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Benlowes
Esse suivolunt monumentum & pignus Amoris.

Arms of Edward Benlowes and Phineas Fletcher, with an Inscription in Fletcher's handwriting.

Reduced Facsimile of the Title-Page (*verso*) of a presentation copy of *The Purple Island*, &c. (1633) in the possession of Mr F. T. Sabin.

5
#572
GILES AND PHINEAS FLETCHER

POETICAL WORKS

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The Poetical Works
of
Giles Fletcher
and
Phineas Fletcher

In Two Volumes

I
10

GILES FLETCHER
(The Younger)

Born, *circa* 1585

Died, 1623

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Born, 1582

Died, 1650

PREFACE

THE first volume of this Edition contained the poems of Giles Fletcher, and the undisputed poetical works of Phineas Fletcher, published before 1633¹. The present volume includes the poems, original or translated, of Phineas Fletcher, which appeared in or after that year. It also reprints as an Appendix *Brittain's Ida*, published in 1628, and ascribed on the title-page to Spenser, but which for reasons set forth in detail below I assign without doubt to Phineas Fletcher.

The bulk of the poems contained in this volume appeared in the Quarto of 1633, entitled *The Purple Island, Or The Isle Of Man: Together With Piscatorie Eclogs And Other Poeticall Miscellanies*. By P. F. Printed by the Printers to the Universitie of Cambridge. In the Quarto *The Purple Island*, after the Dedication, "To the Readers," and the Commendatory Verses, is numbered separately, pp. 1—181. A fresh title-page is prefixed to *Piscatorie Eclogs, And Other Poeticall Miscellanies*, which are numbered pp. 1—102, the

¹ I wish to add here two supplementary notes to the Preface to vol. 1.

I am glad to state that Mr Dobell's MS. of *Pietas Jesuitica* (afterwards *Locustæ*), containing the dedication to Prince Henry of Wales, has, since the appearance of the volume, been purchased by the Trustees of the British Museum. Thus the three autograph MSS. of the poem are now in the national collection.

With regard to Phineas Fletcher's comedy, performed at King's College in 1606-7 (cf. vol. 1. p. xx), I find that Prof. Moore-Smith is of opinion that this was the play acted on 20 February, when there was "foul and great disorder," though the payments in connection with it were not made till the following quarter.

PREFACE

figures 97—100 being accidentally omitted. Another title-page, with a special device (reproduced in the present volume, p. 259) is prefixed to *Elisa, Or An Elegie Upon The Unripe Decease Of Sr Antonie Irby*, which is however numbered continuously with *Piscatorie Eclogs And Other Poeticall Miscellanies*. The stanzas by Francis Quarles *To my deare friend, the Spencer of this age*, conclude the volume.

The Quarto is a fine specimen of the work of the Cambridge University Press, and special pains must have been spent upon its production. The first title-page is printed in alternate lines of black and red lettering; the type is bold and clear, and even in the marginal physiological notes to the earlier Cantos of *The Purple Island*—notes which have done such dire disservice to Fletcher's poetical reputation—there is scarcely a single misprint. A number of copies are printed on thicker and better paper than the rest of the edition, and some of these are further embellished with three copper-plates. The first, which is engraved on the back of the title-page, contains the arms of Edward Benlowes and of Fletcher and a scroll with the Senecan maxim, *Benevoli Coniunctio Animi maxima est Cognatio*. The two others, inserted at the beginning and end of the *Piscatorie Eclogs*, are emblematic plates, with anagrams on Benlowes' name in English and Latin respectively and accompanying verses. These emblematic plates are reproduced in the present volume in their original places. The engraving of the arms, with an autograph inscription by Fletcher,

Benevolus ~

Esse suj voluit monumentu? & pignus Amoris,

is reproduced as a frontispiece from a presentation copy to Benlowes, now in the possession of Mr F. T.

PREFACE

Sabin. I have to thank Mr Sabin for most kindly allowing a photograph to be taken for this purpose¹.

