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THE POEMS OF

THOMAS CAREW.
THOMAS CAREW.
Ælat. sux 35. 1633
From a medallion of him by Tarin
THE POEMS OF

THOMAS CAREW

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

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

HAZLITT.

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

PRINTED FOR THE ROXBURGHE LIBRARY
M DCCC LXX
CHISWICK PRESS:—PRINTED BY WHITTINGHAM AND WILKINS,
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.
TO.

FREDERIC WILLIAM COSENS, ESQ.

OF CLAPHAM,

THE PRESENT VOLUME IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS SINCERE AND OBLIGED FRIEND,

THE EDITOR.
PREFACE.

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

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

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

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

This volume is embellished with an engraving of the medallion of Carew himself by Jean Varin. The likeness seems to have been executed in 1633, and purports to represent the poet in his thirty-fifth year. It was superfluous to reproduce the portrait by Vandyke, preserved in the Royal Collection at Windsor, and already inserted in Mr. Procter’s *Effigies*
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Poetica, 1824. It appears that Varin also made a likeness of the poet's wife, and that this was in the possession of Mr. Fry, of Bristol, or at least accessible to that gentleman, who proposed to give both in his announced edition. Neither medallion is to be found in the British Museum; but that of Carew was fortunately engraved by Thane in 1794; and from a beautiful impression of this scarce print it is transferred to the present pages. In the memoir below will be found a signature, believed to be the author's autograph; and in a note further on I have given another of a rather less authentic character, but which, after all, may be genuine, and which, if so, belongs of course to a much later period of life; it has been copied from the margin of one of the leaves in Mr. Wyburd's MS., referred to elsewhere.

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

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

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

1. Poems. / By Thomas Carew / Esquire. / One of the Gentlemen of the / Privie-Chamber, and Sewer in / Ordinary to His Majesty. / London, / Printed by I. D. for Thomas Walkley, / and are to be sold at the signe of the / flying Horfe, betweene Britains/ Burfe, and York-Houfe. / 1640. /

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

2. Poems. / By Thomas Carew / Esquire. / One of the
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Gentlemen of the Privie-Chamber, and Sewer in Ordinary to His Majesty. The second Edition revised and enlarged. London, Printed by I. D. for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at the signe of the flying Horfe, betweene Brittains Burfe, and Yorke-Houfe. 1642.

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

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

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

4. Poems, Songs And Sonnets. Together with a Mafque: By Thomas Carew Esq; One of the Gentlemen of the Privy-Chamber, and Sewer in Ordinary to His late Majesty. The Songs set to Muftick by Mr. Henry Lawes, Gentleman of the Kings Chappell, and one of His late Majefties Private Muftick. The Fourth Edition revised and enlarged. London, Printed for H. Herringman at the Blew Anchor in the Lower Walk, of the New Exchange, and are to be sold by Hobart Kemp at the Sign of the Ship in the Upper Walk of the New Exchange. 1671.

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

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


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


Octavo, pp. vii and xii + 214. Edited by Mr. Thomas Maitland, a Lord of Session, and only 125 copies (it is said) printed. In an Appendix the poems not contained in the edition of 1640 are added from the editions of 1642 and 1671, but not very correctly. The edition has also the disadvantage of presenting a mixture of original and modern orthography; those poems which form the appendix having been adapted to the existing standard of spelling, while the body of the volume is a literal reprint of the edition of 1640.
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Small octavo, pp. 224. An edition of no value, and chiefly a reprint of that of 1824.


Non habeo ingenium; Caesar fed iufr: habebo,
Cur me poft nonem, poft quod ille putat?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The following description of this important MS. is borrowed from Mr. Black's Catalogue of the Ashmolean MSS., 1845, p. 38:—"A folio MS. closely written on paper in the former part of the XVIIth century. A large collection of miscellaneous English Poetry, Songs, Elegies, Epigrams, and Epitaphs, original and selected: with the names of the authors subscribed to their respective pieces, where known to the writer, Nicholas Burghe; and with an Index to the same lately prefixed."
7. Ashmole MS. 47. This MS. has also yielded a few readings. It contains several poems by Carew. Mr. George Waring has collated them all for me.

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

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

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

11. A MS. on paper, oblong 8° size, containing (not reckoning many blanks) thirty-nine leaves. In the same collection, for which it was procured some few years since from a bookseller at Ashton-under-Lyne: it is referred to in the Notes as MS. Cofens B. obl. 8°. It has proved
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extremely serviceable in the present case, for although it has not yielded any unpublished poem by Carew, it has furnished one or two important elucidations, as will be found pointed out elsewhere. The MS. contains six pieces by our author.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

W. C. H.

Kensington.
October 1, 1870.

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

It seems that we are not without authority for the belief, that Thomas Carew, of whose poetical writings the present volume seeks to represent the first complete and satisfactory collection, was a younger son of Sir Matthew Carew, of Middle-Littleton, Worcestershire, by his wife Alice Inkpenny. Sir Matthew was this lady’s second husband; she was the daughter of Sir John Rivers, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1573,¹ and the son of Richard Rivers of Penhurst.² Of Lady Carew’s first husband we do not happen to have met with any particulars.

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

Sir Matthew Carew, who was bred to the law, and rose to be a master in Chancery, a position which he occupied about five and thirty years, was the tenth of the nineteen children of Sir Wymond Carew, K.B., of East Antony, on the confines of Devonshire and Cornwall, near Plymouth, and of Kingland, Hackney, Middlesex,¹ by his wife Martha, daughter of Sir Edmund Denny, of Cheshunt, Herts, &c., who died in 1520, and sister of Sir Anthony Denny, K.G., who was one of the executors of King Henry VIII. Sir Matthew was born, probably at Hackney, in 1533-4; was educated at Westminster School under Alexander Nowell, and at Trinity College, Cambridge; took his Master's degree in 1551, and having abandoned his original intention of taking holy orders, followed the law as his profession.² He travelled in France and Italy, visited the universities of Louvaine, Paris, Padua, Bologna, and Sienna, obtained his doctor's degree, and was appointed companion and tutor to Henry, Earl of Arundel, in his tour through Italy. Returning home with his pupil, Dr. Carew practised in the Court of Arches till 1576, when he was successful in obtaining a Mastership in Chancery which he held, it is supposed, till his death. The honour of knighthood was conferred on him in 1603. The registers of St. Dunstan's in the West contain the following entry:—"1618. Aug. 2. Mathew Carew, Knight." The tablet erected to his memory in the church, with a long Latin inscription, was in all probability written by

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

² Nichols, Collect. ubi jupr. It has been stated incorrectly that the poet belonged to the Carews of Gloucestershire, in which county I do not trace the family; but Sir John Carew was sheriff of Somersetshire in 1634. Cal. St. Papers, Ch. i. 1634-5, p. 105.
Carew himself. The first draft of it, supposed to be in his own hand, is in Harl. MS. 1196.¹

By his wife aforesaid, Sir Matthew had a very large family, and it is curious that he not only followed his father's example here, but shared Sir Wymond Carew's misfortune in surviving nearly all his children. Three only, Martha, Matthew and Thomas, outlived, it appears, the period of childhood.²

Sir Matthew Carew the younger, the poet's elder brother, was born at Wickham, in Kent, April 3, 1590.³ He seems to have entered the military service, and to have distinguished himself in Ireland. He was made a knight banneret in 1609, at the very early age of nineteen. Sir Matthew resided during the first portion of his married life in the parish of St. Dunstan's in the West, as his father had done; and the baptisms of five of his children are recorded in the registers.⁴

Thomas Carew, the author of the Poems contained in the present volume, was perhaps the youngest child of his father, Sir Matthew. The pedigrees which we possess name only Matthew (the eldest son), Martha, whose first husband was Mr. James Cromer, of Kent, afterwards knighted,⁵ and

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Right Honorable my most singul' good L4.

"I have bene thus long in giving y' Lp account of y' success of my business, by reason of my L4 Carewes absence from this towne, where after I was arrived & had awhile con- sulted wth my fath' & oth' frends, it was thought fitt I should

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repayre unto him to ye Queenes Court, with then with ye King & Princes was at Woodstock, where I delivered ye L's lett'.

His answere to me was, ye he had already in that employment a M' of Artes, whose heaven yeares service had not yet deferved to be so displaced, & added, ye I being his kinman might expect from him all those greatest curtesies whatsoever, whereunto his neereness of blood did oblige him, with I should alwayes finde him readie to performe, but to admit me into his familie as a servant, it was a thing, sayde he, farre beneath ye qualitie, & with my blood could not suffer without much reluctance. I told him ye my comming was not to supplant any man, but ye I thought this late addition of hon' might have made those small abilities with I had acquired by my travells & experience in ye L's service, of use to his, with I did humbly prostitute before his L. whose if he thought not my youth unworthy so greate honor, I should eftimme my self no wayes disparaged by his service. He replyed ye my languages & whatever serviceable partes I had would rust in his service for want of use, & therefore prayed me to propone to my self any other means wherein he might pleasurme me; were it ye service of some other whoe had more employment & better means of preferment for a Secretarie, or whatsoever project I could devise; wherein he promised not only to employe his creditt but his purse, if neede were, & so referred me to his returne to London for his answere to ye L's lett', at what time he would talke more at large with me & my fath' about his busines. This is ye issue of my hopes with my L Carew, nor am I likely to gayne any thing at his return heth' from him but fayre wordes & complement.

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

Y' L's

most humbly devoted

“London this 2. of Septemb' 1616.”

Tho. Carew.”

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

1 [endorsed]  

To the Right Honble my moft singul'r good L's Sir Dudley Carleton, Knight, L's Ambassad' for his Majest with the States of ye United Provinces of ye Low Contreyes at the Hage.
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more hopeful expectations, and added some items of miscellaneous news.

"Right Honble my moft singul' good L."

"Since my laft to y' L of y' 2d of this pût my L. Carewes repayre to towne gave me occasion to attend his resolution at his lodging: wth he delivered wth much passion, protefting y' he did not therefore refufe me becaufe he had no intent to take care or charge of me, for I should upon any occasion be affured of y' contrary, but merely for y' he should have no emplyment for me, & therefore prayed me, fince he tendred herein my owne good more then his particul' intereft, to furance this fuite & prevayle my felf of him in an oth' kinde; to y' fame effect was his excufe to my fath', fo as y' string hath fayled, but as there was ever more appearance, fo doe I conceave better hope of good fuccefs, wth my L. of Arondell, & y' Rath' becaufe my L. Carew hath fo willingly engaged himself in my behalf & promifeth to deale very effectually for me, but chiefly when I shall have y' L recommendation wth I dayly expect.

"Allthough I know y' L hath very particul' advertifments of all y' occurrents here, yet becaufe other mens fayth can not fave me, as neyth' th' penns discharge my duty, I will be bold to give y' L notice of what I have obferved or learned fince my arrivall.

"My L. Roos tooke his leave this morning of y' King but goes not yet thefe tenne dymes, his bravery entytaynes both Court & citie wth discourse, his golden liveryes are fo frequent in y' ftreetes, y' it is thought they have th' severall walkes, & are duly relieved by Sig'. Diegos appoyntment; he came this day to y' Court attended wth 10 or 12 Gent. 8 pages very richly accoutred in fuites of 8o a pece, & fome 20 itaffiers all in gold lace. Sig' Diego protefted y' all y' liveryes (for

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1 Domestic James I. 1616, July—Ott. vol. 88, No. 77.
every man hath two suites) cost 2500\(^d\) ster. besides my L\(^d\) giveth to 20 Gent y' attend him 50\(^d\) a man to equipe themselves for the voyage; he hath with him 3 Secretaries. Mr. Goldburrough whome y' L\(^r\) knew in Italy is one, & Duncomb a second, & two Chaplaines. There goe w\(^h\) him 12 Gent en compagnon, amongst y' rest S' Ed. Sommerfett, S' Richard Lumley newly knighted for y' voyage, M'. Giles Bridges, & M'. Tho. Hopton; they imbarke at Portsmouth, & thence goe by sea to Lisbon. Sig' Diego leaves my L\(^d\) at y' seafide.

"My L\(^4\) Dingwell is returned from Venice, hath seene France & Italy & brought home a chayne of 2000 scudi, w\(^h\) is all y' effect of his journey.

"Mr. Albert Morton hath taken his leave of y' K. & doth w\(^h\) in 15 dayes take his journey for Heidelberg; his waye, unless he bee co\(\mathbb{N}\)manded to the contrary (he fayes) shal lye by y' Haghe.

"S' Ed. Cecill arrived here on Sunday last & went this morning w\(^h\) my L\(^d\) Roos to kifs y' K's handes.

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

"I was told by a Gent of good creditt that there is lately happened a great breach betwene y' new created Viscount Villiars & M'. Secretary Winwood, w\(^h\) is likely much to impayre M'. Secretaries credit w\(^h\) his Ma\(^y\), and ca\(\mathbb{N}\) all at least y' gaynfull employment uppon S' Tho. Lake; y' occasions of th' particul' disguists I can not yet learne.

"Sig' Diego & Duncomb have bene very busy at y' Exchange in compounding in th' L\(^d\)s name w\(^h\) y' Spani\(\mathbb{N}\) merchants for a Shipp of th' L\(^d\)s lately taken in Spayne, whereof y' King is determined to make a present to my L\(^d\) Roos, & w\(^h\) he is bound to restore, but y' merchants offer my L\(^d\) for composition or rath' a gratuitie 5000\(^d\). This money w\(^h\) y' 5000\(^d\) ex-
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traordinary he hath from ye King & 6th per diem since the first of May, considering my Le goes to Lisbon by sea & shall from thence be defrayed to Madrid, will with little addition discharge his voyage.

"But ye I should be to injurious to ye Le for use I would add ye pruif discourses of my Le Cooke, but they are fo various & fo uncertayne ye they serve only to rompre la teste, only ye more popul' & generall bruie hath given him a Barronry in lieu of his Chief Jufticeshipp, wherewth it had invested Mr. Record' Mountague, but he for being too corrupt is now supplantet, & ye aura popularis hath conferd ye hon' on Baron Tanfield.

"These enclosed ye Attorney Grals Secretary recoinended to my address this morning.

"It is thought Viscount Villars & Sr John Deckam of ye Dutchie office shall shortly be preferd to ye Counfell table.

"Mr. Shireburn perfwades me to attempt Viscount Villiers service, who hath only Mr. Packer (a man though well skild in home busineffes, yet altogeth ignorant of forrayne); but as I have no waye open to him, so have I no appetite if I fayle in my present project, to hazard a third repulfe; howsoever I shall governe my self according to ye Le letteth with th' recommendetion to my Le of Arundell I doe with greate devotion attend.

"Thus I in all humilitie take leave & rest

Y Le

"London this 11th of 7th 1616. most humbly devote to ye service

Tho. Carew."

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

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1 [endorfed] "Tom Carew the 11th of 7th 1616."

“But that I could not lett this messenger goe emptie, I should not have given y’ L[5] the trouble of these lines at this time, not having any thing worth y’ L[5] knowledge, nor being able as yet to resolve yow of y’ effect of my busines by reason of my L[4] of Arondells indefinite anfweare, whereby he holdes me in fufpence though not w’owt hope of good succes; for he protesteth y’ if he can by any means fatisifie the pretences of two competitors, whoe are w[6] dayly importunitie recommended unto him from his hon[ble] and especiall good frendes w[6] (he fayes) he will endeavour & hopes to effect, he will then w[6] all willingness embrace my service, y’ tender whereof he takes very kindly; thus much he hath profesed unto my L[4] Carew whoe made the firft overture to M’ Shireborn, who in y’ L[5] name feconded y’ recommendation, & to my self craving besides a fortnights repfite, w[6] doth w[6]in these fewe dayes expire; in y’ meane time my L[4] Carew doth promife to omit no occafion or argument of peruaſion, fo as if y’ L[5] recommendatory lett[4] (w[6] would very opportunely arrive in this coniunctre, & y’ attending whereof may happily be occafion of my L[4] of Arondells delaye) should meete w[6] thefe circumftances I might well hope this busines would sort to y’ wished issue. I have in this interſice had leſſure to fee my fifter, Grandmoth’, & oth’ my frends in Kent, whoe remember th’ moft affectionate services to y’ L[5] & my Lady. I came down yefterday & will on Monday returne to London, at what time the King will be there: when it is expected y’ resolution abowt my L[4] Chief Juſtic & many oth’ businesſes will be taken, of y’ effect whereof I will be bold to advertise y’ L[5].

“My L[4] Rosses coſmoration here is uppon new businesſes prolonged, y’ negotiaſion whereof will allſoe lengthen his reſidence in Spayne; he hath taken a second leave of y’ King (at what time M’. Giles Bridges was knighted), but departeth not yet these 8 dayes.

1 Domestic James I. 1616, July—Ol. vol. 88, No 87.
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"Not having wherew\textsuperscript{a} to give y' L\textsuperscript{e} furth' trouble, I humbly take leave, [and] rest

V. L. Jrs

Most humbly dvntrd
to y'. servis

Tho. Carew

" Tunstall this
20\textsuperscript{th} of 7\textsuperscript{bre} 1616. fl\textsuperscript{o} vet.\textsuperscript{1}

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

\textsuperscript{1} [endorsed]

"To the Right Hon\textsuperscript{ble} my most fig\textsuperscript{le} good L\textsuperscript{s} Dudley Carleton Knight, L\textsuperscript{s} Amb’ for his Ma\textsuperscript{te} w\textsuperscript{th} the States of the United Prov\textsuperscript{s} of the Low Countreyes at the Haghe."

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

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

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

"To Tho: Carew." 2

I.
"Vpon my conscience, whenso e're thou dy'ft,
(Though in the black, the mourning time of Lent)
There will be seen in Kings-street (where thou ly'ft)
More triumphs than in days of Parliament.

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

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

1 Lyfons says merely: "Sunninghill Park was formerly part of the royal demesnes; and is supposed to have been granted by King Charles 1. to the family of Carey. Sir Thomas Draper of Sunninghill Park, who was created a baronet in 1660, married an heiress of that family."—Magna Britannia, i. 382.
2 Davenant's Poems, 1638, pp. 136-7.
"Thy Wit's chiefe Virtue is become its Vice;
For ev'ry Beauty thou haft rays'd so high,
That now coarfe Faces carry such a price
As must undoe a Lover, if he buy.

Scarce any of the Sex admits commerce;
It shames mee much to urge this in a Friend;
But more, that they should so mislake thy Verfe,
Which meant to conquer, whom it did commend."

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

The intimacy of Carew and Davenant, of which of course there is abundant evidence in the following pages themselves, seems to receive a little further illustration from a short piece in a volume by Clement Barkfdale,—Nympha Libethris: Or the Cotswold Muse, 1651. This slight link in the chain of biographical evidence belongs to the year 1638, when Davenant's "Madagafcar, and other Poems" came from the press. If I may be allowed to guess, the subjoined lines refer to a copy of Davenant's little volume, dispatched to Carew by Barkfdale, while the former was staying at Saxham in Suffolk with his good friends the Crofts:

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1 Surv. of Lond. 1720, book vi. p. 81.
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"Ad Thomam Carew, apud Joh. Crofts"

cum Davenantii Poematibus.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But John Hales of Eton was bound to Carew by even a closer tie than that of mere social intimacy; he was connected with him by marriage: for the poet’s sister, Lady Crowmer, had re-married after her first husband’s death Sir Edward Hales. Hales of Eton seems to have been regarded by Carew and by the poet’s friends as a kind of Mentor, whose services were to be put in requisition, whenever it was thought necessary to read a lecture, or to receive assurances of reform and contrition. Isaak Walton, in his MSS. collections for the life of Hales, prefers an anecdote, which belongs of course to a comparatively late period in Carew’s life: “Then was I told this by Mr. Anthony Faringdon, and have heard it discoursed by others, that Mr. Thomas Cary, a poet of note, and a great libertine in his life and talk, and one that had in his youth been acquainted with Mr. Hales, sent for Mr. Hales, to come to him in a dangerous fit of sickness, and defired his advice and absolution, which Mr. Hales, upon a promise of amendment, gave him (this was, I think in the country). But Mr. Cary came to London, fell to his old company, and into a more visible scandalous life, and especially in his discourse, and being much troubled in mind, procured Mr. Hales to come to him in this his sickness and agony of mind, defying earnestly, after confession of many of his sins, to have his prayers and his absolution. Mr. Hales told him he should have his prayers, but would by no means give him either the sacrament or absolution.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

"To the Kings most Excellent Maiestie."

"The most humble Petiçon of John Robinson
Vicar of Sunninghill in y' Countie of Berks.

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

"But the Petiçoner being a poor man charged wth wife and children, and altogether unable to wage Law wth them—

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

"Most humbly beseecheth yo' Ma"s to bee graciously pleased to referre y° participlers to y° consideracion of y° Most Reverend Father in God the Lord Arch. Bp. of Canterbury his Grace, and y° Lord Keeper of yo' Ma" Great Seale of England, authorising them to call y° Executo" of y° said M'. Carew, or such others as it may concerne, before them & upon hearing y° Pet' & such witneses as hee shall produce, & examinacion of y° Allegacion herein, to settle such a Course for releife & maintenance of y° Pet' & his Succesors in that Church as in their grave wifdomes shalbee thought fitt.

"And the Petitioner, &c."

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

31 May.¹

Lo. Archb[ishop]
Lo. Keep[er]

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

his acōn at Law upon the Stat. of Ed. 6. for not setting forth of tythes against M' Carewe and M' Fyshe; whereto the Defts shall ūntly appeare gratis & plead this terme, so as the matter may speed to tryall att the next aßises for y' Contey; & no advantage to bee taken on either side, but to infiß upon the right only, whether there bee such a rate or noe, & (admitting there bee) whether it will barre the Pet', the Pke being now for y* most pte imployst for tyllage & other ußes and very few deere in y* fame. And their Lo* this next Termé will further consider how the Pet' (in case the tryall fall out againſt the Pet') may bee relieved.1

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

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

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

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

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

Wood and others have omitted to notice that Suckling\(^1\) has a copy of verses, purporting to be a dialogue between Carew and himself upon the Countess of Carlisle, the *Lucinda* of the following pages. When the meagre character of the information which has come down respecting Carew is considered, I trust that I shall be pardoned for introducing such a purely collateral piece of illustrative matter as this same Dialogue will be seen to be:—

**Upon my Lady Carlifles walking in Hampton-Court-Gardens.**

**Dialogue.**


*Thom.*

Didst thou not find the place inspir'd,  
And flowers, as if they had desired  
No other Sun, start from their beds  
And for a fight fleal out their heads?  
Heardst thou not musick when she talkt?  
And didn't not find that, as she walk't,  
She threw rare perfumes all about,  
Such as bean-blossoms newly out,  
Or chafed spices give?  

*J. S.*  

I must confess those perfumes (*Tam*)  
I did not smell, nor found that from  
Her passing by ought sprung up new:  
The flowers had all their birth from you;  
For I pass't o'er the selfsame walk,  
And did not find one single stalk  
Of any thing that was to bring  
This unknown after after spring.

---

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

Thom.
Dull and insensible, couldn't see
A thing so near a Deity
Move up and down, and feel no change?

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

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

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

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

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

```
"The Pris'ner also craiv'd he might be heard,
While he againft a jury-man preferr'd
A juft exception: his requcft was granted,
And fraught with malice, though much wit he wanted.
He gentle Mr. Cary did refuse,
Who pleas'd the Ladies with his courtly mufe:
He faid that he by his luxurious penne
Deferv'd had better the *Trophonian Denne*
Then many now which flood to be arraign'd;
For he the *Thespian Fountaine* had deftain'd
With foule conceits, and made their waters bright
Impure, like thofe of the *Hermaphrodite*.
He faid that he in verfe more loofe had bin
Than old Charephanes, or Areine
In obfene portraitures, and that this fellow
In *Helicon* had reard the first *Burdello*;
That he had chang'd the chaft *Cajialian Spring*
Into a *Carian Well*, whose waters bring
Effeminate defires and thoughts uncleane
To minds that earft were pure and moft ferene.
Thus fpake the pris'ner, when a furious glance
Was darted from *Apollo's* countenance."
```

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

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

¹ *The Great Affifes Holden in Parnaffos by Apollo and his Affiffors, &c. 1645, 4°, pp. 24-6.* One of the affiffors or jurors is Carew himself.
Some Account of

From Censure sharp, and expiate those crimes
Which are not fully his, but rather Times:
But let your Grace vouchsafe that he may try,
How he can make his own Apology:
Apollo then gave Cary leave to speake,
Who thus in modest fort did silence breake.

In widomes nonage and unriper yeares
Some lines flipp'd from my penne, which since with teares
I laboured to expunge. This Song of mine
Was not infus'd by the Virgins nine,
Nor through my dreams divine upon this Hill
Did this vain Rapture issue from my quill.
No Theopian waters, but a Paphian fire,
Did me with this foule extase inspire:
I oft have wish'd, that I (like Saturne) might
This Infant of my folly smother quite;
Or that I could retract what I had done
Into the boforme of Oblivion.
Thus Cary did conclude: for, press by griefe,
Hee was compell'd to be concise and briefe:
Phaebus at his contrition did relent,
And Edicts soon through all Parnassus sent,
That none should dare to attribute the shame
Of that fond Rapture unto Caryes name,
But Order'd that the infamy should light
On those, who did the same read or recite.”

