerly sings:

And till I slumber, and death shall undresse me,

Thus will I sing, thus will I blesse thee.

Fill me with love, oh fill me with praise;

So shall I vent due thanks in joyfull layes.

When night all eyes hath quenched,

And thoughts lie drowned

In silence and rest;

Then will I all

Thy waies recall,

And look on thy light in darknesse best.

When my poore soul wounded had lost the field,

Thou was my fort, thou wast my shield.

Safe in thy trenches I boldly will vant me,

There will I sing, there will I chant thee;

There I'le triumphe in thy banner of grace,

My conqu'ring arms shall be thy arms embrace.

My foes from deeps ascending,

In rage transcending,

Assaulting me sore,

Into their hell

Are headlong fell;

There shall they lie, there howl, and roare:

There let deserv'd torments their spirits tear;

Feel they worst ills, and worse yet fear.

But with his spouse thine anointed in pleasure

Shall reigne, and joy past time or measure:

There new delights, new pleasures shall spring:

Haste there, oh haste, my soul, to dance and sing.

PSAL. 127.

*To the tune of that Psalm.*

IF God build not the house, and lay  
The ground-work sure; who ever build,  
It cannot stand one stormie day:  
If God be not the cities shield,  
    If he be not their barres and wall;  
    If vain is watch-tower, men, and all.

Though then thou wak'st when others rest,  
Though rising thou prevent'st the Sunne;  
Though with lean care thou daily feast,  
Thy labour's lost, and thou undone:  
    But God his childe will feed and keep,  
    And draw the curtains to his sleep.

Though th' hast a wife fit, young, and fair,  
An heritage heires to advance;  
Yet canst thou not command an heir;  
For heirs are Gods inheritance:  
    He gives the seed, the bud, the bloom;  
    He gives the harvest to the wombe.

And look as arrows, by strong arm  
In a strong bow drawn to the head,  
Where they are meant, will surely harm,  
And if they hit, wound deep and dead;  
    Children of youth are even so;  
    As harmfull, deadly, to a foe.

That man shall live in blisse and peace,  
Who fills his quiver with such shot:  
Whose garners swell with such increase,  
Terrour and shame assail him not;  
    And though his foes deep hatred bear,  
    Thus arm'd, he shall not need to fear.

PSAL. 137

*To be sung as, See the building.*

Where *Perah's* flowers  
Perfume proud *Babels* bowers,  
And paint her wall;



There we laid asteeeping  
Our eyes in endlesse weeping,  
    For *Sions* fall.  
Our feasts and songs we laid aside;  
    On forlorn willows  
    (By *Perah's* billows)  
We hung our harps, and mirth and joy defi'd,  
That *Sions* ruines should build foul *Babels* pride.

Our conqu'rours vaunting  
With bitter scoffes and taunting,  
    Thus proudly jest;  
Take down your harps, and string them,  
Recall your songs, & sing them,  
    For *Sions* feast.  
Were our harps well tun'd in every string,  
    Our heart-strings broken,  
    Throats drown'd, and soken  
With tears and sighs, how can we praise and sing  
The King of heav'n under an heathen king?

In all my mourning,  
*Jerusalem*, thy burning  
    If I forget;  
Forget thy running,  
My hand, and all thy cunning  
    To th'harp set:  
Let thy mouth, my tongue, be still thy grave;  
    Lie there asleeping,  
    For *Sion* weeping:  
Oh let mine eyes in tears thy office have;  
Nor rise, nor set, but in their brinie wave.

Proud *Edoms* raging,  
Their hate with bloud asswaging,  
    And vengefull sword,  
Their cursed joying  
In *Sions* walls destroying  
    Remember, Lord:  
Forget not, Lord, their spightfull cry,  
    Fire and deface it,  
    Destroy and raze it;  
Oh let the name of *Sion* ever die:  
Thus did they roare, and us and thee defie.

So shall thy towers  
And all thy princely bowers,  
Proud *Babel*, fall:  
Him ever blessed,  
Who th' oppressour hath oppressed,  
Shall all men call:  
Thrice blest, that turns thy mirth to grones;  
That burns to ashes  
Thy towers, and dashes  
Thy brats 'gainst rocks, to wash thy bloudie stones  
With thine own bloud, and pave thee with thy bones.

PSAL. I.

Blessed, who walk'st not in the worldings way;  
Blessed, who with foul sinners wilt not stand:  
Blessed, who with proud mockers dar'st not stay;  
Nor sit thee down amongst that scornfull band.  
Thrice blessed man, who in that heav'nly light  
Walk'st, stand'st, and sitt'st, rejoycing day and night.

Look as a thirstie Palm full *Jordan* drinks,  
(Whose leaf and fruit still live, when winter dies)  
With conqu'ring branches crowns the rivers brinks;  
And summers fires, and winters frosts defies:  
All so the soul, whom that clear light revives,  
Still springs, buds, grows, and dying time survives.

But as the dust of chaffe, cast in the aire,  
Sinks in the dirt, and turns to dung and mire;  
So sinners driv'n to hell by fierce despair,  
Shall frie in ice, and freez in hellish fire:  
For he, whose flaming eyes all actions turn,  
Sees both; to light the one, the other burn.

PSAL. 130.

FRom the deeps of grief and fear,  
O Lord, to thee my soul repairs:  
From thy heav'n bow down thine eare;  
Let thy mercie meet my prayers.  
Oh if thou mark'st

what's done amisse,  
What soul so pure,  
can see thy blisse?

But with thee sweet mercie stands,  
Sealing pardons, working fear:  
Wait my soul, wait on his hands;  
Wait mine eye, oh wait mine eare:  
If he his eye  
or tongue affords,  
Watch all his looks,  
catch all his words.

As a watchman waits for day,  
And looks for light, and looks again;  
When the night grows old and gray,  
To be relieve'd he calls amain:  
So look, so wait,  
so long mine eyes,  
To see my Lord,  
my Sunne, arise.