In the dedication of the poems to Edward Benlowes, dated from Hilgay on May 1, 1633, Fletcher speaks of them as "these raw Essayes of my very unripe yeares, and almost childehood." It would be unwise, however, to put too much faith in the literal accuracy of this statement. *Elisa* cannot have been written till after Sir A. Irby's death in 1625. Even if the other poems were originally composed in Fletcher's youth, he was fond, as is shown below, of transferring passages from one piece to another in slightly modified form, and it is not improbable that *The Purple Island* and other contents of the Quarto may have, while in MS., gone through something of the transformation which we have been able to trace in *Locustæ* between 1611 and 1627.

In 1633 there also appeared from the Cambridge University Press a small octavo volume containing *De Literis Antiquæ Britanniaë*, by Giles Fletcher, the elder, and

¹ I have also to thank Prof. Gollancz who informed me that Mr Sabin had an interesting copy of the quarto. On inspecting it I found that Benlowes' arms were stamped in gold on the cover, and that it contained the inscription quoted above, unsigned but unmistakably in Fletcher's characteristic hand (cf. the facsimiles in vol. 1.). It must therefore have been a presentation copy from the author to Benlowes. But in the British Museum there is a copy, C. 34, g. 33, which contains the following entry in what is probably an xviiiith century hand:

A Presentation Copy to Ed. Benlowes Esqr.

The Arms ony Cover—& three Copper Plates relating to E. B. Esq.
The book has unfortunately been re-bound since this entry was made, and there are now no arms on the cover. On a blank leaf which, though mutilated, appears to belong to the original volume, there is an inscription, *Ex dono Phineæ fletcheri authoris*. This is not in Fletcher's hand (cf. vol. 1. p. xii), and I have not hitherto been able to trace any writing of Benlowes with which to compare it. It cannot therefore as yet be definitely decided whether this is also a presentation copy to Benlowes, as it claims to be.

Neither of these two copies is as tall as one in the University Library at Cambridge, which Mr A. R. Waller gave me the opportunity of examining. The tallest copy that I have seen is in the Grenville collection in the British Museum. This copy is in a remarkably perfect state of preservation, though it does not contain the emblematic plate with the Latin anagram, while that with the English anagram is inserted as a frontispiece. A census of the extant copies of the quarto would be of considerable bibliographical interest.

PREFACE

Sylva Poetica, a collection of Latin occasional pieces and pastorals, by Phineas. To his father's poem Phineas prefixed dedications in prose and verse to King's College and Eton, which are reprinted in the present volume (pp. 315—6) after *Sylva Poetica*. I have also added the commendatory Latin verses by Fletcher on his friend Benlowes' *Theophila or Love's Sacrifice*, prefixed to the folio edition of the work in 1652. Twenty years after Fletcher's death Henry Mortlock, a London bookseller, issued from the press in 1670 a prose tractate with the title, *A Fathers Testament. Written long since for the benefit of the particular Relations of the Authour; Phin. Fletcher; Sometime Minister of the Gospel at Hillgay in Norfolk. And now made Publick at the desire of Friends.* In his preface "to the Reader" Morton states that Fletcher, "growing towards Old-age," had written the book for the "private Use only and Benefit of his own Children and Relations." But after the author's death the original had come into his hands, and at the importunity of friends he now published it. "That he hath concluded each Chapter with some Poetick Lines, I hope, will be no offence to any Ingenuous Reader, nor reputed a blemish to the gravity of the Profession of the Author." The "Poetick Lines" referred to in this quaintly apologetic fashion by the serious-minded publisher, give the tractate permanent literary value, and are included in the present volume. They were reprinted by Grosart in vol. iv. of his edition of Fletcher's *Poems*, but the text as presented by him is disfigured by serious inaccuracies.