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

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

1 Carew's piece so called. See present volume, p. 62.
2 [Pocula Cystalia, 1650, p. 102. Mr. Haleswood's Note.]
In his poems, written between 1636 and 1653, which still remain in MS. George Daniel of Bewick thus introduces Carew in company with some of his poetical compatriots and contemporaries:

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

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

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

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

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

1 Addit. MS. Brit. Mus. 19255, fol. 18. This beautiful volume, which was formerly in Mr. Caldecott's library, was purchased at his sale in 1833 by Lord Kingsborough, and in 1852 was acquired for the British Museum.
2 Dyce's Shirley, 1833, vi. 427.
Some Account of

Two years after the appearance of Stipendiaria Lachrymæ, Samuel Holland published his little volume entitled Don Zara del Fogo, a mock-romance, and there introduced a group of the English poets, who had lived in the preceding age, comfortably installeth in Elysium, as the author of the Lachrymæ had done before: "Spence waited upon by a numerous troop of the best book-men in the world: Shakespeare and Fletcher surrounded with their life-guard: viz. Goffe, Massinger, Decker, Webster, Sucklin, Cartwright, Carew, &c. ¹

[Headley has remarked: "The consummate elegance of this gentleman [Carew] entitles him to very considerable attention. Sprightly, polished, and perspicuous, every part of his works displays the man of sense, gallantry and breeding. Indeed, many of his productions have a certain happy finish, and betray a dexterity both of thought and expression much superior to any thing of his contemporaries, and (on similar subjects) rarely surpassed by his successors. Carew has the ease without the pedantry of Waller, and perhaps less conceit. He reminds us of the best manner of Lord Lyttelton. Waller is too exclusively considered as the first man who brought versification to anything like its present standard. Carew's pretensions to the same merit are seldom sufficiently either considered or allowed. Though Love had long before softened us into civility, yet it was of a formal, ostentatious and romantic cast; and, with a very few exceptions, its effects on composition were similar to those on manners. Something more light, unaffected, and alluring was still wanting; in everything but sincerity of intention it [Poetry] was deficient. . . . Carew and Waller jointly began to remedy these defects.

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

"To Tho. Carew.

"No Lute or Lover durst contend with thee,
Hadst added to thy love but charity.

[lemon] [Paman]."—H.
In them Gallantry, for the first time, was accompanied by the Graces.”

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

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

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

> “Well might that charmer his faire Coelia crowne,
> And that more poliht Tyterus renowne
> His Sacrifice, when in groves and bowres
> They could repose their limbs on beds of flowers:”

Poems, by Hazlitt, p. 10.

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

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

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

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

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

It is almost impossible for us at this time to clear up the confusion between Thomas Cary, son of Henry, Lord Lepington, who was afterwards Earl of Monmouth, and Thomas Carew. This confusion is, perhaps, increased by the twofold circumstance, that both these accomplished men had literary tastes, and that both held an office at court. Cary was a
gentleman of the bed-chamber; Carew, a gentleman of the privy-chamber, and fewer-in-ordinary. Even Lawes\textsuperscript{1} attributes to Cary the poem commencing:—“Farewell, dear Saint,” which occurs in none of the editions of Carew; and Lawes ought to have been acquainted with the true state of the case. Can it be the fact, then, that some of the pieces, constantly ascribed to Carew, proceeded from the pen of the Honourable Thomas Cary, his contemporary and friend? This question of authorship, where so many persons, with the same initials, not to say an almost identical name (for Cary and Carew are still frequently pronounced alike), is one very difficult to determine; but certainly in the small collection of pieces, which is comprised in the Poems of Carew, there is a correspondence of style, tone, and treatment, which seems to indicate the existence of one and the same hand throughout. Upon the whole, I am disposed to think that Lawes has erred in the attribution to Cary of the Bed-chamber of the lines before mentioned; such mistakes were by no means rare in those days; and the whole texture of the composition tempts us to claim it for the more distinguished author. The same view must, I think, be entertained with regard to the other poem first published by Fanthawe, in his English version of Guarini, 1648 and 1664; there also the writer is said to have been “Mr. T. C. of his Majesties Bed-Chamber;” but the character and style of the production betrays its parentage, unless Cary was a happier imitator of Carew, than any man before or since.

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

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

My conclusion upon the whole is, that there were certainly two persons coexistent, both of whom were known as Thomas Carey or Cary, the second syllable of Carew being then, as now, more usually than otherwise pronounced short; that Thomas Carew the Poet, and not Thomas Cary of the bed-chamber, was the writer of all the poems which are extant in print or MS. with the name Carew or Cary attached to them, and that Cary's poetical efforts were exclusively confined to the very poor metrical compositions to be found in his translation of La Serre, 1639. Following up this deduction from such testimonies as I have been able to collect for myself, I have included, in the present edition, both the pieces printed by Fanhawe, with his Pastor Fido, in 1648, and attributed (as I consider, by mistake) to Cary in the Ayres and Dialogues, 1653.\footnote{I have little or no doubt that the Thomas Cary, who received the grant of a pension of £500 a-year in 1625 from Charles I., was the gentleman of the Bed-chamber, as he is termed indeed in the instrument (Rymer's Foederæ, edit. 1749, viii. Part 1, p. 69), and not the poet.}
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THE WORKS OF

THOMAS CAREW.

The Spring.¹

OW that the winter’s gone, the earth hath loft
Her snow-white robes; and now no more the frost
Candies² the grass, or casts an ycie cream
Upon the silver lake or chryftall streme:
But the warne sunne thawes the benummed earth,
And makes it tender; gives a fecond³ birth
To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsie cuckow and the humble-bee.
Now doe a quire of chirping minstrels sing,
In tryumph to the world, the youthfull Spring:
The vallies, hills, and woods in rich araye
Welcome the comming of the long’d-for May.

¹ Old printed copies; Add. MS. Brit. Mus. 11811, fol. 4.
² This beautiful idea seems closely imitated from Drayton. See his Quæf of Cynthia, in Poems, 4° [folio] 1627, p. 137.
³ Since when those frosts that Winter brings,
 Which candy every greene.”

² Sacred—old printed copies.
Now all things smile; onely my Love doth lowre;
Nor hath the scalding noon-day funne the power
To melt that marble yce, which still doth hold
Her heart congeal'd, and makes her pittie cold.
The ox, which lately did for shelter flie
Into the stall, doth now securely lie
In open field; and love no more is made
By the fire-side, but in the cooler shade.
Amyntas now doth by his Cloris sleepe
Under a fycamoure, and all things keepe
Time with the seafon: only thee doth carry
June in her eyes, in her heart January.

To A. L.

Perswasions to Love.¹

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

---

¹ Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (imperfect at the beginning);
Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 4 (where it is called His counsell to his Mistrefse);
Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 39 (with the same title); Harl. MS. 6931, fol. 25
(ditto); Ashmole MS. 47, art. 101 (where the title is: An Admonition to coy
acquaintance).
² Fayre as Helen, freth as May.—Addit. MSS. 11811 and 22118, and
Harl. MS. 6931. Allò in a MS. seen and collated by Hailewood, and in
Ashm. MS. 47.
Thomas Carew.

Of rare beauty and sweet feature
Was bestow'd on you by nature
To be enjoy'd; and 'twere a finne
There to be scarce, where shee hath bin
So prodigall of her best graces.
Thus common beauties and meane faces
Shall have more pastime, and enjoy
The sport you loose by being coy.
Did the thing for which I fue
Onely concerne my selfe, not you:
Were men so fram'd, as they alone
Reap'd all the pleasure, women none,
Then had you reason to be scant;
But 'twere a madneffe not to grant
That which affords (if you consent)
To you the giver more content
Than me the begger. Oh then bee
Kinde to your selfe if not to mee;
Starve not your selfe, becaufe you may
Make me thereby to pine away;
Neither let brittle beautie make
You your wiser thoughts forfake;
For that now lovely face will faile:
Beautie is sweet, but beautie's fraile;
'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done,
Than summer's raine, than winter's fun;
Moft fleeting when it is moft deare:
'Tis gone while wee but say 'tis here.
These curious locks, fo aptly twin'd,
Whose every' haire a soule doth bind,
Will change their abroun hue, and grow

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

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

\(^1\) fools—Addit. MSS. 11811 and 22118.
The snake each yeare fresh skin resumes,
And eagles change their aged plumes;
The faded rose each spring receives
A fresh red tincture on her leaves:
But if your beauties once decay,
You nere shall know a second May.
O then be wise, and whilst your season
Affords you dayes for sport, doe reason;
Spend not in vain your lives short hour;
But crop in time your beautie's flower,
Which will away, and doth together
Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

TO HIS MISTRESSE RETIRING IN AFFECTION.¹

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

The Works of

LIPS AND EYES.

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

A DIVINE MISTRIS.

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

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

2 Old printed copies; Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 6 (where it is called His M' s her perforations); Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 40 (with the same title).
Thomas Carew.

Yet I confesse I cannot spare
From her just shape the smallet haire;
Nor need I beg from all the store
Of heaven for her one beautie more:
She hath too much divinity for mee:
You Gods! teach1 her some more humanitie.

His Perplexed Love.

If she must still deny,
Weepe not, but dye:
For my Faire will not giue
Loue enough to let me live,
Nor dart from her faire eye
Scorne enough to make me dye.
Then let me weep alone, till her kind breath
Or blow my teares away, or speake my death.2

A Beautifull Mistris.3

Song.

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

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

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

A Cruell Mistris. ¹

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

¹ Old printed copies; Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 6 verso (where the lines are headed His love neglected); Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 4o (with the same heading); Ashmole MS. 47, art. 83 (unsigned).
Murdring Beautie.¹

Song.

I'll gaze no more on her bewitching face,
Since ruine harbours there in every place;
For my enchanted soule alike the shee crownes
With calmes and tempests, of her smiles and frownes.
I'll love no more those cruel eyes of hers
Which, pleas'd or anger'd, still are murderers:
For if shee dart (like lightning) through the ayre
Her beams of wrath, shee kills me with despaire;
If shee behold me with a pleasing eye,
I surfeet with excess of joy, and dye.

My Mistris Commanding Me to Returne her Letters.²

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

¹ Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (imperfect at end); Add. MS. 11811, fol. 4 verso (where the lines are headed On his Mistriss); Harl. MS. 4957, fol. 10 (where it is headed A Charmed Beauty), and the 3rd and 4th lines 5th and 6th.

² Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 7 verso; Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 41-2; Harl. MS. 6931, fol. 50; Ashmole MS. 47, art. 132 (imperfect).
The Works of

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

ERE not, dear Love, that I'le reveale
Those houre of pleafure we two steale;
No eye fhall see, nor yet the fun
Defcry, what thou and I have done;

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

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

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

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

Song.

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

1 Old printed copies; Cofens MS. A 4°; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (imperfect at end;) Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 7 recto and verso (where the poem is called A Sigh) Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 39, (with the same title).

2 Browne's Brit. Past. b. i. l. 4:
"A western, milde, and pretty whispering gale,
Came dallying with the leaves along the dale."

[Roxb. Lib. edit. i. 118, and compare ibid. ii. 270.] Pope seems to have had this passage in view, when he wrote:
"Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away;
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey."—F.
Every weed into a flower;
Turne each thistle to a vine,
Make the bramble eglantine:
For so rich a bootie made
Doe but this, and I am payd.
Thou canst with thy powerfull blast
Heat apace, and coole as faft;
Thou canst kindle hidden flame,
And againe destroy the fame.
Then for pittie either stir
Up the fire of love in her,
That alike both flames may shine,
Or else quite extinguish mine.

Mediocritie in Love rejected.²

Song.

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

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

¹ This and the following line are omitted in Addit. MSS. 11811 and 22118.
² Old printed copies; Lawes (Ayres and Dialogues, book i, 1653, p. 21). In the Ayres and Dialogues it is set to music. See Lovelace’s Poems, edit. Hazlitt, 1864, p. 135 and Note.
Thomas Carew.

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

Good Counsel to a Young Maid.¹

Song.

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

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

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

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

¹ We shall observe, once for all, that elegance characterizes all our Poet's Love Pieces. This Song, with the Persuasions to Love, &c. and several other Poems which the judicious reader will easily distinguish, are incontestable proofs of it.—D.
Then beware! for those that cure
Love's diseafe, themſelves endure
For reward a calenture.

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

To my Mistris sitting by a Rivers Side.

An Eddy.¹

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

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

Be thou this eddy, and I'lle make
My breasf thy shore, where thou shalt take
Secure repose, and never dreame
Of the quite forsaken streame:
Let him to the wide ocean haft,
There loxe his colour, name, and taft:
Thou shalt save all, and, safe from him,
Within these armes for ever swim.

Conquest by Flight.¹

Song.

ADYES, flye from Love's smooth tale,
Oathes steep'd in tears doe oft prevale;
Griefe is infectious, and the ayre,
Enflam'd with sighes, will blast the fayre:
Then ftop your ear/es, when lovers cry,
Left yourfelfe weepe, when no foft eye
Shall with a forrowing teare repay
That pittie which you caft away.

Young men, fly, when beautie darts
Amorous glances at your hearts:
The fixt marke gives the shooter ayme;
And ladyes' looks have power to mayme;
Now 'twixt their lips, now in their eyes,
Wrapt in a smyle or kiffe, Love yes;
Then flye betimes, for only they
Conquer love that run away.

¹ The second stanza of this song is to be found in **Feftum Voluptatis, or the Banquet of Pleasure**, by S[amuel] P[ick], 1639, 4º.—F
To my Inconstant Mistris.\footnote{Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 17, \textit{verso}; Addit. MS. 11, 811, fol. 7 (second and third stanzas only); Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 41 (second and third stanzas only); Lawes' \textit{Ayres and Dialogues}, 1653, p. 8, (with the music); Lawes omits the second stanza.}

\textit{Song.}

\begin{verbatim}
WHEN thou, poor excommunicate
From all the joyes of love, shalt see
The full reward and glorious fate
Which my strong faith shall purchase me,
Then curse thine own inconstancy.

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

Then shalt thou weep, entreat, complain
To Love, as I did once to thee;
When all thy tears shall be as vain
As mine were then; for thou shalt bee
Damn'd for thy false apostasy.
\end{verbatim}

Perswasions to Joy.

\textit{Song.}

\begin{verbatim}
If the quick spirits in your eye
Now languish, and anon must dye;
If every sweet and every grace
Must fly from that forsaken face;
\end{verbatim}
Thomas Carew.

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

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

A Deposition from Love.¹

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

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

¹ Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburi's MS.; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 17, verso.
The Works of

Which, had they but a lasting state,
Or if in Celia's breast
The force of love might not abate,
Jove were too mean a guest.
But now her breach of faith far more
Afflicts, than did her scorn before.

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

INGRATEFULL BEAUTY THREATNED.¹

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

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

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

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

DISDAINE returned.  

That loves a rosie cheeke,
Or a corall lip admires,
Or, from ftar-like eyes, doth feekte
Fuell to maintaine his fires;

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

"His plumes onely imp the Muses wings:
He sleepe with them: his head is rapt with baies."—Chapman's Conspiracie and Tragedie of Charles Duke of Byron, 1608.

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

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

1 Old printed copies; Porter's Madrigalles and Ayres, 1632 (with the
The Works of

As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

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

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

A Looking Glasse. 2

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

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

music); Ashmole MS. 39, art 8, (signed Mr. Tho. Carew); Cofens MS. B. obl. 8°.; Lawes' Ayres and Dialogues, book 1, 1653, p. 12 (with the music); Academy of Compliments, 1658. Porter prints the first and second stanzas only; perhaps the remainder was added subsequently.
1 "I hate those cruel eyes."—Askm. MS.
2 Old printed copies; Mr. Wybard's MS.; MS. Chetham (Halliwell's Catalogue of Proclamations, &c. 1851).
Thomas Carew.

Gaze no more on that killing eye,
For feare the native crueltie
Doome you, as it doth all, to dye.

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

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

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

ON HIS M\textsuperscript{th}. LOOKEING IN A GLASSE.\textsuperscript{1}

[Another Version.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

Change but your sorne: my verfe shall chafe
Decay far from you, and your face
Shall shine with an immortall grace.

An Elegie on the La. Pen.⁠¹ sent to my
Mistresse out of France.

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

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

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

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1 Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; Rawl. MS. 84 (with a few variations).
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Whilft both with equall lufter shine,
Mine bright as yours, yours bright as mine.
There, feast in those heavenly bowers,
Wee'le cheat the long and lingring houres,
Making our bitter abfence sweet,
Till foules and bodyes both may meet.

Excuse of Absence.¹

YOU'LE aske perhapps wherefore I stay,
Louinge foe much, foe longe away?
O doe not thinke 'twas I did part:
It was my body, not my hart.
For, like a compaffe, on your loue
One foote is fixt, and cannot moue.
Th' other may follow the blinde guide
Of giddy Fortune, but not flide
Beyond your fervice, nor dare venter
To wander farre fro you the center.

A Ladies Prayer to Cupid.²

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

¹ This and the succeeding piece occur in Cofens MS. only; they are not found in the old printed copies. Both poems are subscribed with Carew's initials, and accompany productions well known to be from his pen.
² These lines are inserted in Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter, 1655, p. 116, anonymously.
Thomas Carew.

But, gentle Cupid, giue mee, if you can,
One to my loue, whom I may call a man.
Of perfon comely and of face as sweete,
Let him be sober, secret and discreete.
Well practi'd in louses schoole, let him within
Weare all his beard, and none vpon his chinn.

To her in Absence.

A Ship.

OST in a troubled sea of griefes, I floate
Farre from the shore in a storme-beaten boat;
Where my sad thoughts doe (like the compasse) shew
The severall points from which croffe winds doe blow.
My heart doth, like the needle, toucht with love,
Still fixt on you, point which way I would move:
You are the bright Pole-farre which, in the darke
Of this long absence, guides my wandring barke:
Love is the pilot; but, o'recome with fear
Of your displeasure, dares not homewards fleare.
My fearfull hope hangs on my trembling stayle,
Nothing is wanting but a gentle gale;
Which pleasant breath must blow from your sweet lip.
Bid it but move; and, quick as thought, this ship
Into your armes, which are my port, will flye,
Where it forever shall at anchor lye.
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Eternitie of Love protested.¹

Song.

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

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

Upon some Alterations in my Mistresse, after my Departure into France.

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

¹ Old printed copies; Coens MS. A. 410; Addit. MS. Br. Mus. 11811, fol. 7 (where it is headed The quality of his love); Add. MS. 22118, fol. 41.
² Coens MS. reads they.
Thomas Carew.

Gulfs of disdain do gape to overwhelm
This boat, nigh sunk with grief; whilst at the helm
Dispair commands;
And round about the shifting lands
Of faithless love and false inconstancy,
With rocks of cruelty,
Stop up my passage to the neighbour lands.

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

Good Counsell to a Young Maid.¹

HEN you the sun-burnt pilgrim see
Fainting with thirst, hast to the springs;
Mark how at first with bended knee
He courts the crystal nymph, and flings
His body to the earth, where² he
Prostrate adores the flowing deity.

¹ Old printed copies; Poems, edit. 1772, p. 34; Mr. Huth’s Berkeley MS.; Addit. MS. Br. Mus. 11811, fol. 12. In the Berkeley MS. it is headed: Good Counsell to a Maiden, by Mr. Tho. Cary. An imitation occurs in Holborn Drollery, 1673, p. 29.
² when, Berkeley MS.
The Works of

But when his sweate\(^1\) face is drencht
In her coole waves, when from her sweet
Befome his burning thrist is quencht;
Then marke how with disdainfull feet
He kicks the banks, and from the place
That thus refreft him, moves with fullen pace.

So shalt thou be despis'd, faire maid,
When by the fated\(^2\) lover tafted;
What firft he did with teares invade
Shall afterward with fcorne be wafted;
When all thy virgin-springs grow dry,
Then no ftreame shall be left but in thine eye.\(^3\)

Celia bleeding. To the Surgeon.

OND man, that canst beleve her blood
Will from those purple chanels flow;
Or that the pure untainted flood
Can any foule distemper know;
Or that thy weake fteele can incize
The cryftall cafe wherein it lyes.

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

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\(1\) _butter_, Berkeley MS.
\(2\) _glutted_, Berkeley MS.
\(3\) This little poem is entirely worthy of Carew's sense and elegance.—D.
Thomas Carew.

But thou reply'ft, Behold, she bleeds!
   Foole, thou'rt deceiv'd; and doft not know
The mystique knot whence this proceeds,
   How lovers in each other grow;
Thou struckft her arm, but 'twas my heart
Shed all the blood, felt all the smart.

To T. H. A Lady resembling my Mistresse.¹

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

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

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

Then entertaine this wand'ring guest,
And if not love, allow it reft;
It left not, but mis钱财, the neift.

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

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

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

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

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

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

To Saxham.²

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

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

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

¹ A great Bird-cage, in which the Birds have room to fly up and down.—D.
The Works of

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

Upon a Ribbon tyed about his arme

by a Lady.\(^2\)

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

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

\(^2\) Old printed copies (where it is headed merely Upon a Ribband); Mr. Wybard's MS.; Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 13; Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 44; Cofens MS. B. obl. 8° (where it is headed as above).
Fetters of lafting love; this hath entwin'd
My flesh alone, that hath empalde my mind.
Time may weare out these soft weak bands; but those
Strong chaines of braffe fate shall not discompoſe.
This holy relique may preferve my wrift,
But my whole frame doth by that power subaift:
To that my prayers and sacrifice, to this
I onely pay a superstitious kiffe:
This but an idoll, that's the deitie:
Religion is due there, here ceremonie:
That I received by faith, this but in truft;
Here I may tender dutie, there I muſt.
This order as a layman I may beare,
But I become love's priſſet when that I weare.
This moves like ayre, that as the center stands;
That knot your vertues tide, this but your hands;
That Nature fram'd, but this was made by Art;
This makes my arme your prifoner, that my heart.

Another Version.¹

HIS filken wreath, which circles in myne arme,
Is but an Embleme of that miſtike² charme,
Wherew⁵ the magiq[ue] of yo' beautie binds
My captiue hart, and round⁶ about it winds
Fetters of lafting loue; y' doth entwyne
My flesh alone: this make[s] my foule yo' fhryne.

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

Confuming age may those weake bonds deuide;
But this strong charmee noe eye shall see vntyed.
To ye, as to a relique, I may giue
An outward worshipp: but by this I liue.
My dayly sacrifice and pray'rs to this:
There I but pay a superstitious kisse.
That is the Idoll, this the dietie:
Religio here is due, there, ceremony:
I am to this, that's given to my truft:
Here I may pay tribute, there I muft.
That order as a layman I may beare;
But I become Love's priefft, when this I weare,
I over this, that over me comands:
This knott yo' virtues tyes, but that yo' hands.
This Nature made, but y' was made by Art;
This makes my arme yo' prifoner, that my hart.

To the King at his entrance into Saxham,

by Master Io. Crofts.¹

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

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

**Upon the Sicknesse of E. S.**

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

A New-Yeares Sacrifice.
To Lucinda. 1632.¹

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

¹ The Egyptians, in their Hieroglyphics, represented the year by a serpant
rolled in a circular form, biting his tail, which they afterwardsworshipped:
to which the poet here alludes. This was the famous serpant which Claudian
describes:

"Perpetuum; virens squamis, caudam; reducito
Ore vorans, tacito religens exordia morfu."—D.

² In the margin of Mr. Wyburd's MS., at this point, occurs in what may
not improbably be the autograph of Carew: Addi T. Car. A facsimile is
annexed:
To one who when I prais'd my Mistris’ beautie said I was blind.

*Song.*

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

To my Mistris, I burning in love.

*Song.*

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

---

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

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

To her againe, she burning in a feaver.

Song.¹

Now she burnes as well as I,
Yet my heat can never dye;
She burnes that never knew desire,
She that was yce, she now is ² fire;
She whose cold heart chafe thoughts did arme,
So as loves flames could never warme
The frozen bosome where it dwelt
She burnes, and all her beauties melt;
She burnes, and cryes, Loves fires are milde,
Feavers are Gods, and hees a Childe:
Love, let her know the difference
'Twixt the heat of soule and fence;
Touch her with thy flames divine,
So shalt thou quench her fire and mine.

¹ Ibid.
² Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 3. The printed editions have that was.
UPON THE KINGS' SICKNESSE.

SICKNESSE, the minister of death, doth lay
So strong a feige against our brittle clay,
As whilst it doth our weake forts fingly win,
It hopes at length to take all mankind in.
First, it begins upon the wombe to waite,
And doth the unborne child there uncreate;
Then rocks the cradle where the infant lyes,
Where, e're it fully be alive, it dyes.
It never leaves fond youth, unti it have
Found or an early or a later grave.
By thousand subtle sleights from heedleffe man
It cuts the short allowance of a span;
And where both fober life and art combine
To keepe it out, age makes them both resigne.
Thus by degrees it onely gain'd of late
The weake, the aged, or intemperate;
But now the tyrant hath found out a way
By which the fober, strong and young decay:
Entring his royall limbes that is our head,
Through us (his misfique limbes) the paine is spread;
That man that doth not feele his part, hath none
In any part of his dominion;
If he hold land, that earth is forfeited,
And he unfit on any ground to tread.
This griefe is felt at Court, where it doth move
Through every joynct, like the true foule of love.
All those faire fтарres, that doe attend on him,
Whence they deriv'd their light, wax pale and dim.
That ruddie morning beame of Majeftie,
Which shou’d the sun’s eclipsed light supply,

1 Charles I.—D.  
2 Old printed copies; Mr Wyburd’s MS.
Is overcast with mists, and in the liew
Of cherefull rayes fends us downe drops of dew:
That curious forme made of an earth refin'd,
At whose blest birth the gentle planets shin'd
With faire aspeets, and sent a glorious flame
To animate so beautifull a frame;
That darling of the gods and men doth weare
A cloude on's brow, and in his eye a teare:
And all the rest (save when his dread command
Doth bid them move) like liveleffe statues stand;
So full a griefe, so generally wore,
Shewes a good King is sick, and good men mourne.

To a Lady not yet enjoy'd by her husband. 3

Song.

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

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

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

A Dragon kept the golden fruit,
Yet he those dainties never tafted;
As others pin’d in the purfuit,
So he himfelfe with plentie wafted.
Let eaglets, &c.

The Willing Prisoner to his Mistris.

Song.

ET fooles great Cupid’s yoake disdaine,
Loving their owne wild freedome better;
Whilft, proud of my triumphant chaine,
I fit and court my beauteous fetter.

Her murdring glances, fnaring haires,
And her bewitching smiles fo please me;
As he brings ruine, that repaires
The fweet afflictions that difeafe me.