Wait ye saints, wait on our Lord;  
For from his tongue sweet mercie flows:  
Wait on his crosse, wait on his word;  
Upon that tree redemption grows:  
He will redeem  
his Israel  
From sinne and wrath,  
from death and hell.

*AN HYMNE.*

WAKE, O my soul; awake, and raise  
Up every part to sing his praise,  
Who from his speare of glorie fell,  
To raise thee up from death and hell:  
See how much his soul, vext for thy sinne,  
Weeps bloud without, feels hell within:  
See where he hangs;  
heark how he cries:  
Oh bitter pangs!  
Now, now he dies.

Wake, O mine eyes; awake, and view  
Those two twin-lights, whence heavens drew  
Their glorious beams, whose gracious sight  
Fills you with joy, with life, and light:  
See how with clouds of sorrow drown'd,  
They wash with tears thy sinfull wound;  
    See how with streams  
        of spit th'are drencht;  
See how with their beams  
    with death are quencht.

Wake, O mine eare; awake, and heare  
That powerfull voice, which stills thy fear,  
And brings from heav'n those joyfull news,  
Which heav'n commands, which hell subdues;  
Heark how his eares (heav'ns mercie-seat)  
Foul slanders with reproaches beat:  
    Heark how the knocks  
        our ears resound;  
Heark how their mocks  
    his hearing wound.

Wake O my heart; tune every string:  
Wake O my tongue; awake, and sing:  
Think not a thought in all thy layes,  
Speak not a word, but of his praise:  
Tell how his sweetest tongue they drown'd  
With gall; think how his heart they wound:  
    That bloudie spout  
        gagg'd for thy sinne,  
His life lets out,  
    thy death lets in.

*AN HYMNE.*

DRop, drop, slow tears,  
    and bathe those beauteous feet,  
Which brought from heav'n  
    the news and Prince of peace:  
Cease not, wet eyes,  
    his mercies to intreat;  
To crie for vengeance  
    sinne doth never cease:  
In your deep flouds

drown all my faults and fears;  
Nor let his eye  
see sinne, but through my tears.

On my friends picture, who died in travel.

THough now to heav'n thy travels are confin'd,  
Thy wealth, friends, life, and countrey, all are lost;  
Yet in this picture we thee living finde;  
And thou with lesser travel, lesser cost,  
Hast found new life, friends, wealth, and better coast:  
So by thy death thou liv'st, by losse thou gain'st,  
And in thy absence present still remain'st.

Upon Doctor *Playfer*.

WHO lives with death, by death in death is lying;  
But he who living dies, best lives by dying:  
Who life to truth, who death to errour gives,  
In life may die, by death more surely lives.  
My soul in heaven breathes, in schools my fame:  
Then on my tombe write nothing but my name.

Upon my brothers book called, *The grounds,  
labour, and reward of faith.*

THis lamp fill'd up, and fir'd by that blest Spirit,  
Spent his last oyl in this pure heav'nly flame;  
Laying the grounds, walls, roof of faith: this frame  
With life he ends; and now doth there inherit  
What here he built, crown'd with his laurel merit:  
Whose palms and triumphs once he loudly rang,  
There now enjoyes what here he sweetly sang.

This is his monument, on which he drew  
His spirits image, that can never die;  
But breathes in these 'live words, and speaks to th' eye:  
In these his winding-sheets he dead doth shew  
To buried souls the way to live anew,  
And in his grave more powerfully now preacheth.  
Who will not learn, when that a dead man teacheth?

Upon Mr. *Perkins* his printed sermons.

PERkins (our wonder) living, though long dead,  
In this white paper, as a winding-sheet,  
And in this velome lies enveloped:  
Yet still he lives, guiding the erring feet,  
Speaking now to our eyes, though buried.

If once so well, much better now he teacheth.

Who will not heare, when a live-dead man preacheth?

*FINIS.*

---

The Purple Island  
Piscatory Eclogues  
Elisa



Renascence Editions

# Renascence Editions

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## The Purple Island: Elisa.

Phineas Fletcher.

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This [Renascence Editions](#) text was transcribed by Daniel Gustav Anderson, July 2003, and reproduces the 1633 publication of *The Purple Island, with the Piscatory Eclogues and Poeticall Miscellenie*. It retains the spelling and punctuation of the original, silently amending obvious typographical errors such as missing periods at stanza ends. The long "s" and the vowel ligatures, also, are silently amended to the letters of the conventional keyboard. Any errors that have crept into the transcription are the fault of the present publisher. The text is in the public domain. Content unique to this presentation is copyright © 2003 the editor and the University of Oregon. For nonprofit and educational uses only.

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### INTRODUCTION: *ELISA*

The aim of this bizarre, longwinded, contradictory poem has yet to be resolved. Early on, Fletcher suggests adultery between Irby and his wife's sister, Alicia, and quibbles vehemently on the ribald sense of the verb "to die" as Elisa and Alicia wait beside his deathbed in the first section of the poem. It may be for this reason that Fletcher apologized to family members of Irby's surviving son in the letter published beside the poem. The scene becomes yet more grotesque as, dying, Irby offers more than thirty stanzas of instructions to his wife, who proves utter disinclined to follow them. Later, Fletcher suggests that Elisa in fact killed her husband. If "Elisa" is a parody, it is more disturbing than funny or revelatory; if an earnest elegy, too slapstick and unevenly pathetic in tone, and too apparently over-earnest. This highly unconventional poem offers an open invitation to future scholarship.

---

# ELISA,

OR  
AN ELEGIE UPON  
THE UNRIPE DECEASE  
OF  
Sr. ANTONIE IRBY:

Composed at the request (and for a monument)  
of his surviving Ladie.

<image of altarpiece>

Printed by the printers to the Universitie  
of Cambridge 1633.

---

To the right worthy  
Knight,  
Sr. ANTONIE IRBY.

*SIR, I am altogether (I think) unknown to you, (as having never seen you since your infancie) neither do I now desire to be known by this trifle. But I cannot rule these few lines composed presently after your fathers decease; They are broken from me, and will see more light then they deserve. I wish there were any thing in them worthy of you vacant houres: Such as they are, yours they are by inheritance. As an Urn therefore of your fathers ashes (I beseech you) receive them, for his sake, and from him, who desires in some better employment to be*

Your Servant,

P. F.

ELISA.