Eleven of the pieces in *A Fathers Testament* are of a devotional type; the nine others are translations of *Metra* in Boethius' *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*. I have, as Grosart had previously done, printed the two groups separately. I have given to the former the general title

PREFACE

of *Religious Musings*, and have prefixed to each piece, for purposes of reference, a separate heading. The versions of Boethius' *Metra* are paraphrases rather than translations in the modern sense of the word. A comparison of them with the originals will show the ingenious way in which Fletcher has given a distinctively theological turn to the philosophic meditations of the Stoic writer.

Before passing from Phineas Fletcher's undisputed poems, I must refer to a singular feature of his work which is illustrated in detail in the Notes to this volume. It consists in the repetition in different poems, not only of the same motives and imagery, but of passages verbally identical or with such slight variations as are due to changes of metre or of setting. Grosart first drew attention to this peculiarity of Fletcher's workmanship, and many instances of it which I cite were originally pointed out by him. But I have added a number of others which escaped his notice, and I have aimed at a more systematic and accurate treatment of the subject. Some of its general aspects need a few words here.

It is typical, in the first place, of Fletcher's methods that having worked (as shown in the Preface to volume i.) at his Latin poem, *Locustæ vel Pietas Jesuitica*, during sixteen years, and having produced four versions of it, he should have published, together with the final version, in 1627 an English paraphrase (as it may be broadly termed) in the shape of *The Locusts or Apollyonists*. But still more characteristic is the way in which he uses again part of the materials in both the Latin and the English works. I have already pointed out in the Preface to volume i. (p. xiv) how Fletcher's verse-dedication of *Locustæ* to Prince Henry of Wales, was transferred after his death, with the minimum of change, to Prince Charles; and how when the poem was printed

PREFACE

in 1627, when Charles was on the throne, this dedication was omitted, but five lines from it were included in the closing apostrophe to the King. I have now to add that parts of this truly Protean dedication reappear in two places in the present volume. Two lines, slightly adapted, are found in the dedication of *Sylva Poetica* to Edward Benlowes (see note on p. 287, ll. 29 and 31); and seven others (including three of those already utilised in the final version of *Locustæ*) are included in the dedication to King's College and Eton which he prefixed to his father's work, *De Literis Antiquæ Britannicæ* (cf. note on p. 316, ll. 16—22). It is curious also to find that 15 lines which occur in all the versions of *Locustæ* (vol. I. p. 108, ll. 15—29), reappear, with four lines prefixed, as a separate poem *In effigiem Achmati Turcarum Tyranni* in *Sylva Poetica* (pp. 294—5), while an English translation of them is found among the *Poeticall Miscellanies* (pp. 232—3).

In the *Apollyonists* there are more than half-a-dozen passages, varying in length from a nine-lined stanza to a couple of verses which do duty again elsewhere, with little or no modification. Four of these, including three similes from Nature, are found in *The Purple Island*, one in *The Purple Island* and *Sicelides*, and two in *Poeticall Miscellanies*. Including some minor repetitions about forty lines in *The Apollyonists* recur in poems in the present volume.

But it is *Sicelides* which illustrates on the widest scale Fletcher's remarkable method of economising his materials. Allowance has, of course, to be made for the fact mentioned in the Preface to volume I. (p. xvi) that the only printed edition of the play, that of 1631, must have been issued without his sanction. It is even possible that in his Rectory at Hilgay he may not have seen a copy of the Quarto of the "Piscatory," when his

PREFACE

volume of 1633, abounding in passages verbally identical with many parts of it, was issued from the Press at Cambridge. But, as has been shown above, Fletcher had no scruples about making further use of what he had written even if it had already been printed. In any case the fact remains that nearly twenty passages in *Sicelides*, amounting to about 150 lines, reappear with more or less modification in different sections of the volume issued in 1633. The majority of these, as might be expected, are found in the *Piscatorie Eclogs*, but they also occur in *The Purple Island*, *Poeticall Miscellanies* and *Elisa*.