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

And let thoſe eyes, whose motion wheeles
The refleffe fate of every lover,
Survey the paines my ficke heart feeles,
And wounds themselves have made discover.
A Flye that flew into my Mistris her Eye.\textsuperscript{1}

\begin{verbatim}
WHILE this Flye liv'd, she us'd to play
In the bright sunshine all the day;
Till, comming neere my Celia's sight,
She found a new and unknowne light,
So full of glory, that it made
The noone-day fun a gloomy shade;
At laft this amorous Fly became
My rivall, and did court my flame.
She did from hand to bofome flcip,
And from her breasts, her cheeke, and lip,
Suckt all the incenfe and the spice,
And grew a Bird of Paradise:
At laft into her eye flie flew;
There scorcht in heate and drownd in dew,
Like Phaeton, from the fun's fpheare
She fell, and with her dropt a teare,
Of which a pearle was ftaight compos'd,
Wherein her ashes lye enclos'd.
Thus flie receiv'd from Celia's eye
Funerall flame, tombe, obfequie.
\end{verbatim}

\textsuperscript{1} Old printed copies; Ashmole MS. 38, art. 10 (where it is called \textit{The Amorous Fly}); Ashmole MS. 47, art. 35; Mr. Huth's "Scattergood" MS. (where it is called simply \textit{An Elegie on a Flie}); Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 11; Harl. MS. 6931, fol. 2 (where the title is: \textit{Upon a fly drownd in a Ladies eye}); Rawl. MS. 34 (with a few trivial variations). "Cleveland has closly imitated this poem in one with the fame title. See \textit{Poems}, ed. 1659, p. 126." — F. Haslewood collated the lines with two early MSS. but the variations are chiefly literal or mere tranfpofitions of words.
SAW fayre Celia walk alone
When feathered rayne came gently downe,
And Joue descended from her bower
To court her in a silver flower:
The wanton snow flew in her breast
Like prettie byrdes into theyr neft,
But overcomewith whitenes thare
For greyf ytt thawd into a teare;
Whence falling on her garments hem
To decke her freezezd into a gem.¹

ON A Lady [Celia] singing to her Lute
in Arundell Garden.

Song.²

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

¹ MS. Ashmole 38, art. 11. In Wits Recreations, 1640, it is printed with Chloris substituted for Celia. In the MS. it is unsigned, and follows immediately The Amouroufe fly. Printed in Pieces of Ancient Poetry, 1814, by Fry, and (under the supposition that it was in Herrick’s stytle) in my edit. of that writer, 1869, ii. 485. After all, it may be Carew’s.
² Old printed copies; Ashmole MS. 36, art. 65; Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 10; Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 42; Harl. MS. 6931, fol. 27. The printed editions have merely this heading: Song. Celia Singing. In the Ashmole copy the lines are entitled: “Upon Celia singing in y’ vault at York-howse;” and in Cofens MS. B. obl. 8vo. it runs: On her singing in y’ Gallery at Yorkehouse. In Addit. MS. 11811 and 22118, the heading is: On a Lady singing to her Lute in Arundell garden, as above. The internal evidence is in favour of this being the correct supercription.
The Works of

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

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

Celia singing.

Song.

You that thinke love can convey
No other way
But through the eyes into the heart
His fatal dart,
Close up those casements, and but heare
This syren sing;
And on the wing
Of her sweet voyce it shall appeare
That love can enter at the eare:
    Then unvaile your eyes: behold
    The curious mould
Thomas Carew.

Where that voyce dwels, and as we know,
    When the cocks crow,
    We freely may
    Gaze on the day;
So may you, when the musiques done,
Awake and see the rising sun.

To One that desired to know my Mistris. ¹

Song.

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

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

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

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

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

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

When first those perjur'd lips of thine,
Bepal'd with blasting sighes, did seale
Their violated faith on mine,
From the soft bofome that did heale
Thee thou my melting heart didst steale;
My soule, enflam'd with thy false breath,
Poyfon'd with kisses, suckt in death.

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

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

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

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

To my Rivall.²

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

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

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

Boldnesse in Love.²

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

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

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

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

CELIA. CLEON.

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

Cl. Sweet! let thy captive fetters weare
Made of thine armes and hands,
Till such, as thraldome scorne or feare,
Envie tho`se happy bands.

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

Cl. Happy that slave whom the faire foe
Tyes in fo soft a chaine.

Ce. Farre happier I, but that I know
Thou wilt breake loofe againe.

Cl. By thy immortall beauties, never!

Ce. Fraile as thy love 's thine oath.

Cl. Though beautie fade, my love lafts ever.

Ce. Time will destroy them both.

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

That the reader may not be surprized at our author's having entitled this piece a Pastorall Dialogue, in which we do not find even the most distant allusion drawn from pastoral life, it may be necessary to inform him, that it was a prevailing custom in our author's time to stye almost every poetical dialogue, of which Love was the subject, pastoral. Most of the wits of Charles's court left propriety to be studied by the following age.—D.


The Works of

Cl. I dote not on that snow-white skin.
Ce. What then? Cl. Thy purer mind.
Ce. It lov'd too foone. Cl. Thou hadst not bin
So faire, if not so kind.

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

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

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

Cl. But this small wraethe shall ever stay
In its first native prime,
And smiling when the reft decay,
The triumph finge of time.

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

Both. Thus are we both redeem'd from time;
Cl. I by thy grace. Ce. And I
Shall live in thy immortall rime,
Untill the Muses dye.
Thomas Carew.

Cl. By heaven! Ce. Sweare not; if I must weepe,
Jove shall not smile at me;
This kishe, my heart, and thy faith keepe.
Cl. This breathes my foule to thee.

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

GRIEFE INGROST.

HEREFORE doe thy sad numbers flow
So full of woe?
Why doft thou melt in such soft straines,
Whilft she disdaines?

If she must still denie,
Weepe not, but dye;
And in thy funerall fire,
Shall all her fame expire.

Thus both shall perifh; and as thou on thy hearfe
Shall want her teares, so she shall want thy verse.
Repine not then at thy blest state;
Thou art above thy fate.
But my faire Celia will not give
Long enough to make me live;
Nor yet dart from her eye
Scorne enough to make me dye.

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

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

A Pastorall Dialogue.¹

shepherd. nymph. chorus.

Shepherd.

HIS moffie bank they pref. Ny. That aged oak
Did canopie the happy payre
All night from the danke ayre.

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

Shep.

See, Love, the blufhes of the morne appeare,
And now she hangs her pearlie store
(Robb'd from the Eafterne shore,)
I'th' cowflips bell, and rofes rare:
Sweet, I muft lay no longer here.

Nymph.

Thofe ftreakes of doubtftull light ufher not day,
But shew my funne muft fet; no moone
Shall shine till thou returne;
The yellow planet and the gray
Dawne fhall attend thee on thy way.²

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

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

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

Mr. Fry alfo remarked this parallellifm, without being aware, it feems, that he had been forftalled.

² Todd has already, in his excellent edition of Milton, remarked the fimilarity between thefe two lines and Par. Loff, B. vii. v. 370.—F.
Shep.

If thine eyes guild my pathes, they may forbeare
Their ufeleffe shine.  

Nymph. My teares will quite
Extinguifh their faint light.

Shep. Thofe drops will make their beames more cleare,
Love's flames will shine in every teare.

Cho.

They kift, and wept, ¹ and from their lips and eyes,
In a mixt dew of brinnie sweat,
Their joyes and forrowes meet;
But the cryes out.  

Nymph. Shepherd, arife,
The fun betrayes us elfe to spies.

Shep.

The winged houres flye faft whilft we embrace,
But when we want their help to meet,
They move with leaden feet.

Nym. Then let us pinion Time, and chafe
The day for ever from this place.

Shep.

Harke!  

Ny. Aye me! stay.  

Shep. For ever?  

Ny. No, arife,
Wee muft be gone.  

Shep. My neft of fpice.

Nymph. My soule.  

Shep. My Paradife.

Cho. Neither could fay farewell, but through their eyes
Griefe interrupted speach with teares supplyes.

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¹ wept and kift—Wyburd MS.
² It is impoffible to pafs over thefe three lines with inattention. The
delicacy of the thought is equalled only by the fimplicity of the description.
Thofe soft fenfations, which arife in lovers, when their joys and forrows meet,
as a man of genius only can decribe them, fo a man of taife only can conceive
them.—D.
The Works of

Red and White Roses.¹

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

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

APPY youth, that shalt possess
Such a spring-tyde of delight,
As the fated appetite
Shall, enjoying such excess,
With the flood of pleasure less;
When the Hymeneal rite
Is perform’d, invoke the night,

¹ A learned friend has informed me that this is an imitation of Bone-
sonius.—F.
² Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 6 verso and 7 recto (where it
is headed merely To my Cozen on his marriage). Lady A. is for Ian Lady
Altham.
Thomas Carew.

That it may in shadowes dreffe
Thy too reall happinesse;
   Elfe (as Semele) the bright
Deitie in her full might
May thy feeble soule oppresse.
   Strong perfumes and glaring light
Oft destroy both smell and fight.

A Lover upon an Accident necessitating his departure consults with reason. 2

Lover.

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

Reason.

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

1 When Jupiter descended from heaven to Semele, she was dazzled and overpowered by the splendour of his divinity.—D.
2 Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd’s MS.; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 19; Lawes’ Ayres and Dialogues, 1655, p. 30 (with the music). Lawes calls it A Dialogue betwene a Lover and Reason.
Where entrance unto Truth is barr'd;
Where Love and Faith find no reward;
For my just hand may sometime move
The wheel of Fortune, not the spheare of Love.
Flye, &c.

Parting, Celia weepes.¹

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

A Rapture.²

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

¹ Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 19.
² Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6057, folios 1-4; Ashmole MS. 36, art. 197; Ashmole MS. 38, art. 82; Cotes MS. B. obl. 8vo.

In Cotgrave’s Wits Interpreter, 1655, p. 125, a poem with a similar title occurs anonymously. It commences:—
Of bafer subiects onely bend in vaine
To the vaft idoll, whilst the nobler traine
Of valiant lovers daily fayle betweene
The huge Coloffvs legs, and paffe unfeene
Unto the blifful fhole; be bold and wife,
And we shall enter; the grim Swiffe denies
Only tame fooles a paffage, that not know
He is but forme, and onely frights in fhow.
Lett thy dull eyes that looke from farre, draw neere,
And thou fhalt fcorne what we were wont to feare.
We fhall fee how the ftalking pageant goes
With borrowed legs, a heavie load to thofe
That made, and beare him; not, as we once thought,
The feed of Gods, but a weake modell wrought
By greedy men, that feeke t' enclofe the common,
And within private armes empale free woman.
Come, then, and mounted on the wings of love
Wee'le cut the fleeting ayre, and foare above
The monfter's head, and in the nobleft feate
Of thofe bleft shades quench and renew our heate.
There fhall the Queens of Love and Innocence,
Beautie and Nature, banifh all offence
From our close twinnings; there I will behold
Thy bared snow and thy unbraided gold;
There my enfranchiz'd hand on every fide
Shall o're thy naked polifh'd ivory flide.

"Solicit not my chaffer eyes"—
This poem contains loofer sentiments than any other part of Carew's works. The chaffity which generally characterizes our poet's mufe induces us therefore to believe, that it was written rather to prove his abilities than to plette his heart. It might have been the child of one of thofe poetical dreams, when poets fancy much more than they ever felt; and, indeed, the title he has given to it feems to imply, that it was written when the fancy had got the start of the judgment.—D. The MSS. vary a good deal, but not for the better, from the printed copies.
The Works of

No curteine, though of mofte transparent lawne,
Shall be before thy virgin-treasure drawne;
But the rich mine, to the enquiring eye
Expos'd, shall ready still for mintage lye,
And we will coyne young Cupids. There a bed
Of rofes and frefh myrtles shall be fpread
Under the cooler shade of cypresse groves;
Our pillowes, of the downe of Venus doves,
Whereon our panting limmes wee'le gently lay
In the faint respites of our active play;
That fo our flumbers may in dreams have leisure
To tell the nimble fancie our past pleafure;
And fo our soules that cannot be embrac'd,
Shall the embraces of our bodyes taste.
Meanwhile the babbling streame fhall court the shore;
Th' enamour'd chirping wood-quire fhall adore
In varied tunes the Deitie of Love;
The gentle blafts of wefterne wind fhall move
The trembling leaves, and through their clofe boughs breath
Still mufick, whilst we rest ourselves beneath
Their dancing shade; till a soft murmur, fent
From soules entranc'd in amorous languifhment,
Rouze us, and shoot into our veins frefh fire,
Till we in their sweet extafie expire.

Then, as the empty bee, that lately bore
Into the common treasure all her store,
Flyes 'bout the painted fields with nimble wing,
Deflowring the frefh virgins of the spring—
So will I rife all the fweets that dwell
In this delicious paradife, and fwell
My bagge with honey, drawne forth by the power
Of fervent kifles from each fpacie flower.
I'le feize the rofe-buds in their perfum'd bed,
The violet knots, like curious mazes fpread
O're all the garden; taste the rip'ned cherry,
The warme firme apple, tipt with corall berry;
Then will I visit with a wand'ting kiss
The vale of lillies and the bower of blisse;
And where the beauteous region doth divide
Into two milkie wayes, my lips shall slide
Downe those smooth allies, wearing as they goe
A tracke for lovers on the printed snow;
Thence climbing o're the swelling Appenine,
Retire into the grove of eglantine;
Where I will all those ravifht sweets distill
Through loves alimbique, and with chimmique skill
From the mixt maffe one soveraigne balme derive,
Then bring the great Elixir to thy hive.

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

The Roman Lucrece there reads the divine
Lectures of Love's great master Aretine,
And knowes as well as Lais how to move
Her plyant body in the act of love.
To quench the burning ravisher, she hurles
Her limbs into a thousand winding curls,
And studies artfull postures, such as be
Carv'd on the barke of every neighbouring tree
By learned hands, that so adorn'd the rinde
Of those faire plants which, as they lay entwinde,
Have fann'd their glowing fires. The Grecian dame,
That in her endlesse webb toyl'd for a name
As fruitleffe as her worke, doth now display
Herfelfe before the Youth of Ithaca,
And th' amorous sport of gameesome nights prefer
Before dull dreams of the loft traveller.
Daphne hath broke her barke, and that swift foot,
Which th' angry Gods had fast'ned with a root
To the fixt earth, doth now unfetter'd run
To meet th' embraces of the youthfull Sun;
She hangs upon him, like his Delphique lyre:
Her kifles blow the old, and breath new, fire;
Full of her God, she sings inspired layes,
Sweet odes of love, such as deserve the bayes,
Thomas Carew.

Which she herselfe was. Next her, Laura lyes
In Petrarch's learned armes, drying those eyes
That did in such sweet smooth-pac'd numbers flow,
As made the world enamour'd of his woe.
These, and ten thousand beauties more, that dy'de
Slave to the tyrant, now enlarg'd deride
His cancill'd lawes, and for their time mispent
Pay into Love's Exchequer double rent.

Come then, my Celia, we'e no more forbeare
To taste our joyes, struck with a pannique feare,
But will depose from his imperious sway
This proud usurper, and walke free as they,
With necks unyoak'd; nor is it just that hee
Should fetter your soft sex with chaftitie,
Which Nature made unapt for abstinence;
When yet this fale impostor can dispence
With humane justice and with sacred right,
And (maugre both their lawes) command me fight
With rivals and with emulous loves, that dare
Equall with thine mistresse eyes or hair.
If thou complain'st of wrong, and call my sword
To carve out thy revenge, upon that word
He bids me fight and kill, or else he brands
With markes of infamie my coward hands:
And yet religion bids from blood-shed flye,
And damns me for that act. Then tell me why
This goblin Honour, which the world adores,
Should make men atheifts, and not women whores.
The Works of

ODE.

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

THE MOURNFULL PARTYNGE OF TWO LOVERS
CAUSED BY THE DISPROPORTION OF ESTATES.

My once deare loue, haplesse that I no more
Muft call the[e] foe, the rich affection's store
That fedd our hopes lies nowe exhaust & spent,
Like fomes of treasure vnto banquervts lent.
Wee that didd nothing fuddy but the way
To loue each other: with which thoughts the day
Rofe with delights to vs, and with them fett.
Muft learne the hatefull art howe to forgett.
Wee, that did nothing with that heauen might giue
Beyond ourfelves, nor did desire to live
Beyond that night: all theis nowe cancell muft,
As is not writt in faith, but woords & duft.
But witnesse thofe cleere vowes which lovers make:
Witnesse the chaft desires that never breake
Into vnrule heates: witnes that breast

1 Ashmole MS. 36, art. 198. Not in the editions. In the MS. cited it immediately succeeds The Rapture.
2 Harl. MS. 6057, fol. 6 verso and 7 recto. Not in the editions. The lines are subcribed T. Car. by the copyist. The text has been given with scrupulous accuracy, but it is by no means free from obscurities.
Thomas Carew.

Which in thy bofome anchorde his whole neft,  
Tis noe defaulte in vs ; I dare acquite  
Thy maiden faith, thy purpose faire & white  
As thy pure selfe. Clofe planetts did confpire  
Our sweete felicity and harts defire  
Fafter then vowes could binde, fo that the fтарre  
(When lovers meete) shoule fтанde oppos'd in warre.  
Since then fome higher deftinies coηνάνd,  
Lett vs not fтарre or labour to withfatnd  
What is paft helpe : the longest date of grefe  
Can never yeild a hope of our releife.  
And though we wafte our selves in moist laments,  
Teares may drown vs, but not our discontents.  
Fould back our armes, take honours fruitleffe loues  
That muft newe fortunes trie ; like turtle-doues  
Dislodged from their haunt, wee muft in teares  
Vnwinde our loues knitt vpp in many yeares.  
In this lafte kiffe I heere furrender thee  
Backe to thy selfe. Loe, thou againe art free :  
Thou in another, fad as that, refign'd  
The trueft harte that lover ere did bind.  
Nowe turne from each foe farr our feverd harts,  
As the divorft foule from the bodie partes.

A Health to his Mistresse.¹

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

The Works of

Epitaph on the Lady Mary Villers.

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

Another.

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

1 Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 20.
Thomas Carew.

Another.¹

His little vault, this narrow room,
Of love and beauty is the tomb;
The dawning beam, that 'gan to clear
Our clouded sky, lies dark'ned here,
For ever set to us; by death
Sent to inflame the world beneath.²
'Twas but a bud, yet did contain
More sweetness than shall spring again;
A budding star, that might have grown
Into a fun, when it had blowne.
This hopefull beauty did create
New life in love's declining state;
But now his empire ends, and we
From fire and wounding darts are free;
His brand, his bow, let no man fear:
The flames, the arrowes, all lie here.

Epitaph on Lady S[alter] wife to Sir W. S[alter].³

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

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

Whose native colours and pure lustre lent
Her eye, cheek, lip, a dazzling ornament;
Whose rare and hidden virtues did express
Her inward beauties and mind’s fairer dress.
The constant diamond, the wise chrysolite,
The devout sapphire, emerald apt to write
Records of memory, cheerefull agat, grave
And serious onyx, topaz, that doth save
The braine’s calm temper, witty amathist:
This precious quarrie, or what else the lift
On Aaron’s ephod planted had, shee wore;
One only pearle was wanting to her store,
Which in her Saviour’s book she found express;
To purchase that she sold Death all the rest.

The Inscription on the Tombe of the
Lady Mary Wentworth.

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

OE here the precious dust is layd,
Whose purely-temper’d clay was made
So fine, that it the guests betray’d.

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

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

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

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

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

Learne from hence, reader, what small trust
We owe this world, where vertue muft,
Fraile as our fleth, crumle to dust.
The Inscription on the Tombe of the 
Duke of Buckingham.

Beatissimis manibus charissimi viri illustissima
coniux moerens sic parentavit.¹

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

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

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

THE OTHER INSCRIPTION ON THE SAME TOMBE.²

SISTE HOSPES, SIVE INDICENA, SIVE ADVENA, VICISSITUDINIS

RERUM MEMOR, PAUCA PELLEGE.

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

¹ This little poem is not deftitute of some pathetic touches, expressive of
the illustrious lady's grief, who is supposed to utter them; but the eight con-
cluding lines, instead of being the mournful monody of a widow, degrade it
into the wretched conceit of a poetafter. But this was the fultan of the
times.—D.

² Ubi supra. The heading in Mr. Wyburd's MS., omits the word pauca,
and the poem is a mere fragment there. In Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 21, the
heading is merely: An Epitaph on the Duke of Buckingham.
The Works of

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

But though the starrings confpire to shower
Upon one head th' united power
Of all their graces, if their dire
Aspects must other brefts inspire
With vicious thoughts, a murderer's knife
May cut (as here) their darlings life.
Who can be happy then, if Nature must,
To make one happy man, make all men just?
THOMAS CAREW.

FOURE SONGS, BY WAY OF CHORUS TO A PLAY,

AT AN ENTERTAINMENT OF THE KING AND QUEEN, BY

MY LORD CHAMBERLAIN:

THE FIRST OF JEALOUSIE. DIALOGUE.¹

Question.

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

¹ Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS (where it is merely headed A chorus of jealoujie); Harl. MS. 6917 (where this and the other three Songs which follow occur, with a general title as above and in the old edits). "These entertainments were frequent in Charles's court, and had always attached to them a musical interlude or some sumptuous piece of pageantry. On one of these occasions the present Songs were composed. They are written in imitation of the ancient manner." — D. Mr. Yeowell writing in Notes and Queries, (2nd Series, vi. 52) remarks: "This song is in [Thomas] Killigrew's tragi-comedy Cicilia and Clorinda, part ii. [written abroad in 1651], act v. sc. 2. Immediately after the song is the following note by Killigrew: 'This chorus was written by Mr. Thomas Carew, cupbearer to Charles I., and sung in a masque at Whitehall, anno 1633. And I presume to make use of it here, because in the first design, 'twas writ at my request upon a dispute held between mistres Cecilia Crofts and myself, where he was present; she being then maid of honour. This I have set down, lest any man should believe me so foolish as to steal such a poem from so famous an author; or so vain as to pretend to the making of it myself: and those that are not satisfied with this apology, and this song in this place, I am always ready to give them a verse of my own. Written by Thomas Killigrew, resident for Charles II. in Venice, 1651.'
From those immortall flames, could she
Draw her cold frozen pedigree.

Ques. If not in' heaven nor hell, where then
Has she her birth? Ans. In the hearts of men;
Beauty and Fear did her create,
Younger than Love, elder than Hate,
Sister to both, by Beauty's side
To Love, by Fear to Hate, ally'd; she,
Despayre her issue is, whose race
Of fruitfull mischiefs drowes the space
Of the wide earth in a s wolne flood
Of wrath, revenge, spight, rage and blood.

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

Ques. Yet rivers 'twixt their own bankes flow
Still fresh; can jealousy doe so?
Ans. Yes, whilst she keepes the stedfaft ground
Of Hope and Fear, her equall bound,
Hope sprung from favour, worth, or chance,
Towards the faire object doth advance;
Whilst Fear, as watchfull sentinell,
Doth the invading foe repell;
And Jealousie thus mixt doth prove
The seafon and the salt of love;
But when Fear takes a larger scope,
Stiffing the child of Reason, Hope,
Then sitting on the usurped throne,
She like a tyrant rules alone,
As the wilde ocean unconfin'd,
And raging as the northern winde.

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

In what esteem did the Gods hold
Faire Innocence and the chaste bed,
When sandall'd vertue might be bold
Bare-foot upon sharpe cultures spread
O're burning coles to March, yet seele
Nor scorching fire, nor piercing steele?²

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

Oh haplesse sex! Unequall sway
Of partiall honour! Who may know
Rebels from subjects that obey,
When malice can on vestals throw
Disgrace, and fame fixe high repute
On the clofe shamelesse prostitute?

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

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

Stop the chafed bore, or play
With the lyon’s paw, yet fear
From the lover’s side to tear
Th’ idoll of his foule away.

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

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

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

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

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

¹ Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd’s MS.; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 22.
IV. Incommunicabilitie of Love.¹

Quest.

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

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

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

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

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

So in equall distance lay
Two fayre lambs in the wolfe's way;
The hungry beafť will fteve e're chufe his prey.

But where one is chiefe, the reft
Ceafe, and that's alone posleff,
Without a rivall, monarch of the breft.

¹ Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 23.
Other Songs in the Play.

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

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

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

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

¹ Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (where it is merely headed The Amazons Song); Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 234.
[II.]  Another.

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

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

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

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

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

To Ben Jonson.¹

Upon occasion of his Ode of Defiance annexed to his
Play of the New Inn.²

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

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

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

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

Bride and Groome.¹

Groome.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bride. Thy bosome then I'le make my nest,
   Since there my willing soule doth pearch.

Grome. And for my heart, in thy chast brest,
   I'le make an everlafting fearch.

Chorus. O bleff diſjunction, &c.

Obsequies to the Lady Anne Hay.¹

HEARD the virgins sigh, I saw the fleake
And polifht courtier channell his freth cheeke
With reall teares; the new-betrothed maid
Smil'd not that day; the grave renate layd
Their businesse by; of all the courtly throng,
Grieſe seal'd the heart, and silence bound the tongue.
I, that ne're more of private sorrow knew
Than from my pen some froward mistrefle drew,
And for the publike woe had my dull fenfe
So fear'd with ever adverfe influence,
As the invader's fword might have unfelt
Pierc'd my dead bosome, yet began to melt;
Grieſe's strong instinct did to my blood fuggeſt
In the unknowne loffe peculiar interest.
But when I heard the noble Carlil's gemme,
The fayreft branch of Dennye's ancient femme,
Was from that casket stole, from this trunke torne,
I found juſt caufe why they, why I, fhould mourne.
But who fhall guide my artleſſe pen, to draw
Thofe blooming beauties, which I never faw?
How fhall posterity beleev'e my story,

¹ She was the daughter of James Hay, firſt Earl of Carlilfe [of that family.]
—D. He was created in 1622, and died in 1636.
If I her crowded graces, and the glory
Due to her riper vertues, shall relate
Without the knowledge of her mortall state?
Shall I, as once Apelles, here a feature,
There steale a grace, and rifling so whole Nature
Of all the sweets a learned eye can see,
Figure one Venus, and say, such was shee?
Shall I her legend fill with what of old
Hath of the worthies of her sex beene told,
And what all pens and times to all dispence,
Restrainte to her by a prophetique fence?
Or shall I to the morall and divine
Exadtefl laws shape, by an even line,
A life so strait, as it should shame the square
Left in the rules of Katherine or Clare,
And call it hers? say, so did she begin,
And, had she liv'd, such had her progresse been?
These are dull wayes, by which base pens for hire
Dawbe glorious vice, and from Apollo's quire
Steale holy dittyes, which prophanely they
Upon the herfe of every strumpet lay.