LOOK as a stagge, pierc'd with a fatal bow,  
(As by a wood he walks securely feeding)  
In coverts thick conceales his deadly blow,  
And feeling death swim in his endles bleeding,



(His heavy head his fainting strength exceeding)  
Bids woods adieu, so sinks into his grave;  
Green brakes and primrose sweet his seemly herse embrace:

2

So lay a gentle Knight now full of death,  
With cloudie eyes his latest houre expecting;  
And by his side, sucking his fleeting breath,  
His weeping Spouse *Elisa*; life neglecting,  
And all her beauteous faires with grief infecting:  
Her cheek as pale as his; 't were hard to scanne,  
If death or sorrows face did look more pale or wanne.

3

Close by, her sister, fair *Alicia*, sits;  
Fairest *Alicia*, to whose sweetest graces  
His teares and sighs a fellow passion fits:  
Upon her eye (his throne) Love sorrow places;  
There Comfort Sadnesse, Beautie Grief embraces:  
Pitie might seem a while that face to borrow,  
And thither now was come to comfort death & sorrow.

4

At length lowd Grief thus with a fearfull shriek  
(His trumpet) sounds a battell, joy defying;  
Spreading his colours in *Elisa's* cheek,  
And from her eyes (his watch-tower) farre espying  
With Hope Delight, and Joy, and Comfort flying,  
Thus with her tongue their coward flight pursues,  
While sighs, shrieks, tears give chace with never fainting cruets:

5

Thou traitour Joy, that in prosperitie  
So lowdly vaunt'st; whither, ah, whither fliest?  
And thou that bragg'st never from life to flie,  
False Hope, ah whither now so speedy hiest?  
In vain thy winged feet so fast thou pliest:  
Hope, thou art dead, and Joy in Hope relying  
Bleeds in his hopeless wounds, and in his death lies dying.

6

But then *Alicia* (in whose cheerfull eye  
Comfort with Grief, Hope with Compassion lived)

Renews the fight; If Joy and Comfort die,  
The fault is yours: so much (too much) you grieved,  
That Hope could never hope to be relieved.  
If all your hopes to one poore hope you binde,  
No marvel if one fled, not one remains behinde.

7

Fond hopes on life, so weak a threed, depending!  
Weak, as the threed such knots so weakly tying:  
But heav'nly joyes are circular, ne're ending,  
Sure as the rock on which they grow; and lying  
In heav'n, increase by losse, live best by dying.  
Then let your hope on those sure joyes depend,  
Which live & grow by death, & waste not when they spend.

8

Then she; Great Lord, thy judgements righteous be,  
To make good ill, when to our ill we use it:  
Good leads us to the greatest good, to Thee;  
But we to other ends must fond abuse it;  
A common fault, yet cannot that excuse it:  
We love thy gifts, and take them gladly ever:  
We love them (ah too much!) more then we love the giver.

9

So falling low upon her humbled knees,  
And all her heart within her eye expressing;  
'Tis true, great Mercy, onely miseries  
Teach us our selves, and thee: oh, if confessing  
Our faults to thee be all our faults releasing,  
But in thine eare, I never sought to hide them:  
Ah! thou hast heard them oft, as oft as thou hast ey'd them.

10

I know the heart knows more then tongue can tell;  
But thou perceiv'st the heart his foulnesse telling:  
Yet knows the heart not half, so wide an hell,  
Such seas of sinne in such scant banks are swelling:  
Who sees all faults within his bosome dwelling?  
Many my tenants are, and I not know them.  
Most dangerous the wounds thou feel'st, and canst not show them.

11

Some hidden fault, my Father, and my God,  
Some fault I know not yet, nor yet amended,  
Hath forc't thee frown, and use thy smarting rod;  
Some grievous fault thee grievously offended:  
    But let thy wrath, (ah!) let it now be ended.  
    Father, this childish plea (if once I know it)  
Let stay thy threatenng hand, I never more will do it.

12

If to my heart thou shew this hidden sore,  
Spare me; no more, no more will I offend thee;  
I dare not say I will, I would no more:  
Say thou I shall, and soon I will amend me.  
    Then smooth thy brow, and now some comfort lend me;  
    Oh let thy softest mercies rest contented:  
Though late, I most repent, that I so late repented.

13

Lay down thy rod, and stay thy smarting hand;  
These raining eyes into thy bottle gather:  
Oh see thy bleeding Sonne betwixt us stand;  
Remember me a childe, thy self a father:  
    Or if thou mayst not stay, oh punish rather  
    The part offending, this rebellious heart.  
Why pardon'st thou the worst, and plagu'st my better part?

14

Was't not thy hand, that ty'd the sacred knot?  
Was't not thy hand, that to my hand did give him?  
Hast thou not made us one? command'st thou not,  
None loose what thou hast bound? if then thou reave him,  
    How without me by halves dost thou receive him!  
    Tak'st thou the head, and leav'st the heart behinde?  
Ay me! in me alone canst thou such monster finde?

15

Oh why dost thou so strong me weak assail?  
Woman of all thy creatures is the weakest,  
And in her greatest strength did weakly fail:  
Thou who the weak and bruised never breakest,  
    Who never triumph in the yeelding seekest;  
    Pitie my weak estate, and leave me never:  
I ever yet was weak, and now more weak then ever.

16

With that her fainting spouse lifts up his head,  
And with some joy his inward griefs refraining,  
Thus with a feeble voice, yet cheerfull, s'ed;  
Spend not in tears this little time remaining;  
    Thy grief doth adde to mine, not ease my paining:  
    My death is life; such is the scourge of God:  
Ah if his rods be such, who would not kisse his rod?

17

My deare, (once all my joy, now all my care)  
To these my words (these my last words) apply thee:  
Give me thy hand: these my last greetings are:  
Shew me thy face, I never more shall eye thee.  
    Ah would our boyes, our lesser selves, were by thee!  
    Those my 'live pictures to the world I give:  
So single onely die, in them twice-two I live.