Of the lines thus reproduced about half are in the dialogue portions of *Sicelides*, and half in the Choruses which close the first four Acts. Among the former the most elaborate instance is in Act II. Sc. 2 where eighteen lines in couplets reappear, with modifications, as the first, second, and fifth stanzas of a poem *On womens lightnesse* in *Poeticall Miscellanies* (p. 239). Again six lines in Act III. Sc. 1 and the twelve opening lines of Act III. Sc. 2 occur again, transformed into stanzas, in the third of the *Piscatorie Eclogs* (p. 189). The other reproductions from the dialogue, which are shorter than these, will be found indicated in the Notes to this volume.

The first six lines of the Chorus to Act I. of *Sicelides* are paraphrased in the opening verses of the Latin poem, *Mors est malum*, in *Sylva Poetica* (p. 299). The following eight lines of this Chorus reappear, with modifications, in stanza 37 of Canto XII. of *The Purple Island* (p. 159), and in the next stanza there are fainter echoes of the rest of the Chorus. The panegyric on the fisher's life which forms the Chorus to Act II. is not directly reproduced elsewhere, but it has many points of verbal contact with the eulogy on the shepherd's lot at the

PREFACE

beginning of Canto XII. of *The Purple Island* (pp. 151—2). More than half of the Chorus to Act. III. recurs in portions of three stanzas of the sixth *Piscatorie Eclog* (p. 208). But the most remarkable instance of reproduction is furnished by the Chorus to Act IV., which is a translation, in couplets, of Boethius' poem in *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*, Book 3, on Orpheus and Eurydice. This translation, in fuller form, and with variations in details, is included among the *Poetical Miscellanies* (pp. 243—4). But Fletcher has left in addition two other versions of Boethius' lines. One, in the seven-lined stanza, is introduced as a not very appropriate *excursus* towards the close of Canto V. of *The Purple Island* (pp. 66—8); the other in a rare form of three-lined stanza is included among the translations from the *Metra* in *A Father's Testament* (pp. 336—7). Further details about these various renderings will be found in the Notes to this volume.

The principal passages in *The Purple Island* which are reproduced elsewhere, have been already referred to in the observations on *The Apollyonists* and *Sicelides*. But the poem also contains lines which are repeated in other parts of the volume of 1633. A notable instance is Canto XII., stanza 86 (p. 170). The first four lines form part of the sixth stanza of *An Hymen* in *Poetical Miscellanies* (p. 224), and the next two are found in the third stanza of the same poem, while they also close Act V. Sc. 2 of *Sicelides*. It is unnecessary to dwell here further on the minor links of verbal identity among the shorter poems; they will be found recorded in the Notes. Enough has been said to prove conclusively that Phineas Fletcher has a peculiar fondness for repeating almost *verbatim*, with only the changes necessitated by metre or by general setting, passages from his own works. The fact is not only of curious critical

PREFACE

interest in itself, but it is all-important in its bearing on the authorship of the poem printed as an *Appendix* to the present volume.

Brittain's Ida was published in small octavo by Thomas Walkley in 1628, with the statement on the title-page that it was "Written by that Renowned Poet, Edmond Spenser." But from Walkley's dedicatory letter to Lady Mary Villiers it is plain that his ascription of the poem to Spenser was based merely on conjecture. "I am certainly assured by the ablest and most knowing men, that it must be a Worke of Spencers, of whom it were pittie that any thing should bee lost." Walkley's "most knowing" advisers doubtless jumped to the conclusion that an unclaimed poem written in a modification of the Spenserian stanza "must be" from the pen of the author of *The Faerie Queene*. But there is no tittle of evidence to support the publisher's assertion. The poem was not included in the folio edition of Spenser's works printed for Matthew Lownes in 1611, or in the reissue of this folio in 1617—8. That it found a place in the folio of 1679 issued by Jonathan Edwin, was evidently due to the statement in Walkley's dedication, which is reprinted with the poem, though the title-page is omitted.