We will not bathe thy corps with a forc'd teare,
Nor shall thy traine borrow the blacks they weare:
Such vulgar spice and gums embalme not thee:
Thou art the theame of truth, not poetrie.
Thou shalt endure a tryall by thy peeres,
Virgins of equall birth, of equall yeares,
Whose vertues held with thine an emulous strife,
Shall draw thy picture, and record thy life.
One shall enpheeare thine eyes, another shall
Impearle thy teeth; a third, thy white and small
Hand shall besnow; a fourth, incarnadine
Thy rofie chekke, untill each beauteous line,
Drawne by her hand, in whom that part excells,
Meet in one center, where all beautie dwells.
Others in taske shall thy choyce vertues share,
Some shall their birth, some their ripe growth declare.
Though niggard Time left much unhatch'd by deeds,
They shall relate how thou hadst all the seeds
Of every vertue which, in the pursuit
Of time, must have brought forth admired fruit.
Thus shalt thou from the mouth of envy raise
A glorious journall of thy thrifty days,
Like a bright starre shot from his sphere, whose race
In a continued line of flames we trace.
This, if survay'd, shall to thy view impart
How little more than late thou wert, thou art;
This shall gaine credit with succeeding times,
When nor by bribed pens nor partiall rimes
Of engag'd kindred, but the sacred truth
Is floried by the partners of thy youth;
Their breath shall faint thee, and be this thy pride,
Thus even by rivals to be deifie.

To the Countesse of Anglesie
Upon the immoderatly-by-her-lamented Death of
her Husband [1630.]¹

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

¹ Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 24-5 (where the heading is differently arranged).

Christoper Villiers, third son of Sir George Villiers, by Mary, Countess of Buckingham, was created Earl of Anglesey in 1623, and died April 3, 1630.
The Works of

Prefent a gracefull blush to his darke eye.
Think ye that flood of pearly moyfture hath
The vertue fabled of old Æfon's bath?
You may your beauties and your youth consume
Over his urne, and with your sighes perfume
The solitarie vault which, as you grone,
In hollow ecohes shall repeate your moane;
There you may wither, and an autumn bring
Upon your selfe, but not call back his spring.
Forbeare your fruitlesse griefe then, and let those,
Whose love was doubted, gains belief with showes
To their suspected faith; you, whose whole life
In every act crown'd you a constant wife,
May spare the practife of that vulgar trade,
Which superstitious cuftome onely made;
Rather (a widow now) of wifedome prove
The patterne, as (a wife) you were of love:
Yet, since you surfet on your griefe, 'tis fit
I tell the world upon what cates you fit
Glutting your sorrowes; and at once include
His story, your excuse, my gratitude.
You, that behold how yond' sad lady blends
Those ashes with her teares, left, as she spends
Her tributarie sighes, the frequent guft
Might scatter up and downe the noble dust,
Know, when that heape of atomes was with bloud
Kneaded to solid flesh, and firmly flood
On flately pillars, the rare forme might move
The froward Juno's or chaft Cinthia's love.
In motion active grace, in rest a calme
Attracive sweetneffe, brought both wound and balme
To every heart. He was compof'd of all
The wishes of ripe virgins, when they call
For Hymen's rites, and in their fancies wed
A shape of studied beauties to their bed.
Within this curious palace dwelt a foule
Gave luftre to each part, and to the whole:  
This drest his face in curteous smiles, and so  
From comely gestures sweeter manners flow:  
This courage joyned to strength; so the hand bent  
Was valour's: open'd, bountie's instrument,  
Which did the scale and sword of Justice hold,  
Knew how to brandish steele and scatter gold.  
This taught him not to engage his modest tongue  
In suites of private gaine, though publike wrong;  
Nor misemploy (as is the great man's use)  
His credit with his master, to traduce,  
Deprave, maligne, and ruine innocence,  
In proud revenge of some misjudg'd offence.  
But all his actions had the noble end  
T' advance desert, or grace some worthy friend.  
He chose not in the active streame to swim,  
Nor hunted honour, which yet hunted him;  
But like a quiet eddie, that hath found  
Some hollow creeke, there turnes his waters round,  
And in continuall circles dances free  
From the impetuous torrent; so did hee  
Give others leave to turne the wheele of state,  
(Whose restlesse motions spins the subject's fate,)  
Whilst he, retir'd from the tumultuous noyse  
Of Court and suitors' pressle, apart enjoys  
Freedome and mirth, himselfe, his time, and friends,  
And with sweet relish tastes each houre he spends.  
I could remember how his noble heart  
First kindled at your beauties; with what art  
He chas'd his game through all oppofing feares,  
When I his sighes to you, and back your teares  
Convay'd to him; how loyall then, and how  
Constant he prov'd since to his mariage vow,  
So as his wand'ring eyes never drew in  
One luftfull thought to tempt his foule to finne;  
But that I feare such mention rather may
Kindle new griefe, than blow the old away.
   Then let him rest join'd to great Buckingham,
And with his brother's mingle his bright flame.
Looke up, and meet their beames, and you from thence
May chance derive a cheerfull influence.
Seeke him no more in dust, but call a-gen
Your scatter'd beauties home, and so the pen,
Which now I take from this sad elegie,
Shall sing the trophies of your conquering eye.

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

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

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

   "— Donne, worth all that went before."

He died in the year 1631.—D.
Thomas Carew.

Doctrines it may and wholesome uſes frame,
Grave homilies and lectures; but the flame
Of thy brave soule, that shot such heat and light,
As burnt our earth, and made our darkness bright,
Committed holy rapes upon the will,
Did through the eye the melting heart distill,
And the deepe knowledge of darke truths so teach,
As fent might judge what fancy could not reach—
MUST be defir'd for ever. So the fire
That fills with spirit and heate the Delphique quire,
Which, kindled first by thy Promethean breath,
Glow'd here awhile, lyes quencht now in thy death.
The Mufes' garden, with pedantique weedes
O'refpread, was purg'd by thee, the lazie seeds
Of servile imitation throwne away,
And fresh invention planted; thou didft pay
The debts of our penurious banquerout age:
Licentious thefts, that make poetique rage
A mimique furie, when our foules must be
Poffeft, or with Anacreon's extasie,
Or Pindar's, not their owne; the subtile cheate
Of fle exchanges, and the jugling feate
Of two-edg'd words, or whatsoever wrong
By ours was done the Greeke or Latine tongue,
Thou haft redeem'd, and opened as a mine
Of rich and pregnant fancie, drawne a line
Of masculine expression which, had good
Old Orpheus seene, or all the ancient brood
Our superstitious fooles admire, and hold
Their lead more precious than thy burnifht gold,
Thou hadft beene their exchequer, and no more
They each in others dung had search'd for ore.
Thou shalt yeeld no precedence but of time
And the blind fate of language, whose tun'd chime
More charmes the outward fene; yet thou may'ft claime
From so great disadvantage greater fame,
The Works of

Since to the awe of thy imperious wit
Our troublesome language bends, made only fit,
With her tough thick-rib'd hoopes, to gird about
Thy gyant fancie, which had prov'd too stout
For their soft melting phraeses. As in time
They had the start, so did they cull the prime
Buds of invention many a hundred yeare,
And left the rifled fields, besides the feare
To touch their harvest; yet from those bare lands,
Of what was onely thine, thy onely hands
(And that their smalles worke) have gleaned more
Than all those times and tongues could reap before.

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

O pardon me, that brake with untun'd verfe
The reverend silence that attends thy hearfe:
Whose solemne awfull murmurs were to thee,
More than these rude lines, a loude elegie,
That did proclaime in a dumbe eloquence
The death of all the arts, whose influence,
Growne feeble, in these panting numbers lyes
Gapping short-winded accents, and so dyes.
So doth the swiftly-turning wheele not stand
In th' instant we withdraw the moving hand;
But some short time retaine a faint weake course
By vertue of the first impulsive force;
And so, whilst I cast on thy funerall pile
Thy crowne of bayes, O let it crack awhile,
And spit disdain, till the devouring flashes
Suck all the molyture up, then turne to ashes.
    I will not draw the envy, to engrosse
All thy perfections, or weepe all the losse;
Those are too numerous for one elegie,
And this too great to be express by me.
Let others carve the rest; it will suffize
I on thy grave this epitaph incize:
Here lyes a King that rul'd, as he thought fit
The univerfal monachie of wit;
Here lyes two Flamens, and both those the best:
Apollo's first, at last the true God's priest.'

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

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

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

¹ Ingratefull—Wyburd MS.
² The title of a Poem written by [the Honourable Walter Montague].—D.
The Works of

It fill'd us with amazement to behold
Love made all spirit: his corporeall mold,
Dissected into atomes, melt away
To empty ayre, and from the grosse allay
Of mixtures and compounding accidents
Refin'd to immateriall elements.
But when the Queene of Beautie did inspire
The ayre with perfumes and our hearts with fire,
Breathing from her celestiall organ sweet
Harmonious notes, our foules fell at her feet,
And did with humble reverend dutie more
Her rare perfections than high state adore.

These harmlesse pastimes let my Townsends sing
To rurall tunes; not that thy Muse wants wing
To soare a loftier pitch, for she hath made
A noble flight, and plac'd th' heroique shade
Above the reach of our faint flagging ryme;
But these are subjects proper to our clyme.
Tourneyes,¹ masques, theaters better become
Our Halcyon dayes; what though the German drum
Bellow for freedome and revenge, the noyse
Concernes not us, nor should divert our joyes;
Nor ought the thunder of their carabins
Drowne the sweet ayres of our tun'd violins.
Believe me, friend, if their prevailing powers
Gaine them a calme securitie like ours,
They'le hang their armes upon the olive bough,
And dance and revell then, as we doe now.

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

Eade the black bull to slaughter, with the bore
And lambe; then purple with their mingled gore
The ocean's curled brow, that so we may
The sea gods for their carefull waftage pay;
Send gratefull incense up in pious smoake
To thse mild spirits, that cast a curbing yoake
Upon the flubborne winds, that calmly blew
To the wihtt shore our long'd-for Mountague.
Then, whilst the aromatique odours burne
In honour of their darling's safe returne,
The Mufe's quire shall thus with voyce and hand
Blefe the fayre gale that drove his ship to land:
   Sweetly breathing vernall ayre,
   That with kind warmth doest repayre
Winter's ruines, from whose brefet
All the gums and fpice of th' eafet
Borrow their perfumes; whose eye
Gilds the morne and cleares the fkie:
Whofe difhevel'd treffes shed
Pearles upon the violet bed,
On whose brow, with calme fbailes dreft,
The halcion fits and builds her netf;
Beautie, youth, and endleff fpriug,
Dwell upon thy roffe wing.
Thou, if stormy Boreas throws
Downe whole forrefts when he blowes,
With a pregnant flowery birth
Canft refresh the teeming earth;
If he nip the early bud,
If he blast what's faire or good,
If he scatter our choyce flowers,
If he shake our hills or bowers,
If his rude breath threaten us,
Thou canst stroake great Æolus,
And from him the grace obtaine
To binde him in an iron chaine.
Thus, whilst you deale your body 'mongst your friends,
And fill their circling armes, my glad soule sends
This her embrace: Thus we of Delphos greet:
As laymen clafpe their hands, we joyne our feet.

To Master W. Mountague.

SIR, I areft you at your countreyes suit,
Who, as a debt to her, requires the fruit
Of that rich flock, which she by Nature's hand
Gave you in trust, to th' use of this whole land.
Next, she endites you of a felonie,
For stlealing what was her proprietie—
Your self—from hence: So seeking to convey
The publike treasure of the state away.
More, y'are accus'd of oftracisme, the state
Impos'd of old by the Athenian state
On eminent vertue; but that curfe, which they
Caf't on their men, you on your countrey lay.
For, thus divided from your noble parts,
This kingdome lives in exile, and all hearts,
That rellish worth or honour, being rent
From your perfections, suffer banishment:
These are your publike injuries; but I
Have a just private quarrell to defie,
And call you coward, thus to run away
When you had pierc'd my heart, not daring stay
Till I redeem'd my honour; but I sweare,
By Celia's eyes, by the fame force to teare
Your heart from you, or not to end this strife
Till I or find revenge, or lose my life.
But as in single fights it oft hath beene,
In that unequall equall tryall seene,
That he who had receiv'd the wrong at first
Came from the combat oft too with the worst;
So, if you foyle me when we meet, I'le then
Give you fayre leave to wound me so again.

TO HIS UNCONSTANT MRS.

BUT say, O very woman, why to mee
The fitt of weakenes and inconstancy?
What forfeit have I made of word or vow,
That I am rackt on thy displeasure now?
If I have done a fault, I, do not shame
To cite it from thy lipps, give it a name.
I ask the bañes: stand forth, & tell mee why
Wee should not in our wonted love comply?
Did thy cloy'd appetite urge the[e] to trye
If any other man could doo't as I?
I fee freinds are, like clothes, layd upp whilst newe,
But after wearinge caste, though nearr true.
Or did thy [e]erce ambition longe to make
Some lover turne a martir for thy sake:
Thinking thy beauty had deserv'd no name,
Vnleffe some one had perisht in the flame;
Vppon whose loueinge duct this sentence lyes:
Here one was murthered by his mistrefs' eyes?

1 Harl. MS. 6057, fol. 11—12 ([subscribed Th: Car]). Not in the editions.
The Works of

Or was't because my love to thee was such
I could not chuse but blabb it—swear how much
I was thy flauie, and (dotinge) lett the[e] knowe
I better could my selfe than the[e] forgoe.
Harken, yee men, that thou shalt love like mee,
I'll give you counsell gratis! if you bee
Possesse of what you like, lett yo' faire freind
Lodge in yo' bofome, but noe secretes send,
To seeke their lodginge in a female breast,
For so much is abated of yo' reft.
The steed, that comes to understand his strength,
Growes wilde, and cafts his manager at length;
And that tame lover that vnlocks his harte
Vnto his mistresse, teaches her an art
To plunge him selfe: shewes her the secret way
Howe shee may tyrannize another day.
And nowe my faire vnkindnesse thvs to thee,
Marke how wise passion and I agree:
Heare, and be sorry for't, I will not dye
To expiate thy crime of levity.
I walke (not croes-arm'd neither), eate and liue,
Yea for to pitty thy neglect not grieue,
Nor envy him that by my losse hath won,
That thou art from thy faith and promise gon.
Thou shalt beleive thy changinge moone-like fits
Haue not infecte mee nor turned my witts
To lunacy: I doe not meane to wepe,
When I shoule eate, or sigh when I shoule sleepe.
I will not fall vppon my pointed quill,
Bleed incke, and Poems or invention spill,
To contrive ballads, or weave elegies
For nursethe wearings, when the infant cries,
Nor, like th' enamour'd Tristrams of the tyme,
Dispaire in profe, or hange my selfe in ryme;
Nor thether runn vppon my verses feete,
Where I shal none but fooles and madd men meete
Thomas Carew.

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

ON THE MARIAGE OF T[homas] K[illigrew] AND  
C[ecilia] C[rofts]: THE MORNING STORMIE.

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

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

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

To a Lady that desired I would love her.

I.

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

II.

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

iv.
Grieafe is a puddle, and reflects not cleare
    Your beautie’s rayes;
Joyes are pure streames; your eyes appeare
    Sullen in fadder layes,
In chearfull numbers they shine bright with prayse

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

vi.
I’le make your eyes like morning funs appeare,
    As milde and faire,
Your brow as cryf tall smooth and cleare,
    And your difhevell’d hayre
Shall flow like a calme region of the ayre.

vii.
Rich Nature’s store (which is the poet’s treausre)
    I’le fpend to drefs
Your beauties, if your mine of pleausre,
    In equall thankfulnesse,
You but unlocke, fo we each other blesse.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

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

iv.

Astraea hath possesse
    An earthly feate, and now remaines
In Finche's heart, but Wentworth's brest
    That guest containes;
With her she dwells, yet hath not left the skies,
Nor lost her sphære; for, new-enthron'd, she cryes
I know no heaven but fayre Wentworth's eyes.

To A. D. unreasonable distrustful of her owne beauty.

AYRE Doris, breake thy glasse; it hath perplext
With a darke comment beautie's cleareft text;
It hath not told thy face's story true,
   But brought false copies to thy jealous view.
No colour, feature, lovely ayre, or grace,
That ever yet adorn'd a beauteous face,
But thou maist reade in thine, or justly doubt
Thy glasse hath beene suborn'd to leave it out;
   But if it offer to thy nice survey
A spot, a flaine, a blemish, or decay,
It not belongs to thee—the treacherous light
Or faithlesse stone abuse thy credulous sight.
Perhaps the magique of thy face hath wrought
Upon th' enchanted crystall, and so brought
Fantastick shadowes to delude thine eyes
   With ayrie repercussive forceries;
Or else th' enamoured image pines away
For love of the fayre object, and so may
Waxe pale and wan, and though the substance grow
Lively and fresh, that may consume with woe;
Thomas Carew.

Give then no faith to the false specular stone,
But let thy beauties by th’ effects be knowne.
Looke, sweetest Doris, on my love-sick heart,
In that true mirrour see how faire thou art;
There, by Love’s never-erring penfull drawne,
Shalt thou behold thy face, like th’ early dawne,
Shoo’t through the shadie covert of thy hayre,
Enameling and perfuming the calme ayre
With pearles and roses, till thy suns display
Their lids, and let out the imprison’d day;
Whilst Delphic priests, enlightned by their theame,
In amorous numbers count thy golden beam,
And from Love’s altars cloudes of fighes arife
In smoaking incence to adore thine eyes.
If then love flow from beautie as th’ effect,
How canst thou the resiftile cause suspeect?
Who would not brand that foole, that should contend
There was no fire, where smoke and flames ascend?
Distrust is worse than scorne: not to beleve
My harms, is greater wrong than not to grieve.
What cure can for my sefliring sore be found,
Whilst thou beleev’st thy beautie cannot wound?
Such humble thoughts more cruell tyrants prove
Than all the pride that e’re usurp’d in love,
For Beautie’s herald here denounceth war,
There are false spies betray me to a snare.
If fire, disguis’d in balls of snow, were hurl’d,
It unsuspected might consume the world;
Where our prevention ends, danger begins,
So wolves in sheepees’, lyons in a fess’ skins,
Might farre more mischiefe worke, becaufe lesse fear’d;
Those the whole flock, these might kill all the herd.
Appeare then as thou art, break through this cloude,
Confesse thy beauty, though thou thence grow proud;
Be faire, though scornfull; rather let me find
Thee cruell, than thus mild and more unkind;
Thy crueltie doth only me defie,
But thesee dull thoughts thee to thy selfe denye.
Whether thou meane to barter, or bestow
Thy selfe, 'tis fit thou thine owne walve know.
I will not chaste thee of thy selfe, nor pay
Less for thee than th' art worth; thou shalt not say
That is but brittle glasse, which I have found
By strict enquirie a firme diamond.
I'lle trade with no such Indian foole, as fells
Gold, pearles and preuous stones for beads and bells;¹
Nor will I take a present from your hand,
Which you or prize not or not understand.
It not endeares your bountie that I doe
Esteeme your gift, unlesse you doe so too;
You undervalew me, when you bestow
On me what you nor care for, nor yet know.
No, lovely Doris, change thy thoughts, and be
In love first with thy selfe, and then with me.
You are afflicted that you are not faire,
And I as much tormented that you are.
What I admire, you scorne; what I love, hate;
Through different faiths, both share an equall fate;
Fast to the truth, which you renounce, I stick;
I dye a martyr, you an heretique.

¹ Alluding to the ignorance of the Indian tribes in South America, who used to barter their Riches for the Toys and Trinkets of the Europeans.—D.
To my Friend G[ilbert] N. from Wreft.

BREATHE, sweet Ghib, the temperate ayre of Wreft,
Where I, no more with raging storms oppressed,
Weare the cold nights out by the bankes of Tweed,
On the bleake mountains, where fierce tempests breed,
And everlafting winter dwells; where milde
Favonius and the vernal windes exilde,
Did never spread their wings; but the wilde north
Brings sterill fearne, thistles, and brambles forth.
Here, steep'd in balme dew, the pregnant earth
Sends forth her teeming wombe a flowrie birth,
And, cherisht with the warme fun's quickning heate,
Her porous bofome doth rich odours sweate,
Whose perfumes through the ambient ayre diffuse
Such native aromatiques, as we use
No forraigne gums nor effence fetcht from farre,
No volatile spirits nor compounds that are adulterate; but at Nature's cheape expence
With farre more genuine sweetes refresh the fense.
Such pure and uncompounded beauties bleffe
This mansion with an usefull comelineffe,
Devoide of art, for here the architect
Did not with curious skill a pile erced
Of carved marble, touch, or porpherie,
But built a house for hospitalitie;
No sumptuous chimney-pece of shining stone
Invites the stranger's eye to gaze upon,
And coldly entertaines his sight, but cleare
And cheerefull flames cherisht and warme him here;
No Dorique nor Corinthian pillars grace
With imagery this structure's naked face.
The Works of

The lord and lady of this place delight
Rather to be in act, than seeme in sight;
In stead of statues to adorne their wall,
They throng with living men their merry hall,
Where, at large tables fill'd with wholesome meates,
The servant, tennant and kind neighbour eates.
Some of that ranke fpun of a finer thred
Are with the women, fteward and chaplain, fed
With daintier eates; others of better note,
Whom wealth, parts, office, or the herald's coate,
Have fever'd from the common, freely fit
At the lord's table, whose spread sides admit
A large access of friends, to fill those feates
Of his capacious circle, fill'd with meates
Of choyceft relish, till his oaken back
Under the load of pil'd-up dishes crack.
Nor thinke, because our piramids and high
Exalted turrets threaten not the skie,
That therefore Wreft of narrowneffe complaines,
Or ftreightned walls, for the more numerous traines
Of noble guefts daily receives, and thofe
Can with farre more conveniencie dispose
Than prouder piles, where the vaine builder fpent
More coft in outward gay embelishment
Than reall ufe, which was the fole defigne
Of our contriver, who made things not fine,
But fit for service. Amaltheas horne
Of plentie is not in effigie worne
Without the gate, but she within the dore
Empties her free and unexhausted store.

1 Amalthea was the daughter of Melifus, King of Crete. She is fabled to have fed Jupiter, while an infant, with the milk of a goat, whose Horn the god afterwards made her a present of, endued with this virtue, that whoever possessed it should have everything they wished for. Hence it was called the Horn of Plenty.—D.
Nor, croun'd with wheaten wreathes, doth Ceres stand
In stone, with a crook'd fickle in her hand;
Nor on a marble tunne, his face besmear'd
With grapes, is curl'd uncizard Bacchus rear'd:
We offer not in emblemes to the eyes,
But to the taste, those usefull deities.
We preffe the juycie God, and quaffe his blood,
And grinde the yeallow Goddesse into food.
Yet we decline not all the worke of art;
But where more bounteous Nature beares a part,
And guides her handmaid, if she but dispence
Fit matter, she with care and diligence
Employes her skill; for where the neighbour fource
Powers forth her waters, she directs their course,
And entertaines the flowing streames in deepe
And spacious channells, where they slowly creepe
In snakie windings, as the shelving ground
Leades them in circles, till they twice surround
This island manfion which, i' th' center plac'd,
Is with a double crysfall heaven embrac'd,
In which our watery constellations floate,
Our fishes, fswans, our water-man and boate,
Envy'd by those above, which wish to flake
Their flarre-burnt limbes in our refreshing lake.
But they flick fast nayl'd to the barren spheare,
Whilst our encreafe, in fertile waters here
Disport and wander freely where they please,
Within the circuit of our narrow feas.

With various trees we fringe the water's brinke,
Whose thristie rootes the soaking moysture drinke;
And whose extended boughes in equall rankes
Yeeld fruit, and shade, and beautie to the bankes.
On this side young Vertumnus fits, and courts
His ruddie-cheek'd Pomona; Zephyre sports
On th' other with lov'd Flora, yeelding there
Sweetes for the smell, sweetes for the palate here.
The Works of

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

The New-Years Gift.

To the King.

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

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

2 Janus, who was painted with two faces. He was worshipped as a god, war had a temple built to him. In time of peace it was shut: in time of and it was open.—D.
Thomas Carew.

Mark'd with the whiter stone, that cast
On the darke brow of th' ages past
A dazeling lufter, let them shine
In this succeeding circle's twine,
Till it be round with glories spread;
Then with it crowne our Charles his head,
That we th' ensuing yeare may call
One great continued festivall.

Fresh joyes, in varied formes, apply
To each distinct captivitie.
Season his cares by day with nights
Crown'd with all conjugall delights;
May the choyce beauties that enflame
His royall brest be still the same;
And he still thinke them such, since more
Thou canst not give from Nature's store.

Then as a father let him be
With numerous issue blest, and see
The faire and God-like offspring growne
From budding stars to suns full blowne.
Circle with peacefull olive bowes
And conquering bayes his regall brows.
Let his strong vertues overcome,
And bring him bloodlesse trophies home;
Strew all the pavements where he treads
With loyall hearts or rebels' heads;
But, Byfront, open thou no more
In his blest raigne the temple dore.
TO THE QUEENE.