18

You little souls, your sweetest times enjoy,  
And softly spend among your mothers kisses;  
And with your prettie sports and hurtlesse joy  
Supply your weeping mothers grievous misses:  
    Ah, while you may, enjoy your little blisses,  
    While yet you nothing know: when back you view,  
Sweet will this knowledge seem, when yet you nothing knew.

19

For when to riper times your yeares arrive,  
No more (ah then no more) may you go play you:  
Lancht in the deep farre from the wished hive,  
Change of worlds tepests through blinde seas will sway you,  
    Till to the long-long'd haven they convey you:  
    Through many a wave this brittle life must passe,  
And cut the churlish seas, shipt in a bark of glasse.

20

How many ships in quick-sands swallow'd been!  
What gaping waves, whales, monsters there expect you!  
How many rocks, much sooner felt then seen!  
Yet let no fear, no coward fright affect you:  
    He holds the stern, and he will safe direct you,

Who to my sails thus long so gently blew,  
That now I touch the shore, before the seas I knew.

21

I touch the shore, and see my rest preparing.  
Oh blessed God! how infinite a blessing  
Is in this thought, that through this troubled faring,  
Through all the faults this guiltie age depressing  
    I guiltlesse past, no helplesse man oppressing:  
    And coming now to thee, lift to the skies  
Unbribed hands, cleans'd heart, and never tainted eyes!

22

Life, life! how many *Sylla's* dost thou hide  
In thy calm streams, which sooner kill then threaten!  
Gold, honour, greatnesse, and their daughter, pride!  
More quiet lives, and lesse with tempests beaten,  
    Whose middle state content doth richly sweeten:  
    He knows not strife, or brabbling lawyers brawls;  
His love and wish live pleas'd within his private walls.

23

The King he never sees, nor fears, nor prays;  
Nor sits court-promise and false hopes lamenting:  
Within that house he spends and ends his dayes,  
Where day he viewed first: his hearts contenting,  
    His wife, and babes; nor sits new joyes inventing:  
    Unspotted there, and quiet he remains;  
And 'mong his duteous sonnes most lov'd and fearlesse reignes.

24

Thou God of peace, with what a gentle tide  
Through this worlds raging tempest hast thou brought me!  
Thou, thou my open soul didst safely hide,  
When thousand crafty foes so nearely sought me;  
    Els had the endlesse pit too quickly caught me;  
    That endlesse pit, where it is easier never  
To fall, then being fall'n to cease from falling ever.

25

I never knew or want or luxurie,  
Much lesse their followers; or cares tormenting,  
Or raging lust, or base-bred flatterie:

I lov'd, and was belov'd with like consenting:

My hate was hers, her joy my sole contenting:

Thus long I liv'd, and yet have never prov'd

Whether I lov'd her more, or more by her was lov'd.

26

Foure babes (the fift with thee I soon shall finde)

With equall grace in soul and bodie fram'd:

And lest these goods might swell my bladder'd minde,

(Which last I name, but should not last be nam'd)

A sicknesse long my stubborn heart hath tam'd,

And taught me pleasing goods are not the best;

But most unblest he lives, that lives here ever blest.

27

Ah life, once vertues spring, now sink of evil!

Thou change of pleasing pain, and painfull pleasure;

Thou brittle painted bubble, shop o' th' devil;

How dost thou bribe us with false gilded treasure,

That in thy joyes we find no mean or measure!

How dost thou witch! I know thou dost deceive me:

I know I should, I must, and yet I would not leave thee.

28

Ah death! once greatest ill, now onely blessing,

Untroubled sleep, short travel, ever resting,

All sicknesse cure, thou end of all distressing,

Thou one meals fast, usher to endlesse feasting;

Though hopelesse griefs crie out thy aid requesting,

Though thou art sweetned by a life most hatefull;

How is't, that when thou com'st, thy coming is ungratefull?

29

Frail flesh, why would'st thou keep a hated guest,

And him refuse whom thou hast oft invited?

Life thy tormenter, death thy sleep and rest.

And thou (poore soul) why at his sight art frightened,

Who clears thine eyes, and makes thee eagle-sighted?

Mount now my soul, & seat thee in thy throne:

Thou shalt be one with him, by whom thou first wast one.

30

Why should'st thou love this star, this borrow'd light,

And not that Sunne, at which thou oft hast guessed,  
But guess'd in vain? which dares thy piercing sight,  
Which never was, which cannot be expressed?  
    Why lov'st thy load, & joy'st to be oppressed?  
    Seest thou those joyes? those thousand thousand graces?  
Mount now my soul, & leap to those outstretcht embraces.

31

Deare country, I must leave thee; and in thee  
No benefit, which most doth pierce and grieve me:  
Yet had not hasty death prevented me,  
I would repay my life, and somewhat give thee:  
    My sonnes for that I leave; and so I leave thee:  
    Thus heav'n commands; the lord outrides the page,  
And is arriv'd before: death hath prevented age.

32

My dearest *Bettie*, my more loved heart,  
I leave thee now; with thee all earthly joying:  
Heav'n knows, with thee alone I sadly part:  
All other earthly sweets have had their cloying;  
    Yet never full of thy sweet loves enjoying,  
    Thy constant loves, next heav'n I did referre them:  
Had not much grace pravail'd, 'fore heav'n I should preferre them.

33

I leave them, now the trumpet calls away;  
In vain thine eyes beg for some times relieving;  
Yet in my children here immortall stay:  
In one I die, in many ones am living:  
    In them, and for them stay thy too much grieving:  
    Look but on them, in them thou still wilt see  
Marry'd with thee again thy twice-two *Antonie*.

34

And when with little hands they stroke thy face,  
As in thy lap they sit (ah carelesse) playing,  
And stammering ask a kiss, give them a brace;  
The last from me: and ten a little staying,  
    And in their face some part of me survaying,  
    In them give me a third, and with a teare  
Shew thy deare love to him, who lov'd thee ever deare.

35

And now our falling house leans all on thee;  
This little nation to thy care commend them:  
In thee it lies that hence they want not me;  
Themselves yet cannot, thou the more defend them;  
    And when green age permits, to goodnesse bend them:  
    A mother were you once, now both you are:  
Then with this double style double your love and care.

36

Turn their unwarie steps into the way:  
What first the vessel drinks, it long retaineth;  
No barres will hold, when they have us'd to stray:  
And when for me one asks, and weeping plaineth,  
    Point thou to heav'n, and say, he there remaineth:  
    And if they live in grace, grow, and perserver,  
There shall they live with me: els shall they see me never.

37

My God, oh in thy fear here let them live;  
Thy wards they are, take them to thy protection:  
Thou gav'st them first, now back to thee I give;  
Direct them now, and help her weak direction;  
    That reunited by thy strong election,  
    Thou now in them, they then may live in thee;  
And seeing here thy will, may there thy glorie see.

38

*Bettie*, let these last words long with thee dwell:  
If yet a second *Hymen* do expect thee,  
Though well he love thee, once I lov'd as well:  
Yet if his presence make thee lesse respect me,  
    Ah do not in my childrens good neglect me:  
    Let me this faithfull hope departing have;  
More easie shall I die, and sleep in carelesse grave.

39

Farewell, farewell; I feel my long long rest,  
And iron sleep my leaden heart oppressing:  
Night after day, sleep after labour's best;  
Port after storms, joy after long distressing:  
    So weep thy losse, as knowing 'tis my blessing:  
    Both as a widow and a Christian grieve:



Still live I in thy thoughts, but as in heav'n I live.

40

Death, end of old joyes, entrance into new,  
I follow thee, I know I am thy debtour;  
Not unexpect thou com'st to claim thy due:  
Take here thine own, my souls too heavie fetter;  
    Not life, lifes place I change, but for a better:  
    Take thou my soul, that bought'st it: cease your tears:  
Who sighing leaves the earth, himself and heaven fears.

41

Thus said, and while the bodie slumbering lay,  
(As *Theseus Ariadne's* bed forsaking)  
His quiet soul stole from her house of clay;  
And glorious Angels on their wings it taking,  
    Swifter then lightning flew, for heaven making:  
    There happie goes he, heav'nly fires admiring,  
Whose motion is their bait; whose rest is restlesse giring:

42

And now the courts of that thrice blessed King  
It enters, and his presence sits enjoying;  
While in it self it findes and endlesse spring  
Of pleasures new, and never weary joying,  
    Ne're spent in spending; feeding, never cloying:  
    Weak pen to write! for thought can never feign them:  
The minde that all can hold, yet cannot half contain thee.

43

There doth it blessed sit, and looking down,  
Laughs at our busie care, and idle paining;  
And fitting to it self that glorious crown,  
Scorns earth, where even Kings most serve by reigning;  
    Where men get wealth, and hell; so loose by gaining.  
    Ah blessed soul! there sit thou still delighted,  
Till we at length to him with thee shall be united.

44

But when at last his Lady sad espies  
His flesh of life, her self of him deprived;  
Too full of grief, closing his quenched eyes,  
As if in him, by him, for him she lived,

Fell dead with him; and once again revived,  
Fell once again: pain wearie of his paining,  
And grief with too much grief felt now no grief remaining.

45

Again reliev'd, all silent sat she long;  
No word to name such grief durst first adven-  
Grief is but light that floats upon the tongue,  
But weightie sorrow presses to the center,  
And never rests till th' heavie heart it enter;  
And in lifes house was married to life:  
Grief made life grievous seem, and life enlivens grief:

46

And from their bed proceeds a numerous presse,  
First shrieks, then tears & sighs the hearts ground renting:  
In vain poore Muse would'st thou such dole expresse;  
For thou thy self lamenting her lamenting,  
And with like grief transform'd to like tormenting,  
With heavie pace bring'st forth thy lagging verse,  
Which cloath'd with blackest lines attends the mournfull herse.

47

The cunning hand which that Greek Princesse drew  
Ready in holy fires to be consum'd,  
Pitie and sorrow paints in divers hue;  
One wept, he pray'd, this sigh'd, that chaf'd and fum'd;  
But not to limme her fathers look presum'd:  
For well he knew is skilful hand had fail'd:  
Best was his sorrow seen, when with a cloth 'twas vail'd.

48

Look as a nightingale, whose callow young  
Some boy hath markt, and now half nak'd hath taken,  
Which long she closely kept, and foster'd long,  
But all in vain; she now poore bird forsaken  
Flies up and down, but grief no place can slaken:  
All day, and night her losse she fresh doth rue,  
And where she ends her plaints, there soon begins anew:

49

Thus sat she desolate, so short a good,  
Such gift so son exacted sore complaining:

Sleep could not passe, but almost sunk i' th' floud;  
So high her eye-banks swell'd with endlesse raining:  
    Surfet of grief had bred all meats disdainig:  
    A thousand times my *Antonie*, she cried,  
*Irby* a thousand times; and in that name she died.

50

Thus circling in her grief it never ends,  
But moving round back to it self enclineth;  
Both day and night alike in grief she spends:  
Day shews her day is gone, no sun there shineth:  
    Black night her fellow mourner she defineth:  
    Light shews his want, and shades his picture draw:  
Him (nothing) best she sees, when nothing now she saw.

---

[1]THou blacker Muse, whose rude uncombed hairs  
With fatal eugh and cypresse still are shaded;  
Bring hither all thy sighs, hither thy teares:  
As sweet a plant, as fair a flower is faded,  
    As ever in the Muses garden bladed;  
    While th' owner (haplesse owner) sits lamenting,  
And but in discontent & grief, findes no contenting.

2

The sweet (now sad) *Elisa* weeping lies,  
While fair *Alicia's* words in vain relieve her;  
In vain those wells of grief she often dries:  
What her so long, now doubled sorrows give her,  
    What both their loves (which doubly double grieve her)  
    She carelesse spends without end or measure;  
Yet as it spends, it grows: poor grief can tell his treasure.