HOU great commandress, that doest move
Thy scepter o're the crowne of love,
And through his empire with the awe
Of thy chaste beams doest give the law;
From his prophaner altars we
Turne to adore thy deitie:
He only can wilde luft provoke,
Thou those impurer flames canst choke;
And where he scatters looser fires,
Thou turn'lt them into chaste desires;
His kingdom knowes no rule but this:
Whatever pleaseth, lawfull is;
Thy sacred lore shewes us the path
Of modestie and constant faith,
Which makes the rude male satisfied
With one faire female by his side;
Doth either sex to each unite,
And forme love's pure hermaphrodite.
To this thy faith behold the wilde
Satyr already reconciled,
Who from the influence of thine eye
Hath fuckt the deepe divinitie.
O free them then, that they may teach
The centaur and the horfman preach
To beasts and birds sweetly to rest,
Each in his proper lare and neft:
They shall convey it to the floud,
Till there thy law be understood:
So shalt thou with thy pregnant fire
The water, earth, and ayre inspire.
To the New Yeare,
for the Countesse of Carlile.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then from bright Apollo's tree
Such a garland wreath'd shall be,
As shall crown both her and thee.
DEAREST, thy twin’d haires are not threads of gold,
Nor thine eyes diamonds, nor doe I hold
Thy lips for rubies; nor thy cheeke to be
Fresh roses, nor thy teeth of Ivorie:
The skin that doth thy daintie bodie sheath
Not alabaster is, nor doft thou breath
Arabian odours: such the earth brings forth,
Compar’d with which would but impaire thy worth.
Such may be others mistresses, but mine
Holds nothing earthly, but is all divine.
Thy treffes are those rayes that doe arise,
Not from one funne, but two; such are thy eyes;
Thy lips congealed nectar are, and such
As but a deitie should none dare touch.
The perfect crimson that thy cheeke doth cloath
(But onely that it farre excells them both)
Aurora’s blufli resembles, or that redd
Which Iris fruts in when her mantles spred;

1 Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6057, fol. 9 (where it is entitled: Vppon bis Mistres); Ashmole MS. 47, art. 57, (where the title is On ye Perfection of bis m"features); Ashmole MS. 38, art. 229 (where the lines are headed On bis Mr. features); Witts Recreations, 1640, sign. D 3 (imperfect). In Witts Recreations, it is accompanied by the following:—

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

Thy teeth in whitenesse Leda's swan exceede;
Thy skin's a heavenly and immortall weed;
And as thou breath'ft, the winds are readie straight
To filch it from thee, and doe therefore wait
Cloze at thy lips and, snatching it from thence,
Beare it to heaven, where 'tis Jove's frankincense.
Faire Godseff (for thy feature makes thee one),
Yet be not fuch for these refpects alone;
But as you are divine in outward view,
So be within as faire, as good, as true.¹

The Sparke.²

Thy first love, whom all beauties did adorne,
Firing my heart, suppreft it with her fcorne;
Sun-like to tinder in my breft it lies,
By every sparkle made a sacrifice.
Each wanton eye now kindles my desire,
And that is free to all that was entire:
Defiring more, by thee (defire) I loft,³
As those that in consumptions hunger most;
And now my wandring thoughts are not confind
Unto one woman, but to woman kinde.

¹ In Ashm. MSS. 38 and 47 the termination is different. In the former it runs:—

"Yet bee not foe for that refpefte alone,
Shaped onlye and expoed to the view;
Bee Goddefs-like in all: bee good, bee true."

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

² Old printed copies; Mr. Huth's "Berkeley" MS. 1640.

³ This and the following line are not in Mr. Huth's MS.
This for her shape I love, that for her face,
This for her gesture or some other grace;
And where I none of these doe use to find,
I choose thereby the kernell, not the rynd:
And so I hope, though my chiefe hope be' gone,
To find in many what I lost in one,
And like to merchants after some great losse
Trade by retaile, which cannot doe in grossse.²
The fault is hers that made me goe astray,—
He needs must wander that hath lost his way.
Guiltles I am; shee did this change provoke,
And made that charcoale which at firft³ was oake;
And as a looking glasse to* the aspect,
Whilft it is whole, doth but one face reflect,
But being crack’d or broken, there are showne
Many leste faces, where was firft but⁴ one;
So love into my heart did firft preferr⁵
Her image, and there planted none but her:
But since ‘twas broke and martird by her scorne,
Many leffe faces in her feate were⁶ borne;
Thus, like to tynder, am I prone to catch
Each falling sparkle, fit for any match.

¹ Mr. Huth’s MS. The old editions read, since my firft hopes are, &c.
² Ibid. Old editions have, that cannot now ingross.
³ Ibid. Printed copies read, to her.
⁴ Ibid. Printed copies, from.
⁵ Ibid. Printed copies read, half faces, which at firft were.
⁶ Ibid. Printed copies, unto prefer.
⁷ Ibid. Printed copies, face was.
MY dearest, I shall grieve thee
When I swear, yet (sweete) believe me:
By thine eyes, that crystal brooke
On which crabbed old age looke,
I swear to thee, (though none abhorre them)
Yet I do not love thee for them.

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

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

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

---

1 Old printed copies; Ashmole MS. 38, art. 36 (where it is called In prai/e of the excellent compozure of his mistres); Harl. MS. 6057, fol. 13 (where it is called Loues Complement). The Harl. MS. has enabled me to correct the text in several places, where the readings of the old copies were clearly wrong.

2 Old printed copies have the tempting booke.

3 Harl. MS. 6057 has gem.

4 Old printed copy has paint them whit.
I doe not love thee, O my fairest,
For that richeft, for that rareft
Silver pillar which stands under
Thy round head, that globe of wonder;
Though that necke be whiter farre
Than towers of pollisht ivory are.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

¹ Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (where it is headed: On a Mistrefses face in the water).
² In Mr. Wyburd's MS. this stanza runs thus:—
"Noe windes but louers sighes drawe nigh
To trouble their gladd streeames,
On which nor starr, nor the worlds eye,
Did euer dart such beames."
The Works of

To Christall then in haft congeale,
    Least you shou'd loose your blisse;
And to my cruell faire reveale
    How cold, how hard she is.

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

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

Verses.

[Begin imperfectly.]¹

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

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

[Ends imperfectly.]

A Song.¹

Ask me no more where Jove bestowes,
When June is past, the fading rofe;
For in your beautie's orient deepe
These flowers, as in their caules, sleepe.

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

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

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

Ask me no more if east or west
The Phenix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at laft shee flies,
And in your fragrant bowse dyes.

Song.

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

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

Or on food were your thoughts plac't,
Bring you Nectar for a taft:
Would you have all these in one,
Name my mistris, and 'tis done.
THE SECOND RAPTURE.

O, worldling, no, 'tis not thy gold, 
Which thou dost use but to behold, 
Nor fortune, honour, nor long life: 
Children or friends, nor a good wife, 
That makes thee happy; these things be 
But shadowes of felicitie. 
Give me a wench about thirteene, 
Already voted to the Queene 
Of lust and lovers; whose soft haire, 
Fann'd with the breath of gentle aire, 
O'respreads her shoulders like a tent, 
And is her vaile and ornament; 
Whose tender touch will make the blood 
Wild in the aged and the good; 
Whose kisses, fastned to the mouth 
Of three-score yeares and longer flouth, 
Renew the age, and whose bright eye 
Obscures those lesser lights of skie; 
Whose snowy breasts (if we may call 
That snow, that never melts at all) 
Makes Jove invent a new disguife, 
In spite of Junoe's jealousies; 
Whose every part doth re-invite 
The old decayed appetite; 
And in whose sweet embraces I 
May melt myselfe to lust, and die. 
This is true blisse, and I confess. 
There is no other happinesse.
THE HUE AND CRY.¹

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

¹ This piece is taken from the Witty Faire One, performed as early as 1628 (Shirley’s Works, edit. 1833, i, 111); Mr. Dyce was evidently unaware of the circumstance that this poem was inserted (with material variations) as Carew’s in all the editions of his Works. The ordinary version and a third (totally different) from a MS. will be given also presently. There is very little or no probability that a writer of Carew’s ability and original genius would have appropriated the work of another man; and as it is well known that songs written long before by other pens were often inserted in plays, it is not altogether unlikely that Shirley may have had Carew’s permission to make use of the Hue and Cry in this way, and that the production thus found its way into the printed copy of the Witty Faire One, 1633. On this supposition I have given in the text all the versions.
Thomas Carew.

But observe, beside the rest,
You shall know this felon best
By her tongue; for if your ear
Shall once a heavenly music hear,
Such as neither gods nor men
But from that voice shall hear again,
That, that is she: oh, take her t' ye;
None can rock heaven asleep but she.

Another Version.¹

In Love's name you are charg'd hereby,
To make a speedy hue and crie
After a face which, t'other day,
Stole my wandring heart away.
To direct you, these, in briefe,
Are ready markes to know the thiefe.
    Her haire a net of beames would prove
Strong enough to captive Jove
In his eagle's shape; her brow
Is a comely field of snow;
Her eye so rich, so pure a grey,
Every beame creates a day;
And if she but sleepe (not when
The sun sets) 'tis night agen.
In her cheekes are to be seene
Of flowers both the king and queene,
Thither by the Graces led,
And freshly laid in nuptiall bed;
On whom lips like nymphes doe waite,
Who deplore their virgin state;

¹ Old printed copies.
The Works of

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

Another Version.¹

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

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

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

To his Mistris confined.

Song.

THinke not, Phæbe, 'cause a cloud
Doth now thy silver brightnes shrowd,
My wandring eye
Can stoope to common beauties of the skye.
Rather be kind, and this ecclips
Shall neither hinder eye nor lips,
For wee shall meete
Within our hearts, and kisse, and none shall see't.

Nor canst thou in thy prifon be,
Without some living signe of me;
When thou doft spye
A sun beame peepe into the roome, 'tis I;
For I am hid within a flame,
And thus into thy chamber came,
To let thee see
In what a martyrredome I burne for thee.
When thou dost touch thy lute, thou mayest
Thinke on my heart, on which thou playest,
When each sad tone
Upon the strings doth shew my deeper groane.
When thou dost please, they shall rebound
With nimble ayres, strucke to the sound
Of thy owne voyce;
O thinke how much I tremble and rejoice.

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

THE TINDER.

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

In her faire cheekes two pits doe lye,
To bury those flaine by her eye;
So, spight of death, this comforts me,
That fairely buried I shall be.
My grave with rose and lilly spread:—
O 'tis a life to be so dead!
Come then and kill me with thy eye,
For, if thou let me live, I die.

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

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

Nympe, since no death is deadly, where
Such choice of antidotes are neere,
And your keene eyes but kill in vaine,
Those that are found, as foone as flaine;
That I no longer dead survive,
Your way's to bury me alive
In Cupid's cave, where happy I
May dying live, and living die.
Come then and kill me with thy eye,
For, if thou let me live, I die.

The Carver.

To his Mistris.

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

To the Painter.

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

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

Love’s Courtship.¹

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

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

¹ Old printed copies. In Cotgrave’s Wits Interpreter, 1655, the verses are headed merely “To Celia,” and are printed very imperfectly. The variations, however, are so great, that the poem appears to have been obtained from some independent source. It has rather the appearance of a firft draft of the piece. See the next poem.
Venus must loose her title now,
And leave to brag of Cupid's bow;
    Silly Queene,
Shee hath but one, but I can spie
Ten thousand Cupids in thy eye.

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

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

To Celia.1

RISE, lovely Celia, and be kinde:
    Let my desires freedome finde;
And wee'l make the Gods confesse
    Mortals enjoy some happinesse:
Sit thee down.
Cupid hath but one bow, yet can I spie
    A thousand Cupids in thy eie;
Nor may the God behold our blisse,
    For sure thine eyes doe dark'n his.
If thou fearest,

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

That hee'1 betray thee with his light,
Let me eclipse thee with his light;
And whilst I shade thee from his eye,
Oh, let me hear thee gently cry:
I yield.

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

LET pride grow big, my rose, and let the cleare
And damaske colour of thy leaves appeare;
Let scent and lookes be sweete, and bleffe that hand
That did transplant thee to that sacred land.
O happy thou that in that garden refts,
That paradice betweene that ladie's breasts!
There's an eternall spring; there shalt thou lie
Betwixt two lilly mounts, and never die.
There shalt thou spring amongst the fertile valleyes
By budds, like thee that grow in midst of allyes;²
There none dare plucke thee, for that place is such
That, but a good devine, there's none dare touch;
If any but approach, straite doth arise
A blushing lightning flash, and blafts his eyes.
There, 'stead of raine, shall living fountaines flow;
For wind, her fragrant breath for ever blow.
Nor now, as earst, one fun shall on thee shine,
But those two glorious suns, her eyes devine.
O then what monarch would not think't a grace,
To leave his regall throne to have thy place?
My selfe, to gaine thy bleffed seat, do vow,
Would be transform'd into a rofe as thou.

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

The Protestation,

A Sonnet.¹

O more shall meads be deck’t with flowers,
Nor sweetnesse dwell in rosie bowers,
Nor greenest buds on branches spring,
Nor warbling birds delight to sing,
Nor Aprill violets paint the grove,
If I forfake my Celia’s love.

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

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

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

¹ There is a great similarity between this “fonnet” and a Poem by E. S. in the Paradise of dainty devises, 1576, p. 46.—F.
The Works of

The Tooth-ach cured by a Kisse.

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

To his Jealous Mistris.

Dmit, thou darling of mine eyes,
I have some idoll lately fram’d
That, under such a false disguise,
Our true loves might the lesse be fam’d.
Canst thou, that knowest my heart, suppose
I’le fall from thee, and worship thole?

1 The pool of Bethheida, near Jerufalem, which was frequented by all kinds of diseased people, waiting for the moving of the waters. “For an angel,” says St. John, “went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water: whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in, was made whole of whatsoever disease he had.”—D.
Thomas Carew.

Remember, deare, how loath and flow
I was to cast a looke or smile,
Or one love-line to misbeftow,
Till thou hadft chang'd both face and ftile;
And art thou growne afraid to see
That mafske put on thou mad'ft for me.

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

The Dart.

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

The Mistake.

When on faire Celia I did fpie
A wounded heart of ftone,
The wound had almoft made me cry,
Sure this heart was my owne.
The Works of

But when I saw it was enthron'd
   In her celestial breast,
O then I it no longer own'd,
   For mine was ne're so blest.

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

Where seats'd in so high a bliss,
   Though wounded, it shall live;
Death enters not in Paradise,
   The place free life doth give.

Or if the place lesse sacred were,
   Did but her saving eye
Bath my sicke heart in one kind tear,
   Then should I never dye.

Slight balmes may heale a slighter sore,
   No medicine lesse divine
Can ever hope for to restore
   A wounded heart like mine.
Thomas Carew.

The Prologue to a Play presented before the King and Queene, att an Entertainment of them by the Lord Chamberlaine at Whitehall Hall [sic].

Song.

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

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

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

The Epilogue to the same Play.¹

UNGER is sharp, the fated stomack dull:
Feeding delights twixt emptines and full:
The pleasure lyes not in the end, but streames
That flowe betwixt two opposite extremes.
Soe doth the flux from hott to cold combine
An equall temper: such is noble wine,
Twixt fullsome must and vinegar too tart,
Measures the fearing betwixt itch and smart.
It is a shifting Tartar, that still flyes
From place to place: if it stand still, it dyes.
After much reft, labour delights: when paine
Succeeds long travaile, reft grows sweete againe.
Paine is the bafe, on which his nimble feete
Move in contynuall chaunge from fower to sweete.
This the Contriuer of your sports to night
Hath well obserued, and foe, to fix delight
In a perpetuall circle, hath applied
The choyfeft obiects that care could provide
To every fence. Onely himself hath felt
The load of this greate honour, and doth melt
All into humble thancks, and at your feete
Of both your majestyes profrates the sweete
Perfume of gratefull service, which hee sweares
Hee will extend to such a length of yeares,

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

As fitted not to tell, but doth belong
To a farre abler pen and nobler tongue.
Our talk ends here: if we have hit the laws
Of true delight, his glad heart joys; yet, 'cause
You cannot to succeeding pleasures climb,
Till you grow weary of the instant time,
He was content this last piece should grow fower,
Onely to sweeten the infusing howe.
But if the Cook, Musitian, Player, Poet,
Painter, and all, have fail'd, he'll make them know it,
That have abused him: yet must grieve at this,
He should do penance, when the sin was his.

To my Lord Adimall,¹ on his late
Sicknesse and Recovery.

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

¹ The Duke of Buckingham, the unhappy favourite of Charles I. by whom he was appointed Lord High Admiral of England.—D. First printed in 1642.
Through all the ayre his founding strings dilate
Sorrow like that which touch'd our hearts of late;
Your pining sicknesse and your restlesse paine
At once the Land affecting and the mayne.
When the glad newes that you were Admirall
Scarce through the Nation spread, 'twas fear'd by all
That our great Charles, whose wisdome shines in you,
Should be perplexed how to chuse a new:
So more then private was the joy and griefe
That, at the worst, it gave our soules relief,
That in our Age such fense of vertue liv'd,
They joy'd so justly, and so justly griev'd.

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

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

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

¹ Not in ed. 1640, but first printed in that of 1642; Mr. Wyburd’s MS.; Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 11; Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 44. In the old printed copy it is headed: On Misfires N. To the Green Sickness. The title given to the poem in the present text is authorized by Addit. MSS. 11811 and 22118.
The Works of

Upon thy sifter foe, but strive
To keep an endless war alive;
Though peace do petty states maintain,
Here war alone makes beauty reign.

To Mistrisse Katharine Nevill, on
her Greene Sickness.

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

1 Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 11; Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 43; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; not in the old editions.
Againe an other of the same.¹

Song.

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

Upon a Mole in Celia's Bosom.²

Hat lovely spot which thou doest see
In Celia's bosom was a bee,
Who built her amorous spicy nest
I' th' hyblas of her either breast;

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

An Hymeneall Song on the Nuptials of the Lady
Ann Wentworth and the Lord Lovelace.²

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

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

¹ Printed copies read sweet.
Thomas Carew.

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

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

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

For they're exalted far above
All hope, feare, change, nor try¹ to move
The wheele that spins the fates of Love.

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

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

¹ Old copies read or they.
A MARRIED WOMAN.\(^1\)

WHEN I shall marry, if I doe not find
A wife thus moulded, I'le create this mind:
Nor from her noble birth, nor ample dower,
Beauty or wit, shall she derive a power
To prejudice my right; but if she be
A subject borne, she shall be so to me:
As to the soul the flesh, so\(^2\) Appetite
To reason is; which shall our wils unite
In habits so confirm'd, as no rough sway
Shall once appeare, if she but learne t' obay.
For in habituall vertues sense is wrought
To that calm temper, as the bodie's thought
To have nor blood nor gall, if wild and rude
Passions of Lust and Anger are subdued;
When 'tis the faire obedience to the soule
Doth in the birth those swelling Acts controule.
If I in murder steepe my furious rage,
Or with Adultery my hot lust affwage,
Will it suffice to say my sense (the Beast)
Provokt me to't? Could I my soule divest,
My plea were good. Lyons and Buls commit
Both freely, but man must in judgement sit,
And tame this Beast; for Adam was not free,
When in excuse he said, Eve gave it me:
Had he not eaten, she perhaps had beene
Vnpunisht; his consent made hers a sinne.

\(^1\) First printed in second edition.
\(^2\) This correction is suggested in a MS. note to a copy of the edition of 1642 in the British Museum. The old copies read as.
A Divine Love.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

Or is it 'cause the factious wits did vie
With vaine Idolatry,
Whose Goddesse was supr eame, and so had hurld
Scifme through the world,
Whose Priest fung sweetest layes, thou didst appeare
A glorious mysterie, so darke, so cleare,
As nature did intend
All should confess, but none might comprehend?

1 First printed in 1642.
The Works of

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

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

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

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

**Loves Force.**

In the first ruder Age, when love was wild,
Not yet by Lawes reclaim’d, not reconcil’d
To order, nor by Reafon mann’d, but flew,
Full-fumm’d by Nature, on the instant view,
Upon the wings of Appetite at all
The eye could faire or fenfe delightfull call:
   Election was not yet; but as their cheape
Food from the Oake, or the next Acorne heape,
As water from the neareft spring or brooke,
So men their undiftinguisht females took
By chance, not choice. But foone the heavenly sparke
That in mans bofome lurkt broke through this darke
Confusion; then the noblest breaft first felt
Itſelfe for its owne proper object melt.

**A Fancy.**

ARKE how this polisht Eaferne sheet
Doth with our Northerne tincture meet;
For though the paper feeme to finke,
Yet it receives and bears the Inke;

---

1 First printed in 1642.
The Works of

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

To his Mistress.¹

I.

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

II.

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

¹ Firft printed in 1671.
Thou proving thus obedient
  To all the griefs she plunged thee in;
And then the certainty she meant
Reverted is by accident.

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

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

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

SONG.¹

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

The Works of

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

IN PRAISE OF HIS MISTRESS.\(^1\)

I.

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

II.

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

\(^1\) First printed in 1671.
Thomas Carew.

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

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

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

To Celia upon Love's Ubiquity.¹

¹ First printed in 1671.
The Works of

So (like a Ball with fire and powder fill'd)
I reftles am, yet live, each minute kill'd,
And with that moving torture must retain,
(With change of all things else) a constant pain.
So I stay with you, preference is to me
Nought but a light to fhew my misery,
And parting are as racks, to plague love on,
The further stretch'd, the more affliction.
Go I to Holland, France, or furtheft Inde,
I change but onely countreys, not my mind.
And though I pass through Air and Water free,
Despair and hopeles fate still follow me.
Whilst in the bosome of the waves I reel,
My heart I'll liken to the tottering Keel,
The Sea to my own troubled fate, the Wind
To your disdain, sent from a foul unkind:
But when I lift my sad looks to the skies,
Then fhall I think I fee my Celia's Eyes;
And when a Cloud or Storm appears between,
I fhall remember what her frowns have been.
Thus, whatsoever course my fates allow,
All things but make me mind my business—you.
The good things that I meet, I think ftreams be
From you the Fountain; but when bad I fee,
How vile and cursed is that thing, think I,
That to fuch goodnefs is fo contrary!
My whole life is 'bout you, the center ftar,
But a perpetual Motion Circular.
I am the Dials hand, ftill walking round;
You are the Compafs; and I never found
Beyond your Circle; neither can I fhew
Aught but what firft expreffed is in you,
That wherefo'er my Tears do cause me move,
My fate ftill keeps me bounded with your love;
Which ere it die, or be extinft in me,
Time fhall ftand ftill, and moist Waves flaming be:
Yet being gone, think not on me; I am
A thing too wretched for thy thoughts to name;
But when I die, and with all comforts given,
I'll think on you, and by you think on heaven.

ON HIS MISTRESS GOING TO SEA.¹

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

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

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

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

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

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

A.
Firft when thy flames begin,
See they burne all within,
And fo, as lookers on may not defcry,
Smoake in a figh, or sparkle in an eye.
I'de have thy love a good while there,
Ere thine owne heart fhould be aware,
And I my felfe would choofe to know it
Firft by thy care and cunning not to show it.

When my flame thine owne way is thus betrayd;
Muft it be still afraied?

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

It is to be added that Ellis met with a copy of the prefent poem in a MS, then belonging to Malone, but not now in the Bodleian, and printed it with modernized spelling in his Specimens of the Early English Poets (edit. 1801, iii. 144-5). The text here used seems, on the whole, preferable.
May it not be sharp-sighted too aswell,
And know thou knowst that which it dares not tell;
And by that knowledge finde it may
Tell it selve ore a lower way?

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

3.
When by loves powerfull secret sympathy
Our Soules are got thus nigh,
And that by one another seene,
There needs no breath to goe betweene,
Though in the maine agreement of our breasts
Our Hearts subscribe as Interests,
Will it not need
The Tongues signe too as Witnesse to the deed?

C.
Speake then, but when you tell the tale
Of what you ayle,
Let it be so disorder'd that I may
Gueffe onely thence what you would say.
Then to speake fence
Were an offence,
And 'twill thy passion tell the subtlest way
Not to know what to say.
MR. CAREW TO HIS FRIND.¹

LIKE to the hand, that hath bine vnd to playe
One lessone longe, stille runns the selfe same way,
And waights not what the heavens bidde yt stricke,
But dothe presume by custome this will like.
Soe runne my thoughts which are soe perfect growne,
Soe well acquainted with my passion,
That now they dare preuent me with their haft,
And ere I thyncke to fighe, my fighe is paft:
Its paft and flowen to you, for you alone
Are all the object that I thincke vppon;
And did not you supplye my soule with thought,
For want of action ytt to none were brought.
What, though our absent armes may not infolde
Reall embraces, yet wee firmly hold
Each other in possession, thus wee see
The lord enioyes his lands, whear ere hee bee.
If kings posies no more then whear they fate,
What would they greater then a meane estate?
This makes me firmlye yours, you firmlye myne,
That somthing more then bodies us combine.

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

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

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

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

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

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

On Munday of Oxford.²

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

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

Epigram.

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

On one that Dyed of the Wind-Collick.

ERE ilyes John Dumbelow, who dyed because he was so,
If his tayle could haue spoke, his hart had not broke.

On a Child's Death.

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

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

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

¹ Old printed copies of Carew's poems; prefixed to the edit. of The Heire, 4°. 1633; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (the first four lines only). This drama was written in or before 1620; but at what period Carew's encomium may have been compos'd, is slightly uncertain. The probability seems to be, however, that the verfes were written in 1633, to accompany the printed copy of the play. "These complimentary verfes must be considered rather as a tribute to Friendship than to Genius; for, though May was a competitor with Sir William D'Avenant for the Royal Laurel, his abilities were much less splendid. He translated the Georgics of Virgil and Lucan's Pharsalia, and was the Historian of the Oliverian Parliament."—D.
The Works of

I but his Usher am, yet if my word
May pafs, I dare be bound he will afford
Things muft deserve a welcome, if well knowne,
Such as beft writers would have wisht their owne.
You shall obferve his words in order meet,
And softly fteling on with equall feet
Slide into even numbers with fuch grace,
As each word had beene moulded for that place.
You shall perceive an amorous paflion punne
Into fo smooth a web, as had the Sunne,
When he purfu'd the swiftly flying Maid,¹
Courted her in fuch language, fhe had ftaid;
A love fo well exprefl muft be the fame
The Authour felt himfelfe from his faire flame.
The whole plot doth alike itfelfe difclofe
Through the five Acts, as doth a Locke that goes
With letters, for, till every one be knowne,
The Lock's as faft as if you had found none;
And where his fportive Mufe doth draw a thread
Of mirth,chaft Matrons may not blush to reade.
Thus have I thought it fitter to reveale
My want of art, deare friend, than to conceale
My love. It did appeare I did not meane
So to commend thy well-wrought Comick fcene,
As men might judge my aime rather to be
To gaine praife to my felfe, than give it thee;
Though I can give thee none but what thou haft
deferv'd, and what muft my faint breath out-laff.
Yet was this garment (though I fkilliff be
To take thy meafure) onely made for thee,
And if it prove too scant, 'tis caufe the fluffe
Nature allow'd me was not large enough.²

¹ Alludes to the fable of Apollo and Daphne.—D.
² The text of 1640 has been collated with the 4°. edit. of the Heire; it was not thought worth while to note the trivial differences of orthography.
TO MY WORTHY FRIEND MASTER GEORGE SANDYS,
ON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE PSALME.

PRESSE not to the quire, nor dare I greet
The holy Place with my unhallowed feet;
My unwaft Muse pollutes not things divine,
Nor mingleth her prophaner notes with thine;
Here humbly at the Porch she liftning stays,
And with glad eares sucked in thy Sacred Layes.
So devout penitents of old were wont,
Some without dore, and some beneath the Font,
To stand and heare the Churches Liturgies,
Yet not affift the solemne Exercifie:
Sufficeth her that she a Lay-place gaine,
To trim thy Vefiments, or but beare thy traine;
Though nor in Tune nor Wing she reach thy Larke,
Her Lyrick feet may dance before the Arke.
Who knowes but that her wandring eyes, that run
Now hunting Glow-wormes, may adore the Sun;
A pure Flame may, shot by Almighty Power
Into my bref, the earthy flame devoure.
My Eyes in Penitentiall dew may steepe
That brine which they for fenfuall love did weep:
So, though (gainst Natures course) fire may be quencht
With fire, and water be with water drencht,
Perhaps my refleffe Soul, tyr'de with perfuit
Of mortall beauty, seeking without fruit.

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

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

My Lord,

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

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

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND, M. D’AVENANT, UPON HIS
EXCELLENT PLAY, THE JUST ITALIAN.¹

I LE not mispend in praiſe the narrow roome
I borrow in this leafe; the garlands bloome
From thine owne feedes, that crowne each glorious page
Of thy triumphant worke; the fullen age
Requires a fatyre. What starre guides the foule
Of these our froward times, that dare controule,
Yet dare not lerne to judge? When didſt thou fие
From hence, cleare, candid Ingenuity?
I have beheld when, pearched on the smooth brow
Of a faire modelf troope, thou didſt allow
Applauſe to flighter workes; but then the weake Spectator gave the knowing leave to speake.

¹ Old printed copies of Carew’s Poems; Davenant’s Just Italian, 1630, 4o, sign. A 2 verso and A 3 recto. “This gentleman, who was supposed, but with the greatest improbability, to be a natural son of Shakeſpear, was one of the firſt Poets of his time. It was he who harmonized the stage. He firſt introduced scenery, and the order and Decorum of the French Theatre, upon the Britifh one. He succeeded Ben Johnson as Poet Laureat to Charles.”—D.
Now noyfe prevails, and he is tax'd for drowth
Of wit that with the crie spends not his mouth.
Yet ask him reason why he did not like;
Him, why he did: their ignorance will strike
Thy foule with scorne and pity. Marke the places
Provok'd their smiles, frownes, or distorted faces,
When they admire, nod, shake the head,—they'le be
A scene of myrrh, a double comedie.
But thy strong fancies (raptures of the braine,
Dreft in poetique flames,) they entertaine
As a bold, impious reach; for they'le still flight
All that exceeds Red Bull¹ and Cockpit flight.
These are the men in crowded heape that throng
To that adulterate stage, where not a tongue
Of th' untun'd kennel can a line repeat
Of ferious fence: but like lips meet like meat;
While the true brood of actors, that alone
Keepe naturall unstrain'd action in her throne,
Behold their benches bare, though they rehearse
The terfer Beaumont's or great Johnfon's verse.
Repine not thou then, since this churlish fate
Rules not the stage alone; perhaps the State
Hath felt this rancour, where men great and good
Have by the rabble beene misunderstood.
So was thy Play, whose cleere, yet loftie straine
Wife men, that governs fate, shall entertaine.

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

To the Reader of Master William Davenant’s Play.¹

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

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

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

To my friend, WILL. D'AVENANT.

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

But others, who were proofe 'gainst love, did fit
To learne the subtile diétats of thy wit;
And as each profited, took his degree,
Master or bachelor, in comedie.
Wee of th' adult'rate mixture not complain;
But thence more characters of vertue gaine;
More pregnant patternes of transcendent worth,
Than barren and insipid truth brings forth:
So oft the bastard nobler fortune meets
Than the dull issue of the lawfull sheets.
Thomas Carew.

To WILL. DAVENANT my Friend.¹

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

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

Psalms 1.¹

1.

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

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

¹ MS. Ashmole 38. No other copy seems to be known. It has been printed already in Fry's Bibliographical Memoranda, 1816, but for the present purpose the text has been collated with the MS.
² Steps.
3. Like the fayre plante whom neighbouring flouds
   Refresh, whose leafe feeles no decayes;
   That not alone with flattering buds,
   But earely fruitts his Lords hope payes:
   So shall he thrive in all his wayes.

4. But the loofe sinner shall not share
   Soe fixt a flate; like the light dust,
   That vpp and downe the empty ayre
   The wylde wynd driues with various gust:
   Soe shall crosse fortunes tos th' unjuft.

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

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

Psalme 2.¹

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

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

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

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

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

Psalme 51.

1.

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

2. Oh, wafh and purifie the foule
Pollution of my sin-staynd soule.

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

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

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

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

7. Thou fhalt with ysopp purge mee, foe
   Shall I feeme white as mountaine snowe.

8. Thou fhalt fend ioyfull newes, and then
   My broaken bones growe strong againe.

9. Lett not thine eyes my fins furvey;
   But caft thofe cancell'd debts away.

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

11. Caft mee not from thy fight, nor chafe
    Away from mee thy spiritt of grace.

12. Send mee thy faueing health againe,
    And with thy Spiritt thofe ioyes mainetaine.

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

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

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

But though burnt offerings are refus'd,
Thou shalt accept the heart that's bruised:
The humbled soul, the spirit opprest:
Lord, such oblations please thee best.

18. Blest Syon, Lord; repair with pity
The ruines of thy holy city.

19. Then will we holy dower present thee,
And peace offerings that content thee;
And then thine Alters shall be prêst
With many a sacrificed beast.

Psalme 91.

1, 2, 3.

AKE the great God thy Fort, and dwell
In him by faith, and do not care
(Soe shaded) for the power of hell
Or for the cunning Fowler's snare,
Or poysyn of th' infected ayre.

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

6, 7. The winged plague that flyes by night,
The murdering sword that kills by day,
Shall not thy peacefull sleepes affright,
Though on thy right and left hand they
A thousand and ten thousand slay.
Thomas Carew.

8, 9, 10. Yet shall thine eyes behould the fall
   Of sinners; but, because thy heart
   Dwells with the Lord, not one of all
   Tho:fe ills, nor yet the plauge dart,
   Shall dare approach neere where thou art.

11, 12, 13. His Angells shall direct thie leggs,
   And guard them in the ftony ftreets:
   On lyons' whelps and addars' eggs
   Thy ftepps fhall march; and if thou meete
   With draggons, they fhall kifs thy feete.

14, 15, 16. When thou art troubled, hee fhall heare,
   And help thee for thy loue embraft,
   Unto' his name; therefore hee'l reare
   Thy honours high, and when thou haft
   Enjoyd them long, faue the[e] att laft.

Psalme 104.²

1. Y foule the great Gods prai:es fings,
   Encircled round with glorious wings.

2. Cloath'd with light, o're whome the skie
   Hangs like a f:arry cannopie.

3. Whoe dwells yppon the gliding f:reames,
   Enamel'd with his golden beames:
   Enthrond in clouds, as in a chayre,
   Hee rydes in tryvmph through the ayre.

¹ The MSS. have And knowe and And knew.
² Besides the copies in Athis. MS. 38 and in Mr. Wyburd's MS. there is one in Addit. MS 22, 118, fol. 35-6. All the texts have been collated.
The Works of

4. The winds and flameing element
   Are on his greate Ambassage sent.

5. The fabrick of the Earth shall stand
   For aye, built by his powerfull hand.

6, 7, 8, 9. The floods that with their watry robe
   Once coverd all this earthlie Globe,
   Soone as this thundering voyce was heard,
   Fledd fast, and straight the hills appear'd:
   The humble valleys sawe the Sunn,
   Whilst the affrighted waters runn
   Into their channells, and noe more
   Shall drowne the earth, or passe the shoare.

10. Along those Vales the coole springs flowe,
    And wash the mountaines feete belowe.

11. Hither for drinck the whole heard strayes:
    There the wild ass his thirst allayes

12. And on the bowghs that shade the spring
    The feathered quire shall fitt and sing.

13, 14, 15. When on her wombe thy dewe is shedd,
    The pregnant Earth is brought to bedd,
    And, with a fruitfull birth encreaft,
    Yields hearbes and grafs for man and beast:
    Heart-strengthening breade, care-drowning wyne,
    And oyle that makes the face to shyne.

16. On Lebanon his cedars stand:
    Trees full of sapp, works of his hand.

17. In them the birds their cabines dight:
    The firr-tree is the forks delight.

18. The wild goat on the hills, in cells
    Of rockes the hermit conye, dwells.
19. The Moone obserues her course; the Sunn
Knowes when his weary race is done.

20. And when the Night her dark vaile spredds,
The wilder beasts forfake their shedds:

21. The hungrie lions hunt for blood,
And roareing begg from God their food.

22, 23. The Sunn returnes: theis beasts of pray
Flye to their denns, and from the day;
And whilst they in dark cavernes lurk,
Mann till the evening goes to work.

24. How full of creatures is the Earth,
To which thy wisdome gaue their birth!

25. And those that in the wide sea breed,
The bounds of number farre exceed.

26. There the huge whales with finny feete
Dance vnderneath the faileing fleete.

27, 28, 29, 30. All theis expect theire nourishment
From thee, and gather what is sent.
Bee thy hand open, they are fedd,
Bee thie face hidd, astonifhed:
If thou withdrawe their Soule, they must
Returne into theire former dust;
If thou fend back thy breath, the face
Of th’ Earth is spread with a new race.

31. Gods glorie shall for ever stay;
Hee shall with ioy his works survey.

32, 33. The stedfaft Earth shal shake, if hee
Look downe, & if the mountaines bee
Toucht, they shal fmoak; yet stiill my verse
Shall, whilst I liue, his praife reherfe.
34. In him with joy my thoughts shall meete;  
   Hee makes my meditations sweete.

35. The sinner shall appeare noo more:  
   Then, oh my foule, the Lord adore!

Psalme 113.

1, 2, 3.  
EE children of the Lord, that waite  
Vpon his wille, sing hymnes divine  
From henceforth to tymes endless date  
To his name, prais'd from the first shine  
Of th' earthly funn, till it decline.

4, 5, 6. The hoasts of Heauen or earth haue none  
      May to his height of glory rife;  
      For whoe like him hath fixd his throne  
      Soe high, yet bends downe to the skyes,  
      And lower[s to] Earth his humble eyes?

7, 8, 9. The poore from loathed duft hee draws,  
      And makes them regall state invest  
      'Mongst kings he' gives his people lawes;  
      Hee makes the barren mother rest  
      Vnder her rooafe, with children blest.

\[1\] Afhm. MS. the; Mr. Wyburd's MS. that.
Psalm 114.

1, 2.

When the seed of Jacob fled
From the cruel Pharaoh's land,
Juda was in safety led
By the Lord, whose powerful hand
Guided all the Hebrew band.

3, 4. This the sea saw, and dismayed
   Flyes: swift Ioudane backward makes:
Mountains skipped like rams affraid;
   And the lower hillocks shakes,
Like a tender lamb that quakes.

5, 6. What, Oh Sea, hast thee dismayed?
   Why did Ioudane backwards make?
Mountains why, like rams affraid,
   Skipt yee? wherefore did yee shake,
Hillocks, like the lambs that quake?

7, 8. Tremble, Oh thou stedfast Earth,
   Att the presence of the Lord,
That makes rocks give rivers birth,
   And by virtue of whose word
Flints shall flowing springs afford.
Psalme 119.¹

Aleph.  Beati Immaculati.  1.

1. LEST is hee that spottles stands
   In the way of Gods comands.

2. Blessed hee that keepes his word:
   Whose intire heart seekes the Lord;

3. For the man, that walketh in
   His iust paths, co[n]itts noe finn.

4. By thine strickt co[m]aunds wee are
   Bound to keepe thy lawes with care.

5. Oh that my stepps might not slide
   From thy statutes' perfect guide!

6. Soe shall I decline thy wrath,
   Treading thy commandes path;

7. Haueing learn'd thy righteous wayes,
   With true heart I'le sing thy praife;

8. In thy statute I'll persever:
   Then forfake mee not for ever!

Beth.  In quo corriget?  2.

9. How shall youth but by the leuell
   Of thy word bee kept from euill?

¹ Mr. Wyburd's MS. No other copy seems to be known.
Thomas Carew.

10. Lett my soule, that seekes the way
    Of thy truth, not goe astraye.

11. Where leaft my fraile feet might slide,
    In my heart thy words I hide.

12. Bleft bee thou, oh Lord: oh, shewe
    How I may thy statutes knowe.

13. I haue publisht the divine
    Judgments of thy mouth with myne;

14. Which haue fill'd my soule with pleafure,
    More then all the heaps of treafure.

15. They fhall all the subieft prove
    Of my talk and of my love.

16. Those my darlings noe tyme fhall
    From my memory lett fall.

Gimel. Retribue servo tuo. 3.

17. Lett thie grace, O Lord, preferve mee,
    That I may but live to serve thee;

18. Open my dark eyes, that I
    May thy wonderous lawes defcry.

19. Lett thy glorious light appeare:
    I am but a pilgrime heere.

20. Yet the zeale of their defyre
    Hath even fett my heart on fire.

21. Thy fearce rodd and curfe oretaketh
    Him that proudly thee forfaketh.

22. I haue kept thy lawes, Oh God:
    Turne from mee thy curfe and rodd.
23. Though combined Princes raild,
    Yet thy Servant hath not faild

24. In their studdie to abide;
    For they are my Joy, my guide.

Daleth.  Adherit pavimento.  4.

25. For thy words fake, give new birth
    To my soule that cleaues to earth.

26. Thou haft heard my tongue vntwine
    All my waies: Lord, teach mee thyne!

27. Make mee knowe them, that I may
    All thie wonderous workes display.

28. Thou haft said the word: then bring
    Eafe to my soule languishing.

29. Plant in mee thy lawes’ true love,
    And the Vaile of lyes remove.

30. I have choofen truth to lye,
    The fixt obiect of myne eye.

31. On thy word my faith I grounded:
    Lett me not then bee confounded.

32. When my soule from bonds is freed,
    I shall runne thy wayes with speed.

He.  Legem pone.  5.

33. Teach mee, Lord, thy waies, and I
    From that roade will never fly;

34. Give mee knowledge, that I may
    With my heart thy lawes obey.
35. Vnto that path my stepps move,  
   For I there haue fixt my love.

36. Fill my heart with those pure fires,  
   Not with covetous deuyres.

37. To vaine fights lett mee bee  
   Blinde, but thy waies lett mee see.

38. Make thy promife firme to mee,  
   That with feare have serv'd thee.

39. 'Caufc thy judgements ever were  
   Sweete, divert the shame I feare.

40. Lett not him in justice perifh,  
   That deuyres thy lawes to cherifh.

\[ \text{Vau.} \text{ } \text{Et venias super me.} \text{ } 6. \]

41. Lett thy loving mercies cure mee,  
   As thy promisses affure mee;

42. Soe shall the blasphemers see,  
   I not vainely truft in thee;

43. Take not quite the words away  
   Of thy truth, that are my stay;

44. Then I'le keepe thy lawes, even till  
   Winged tyme it selfe stand still;

45. And whilst I pursue thy search,  
   With secure stepps will I march.

46. Vnashamed I'le record  
   Euen before greate kings thy word.

47. That shall be my joy, for there  
   My thoughts ever fixt were;
48. With bent mynd and stretch'd out hands
I will seek thie lov'd commands.

Zaine.    Memor efto Verbi tui.    7.

49. Thinc vppon thy promife made,
   For in that my truft is layd;
50. That my comfort in diftress,
   That hath brought my life redrefle.
51. Though the proud hath scorn'd mee, they
   Made mee not forfake thy waie;
52. Thy eternall judgements brought
   Joy to my remembring thought ;
53. With great sorrowe I am taken,
   When I see thy lawes forfaken,
54. Which haue made me fongs of myrth
   In this pilgrimage of Earth:
55. Which I myndefull was to keepe,
   When I had forgott to sleepe ;
56. Thy co maisondes I did embrace,
   Therefore I obtain'd thy grace.

Heth.    Portio mea, Domine.    8.

57. Thou, O Lord, art my reward :
    To thy lawes my thoughts are squar'd;
58. With an humble heart I craue
    Thou wilt promis'd mercy haue.
59. I have marked my waies, and now
    To thie waies my feete I bowe.
Thomas Carew.

60. Nor haue I the tyme delaid,  
     But with haft this iourny made,  

61. Where, though hands of sinners lay  
     Snareing netts, I keepe my waie.  

62. I my self att midnight raise  
     Singing thy iuft iudgements praise.  

63. I converfe with thofe that beare  
     To thie lawes obedyent feare.  

64. Teach mee them, Lord, by that grace  
     Which hath fil'd the worlds wide space.  

     [Concludes imperfectly.]

Psalme 137.¹

SITTING by the streames that glide  
    Downe by Babell's towring wall,  
    With our tears wee filde the tyde,  
    Whilft our myndfull thoughts recall  
    Thee; O Sion, and thy fall.  

Our neglec ted harps vnstrunge,  
  Not acquainted with the hand  
Of the skilfull tuner, hunge  
On the willow trees that fland  
Planted in the neighbour land.  

¹ MS. Ashmole 38. No other copy is at present known. I have little  
    doubt, however, that Mr. Wyburd's MS. in its original integrity contained  
    this as well as the remainder of Psalm 119.
Yett the spightfull foe commands
Songs of mirthe, and bids vs lay
To dumbe harps our captiue hands,
And to scoffe our sorrowes, say,
Sing vs some sweet Hebrewe lay.

But, say we, our holye sirayn
Is too pure for heathen land,
Nor may wee God's himmes prophane,
Or moue eyther voyce or hand
To delight a fauage band.

Holye Salem, yt thy loue
Fall from my forgetfull harte,
May the skill, by which I moue
Strings of musicke tun'd with art,
From my withered hand departe.

May my speachles tongue glue sound
To noe accents, but remayne
To my prifon rofe faft bound,
Iff my fad foule entertaine
Mirth, till thou rejoyce agayne.

In that day remember, Lord,
Edom's breed, that in our groanes
They triumph; and with fier, fword,
Burn their cittie, herfe their bones,
And make all one heape of ftones.

Cruell Babell, thou shalt feele
The reuenger of our groanes,
When the happie victor's fleele,
As thine our's, shall hew thy bones,
And make all one heape of ftones.
Men shall bless the hand that teares
From the mothers soft embraces
Sucking infants, and besmeares
With their braynes the rugged faces
Of the rockes and stony places.
COELUM BRITANNICUM.

A MASQUE

AT WHITE-HALL IN THE BANQUETTING-HOUSE

on Shrove-Tuesday-Night, the 18. of February, 1633.
The Description of the Scæne.

The first thing that presented itself to the sight was a rich Ornament that enclosed the Scæne; in the upper part of which were great branches of Foliage, growing out of leaves and huskes, with a Coronice at the top; and in the midst was placed a large compartment, composed of Groteske worke, wherein were Harpies, with wings and Lyons claws, and their hinder parts converted into leaves and branches: over all was a broken Frontispice, wrought with scrowles and masque heads of Children; and within this a Table, adorn'd with a lesser compartment, with this inscription, COELVM BRIT-TANICVM. The two sides of this Ornament were thus ordered: First, from the ground arose a square Basement, and

1 The present text is from the 4to tract of 1654, collated with the edition of 1640; but the first is the more correct, and appeared, as the only work of Carew which was printed in his lifetime, perhaps under his eye, to be the more suitable for selection and use in the present case. In edit. 1772 there is a long note here on the nature and origin of Masques, which seemed altogether scarcely worth printing. The full title of the Masque will be found elsewhere.

2 The uppermost member of the entablature of a Column, or that which crowns the order.—D.
The Works of

on the Plinth a great vase of gold, richly enchased, and beautified with Sculptures of great Releive, with frutages hanging from the upper part. At the foot of this fane two youths naked, in their naturall colours; each of these with one arme supported the Vaze, on the cover of which ftood two young women in Draperies, arme in arme, the one figuring the glory of Princes, and the other Manfuete; their other armes bore upon Oval in which to the Kings Majefly was this Imprefe, A Lyon with an Imperial Crowne on his head; the word, Animum sub pettore forti. On the other side was the like Composition, but the designe of the Figures varied; and in the Oval on the top, being borne up by Nobility and Fecundity, was this Imprefe to the Queens Majefly, a Lilly growing with branches and leaves, and three leffer Lillies springing out of the Stemme; the word, Semper inclita Virtus. All this Ornament was heightned with Gold, and for the Invention and various compoifition, was the newest and moft gracious that hath beene done in this place.

The curtaine was watchet, and a pale yellow in pains, which flying up on the sudden, discouered the Scæne, repreffing old Arches, old Palaces, decayed walls, parts of Temples, Theaters, Basilicas, and Thermae, with confufed heaps of broken Columnes, Bafes, coronices, and Statues, lying as under ground, and altogether reftembling the ruines of fome great city of the ancient Romans, or civiliz'd Brittaines.

1 The square member which serves as the foundation to the base of a pillar.—D.
2 The part of a figure which projects much beyond the ground on which it is carved is called by arits alto relievo.—D. The editions have relievo. This emendation is suggeffed in a MS. note to a copy of ed. 1642 in the Britifh Museum.
3 Gentlenefs.—D.
4 Pale blue.—D.
5 Basilicas, in Architecture, are public halls with two ranges of pillars, and galleries over them.—D.
6 Baths.—D.
This strange prospect detain'd the eyes of the Spectators some time, when, to a loud musick, Mercury descends; on the upper part of his Chariot stands a Cocke, in action of crowing; his habit was a Coat of flame colour girt to him, and a white mantle trimm'd with gold and silver; upon his head a wreath, with small falls of white feathers, a Cadufeus in his hand, and wings at his heeles. Being come to the ground, he dismounts, and goes up to the State.

Mercury.

From the high Senate of the gods, to You
Bright glorious Twins of Love and Majesty,
Before whose Throne three warlike Nations bend
Their willing knees: on whose Imperiall browes
The Regall Circle prints no awfull frownes
To fright your Subjects, but whose calmer eyes
Shed joy and safety on their melting hearts,
That flow with cheerefull loyall reverence,
Come I, Cyllenius, Joves Ambaffadour;
Not, as of old, to whisper amorous tales
Of wanton love into the glowing eare
Of some choyce beauty in this numerous traine;
Those dayes are fled, the rebell flame is quench'd
In heavenly brefts; the gods have sware by Styx,
Never to tempt yeelding mortality
To loose embraces. Your exemplar life
Hath not alone transfus'd a zealous heat
Of imitation through your vertuous Court,
By whose bright blaze your Pallace is become
The envy'd patterne of this underworld;
But the aspiring flame hath kindled heaven;
Th' immortall bosomes burne with emulous fires,
Jove rivals your great vertues, Royall sir,
And Juno, Madam, your attractive graces;
He his wild lufs, her raging jealoufies
The Works of

She layes aside, and through th' Olympique hall,
As yours doth here, their great Example spreads.
And though of old, when youthfull blood confpir'd
With his new Empire, prone to heats of luft,
He acted incests, rapes, adulteries,
On earthly beauties, which his raging Queene,
Swolne with revengefull fury, turn'd to beasts,
And in despight he transformed to Stars,
Till he had fill'd the crowded Firmament
With his loose Strumpets and their spurious race,
Where the eternall records of his fame
Shine to the world in flaming Characters;
When in the Chryftall myrrour of your reigne
He view'd himfelfe, he found his loathfome staines;
And now, to expiate the infectious guilt
Of those deftefted luxuries, hee'll chace
Th' infamous lights from their usurped Spheare,
And drowne in the Lethaan flood their curs'd
Both names and memories. In whose vacant roomes
Firft you succeed, and of the wheeling Orbe
In the moft eminent and conspicuous point,
With dazeling beames and spreading magnitude,
Shine the bright Pole-starre of this Hemisphere;
Next, by your side, in a triumphant Chaire,
And crown'd with Ariadnes Diadem,
Sits the faire Confort of your heart and Throne;
Diffus'd about you, with that share of light
As they of vertue have deriv'd from you,
Hee'll fix this Noble traine, of either fexe;
So to the Britifh stars this lower Globe
Shall owe its light, and they alone difpence
To th' world a pure refined influence.