3

All as a turtle on a bared bough  
(A widow turtle) joy and life despises,  
Whose trustie mate (to pay his holy vow)  
Some watchfull eye late in his roost surprises,  
    And to his God for errour sacrifices;

She joylesse bird sits mourning all alone,  
And being one when two, would now be two, or none:

4

So sat she gentle Lady weeping sore,  
Her desert self and now cold lord lamenting;  
So sat she carelesse on the dusty floor,  
As if her tears were all her souls contenting:  
    So sat she, as when speechlesse griefs tormenting  
    Locks up the heart, the captive tongue enchaining:  
So sat she joylesse down in wordlesse grief complaining.

5

Her chearfull eye (which once the crystall was,  
Where Love and Beauty dress'd their fairest faces,  
And fairer seem'd by looking in that glasse)  
Had now in tears drown'd all their former graces:  
    Her snow-white arms, whose warm & sweet embraces  
    Could quicken death, their now dead lord infold,  
And seem'd as cold and dead as was the flesh they hold.

6

The roses in her cheek grow pale and wan;  
As if his pale cheeks livery they affected:  
Her head, like fainting flowers opprest with rain,  
On her left shoulder lean'd his weight neglected:  
    Her dark-gold locks hung loosly unrespected;  
    As if those fairs, which he alone deserv'd,  
With him had lost their use, and now for nothing serv'd.

7

Her Lady sister sat close by her side,  
*Alicia*, in whose face Love proudly lorded;  
Where Beauties self and Mildnesse sweet reside,  
Where every Grace her naked sight afforded,  
    And Majestie with Love sat well accorded:  
    A little map of heav'n, sweet influence giving;  
More perfect yet in this, it was a heaven living.

8

Yet now this heav'n with melting clouds was stain'd:  
Her starry eyes with sister grief infected  
Might seem the *Pleiades*, so fast they rain'd:

And though her tongue to comfort she directed,  
Sighs waiting on each word like grief detected;  
That in her face you now might plainly see  
Sorrow to sit for Love, Pitie for Majestie.

9

At length when now those storms she had allay'd,  
A league with grief for some short time indenting;  
She 'gan to speak, and sister onely said:  
The sad *Elisa* soon her words preventing,  
*El.* In vain you think to ease my hearts tormenting;  
Words, comforts, hope, all med'cine is in vain:  
My heart most hates his cure, & loves his pleasing pain.

10

*Al.* As vain to weep, since fate cannot reprieve.  
*El.* Teares are most due, when there is no rerieving.  
*Al.* When doom is past, weak hearts that fondly grieve.  
*El.* A helplesse griefs sole joy is joylesse grieving.  
*Al.* To losses old new losse is no relieving:  
You lose your teares. *El.* When that I onely fear  
For ever now is lost, poore losse to lose a teare.

11

*Al.* Nature can teach, that who is born must die.  
*El.* And Nature teaches teares in griefs tormenting.  
*Al.* Passions are slaves to Reasons monarchie.  
*El.* Reason best shews her reason in lamenting.  
*Al.* Religion blames impatient discontenting,  
*El.* Not passion, but excesse Religion branded;  
Nor ever countermands what Natures self commanded.

12

*Al.* That hand which gave him first into your hand,  
To his own hand doth now again receive him:  
Impious and fond, to grudge at his command,  
Who once by death from death doth ever reave him!  
He lives by leaving life, which soon would leave him:  
Thus God and him you wrong by too much crying.  
Who living dy'd to life, much better lives by dying.

13

Not him I plain, ill would it fit our loves,

In his best state to shew my hearts repining;  
To mourn at others good, fond envy proves:  
I know his soul is now more brightly shining  
    Then all the stars their light in one combining:  
    No, dearest soul; (so lifting up her eyes,  
Which shew'd like watry suns quench't in the moister skies)

14

My deare, my dearest *Irby*, (at that name,  
As at a well-known watch-word, forth there pressed  
Whole floods of teares, and straight a suddain quame  
Siezing her heart, her tongue with weight oppressed,  
    And lockt her grief within her soul distressed;  
    There all in vain he close and hidden lies:  
Silence is sorrows speech; his tongue speaks in her eyes:

15

Till grief new mounted on uneven wings  
Of loud-breath'd sighs, his leaden weight up sending,  
Back usher teares, deep grones behinde attending,  
    And in his name her breath most gladly spending,  
    As if he gone, his name were all her joying)  
*Irby*, I never grudg'd thee heav'n, and heav'ns enjoying.

16

'Tis not thy happinesse that breeds my smart,  
It is my losse, and cause that made me lose thee;  
Which hatching first this tempest in my heart,  
Thus justly rages; he that lately chose thee  
    To live with him, where thou might'st safe repose thee,  
    Hath found some cause out of my little caring,  
By spoiling thine to spare, and spoil my lief by sparing.

17

Whither, ah whither shall I turn my head,  
Since thou my God so sore my heart hast beaten?  
Thy rods yet with my bloud are warm and red:  
Thy scourge my soul hath drunk, my flesh hath eaten.  
    Who helps, when thou my Father so dost threaten?  
    Thou hid'st thy eyes; or if thou dost not hide them,  
So dost thou frown, that best I hidden may abide them.

18

I weeping grant, what ever may be dreaded,  
All ill thou canst inflict, I have deserved;  
Thy mercy I, I mercie only pleaded.  
Most wretched men, if all that from thee swerved,  
    By merit onely in just weight were served!  
    If nought thou giv'st, but what desert doth get me,  
Oh give me nothing then; for nothing I intreat thee.

19

Ah wherefore are thy mercies infinite,  
If thou dost hould them up, and never spend them?  
Mercy's no mercy hid in envious night:  
The rich mans goods, while in his chest he penn'd them,  
    Were then no goods; much better to misspend them.  
    Why mak'st thou such a rod? so fierce dost threat me?  
Thy frowns to me were rods; thy forehead would have beat me.