Enter Momus, attired in a long darkish robe, all wrought over with ponyards, Serpents' tongues, eyes, and eares; his beard and haire party coloured, and upon his head a
wreath stucke with Feathers, and a Porcupine in the Forepart.

Momus.

By your leave, Mortals, goodden cozen Hermes! your pardon, good my lord Ambafladour. I found the tables of your Armes and Titles in every Inne betwixt this and Olympus, where your present expedition is registred your nine thousandth nine hundred ninety-ninth Legation. I cannot reach the policy why your Master breeds so few Statefmen; it suits not with his dignity that in the whole empyraeum there should not bee a god fit to send on these honourable errands but your selfe, who are not yet so carefull of his honour or your owne, as might become your quality, when you are itinerant; the Hofts upon the highway cry out with open mouth upon you for supporting pilfery in your traine; which, though as you are the god of petty larcinry, you might protest, yet you know it is direcly against the new orders, and opposeth the Reformation in Diameter.

Merc. Peace, Rayler, bridle your licentious tongue,
And let this Presence teach you modesty.

Mom. Let it if it can; in the meane time I will acquaint it with my condition. Know (gay people) that though your Poets, who enjoy by Patent a particular privilege to draw downe any of the Deities from Twelfnight till Shrove tuesday, at what time there is annually a most familiar entercourfe betweene the two Courts, have as yet never invited me to these Solemnities; yet it shall appeare by my intruision this night, that I am a very considerable Person upon these ocassions, and may most properly assist at such entertainments. My name is Momus-ap-Somnus-ap-Erebus-ap-Chaos-ap-Demogorgon-ap-Eternity. My Offices and Titles are, the Supreme Thomatix, Hypocristique of manners, Protonotarie of abufes, Arch-Infamer, Dilator-Generall, Univerfall Calumniateur, Eternall Plaintiffe, and perpetuall Foreman of the Grand
The Works of

Inqueft. My privileges are an ubiquitary, circumambulatory, speculatory, interrogatory, redargutory immunity over all the privy lodgings, behind hangings, dores, curtaines, through key-holes, chinkes, windowes, about all Veneriall Lobbies, Skonces, or Redoubts, though it bee to the surprize of a perdu\(^1\) Page or Chambermaid, in, and at all Courts of civill and criminall judicature, all Counfels, Confultations, and Parla-
mentary affemblyes, where, though I am but a Wooll-facke god, and have no vote in the fanction of new lawes, I have yet a Prærogative of wresting the old to any whatsoever interpretation, whether it be to the behoofe, or prejudice, of Jupiter his Crowne and Dignity, for, or againft the Rights of either house of Patrician or Plebeian gods. My naturall qualities are to make love frowne, Juno powt, Mars chafe, Venus blush, Vulcan glow, Saturne quake, Cynthia pale, Phæbus hide his face, and Mercury here take his heeles. My recreations are witty mischiefes, as when Saturne guelt his father; the Smith caught his wife and her Bravo in a net of Cobweb-Iron; and Hebe, through the lubricity of the pavement tumbling over the Halpace, present'd the Embleme of the forked tree, and discover'd to the tann'd Ethiops the snowie cliffs of Calabria, with the Grotto of Puteolum. But that you may arrive at the perfect knowledge of me by the familiar illuftration of a Bird of mine owne feather, old Peter Aretine, who reduc'd all the Scepters and Myters of that Age tributary to his wit, was my Parallel; and Frank Rablais fuck'd much of my milke too; but your moderne French Hofpitall of Oratory is meere counterfeit, an arrant Mountebanke; for, though fearing no other tortures than his Sciatica, hee discoure of Kings and Queenes with as little reverence as of Groomes and Chambermaids, yet the wants their fangteeth and Scorpions taile; I meane that fellow who, to adde to his fature, thinkes it a greater grace to dance on his tiptoes like

\(^{1}\) Lying in wait to watch anything.—D.
a Dogge in a doublet, than to walke like other men on the soles of his feet.

_Merc._ No more, impertinent trifeler! you disturbe
The great Affaire with your rude scurrilous chat:
What doth the knowledge of your abject state
Concerne Joves solemne Meffage?

_Mom._ Sir, by your favour, though you have a more especiall Commision of employment from Jupiter, and a larger entertainment from his Exchequer, yet, as a freeborne god, I have the liberty to travell at mine owne charges, without your passe or countenance legatine; and that it may appeare a fedulous acute observer may know as much as a dull flegmatique Ambassadour, and weares a treble key to unlocke the misterious Cyphers of your darke secrecies, I will discourse the politique state of heaven to this trimme Audience.

At this the Scæne changeth, and in the heaven is discovered a Spheare, with Starres placed in their severall Images, borne up by a huge naked Figure (onely a peece of Drapery hanging over his thigh) kneeling and bowing forwards, as if the great weight lying on his shoulder oppreft him; upon his head a Crowne; by all which hee might easly be knowne to be Atlas.

You shall understand, that Jupiter, upon the inspection of I know not what vertuous Presidents extant (as they say) here in this Court, but as I more probably gheffe, out of the consideration of the decay of his naturall abilities, hath before a frequent cõvocation of the Superlunary Peeres in a solemne Oration recanted, disclaimed, and utterly renounced all the lascivious extravagancies and riotous enormities of his forepaft licentious life, and taken his oath on Junos Breviary, religiously kissing the two-leav'd Booke, never to stretch his limbs more betwixt adulterous sheets, and hath with pathetick remonstrances exhorted, and under strict penalties enjoyned, a respective conformity in the severall subordinate Deities; and
because the Libertines of Antiquity, the Ribald Poets, to perpetuate the memory and example of their triumphs over chastity to all future imitation, have in their immortal songs celebrated the martyrdom of those Strumpets under the perfection of the wives, and devolved to Posterity the Pedigrees of their whores, bawds, and bastards; it is therefore by the authority aforesaid enacted, that this whole Army of constellations be immediately disbanded and castrated, so to remove all imputation of impiety from the Cælestiall Spirits, and all lustfull influences upon terrestrial bodies; and, consequently, that there be an Inquisition erefted to expunge in the Ancient, and suppress in the moderne and succeeding Poems and Pamphlets, all past, present, and future mention of those abjur’d heresies, and to take particular notice of all ensuing incontinences, and punish them in their high Commissio Court. Am not I in election to be a tall Statesman, think you, that can repeat a passage at a Counfell-table thus punctually?

*Merc.* I shun in vaine the importunity
With which this Snarler vexeth all the gods;
Love cannot escape him: well, what else from heaven?

*Mom.* Heaven!—Heaven is no more the place it was: a cloyster of Carthufians, a Monaſtery of converted gods; Love is growne old and fearefull, apprehends a subverſion of his Empire, and doubts left Fate should introduce a legall succession in the legitimate heire, by repoffefling the Titanian line; and hence springs all this innovation. We have had new orders read in the Prefence Chamber by the Vi-President of Parnafius, too strict to be observed long: Monopolies are called in, sophification of wares punished, and rates imposed on Commodities. Injunctions are gone out to the Neftar Brewers, for the purging of the heavenly Beverage of a nartotique weed which hath rendred the Idææs confus’d in the Divine intellects, and reducing it to the composition used in Saturnes reigne. Eldicts are made for the restoring of decayed house-keeping, prohibiting the repayre of Families to the
Metropolis; but this did endanger an Amazonian mutiny, till the females put on a more masculine resolution of soliciting business in their owne persons, and leaving their husbands at home for stallions of hospitality. Bacchus hath commanded all Tavernes to be shut, and no liquor drawn after tenne at night. Cupid must goe no more so scandalously naked, but is enjoyned to make him breeches, though of his mothers petticoats. Ganimede is forbidden the Bedchamber, and must only minister in publicke. The gods must keep no Pages, nor Groomes of their Chamber, under the age of 25, and those provided of a competent flocke of beard. Pan may not pipe, nor Proteus juggle, but by especiall permission. Vulcan was brought to an Oretenus and fined, for driving in a plate of Iron into one of the Sunnes Chariot-wheeles, and frost-nailing his horses, upon the fifth of November last, for breach of a penall Statute prohibiting worke upon Holydayes, that being the annual celebration of the Gygantomachy. In briefe, the whole state of the Hierarchy suffers a total reformation, especially in the poynct of reciprocation of conjugal affection. Venus hath confess'd all her adulteries, and is received to grace by her husband who, conscious of the great disparity betwixt her perfections and his deformities, allows those levities as an equal counterpoize; but it is the prettiest spectacle to see her stroaking with her ivory hand his collied cheeks, and with her snowy fingers combing his footy beard. Jupiter too beginnes to learne to lead his owne wife; I left him practising in the milky way; and there is no doubt of an universal obedience, where the Law-giver himselfe in his owne person observes his decrees so punctually, who, besides to eternize the memory of that great example of Matrimoniall union which he derives from hence, hath on his bed-chamber dore and feeling fretted with starres in capitall letters, engraven the inscription of

1 This alludes to the Gunpowder Plot, and was intended, with the preceding lift of all the Regulations in Heaven, to compliment Charles I. and his Consort on their temperance, their chastity, their justice, &c.—D.
Carlo Maria. This is as much, I am sure, as either your knowledge or Instructions can direct you to, which I having in a blunt round tale, without State-formality, politque inferences, or suspected Rhetorical elegancies, already delivered, you may now dexteriously proceed to the second part of your charge, which is the raking of yon heavenly sparks up in the Embers, or reducing the Ætheriall lights to their primitive opacity, and groffe darke substantance; they are all unrivited from the Spheare, and hang loose in their pockets, where they but attend the waving of your Caduce, and immediately they reinveft their pristine shapes, and appeare before you in their owne naturall deformities.

Merc. Momus, thou shalt prevale, for since thy bold Intrusion hath inverted my resolves,
I must obey necessity, and thus turne
My face, to breath the Thunders just decree
'Gainst this adulterate Spheare, which first I purge
Of loathsome Monsters and mis-shapen formes:
Downe from her azure concave thus I charme
The Lyrnean hydra, the rough unlick'd Beare,
The watchfull Dragon, the storme-boading Whale,
The Centaure, the horn'd Goatfish Capricorne,
The Snake-head Gorgon, and fierce Sagittar.
Divested of your gorgeous starry robes,
Fall from the circling Orbe, and e're you sucke
Freh venom in, measure this happy earth;
Then to the Fens, Caves, Forrefts, Deserts, Seas,
Fly, and resume your native qualities.

They dance in these monstrous shapes the first
Antimaske\(^1\) of naturall deformity.

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\(^1\) It is a mistake to suppose (as is generally done) that *Antimasque* signifies a kind of half-entertainment or Prelude to the Masque itself. The derivation of it is from *Antick* and *Masque*, and it means a dance of such strange and monstrous figures, as have no relation to order, uniformity, or even probability.—D.
Mom. Are not these fine companions, trim playfellowes for the Deities? Yet these and their fellowes have made up all our conversation for some thousands of yeeres. Doe not you faire ladies acknowledge yourselves deeply engaged now to those Poets your servants that, in the height of commendation, have rais'd your beauties to a parallel with such exact proportions, or at least rank'd you in their spruce society? Hath not the consideration of these Inhabitants rather frighted your thoughts utterly from the contemplation of the place? But now that these heavenly Mansions are to be voyd, you that shall hereafter be found unlodged will become inexcusable; especially since Vertue alone shall be sufficient title, fine, and rent: yet if there be a Lady not competently stock'd that way, she shall not on the instant utterly despair, if free carry a sufficient pawn of handsomenesse; for however the letter of the Lawe runnes, Jupiter, notwithstanding his Age and present austerity, will never refuse to stampbeauty, and make it currant with his owne Impression; but to such as are deftitute of both I can afford but small encouragement. Proceed, Cozen Mercury; what followes?

Merc. Look up, and marke where the bright Zodiacke
Hangs like a Belt about the brest of heaven;
On the right shoultder, like a flaming Jewell,
His shelt with nine rich Topazes adorn'd,
Lord of this Tropique, fits the skalding Crab:
He, when the Sunne gallops in full careere
His annuall race, his gaily clawes uprear'd,
Frights at the confines of the torrid zone,
The fiery teame, and proudly stops their course,
Making a solstice, till the fierce Steeds learne
His backward paces, and so retrograde
Pofte downe-hill to th' opposed Capricorne.
Thus I depose him from his haughty\textsuperscript{1} Throne;
"Drop from the Sky into the briny flood,
"There teach thy motion to the ebbing Sea;
"But let those fires that beautifi'd thy shell
"Take humane shapes, and the disorder show
"Of thy regressive paces here below."

\textit{The second Antimasque is danc'd in retrograde paces, expressing obliquity in motion.}

\textit{Mom.} This Crab, I confesse, did ill become the heavens; but there is another that more infects the Earth, and makes such a solstice in the politer Arts and Sciences, as they have not beene observed for many Ages to have made any sensibler advance. Could you but lead the learned squadrons with a masculine resolution past this point of retrogradation, it were a benefit to mankind, worthy the power of a god, and to be payed with Altars; but that not being the worke of this night, you may pursuе your purposes: what now succeeds?

\textit{Merc.} Vice that, unbodied, in the Appetite
\textit{Erects his} Throne, hath yet in bestiall shapes
Branded by Nature with the Character
And distinct stampe of some peculiar ill,
Mounted the sky, and fix'd his Trophies there:
As fawning flattery in the little Dog,
I' th' bigger, churlish Murmur; Cowardize
I' th' timorous Hare; Ambition in the Eagle;
Rapine and Avarice in th' adventrous Ship,
That fail'd to Colchos for the Golden fleece.
Drunken distemper in the Goblet flowes;
I' th' Dart and Scorpion, biting Calumny;

\textsuperscript{1} Old copies have\textit{ laughty}. 
In Hercules and the Lyon, furious rage;
Vaine Oftentation in Caffiope:
All these I to eternall exile doome,
But to this place their emblem’d Vices summon,
Clad in those proper Figures, by which best
Their incorporeall nature is express’d.

The third Antimasque is danc’d of those severall vices,
expressing the deviation from Vertue.

Mom. From henceforth it shall be no more said in the
Proverbe, when you would expresse a riotous Assembly,
That hell, but heaven, is broke loose. This was an arrant
Goale-delivery; all the prifons of your great Cities could
not have vomited more corrupt matter; but, Cozen Cyl-
leneus, in my judgement it is not safe that these infectious
persons should wander here, to the hazard of this Island;
they threatened les danger when they were nayl’d to the
Firmament: I should conceive it a very discreet course, since
they are provided of a tall vessell of their owne, ready rigg’d,
to embarque them all together in that good Ship call’d the
Argo, and fend them to the plantation in New-England,
which hath purg’d more virulent humors from the politique
body, than Guacum and all the West-Indian druggs have
from the natural bodies of this kingdome. Can you devise
how to dispose them better?

Merc. They cannot breath this pure and temperate Aire,
Where Vertue lives; but will, with hafty flight,
’Mongst fogs and vapours, seeke unfound abodes.
Fly after them, from your usurped seats,
You foule remainders of that viperous brood:
Let not a Starre of the luxurious race
With his loose blaze flamme the skyes chryftall face.

All the Starres are quench’d, and the Spheare darkned.
Before the entry of every Antimasque, the Starres in those

Thomas Carew.
figures in the Spheare which they were to represent, were extinct; so as, by the end of the Antimalques in the Spheare, no more Stars were seen.

Mom. Here is a total Eclipse of the eighth Spheare, which neither Booker, Allestre, nor any of your prognosticators, no, nor their great master Tycho, were aware of; but yet, in my opinion, there were some innocent, and some generous Constellations, that might have been reserved for Noble uses; as the Skales and Sword to adorn the statue of Justice, since she resides here on Earth only in Picture and Effigie. The Eagle had been a fit present for the Germans, in regard their Bird hath mew'd most of her feathers lately. The Dolphin, too, had been most welcome to the French; and then, had you but clapt Perseus on his Pegasus, brandishing his Sword, the Dragon yawning on his back under the horse's feet, with Pythons dart through his throat, there had been a Divine St George for this Nation: but since you have improvidently shuffled them altogether, it now rests only that we provide an immediate succession; and to that purpose I will instantly proclaim a free Election.

O yes, O yes, O yes,
By the Father of the gods,
and the King of Men.

Whereas we having observed a very commendable practice taken into frequent use by the Princes of these latter Ages, of perpetuating the memory of their famous enterprises, sieges, battles, victories, in Picture, Sculpture, Tapistry, Embroideries, and other manufactures, wherewith they have embellished their publick Palaces, and taken into Our more distinct and serious consideration the particular Christmass hanging of the Guard-Chamber of this Court, wherein the Naval Victory of 88.¹ is, to the eternall glory of this Nation,

¹ The defeat of the famous Spanish Armada, which Philip sent against England, and which was completely ruined by Queen Elizabeth's Fleet in 1588.—D.
exactly delineated; and whereas We likewise, out of a propheticall imitation of this so laudable cuftome, did, for many thousand yeares before, adorne and beautifie the eighth roome of Our cæleftiall Mansfon, commonly called the Starre-Chamber, with the military adventures, stratagems, achievemens, feats and defeats, performed in Our Owne person, whilest yet Our Standard was erected, and We a Combattant in the Amorous Warfare: it hath notwithstanding, after mature deliberation and long debate held first in our owne incecrutable bofome, and afterwards communicated with Our Privy Councell, seemd meet to Our Omnipotency, for causes to Our felfe beft knowne, to unfurnifi and dif-array our foresaid Starre-Chamber of all those Ancient Constellations which have for fo many Ages been sufficiently notorious, and to admit into their vacant places such Persons onely as shall be qualified, with exemplar Vertue and eminent Desert, there to fhine in indelible Characters of glory to all Pofterity. It is therefore Our divine will and pleafure, voluntarily, and out of Our owne free and proper motion, meere grace and speciall favour, by these prelents, to specific and declare to all Our loving People, that it shall be lawfull for any Person whatfoever, that conceiveth him or herselfe to bee really endued with any Heroicall Vertue or transcendent Merit, worthy fo high a calling and dignity, to bring their severall pleas and pretences before Our Right trufty and Welbeloved Cozen and Councillor, Don Mercury and god Momus, &c. our peculiar Delegates for that affaire, to whom We have Transferr'd an absolute power to conclude and determine, without Appeale or Revocation, accordingly as to their wife-domes it shall in such cases appeare behoovefull and expedient. Given at Our Palace in Olympus the first day of the first moneth, in the first yeare of the Reformation.

¹ Old editions have upon.
Plutus enters, an old man full of wrinkles, a bald head, a thin white beard, spectacles on his nose, with a buncht backe, and attir'd in a Robe of Cloth of gold.

Plutus appeares.

Merc. Who's this appeares?
Mom. This is a subterranean fiend, Plutus, in this Dialect term'd Riches, or the god of gold; a Poyson hid by Providence in the bottome of Seas and Navill of the earth from mans discovery; where, if the seeds beganne to sprout above-ground, the excrescence was carefully guarded by Dragons; yet at last by humane curiosity brought to light to their owne destruction, this being the true Pandora's box, whence issued all those mischieves that now fill the Univerfe.

Plut. That I prevent the message of the gods
Thus with my hafte, and not attend their summons,
Which ought in Iustice call me to the place
I now require of Right, is not alone
To shew the juft precedence that I hold
Before all earthly, next th' immortall Powers;
But to exclude the hope of partiall Grace
In all Pretenders who, since I descend
To equall tryall, muft by my example,
Waving your favour, clayme by sole Desert.
If Vertue muft inherit, shee's my slave;
I lead her captive in a golden chaine
About the world; shee takes her Forme and Being
From my creation; and those barren seeds
That drop from Heaven, if I not cheriſh them
With my distilling dewes and fotive heat,

1 Plutus was the god of wealth in the mythological creed of the ancients; but it seems questionable whether Pluto and Plutus were not the same.
2 Nourishing.—D.
They know no vegetation; but expos'd
To blasting winds of freezing Poverty,
Or not shoot forth at all, or budding wither.
Should I proclaime the daily sacrifice
Brought to my Temples by the toyling rout,
Not of the fat and gore of abject Beasts,
But humane sweat and blood powr'd on my Altars,
I might provoke the envy of the gods.
Turne but your eyes, and marke the busie world,
Climbing steepe Mountains for the sparkling stone,
Piercing the Center for the shining Ore,
And th' Oceans boreme to rake pearly sands:
Crosting the torrid and the frozen Zones,
'Midst rocks and swallowing Gulphes, for gainful trade:
And through opposing swords, fire, murdring Canon,
Skaling the walled Towne for precious spoyle.
Plant, in the passage to your heavenly seats,
These horrid dangers, and then see who dares
Advance his desperate foot; yet am I fought,
And oft in vaine, through these and greater hazards:
I could discover how your Deities
Are for my sake fliedghted, defpis'd, abus'd;
Your Temples, Shrines, Altars, and Images
Uncover'd, rifled, rob'd, and disarray'd
By sacrilegious hands; yet is this treasure
To th' golden Mountaine, where I fit ador'd,
With superstitious solemn rights convey'd,
And becomes facred there, the fordid wretch
Not daring touch the consecrated Ore,
Or with profane hands leffen the bright heape;
But this might draw your anger downe on mortals,
For rendring me the homage due to you;
Yet what is said may well expresse my power,
Too great for Earth, and onely fit for Heaven.

Now, for your pastime, view the naked root
Which, in the dirty earth and base mould drown'd,
Sends forth this precious Plant and golden fruit. 
You lufty Swaines, that to your grazing flocks 
Pipe amorous roundelayes; you toyling Hinds, 
That barbe the fields, and to your merry Teames
Whistle your passions; and you mining Moles, 
That in the bowels of your mother-Earth
Dwell, the eternall burthen of her wombe, 
Ceafe from your labours, when Wealth bids you play, 
Sing, dance, and keepe a chearefull holyday.

They dance the fourth Antimasque, consisting of 
Countrey people, mufeque, and measures.

Merc. Plutus, the gods know and confesse your power,
Which feeble Vertue feldome can refift;
Stronger then Towers of brasse or Chaffity;
Looe knew you when he courted Danae,
And Cupid weares you on that arrowes head,
That still prevails. But the gods keepe their Thrones
To enfall Vertue, not her Enemies.
They dreads thy force, which even themselves have felt:
Witnese Mount Ida, where the Martall Maid
And frowning Iuno did to mortall eyes
Naked for gold their sacred bodies shew!
Therefore for ever be from heaven banish'd: 
But fince with toyle from undiscover'd Worlds
Thou art brought hither, where thou first didst breathe
The thirft of Empire into Regall brefts,
And frighted quiet Peace from her meek Throne,
Filling the World with tumult, blood and warre;
Follow the Camps of the contentious earth,
And be the Conquerers slave; but he that can
Or conquer thee, or give thee Vertues flampe,
Shall shine in heaven a pure immortall Lampe.

Mom. Nay stay, and take my benediction along with you.
I could, being here a Co-Iudge, like others in my place, now that you are condemn'd, either raile at you, or breake jefts upon you; but I rather chuse to loose a word of good counsell, and entreat you to bee more carefull in your choyfe of company; for you are always found either with Mifers, that not use you at all, or with fooles, that know not how to use you wel. Be not hereafter so referv'd and coy to men of worth and parts, and so you shall gaine such credit, as at the next Sessions you may be heard with better succeffe. But till you are thus reform'd, I pronounce this positive sentence. That wherefoever you shall chuse to abide, your society shall adde no credit or reputation to the party, nor your discontinuance, or totall absence, be matter of disparagement to any man; and whosoever shall hold a contrary estimation of you, shall be condemn'd to weare perpetuall Motley, unleffe he recant his opinion. Now you may voyd the Court.

Pænia enters, a woman of a pale colour, large brims of a hat upon her head, through which her haire started up like a fury; her Robe was of a darke color, full of patches; about one of her hands was tie a chaine of Iron, to which was fastned a weighty ftone, which shee bore up under her arme.

Pænia enters.

Merc. What Creature's this?
Mom. The Antipodes to the other; they move like two Buckets, or as two nayles drive out one another. If Riches depart, Poverty will enter.

Pov. I nothing doubt (Great and Immortall Powers) But that the place your wisedom hath deny'd My foe, your Iuftice will conferre on me; Since that which renders him incapable Proves a strong plea for me. I could pretend, Even in these rags, a larger Soverainty
Then gaudy Wealth in all his pompe can boast;
For marke how few they are that share the World;
The numerous Armies, and the swarming Ants
That fight and toyle for them, are all my Subjects;
They take my wages, weare my Livery:
Invention too and Wit are both my creatures,
And the whole race of Vertue is my Offspring;
As many mischiefes issue from my wombe,
And those as mighty, as proceed from gold.
Oft o’re his Throne I wave my awfull Scepter,
And in the bowels of his state command,
When, ’midst his heapes of coyne and hils of gold,
I pine and starve the avaritious foole.
But I decline those titles, and lay clayme
To heaven by right of Divine contemplation;
She is my Darling; I in my soft lap,
Free from disturbing cares, bargaines, accounts,
Leafes, Rents, Stewards, and the feare of theeves,
That vex the rich, nurfe her in calm repose,
And with her all the Vertues speculative,
Which but with me find no secure retreat.
For entertainment of this howre, I’ll call
A race of people to this place, that live
At Natures charge, and not importune heaven
To chayme the winds up, or keepe back the stormes,
To stay the thunder, or forbid the hayle
To threft the un reap’d eare; but to all weathers,
Both chilling frost and skalding Sunne, expose
Their equall face. Come forth, my swarthy traine,
In this faire circle dance, and as you move,
Marke and foretell happy events of Love.

_They dance the fifth Antimasque of Gypies._

_Mom._ I cannot but wonder, that your perpetuall conver-
sation with Poets and Philosophers hath furnished you with
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no more Logicke, or that you should think to impose upon us so grosse an inference, as, because Plutus and you are contrary, therefore whatsoever is denied of the one must be true of the other; as if it should follow of necessity, because he is not Jupiter, you are. No, I give you to know, I am better vers'd in cavils with the gods, than to swallow such a fallacie; for though you two cannot bee together in one place, yet there are many places that may be without you both, and such is heaven, where neither of you are likely to arrive: therefore let me advise you to marry your selfe to Content, and beget fage Apothegms and goodly morall Sentences, in dispraise of Riches and contempt of the world.