20

Thou siez'd my joy; ah he is dead and gone,  
That might have dress'd my wounds, when thus they smarted:  
To all my griefs I now am left alone;  
Comfort's in vain to hopelesse grief imparted:  
    Hope, comfort, joy with him are all departed.  
    Comfort, hope, joy, lifes flatterers, most I flie you,  
And would not deigne to name, but naming to defie you.

21

*Al.* Sister, too farre your passions violent heat  
And griefs too headlong in your plaint convay you:  
You feel your stripes, but mark not who does beat;  
'Tis he that takes away, who can repay you:  
    This grief to other rods doth open lay you:  
    He bindes your grief to patience, not dejection.  
Who bears the first not well, provokes a new correction.

22

*El.* I know 'tis true; but sorrows blubber'd eye  
Fain would not see, and cannot well behold it:  
My heart surround with grief is swoll'n so high,  
It will not sink, till I alone unfold it;  
    But grows more strong, the more you do withhold it:  
    Leave me a while alone; griefs tide grows low,  
And ebs, when private tears the eye-banks overflow.

23

She quickly rose, and readie now to go,  
Remember measure in your griefs complaining;  
His last, his dying words command you so:  
So left her; and *Elisa* sole remaining,  
    Now every grief more boldly entertaining,  
    They flock about her round; so one was gone,  
And twentie fresh ariv'd. 'Lone grief is least alone.

24

Thus as she sat with fixt and settled eye,  
Thousand fond thoughts their wandring shapes depainted:  
Now seem'd she mounted to the crystall skie,  
And one with him, and with him fellow-sainted;  
    Straight pull'd form heav'n: & then again she fainted:  
    Thus while their numerous thoughts each fancie brought,  
The minde all idle sat: much thinking lost her thought.

25

And fancy, finding now the dulled sight  
Idle with businesse, to her soul presented  
(While th' heavy mind obscur'd his shaded light)  
Her wofull body from her head absented;  
    And suddain starting, with that thought tormented,  
    A thing impossible too true she found:  
The head was gone, and yet the headlesse body sound.

26

Nor yet awake she cries; ah this is wrong,  
To part what Natures hand so neare hath tied;  
Stay oh my head, and take thy trunk along:  
But then her minde (recall'd) her errour spied;  
    And sigh'd to see how true the fancy lied,  
    Which made the eye his instrument to see  
That true, which being true it self must nothing be.

27

Vile trunk (saies she) thy head is ever gone;  
Vile headlesse trunk, why art thou not engraved?  
One wast thou once with him, now art thou none;  
Or if thou art, or wert, how art thou saved?  
    And livest still, when he to death is slaved?



But (ah) when well I think, I plainly see,  
That death to him was life, and life is death to me.

28

Vile trunk, if yet he live; ah then again  
Why seek'st thou not with him to be combined?  
But oh since he in heav'n doth living reigne,  
Death wer't to him in such knots to be twined;  
    And life to me with him to be confined:  
    So while I better think, I eas'ly see  
My life to him were death, his death were life to me.

29

Then die with him, vile trunk, and dying live;  
Or rather with him live, his life applying;  
Where thou shalt never die, nor ever grieve:  
But ah, thou death thou feel'st within thee lying,  
    Thou ne're art dead, though still in sorrow dying:  
    Most wretched soul, which hast thy seat and being,  
Where life with death is one, & death with life agreeing!

30

He lives and joyes; death life to him hath bred:  
Why is he living then in earth enwomb'd?  
But I, a walking coarse, in life am dead:  
'Tis I, my friends, 'tis I must be entomb'd;  
    Whose joy with grief, whose life with death's benumbed:  
    Thou coffin art not his, nor he is thine;  
Mine art thou: thou the dead, & not the livings shrine.

31

You few thinne boards, how in so scant'd room  
So quiet such great enemies contain ye?  
All joy, all grief lies in this narrow tombe:  
You contraries, how thus in peace remain ye,  
    That one small cabin so should entertain ye?  
    But joy is dead, and here entomb'd doth lie,  
While grief is come to moan his dead-lov'demie.

32

How many vertues in this little space  
(This little little space) lie buried ever!  
In him they liv'd, and with them every grace:

In him they liv'd, and di'd, and rise will never.  
Fond men! go now, in vertues steps perserver;  
Go sweat, and toil; thus you inglorious lie:  
In this old frozen age vertue it self can die.

33

Those petty Northern starres do never fall;  
The unwasht Beare the Ocean wave despises;  
Ever unmov'd it moves, and ever shall:  
The Sun, which oft his head in night disguises,  
So often as he falls, so often rises;  
And stealing backward by some hiden way,  
With self same light begins and ends the yeare & day.

34

The flowers, which in the absence of the Sunne  
Sleep in their winter-houses all disarm'd,  
And backward to their mothers wombe do runne;  
Soon as the earth by Taurus horns is warm'd,  
Muster their colour'd troups; and freshly arm'd,  
Spreading their braving colours to the skie,  
Winter and winters spight, bold little elves, defie.

35

But Vertues heav'nly and more glorious light,  
Though seeming ever sure, yet oft dismounteth;  
And sinking ever low, sleeps in eternall night,  
Nor ever more his broken speare remounteth:  
Her sweetest flower, which other flowers surmounteth  
As farre as roses nettles, soonest fadeth:  
Down falls her glorious leaf, & never more it bladeth.

36

And as that dainty flower, the maiden rose,  
Her swelling bosome to the Sunne discloses;  
Soon as her lover hot and fiery grows,  
Straight all her sweets unto his heat exposes,  
Then soon disrob'd her sweet and beautie loses;  
While hurtfull weeds, hemlocks, & nettles stinking  
Soon from the earth ascend, late to their graves are sinking.

37

All so the vertuous bud in blooming falls,

While vice long flourishing late sees her ending:  
Vertue once dead no gentle spring recalls;  
But vice springs of it self; and soon ascending,  
    Long views the day, late to his night descending.  
    Vain men, that in this life set up your rest,  
Which to the ill is long, and short unto the best!

38

And as a dream, where th' idle fancie playes,  
One thinks that fortune high his head advances;  
Another spends in woe his weary dayes;  
A third seems sport in love, and courtly dances;  
    A fourth to finde some glitt'ring treasure chances;  
    Soon as they wake, they see their thoughts were vain,  
And either quite forget, or laugh their idle brain:

39

Such is the world, and such lifes quick-spent play:  
This base, and scorn'd; that great, in high esteeming;  
This poore, and patched seems; that rich, and gay;  
This sick, that sound; yet all is but a seeming:  
    So like that waking oft we fear w' are dreaming;  
    And think we wake oft, when we dreaming play.  
Dreams are as living nights; life as a dreaming day.

40

Go then, vain life; for I will trust no more  
Thy flattering dreams: death, to thy resting take me:  
Thou sleep without all dreams, lifes quiet shore,  
When wilt thou come? when wilt thou overtake me?  
    Enough I now have liv'd; loath'd life forsake me:  
    Thou good mens endlesse fight, thou ill mens feast;  
That at the best art bad, and worst art to the best.

41

Thus as in teares she drowns her swollen eyes,  
A sudden noise recalls them; backward bending  
Her weary head, there all in black she spies  
Six mournfull bearers, the sad hearse attending,  
    Their feet and hands to that last dutie lending:  
    All silent stood she, trembling, pale, and wan;  
The first grief left his stage, a new his part began.

42

And now the coffin in their arms they take,  
While she with weight of grief sat still amazed;  
As do sear leaves in March, so did she quake,  
And with intented eyes upon them gazed:  
    But when from ground the doleful hearse they raised,  
    Down on the beer half dead she carelesse fell;  
While teares did talk apace, and sighs her sorrows tell.

43

At last, Fond men (said she) you are deceiv'd;  
It is not he, 'tis I must be interred:  
Not he, but I of life and soul bereav'd;  
He lives in heav'n, among the saints referred:  
    This trunk, this headlesse body must be buried.  
    But while by force some hold her, up they reare him,  
And weeping at her tears, away they softly beare him.

44

But then impatient grief all passion proves,  
She prayes & weeps; with teares she doth intreat them:  
But when this onely fellow passion moves,  
She storms and raves, and now as fast doth threat them;  
    And as she onely could, with words doth beat them;  
    Ah cruell men, ah men most cruell, stay:  
It is my heart, my life, my soul you beare away.

45

And now no sooner was he out of sight,  
As if she would make good what she had spoken,  
First from her hearts deep centre deep she sigh'd;  
Then, (as if heart, and life, and soul were broken)  
    Down dead she fell; and once again awoken,  
    Fell once again; so to her bed they bore her:  
While friends (no friends) hard love to lie and grief restore her.

46

Unfriendly friends, (saith she) why do ye strive  
To barre wisht death fro mhis so just inression?  
Your pitie kills me; 'tis my death to live,  
And life to die: it is as great oppression  
    To force out death, as life from due possession;  
    'Tis much more great: better that quickly spills

A loathed life, then he that with long torture kills.

47

And then, as if her guiltlesse bed offended;  
Thou trait'rous bed, when first thou didst receive me,  
Not single to thy rest I then ascended:  
Double I came, why should I single leave thee?  
    Why of my better part dost thou bereave me?  
    Two prest thee first: why should but one depart?  
Restore, thou trait'rous bed, restore that better part.

48

Thus while one grief anothers place inherits,  
And one yet hardly spent, a new complained:  
Griefs leaden vapour dulls the heavy spirits,  
And sleep too long from so wisht seat restrained,  
    Now of her eyes un'wares possession gained;  
    And that she might him better welcome give,  
Her lord he new presents, and makes him fresh to live.

49

She thinks he lives, and with her goes along;  
And oft she kiss'd his cheek, and oft embraced;  
And sweetly askt him where he staid so long,  
While he again her in his arms enlaced;  
    Till strong delight her dream and joy defaced:  
    But then she willing sleeps; sleep glad receives her;  
And she as glad of sleep, that with such shapes deceives her.

50

Sleep widow'd eyes, and cease so fierce lamenting;  
Sleep grieved heart, and now a little rest thee:  
Sleep sighing words, stop all your discontenting;  
Sleep beaten breast; no blows shall now molest thee.  
    Sleep happy lips; in mutuall kisses nest ye:  
    Sleep weary Muse, and do not now disease her:  
Fancie, do thou with dreams and his sweet presence please her.

*FINIS.*

---

To my deare friend, the SPENCER  
of this age.

Deare friend,

*NO more a Stranger now: I lately past  
Thy curious Building; call'd, but then my haste  
Deny'd me a full draught; I did but taste.*

*Thy Wine was rich and pleasing; did appeare  
No common grape: My haste could not forbear  
A second sippe; I hung a Garland there:*

*Past on my way; I lasht through thick and thinne,  
Dispatch'd my businesse, and return'd agen;  
I call'd the second time; unhors'd, went in:*

*View'd every Room; each Room was beautifi'd  
With new Invention, carv'd on every side,  
To please the common and the curious ey'd:*

*View'd every Office; every Office lay  
Like a rich Magazen; & did bewray  
Thy Treasure, op'ned with thy golden key:*

*View'd every Orchyard; every Orchyard did  
Appeare a Paradise, whose fruits were hid  
(Perchance) with shadowing Leaves, but none forbid:*

*View'd every Plot; spent some delightfull houres  
In every Garden, full of new-born flowers,  
Delicious banks, and delectable bowers.*

*Thus having stepp'd and travell'd every staire  
Within, and tasted every fruit that's rare  
Without; I made thy house my thorough-fare.*

*Then give me leave, rare Fletcher, (as before  
I left a Garland at thy Gates) once more  
To hang this Ivie at thy Postern-doore.*

FRANCIS QUARLES.

FINIS.

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[1] *This stanza, like the first, is unnumbered in the 1633 text. Thus, it is presumed that a new section begins here.* Ed.

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The Purple Island

Piscatory Eclogues

Miscellany



Renascence Editions