Merc. Thou dost presume too much, poore needy wretch,
To claim a station in the Firmament,  
Because thy humble Cottage or thy Tub
Nur'ses some lazie or Pedantique virtue
In the cheape Sun-shine or by shady springs,
With roots and pot-hearbs; where thy right hand,
Tearing those humane passions from the mind,
Upon whose stockes faire blooming vertues flourish,
Degradeth Nature, and benummeth sense,
And, Gorgon-like, turns active men to stone.
We not require the dull society
Of your necessitated Temperance,
Or that unnatural stupidity
That knowes nor joy nor sorrow; nor your forc'd
Falsly exalted passive Fortitude
Above the active. This low abject brood,
That fix their seats in mediocrity,
Become your servile minds; but we advance
Such vertues onely as admit excess:
Brave bounteous Acts, Regall Magnificence,
All-seeing Prudence, Magnanimity
That knowes no bound, and that Heroicke vertue
For which Antiquity hath left no name,

FF
The Works of

But patternes only, such as Hercules,
Achilles, Theseus. Backe to thy loath'd cell!
And when thou seest the new enlightened Spheare,
Study to know but what those Worthies were.

Tiche enters, her head bald behind, and one great locke before;
wings at her shoulers, and in her hand a wheele;
her upper parts naked, and the skirt of her garment
wrought all over with Crownes, Scepters, Bookes, and
such other things as expresse both her greatest and smallest
gifts.

Mom. See, where Dame Fortune comes; you may know
Her by her wheele, and that vaile over eyes, with which
She hopes, like a feel'd Pigeon, to mount above the Clouds,
And pearch in the eight Spheare: listen, she begins.

Fort. I come not here, you gods, to plead the Right
By which Antiquity assign'd my Deitie,
Though no peculiar station 'mongst the Stars,
Yet generall power to rule their influence;
Or boast the Title of Omnipotent,
Ascrib'd me then, by which I rival'd Iove,
Since you have cancell'd all those old records.
But, confident in my good cause and merit,
Claime a succession in the vacant Orbe;
For since Aftraea fled to heaven, I fit
Her Deputy on Earth; I hold her skales,
And weigh mens Fates out, who have made me blind,
Because themselves want eyes to see my causes,
Call me inconstant, 'caufe my workes surpasse
The shallow fathom of their human reafon;
Yet here, like blinded Justice, I dispence
With my impartiall hands their constant lots;
And if defertleffe, impious men engroffe

1 Hooded, a term of Falconry.—D.
My best rewards, the fault is yours, you gods,
That scant your graces to mortality,
And, niggards of your good, scarce spare the world
One virtuous for a thousand wicked men.
It is no error to conferre dignity,
But to bestow it on a vicious man;
I gave the dignity, but you made the vice;
Make you men good, and I'll make good men happy.
That Plutus is refus'd, dismaies me not;
He is my Drudge, and the externall pompe
In which he decks the world proceeds from me,
Not him; like Harmony, that not resides
In strings or notes, but in the hand and voyce.
The revolutions of Empires, States,
Scepters and Crownes, are but my game and sport,
Which as they hang on the events of Warre,
So those depend upon my turning wheele.
You warlike Squadrons who, in battles joyn'd,
Dispute the Right of Kings, which I decide,
Prent the modell of that martiall frame,
By which, when Crownes are took, I rule the game.

They dance the sixth Antimaske, being the representation of a Battell.

Mom. Madam, I should censure you, \textit{pro falsa clamore},
for preferring a scandalous cros-bill of recrimination against
the gods, but your blindneffe shall excuse you. Alas! what
would it advantage you, if vertue were as univerfall as vice is?
It would onely follow that, as the world now exclamies upon
you for exalting the vicious, it would then raile as fast at you
for depreffing the vertuous; so they would still keepe their
tune, though you chang'd their ditty.

Merc. The mists in which future events are wrap'd,
That oft succed befide the purposes
Of him that workes, his dull eyes not discerning
The first great cause, offer'd thy clouded shape
To his enquiring search; so in the dark
The groping world first found thy Deity,
And gave thee rule over contingencies,
Which to the piercing eye of Providence
Being fix'd and certaine, where past and to come
Are always present, thou dost disappear,
Lost thy being, and art not at all.
Be thou then only a deluding Phantome,
At best a blind guide, leading blinder fools
Who, would they but survey their mutual wants,
And help each other, there were left no room
For thy vain aid. Wisedome, whose strong-built plots
Leave not to hazard, mockes thy futile power:
Industrious labour drags thee by the lockes,
Bound to his toyling Car and, not attending
Till thou dispense, reaches his own reward.
Only the lazie sluggard yawning lies
Before thy threshold, gaping for thy dole,
And licks the easiest hand that feeds his sloth;
The shallow, rash and unadvised man
Makes thee his stake, disburdens all the follies
Of his mis-guided actions on thy shoulders.
Vanish from hence, and seek those idiots out
That thy fantanticke god-head hath allow'd,
And rule that giddy superstitious crowd.

Hedone, Pleasure, a young woman with a smiling face, in a
light lascivious habit, adorn'd with silver and gold; her
Temples crown'd with a garland of Roses, and over that
a rainbow circling her head downe to her shoulders.

Hedone enters.

Merc. What wanton's this?
Mom. This is the sprightly Lady Hedone: a merry gamester this; people call her Pleasure.

Plea. The reafons (equall Judges,) here alleag’d
By the difmift Pretenders, all concurre
To strengthen my juft title to the fphere.
Honour or Wealth, or the contempt of both,
Have in themelves no fimple reall good,
But as they are the meanes to purchase Pleasure:
The paths that lead to my delicious Palace.
They for my fake, I for mine owne, am prized.
Beyond me nothing is; I am the Gole,
The journeys end, to which the sweating world
And wearied Nature travels. For this the beft
And wifeft feet of all Philosophers
Made me the feat of supreme happineffe;
And though fome more auftere upon my ruines
Did to the prejudice of Nature raife
Some petty low-built vertues, ’twas because
They wanted wings to reach my foaring pitch.
Had they beene Princes borne, themfelves had prov’d
Of all mankind the moft luxurious.
For thofe delights, which to their low condition
Were obvious, they with greedy appetite
Suck’d and devour’d: from offices of State,
From cares of family, children, wife, hopes, feares,
Retir’d, the churlifh Cynicke in his Tub
Enjoy’d thofe pleasures which his tongue defam’d.
Nor am I rank’d ’mongft the superfluous goods;
My neceffary offices prefervé
Each fingle man, and propagate the kind.
Then am I univerfal as the light
Or common ayre we breath; and fince I am
The generall defire of all mankind,
Civil Felicity muft refide in me.
Tell me what rate my choyceft pleasures beare,
The Works of

When, for the short delight of a poore draught
Of cheape cold water great Lyfimachus
Rendred himselfe slave to the Scythians?
Should I the curious structure of my feats,
The art and beauty of my severall objects,
Rehearfe at large, your bounties would reserve
For every sense a proper constellation;
But I present their Persons to your eyes.

Come forth, my subtle Organs of delight,
With changing figures please the curious eye,
And charm the eare with moving Harmonie.

They dance the seventh Antimase of the five senses.

Merc. Bewitching syren, guilded rottenesse,
Thou haft with cunning artifice display'd
Th' enamel'd outside and the honied verge
Of the faire cup, where deadly poyfon lurkes.
Within a thousand sorrowes dance the round;
And like a shell Paine circles thee without;
Griefe is the shadow waiting on thy steps,
Which, as thy joyes 'ginne tow'rs their West decline,
Doth to a Gyants spreading forme extend
Thy Dwarfish stature. Thou thy selfe art Paine;
Greedy, intense Desire, and the keene edge
Of thy fierce Appetite oft strangles thee,
And cuts thy slender thread; but still the terror
And apprehension of thy hafty end
Mingles with Gall thy most refined sweets;
Yet thy Cymeconn charmes transforme the world.
Captaines that have resifted warre and death,
Nations that over Fortune have triumphed,
Are by thy Magicke made effeminate;
Empires, that knew no limits but the Poles,
Have in thy wanton lap melted away.
Thou wert the Author of the first exceffe
That drew this reformation on the gods.  
Canst thou then dreame, those Powers that from heaven have  
Banish'd th' effect, will there enthrone the' caufe?  
To thy voluptuous Denne flye, Witch, from hence,  
There dwell for ever drown'd in brutish sense.

Mom. I concurre, and am growne so weary of these tedious  
pleadings, as I'le packe up too and be gone.  Besides, I see a  
crowd of other fuitors preffing hither; I'le stop 'em, take their  
petitions, and preferre'em above; and as I came in bluntly with-  
out knocking, and nobody bid mee welcome, so I'le depart  
as abruptly without taking leave, and bid no bodie farewell.

Mer. These with forc'd reasons and strain'd arguments  
Urge vaine pretences, whilst your Aétions plead,  
And with a silent importunity  
Awake the drowsie Juftice of the gods  
To Crowne your deeds with immortality.  
The growing Titles of your Ancestors,  
These Nations' glorious Acts, joyn'd to the stocke  
Of your owne Royall vertues, and the cleare  
Reflexe they take from th' imitation  
Of your fam'd Court, make Honors ftorie full,  
And have to that secure fix'd state advance'd  
Both you and them, to which the labouring world,  
Wading through freames of blood, fweats to aspire.  
Thofe Ancient Worthies of these famous Isles,  
That long have fleep, in fresh and lively fhares  
Shall ftraight appeare, where you fhall fee your felfe  
Circled with moderne Heroes, who fhall be  
In Act, whatever elder times can boaft  
Noble or Great, as they in Prophefie  
Were all but what you are. Then fhall you fee  
The sacred hand of bright Eternitie

1 In the old copies tb'.
Mould you to Stars, and fix you in the Spheare.
To you, your Royall halfe, to them she'll joyne
Such of this traine, as with induftrious steps
In the faire prints your vertuous feet have made,
Though with unequall paces, follow you.
This is decreed by Iove, which my returne
Shall fee perform'd; but first behold the rude
And old Abiders here, and in them view
The point from which your full perfections grew;
You naked, ancient, wild Inhabitants,
That breath'd this Ayre, and preft this flowery Earth,
Come from those shades where dwels eternals night,
And see what wonders Time hath brought to light.

Atlas and the Spheare vanifheth, and a new Scæne appeares
of mountaines, whose eminent height exceed the Clouds, which
past beneath them; the lower parts were wild and woody:
out of this place comes forth a more grave Antimasque of
Pïcts, the naturall Inhabitants of this Île, antient Scots and
Irish; these dance a Perica, or Martiall dance.

When this Antimasque was past, there began to arise out
of the earth the top of a hill which, by little and little, grew
to bee a huge mountaine, that covered all the Scæne; the
under part of this was wild and craggy, and above somewhat
more pleafant and flourifhing; about the middle part of this
Mountaine were feated the three kingdomes of England,
Scotland, and Ireland, all richly attired in regall habits,
appropriated to the severall Nations, with Crownes on their
heads, and each of them bearing the ancient Armes of the
kingdomes they repreffented. At a distance above these fate a
young man in a white embroidered robe; upon his faire haire
an Olive garland with wings at his shoulders, and holding in
his hand a Cornucopia fill'd with corne and fruits, repreffenting
the Genius of these kingdomes.
The First Song.

GENIUS.
Raise from these rockie cliffs your heads,
Brave Sonnes, and see where Glory spreads
Her glittering wings; where Majesty,
Crown'd with sweet smiles, shoots from her eye
Diffusive joy; where Good and Faire
United sit in Honours chayre.
Call forth your aged Priests and chyrrall streames,
To warme their hearts and waves in these bright beames.

KINGDOMES.
1. From your confeocrated woods,
   Holy Druids; 2. Silver floods,
   From your channels fring'd with flowers,
3. Hither move; forfake your bowers
1. Strew'd with hallowed Oaken leaves,
   Deck'd with flags and sedgie sheaves,
   And behold a wonder. 3. Say,
   What doe your duller eyes survey?

CHORVS OF DRUIDS AND RIVERS.
We see at once, in dead of night,
A Sun appeare, and yet a bright
Nooneday springing from Starre-light.

GENIVS.
Looke up, and see the darkned Spheare
Deprivo'd of light; her eyes shine here.

CHORVS.
These are more sparkling then those were.
G G
The Works of

KINGDOMES.

1. These shed a nobler influence,
   These by a pure intelligence
   Of more transcendent Virtue move;

2. These first feel, then kindle love;

1. 2. From the bozomes they inspire,
      These receive a mutual fire;

1. 2. 3. And where their flames impure returne,
         These can quench as well as burne.

GENIVS.

Here the fare victorious eyes
Make Worth onely Beauties prize;
Here the hand of Virtue tyes
'Bout the heart loves amorous chayne;
Captives triumph, vassals reigne,
And none live here but the slaine.

CHORVS.

These are th' Hesperian bowers, whose faire trees beare
Rich golden fruit, and yet no Dragon near.

GENIVS.

Then from your impris'ning wombe,
Which is the cradle and the tombe
Of British Worthies, (faire sons) send
A troope of Heroes, that may lend
Their hands to eafe this loaden grove,
And gather the ripe fruits of love.

KINGDOMES.

1. 2. 3. Open thy stony entrailes wide,
         And breake old Atlas, that the pride
         Of three fam'd kingdomes may be spy'd.
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CHORVS.

Pace forth, thou mighty Britifh Hercules,
With thy choyce band, for onely thou and these
May revell here in Loves Hesperides.

At this, the under-part of the Rocke opens, and out of a Cave are feene to come the Masquers, richly attired like ancient Heroes, the Colours yellow, embroydered with silver, their antique Helmes curiously wrought, and great plumes on the top; before them a troope of young Lords and Noble-mens fones, bearing Torches of Virgin-wax. Thse were appareled after the old Britifh fashion in white Coats, embroydered with silver, girt, and full gathered, cut square coller’d, and round caps on their heads, with a white feather wreathen about them. Firft these dance with their lights in their hands, after which the Masquers descend into the roome, and dance their entry.

The dance being past, there appeares in the further part of the heaven comming downe a pleafant Cloud, bright and transparent which, comming softly downwards before the upper part of the mountaine, embraceth the Genius, but so as through it all his body is feene; and then rising againe with a gentle motion, beares up the Genius of the three kingdoms, and being past the Airy Region, pierceth the heavens, and is no more feene; at that instant, the Rocke with the three kingdoms on it sinkes, and is hidden in the earth. This strange spectable gave great caufe of admiration, but especially how so huge a machine, and of that great height, could come from under the Stage, which was but fix foot high.

The second Song.

KINGDOMES.

1. Here are shapes form’d fit for heaven;
2. These move gracefully and even.
3. Here the Ayre and paces meet
   So just, as if the skilfull feet
   Had struck the Vials.—1. 2. 3. So the Eare
   Might the tuneful footing heare.

CHORVS.

And had the Musicke silent beene,
   The eye a moving tune had scene.

GENIVS.

These must in the unpeopled skie
   Succeed, and governe Deftinie:
   Love is temp'ring purer fire,
   And will with brighter flames attire
   These glorious lights. I must ascend
   And helpe the Worke.

KINGDOMES.

1. We cannot lend
   Heaven so much treasure. 2. Nor that pay
   But rendring what it takes away.
   Why should they, that here can move
   So well, be ever fix'd above?

CHORVS.

Or be to one eternall posture ty'd,
   That can into such various figures slide?

GENIVS.

Love shall not, to enrich the Skie,
   Beggar the Earth: their Fame shall flye
   From hence alone, and in the Spheare
   Kindle new Starres, whilst they rest here.
Thomas Carew.

KINGDOMES.

1. 2. 3. How can the shaft stay in the quiver, 
Yet hit the marke?

GENIVS.

Did not the River
Eridanus the grace acquire
In Heaven and Earth to flow:
Above in streames of golden fire,
In silver waves below?

KINGDOMES.

1. 2. 3. But shall not wee, now thou art gone
Who wert our Nature, wither,
Or breake that triple Union
Which thy soule held together?

GENIVS.

In Concords pure immortall spring
I will my force renew,
And a more active Vertue bring
At my returne. Adieu.

KINGDOMES. Adieu.—CHORVS. Adieu.

The Masquers dance their maine dance; which done, the Scene againe is varied into a new and pleafant prospect, cleane differing from all the other; the nearest part thowing a delicious garden, with severall walkes and parterra's fet round with low trees, and on the sides, against these walkes, were fountaines and grots, and in the furthest part a Palace, from whence went high walkes upon Arches, and above them open Terraces planted with Cypresse trees; and all this together was com-posed of fuch Ornaments as might expreff a Princely Villa.
From hence the Chorus, descending into the roome, goes up to the State.

The third Song.

BY THE CHORUS GOING UP TO THE QUEENE.

Whilst thus the darlings of the Gods
From Honours Temple to the Shrine
Of Beauty and these sweet abodes
Of Love we guide, let thy Divine
Aspects (bright Deity) with faire
And Halcyon beams becalme the Ayre.

We bring Prince Arthur, or the brave
St. George himselfe (great Queene) to you:
You'll soon discern him; and we have
A Guy, a Beavis, or some true
Round-Table Knight, as ever fought
For Lady, to each Beauty brought.

Plant in their Martiall hands, Warr's feat,
Your peacefull pledges of warme snow,
And, if a speaking touch, repeat
In Loves knowne language tales of woe:
Say in soft whispers of the Palme,
As Eyes shoot darts, so Lips shed Balme.

For though you seeme, like Captives, led
In triumph by the Foe away,
Yet on the Conqu'rs necke you tread,
And the fierce Victor proves your prey;
What heart is then secure from you,
That can, though vanquish'd, yet subdue?
Thomas Carew.

The Song done, they retire, and the Masquers dance the Revels with the Ladies, which continued a great part of the night.

The Revels being past, and the Kings Majesty feated under the State by the Queene, for Conclusion to this Masque there appeares comming forth from one of the sides, as moving by a gentle wind, a great Cloud which, arriving at the middle of the heaven, stayeth; this was of severall colours, and so great, that it covered the whole Scæne. Out of the further part of the heaven beginnes to breake forth two other Clouds, differing in colour and shape; and being fully discovered, there appeared fitting in one of them Religion, Truth, and Wifdome. Religion was appareled in white, and part of her face was covered with a light vaile, in one hand a booke, and in the other a flame of fire: Truth in a Watchet Robe, a Sunne upon her fore-head, and bearing in her hand a Palme; Wifdome in a mantle wrought with eyes and hands, golden rayes about her head, and Apollo's Cithera in her hand. In the other Cloud fate Concord, Government, and Reputation. The habit of Concord was Carnation, bearing in her hand a little faggot of stickes bound together, and on the top of it a hart, and a garland of corne on her head; Government was figured in a coat of Armour, bearing a shield, and on it a Medufa's head, upon her head a plumed helme, and in her right hand a Lance; Reputation, a young man in a purple robe wrought with gold, and wearing a laurell wreath on his head. These being come downe in an equall distance to the middle part of the Ayre, the great Cloud beganne to breake open, out of which stroke beames of light; in the midst, suspended in the Ayre, fate Eternity on a Globe; his Garment was long, of a light blue, wrought all over with Stars of gold, and bearing in his hand a Serpent bent into a circle, with his tayle in his mouth. In the firmament about him was a troope of fifteene starres, expressing the stellifying of our British Heroes; but one more great and eminent than the rest, which was over his head, figured his Majesty: and in the lower part
The Works of

was seene, a farre off, the prospect of Windfor Caftell, the famous seat of the most honourable Order of the Garter.

The fourth Song.

ETERNITY, EUSEBIA, ALETHIA, SOPHIA, HOMONOIA,

DICÆARCHE, EUPHEMIA.

ETERNITIE.

Be fix’d, you rapid Orbes, that beare
The changing seasons of the yeare
On your swift wings, and see the old
Decrepit shpeare grown darke and cold;
Nor did love quench her fires: these bright
Flames have eclips’d her fullen light:
This Royall Payre, for whom Fate will
Make Motion cease, and Time stand still;
Since Good is here so perfect, as no Worth
Is left for After-Ages to bring forth.

EUSEBIA.

Mortality cannot with more
Religious zeale the gods adore.

ALETHIA.

My Truths, from human eyes conceal’d,
Are naked to their sight reveal’d.

SOPHIA.

Nor doe their Actions from the guide
Of my exactest precepts slide.
And as their owne pure Soules entwin'd,
So are their Subjects hearts combin'd.

So just, so gentle is their way,
As it seemes Empire to obay.

And their faire Fame, like incense hurl'd
On Altars, hath perfum'd the world.

Crowne this King, this Queene, this Nation.

Wisdom, truth, &c.

Brave Spirits, whose adventrous feet
Have to the Mountaines top aspir'd,
Where faire Desert and Honour meet,
Here from the toyling Prefte retir'd,
Secure from all disturbing evil,
For ever in my Temple revell.

With wreathes of Starres circled about,
Guild all the spacious firmament,
And, smiling on the panting Rout
That labour in the steep ascent,
With your restless Influence guide
Of human change th' uncertaine tide.
The Works of

EVS. ALE. SOP.

But oh, you royall Turtles, shed,
When you from Earth remove,
On the ripe fruit of your chaste bed
Those sacred seeds of Love

CHORVS.

Which no Power can but yours dispence,
Since you the patterne beare from hence.

HOM. DIC. EVP.

Then from your fruitfull race shall flow
Endlesse Succession;
Scepters shall bud, and Lawrels blow
'Bout their immortall Throne.

CHORVS.

Propitious Starres shall crowne each birth,
Whilst you rule them, and they the Earth.

The song ended, the two Clouds, with the person sitting on them, ascend; the great Cloud clofeth againe, and so passeth away overthwart the Scæne, leaving nothing behind but a serene Skye. After which, the Matquers dance[d] their last dance, and the Curtaine was let fall.
The Names of the Masquers.

The Kings Majesty.

Duke of Lenox,    Lord Feilding,
Earle of Devonshire,  Lord Digby,
Earle of Holland,    Lord Dungarvan,
Earle of Newport,    Lord Dunluce,
Earle of Elgin,      Lord Wharton,
Viscount Grandison,  Lord Paget,
Lord Rich,           Lord Salton.

The Names of the young Lords and
Noble-mens Sonnes.

Lord Walden,      Mr Thomas Howard,
Lord Cranborne,    Mr Thomas Egerton,
Lord Brackley,     Mr Charles Cavendish,
Lord Chandos,      Mr Robert Howard,
Mr William Herbert, Mr Henry Spencer.

FINIS.
The Songs and Dialogues of this Booke were set with apt Tunes to them, by M'. HENRY LAWES, one of His Majesties Musitians.¹

¹ Not in the 4to of 1634.
Supplement.

THE ENQUIRY.¹

AMONGST the myrtles as I walk’t,
Love and my fighes thus intertallk’t:
Tell me (said I in deepe distresse)
Where may I find my shepheardesse?

Thou fool, (said love,) knowst thou not this?
In every thing that’s good shee is;
In yonder tulip goe and seeke,
There thou maist find her lip, her cheeke.

In yon enmanmel’d pansie by,
There thou shalt have her curious eye;
In bloome of peach, in rosie bud,
There wave the streamers of her blood.

¹ This and the following poem are the two pieces referred to as being of doubtful authorship; but it seems to be tolerably clear that they proceeded from the pen of Herrick.
Supplement.

In brightest lilies that there stands,
The emblems of her whiter hands;
In yonder rising hill there smells
Such sweets as in her bosom dwells.

'Tis true, (said I,) and thereupon
I wente to plucke them one by one,
To make of parts a union,
But on a fuddaine all was gone.

With that I stopt. Said love, these be,
(Fond man,) resemblances of thee;
And as these flowers, thy joyes shall die,
Even in the twinkling of an eye,
And all thy hopes of her shall wither,
Like these short sweets thus knit together.

The Primrose.

Ske me why I send you here
This sweet Infanta of the yeere?
Aske me why I send to you
This primrose, thus bepearl'd with dew?
I will whisper to your eares,
The sweets of love are mixt with tears.

Ask me why this flower do's show
So yellow-green, and sickly too?
Aske me why the stalk is weak
And bending, yet it doth not break?
I will answer, These discover
What fainting hopes are in a lover.
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— John, of Saxham, cupbearer to Charles I. He has a Hymn in the second book of Lawes's Ayres and Dialogues, 1655. In Herrick's works, by Hazlitt, p. 286, is a short poem, "To his Faithful Friend, Master John Crofts Cup-bearer to the King," xxxiii. xxxvii. 38, 107, note.
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— allusion to. Donne assuredly did not deserve the encomium of Carew or the enthusiastic admiration of his contemporaries, but his works will always remain of standard value and interest. I have before me a thin 4to. MS. written in 1620, containing the bulk of his poetical writings; the differences between the text and that of the old printed copies are worth the attention of any future editor of Donne. See Jonson's Works, 1816, viii. 205. It is somewhat strange, perhaps, that Carew should have formed so high an opinion of a writer, of whom fyle his own works afford no trace. Yet our poet had, perhaps, in his recollection Donne's Paradoxe, "Why have Baffards left Fortunes," when he wrote the concluding lines on Davenant's Poems. See supra, pp. 174-5, 96.
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Wharton, Philip, fourth Lord. A masquer in Calum Britannicum, 234.

Wickham, co. Kent, the birthplace of Sir Matthew Carew the younger, xxi. xxix.

Winwood, Mr. Secretary (Sir Ralph), xxvii.

Wood, Mrs., afterwards Lady Harington, xxvii.

Wroth, Wroth-House, near Bedford, the seat of the Greys, Dukes of Kent, is probably intended. It lay six miles to the south of Bedford, iii.

Yorke, in the Strand, 248, note.
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