The eighteenth and nineteenth century editors, Hughes (1715), Todd (1805), J. P. Collier (1862), who have admitted it into their reprints of the poet's works have, more or less explicitly, stated their disbelief in its authenticity. Others such as F. J. Child (1855) and Richard Morris (1869) and, of course, Grosart (1880—2), have omitted it. The Spenserian authorship of *Brittain's Ida* has, in fact, never been accepted by any critical authority, and laboured disproof it is unnecessary.

Who then was the writer of the poem? Thomas

PREFACE

Warton, in his *Observations on the Fairy Queen*, vol. 1. p. 123 (1762), after rejecting Spenser's authorship of *Brittain's Ida* on internal grounds, observes that "It's (*sic*) manner is like that of Fletcher's *Purple Island*.... The author, whoever he was, certainly lived about the latter end of Elizabeth, or the beginning of James I." Another critic of about the same period, William Thomson, of Queen's College, Oxford, formulated the hypothesis of Fletcher's authorship more definitely. In his copy of the volume of 1633, now in the British Museum, he wrote the following marginal MS. note on the line (*Poet. Misc.* p. 235, l. 16)

Farewell ye *Norfolk* maids and *Ida* crue:

"Britain's *Ida* perhaps may be a juvenile piece of Fletcher's; It is more in Fletcher's manner than Spensers." To the significance of the words "*Ida* crue," which suggested Thomson's remark, I shall have to recur later.

The suggestions put forth in this tentative way as to the *provenance* of the poem seem to have had little result, and it was not till more than a century later that Grosart in a *Letter to Sir J. D. Coleridge*¹ (1869) identified Phineas Fletcher from internal evidence as the author of the poem. He reprinted the letter in revised form as a preface to *Brittain's Ida* in vol. 1. of Fletcher's *Poems*, and added a *Postscript* in answer to a review in *The Athenæum* in which his theory of the authorship of the poem was attacked. He claimed that apart from this review his "proof of the Phineas Fletcher authorship of 'Brittain's *Ida*' has been all but universally accepted." However this may have been forty years ago, the trend of more recent criticism has not been in accord with Grosart's optimistic assertion. Mr Sidney Lee, in his article on Phineas Fletcher in the *Dictionary*

¹ The full title is: *Who wrote "Brittain's Ida"?* (*Misassigned to Edmund Spenser*). *Answered in a Letter to Sir John Duke Coleridge, M.P., &c. &c. &c.*

PREFACE

of *National Biography*, vol. 19, p. 317 (1889), restricts himself to the non-committal pronouncement: "There is much internal resemblance between Fletcher's other works and *Brittain's Ida*, and no other name has been put forward to claim the latter poem. But no more positive statement is possible." Mr Edmund Gosse, in *The Jacobean Poets*, p. 150 (1894), while agreeing that some of the characteristics of *Brittain's Ida* "irresistibly suggest the Fletchers," leans rather to the authorship of the younger brother. "It is to be noted that Giles was dead, and Phineas still living, when the work was published, which gives some probability to the authorship of the former." Prof. Saintsbury, in his *History of English Prosody*, vol. II. p. 115, note (1908), reverts to the purely negative position: "If the recent attempts to credit Phineas with *Britain's Ida* were well founded, it would be a considerable additional asset for him. But I do not see any real evidence for the assignment, and it seems to have escaped the assigners that it is an odd sort of argument to say that it must be Phineas's because it is in Giles's stanza."

Personally I approached the question with an *à priori* distrust of conclusions founded on internal evidence, and with the sense that the inaccuracy and sentimentality which marred Grosart's valuable pioneer work might easily have led him astray. But after careful re-investigation, in the light of the additional knowledge which I have been able to shed on Fletcher's methods of workmanship, I unhesitatingly affirm that Grosart was right in assigning the poem to him. I hope that it may be possible by a restatement of the evidence on partly new, and, I trust, more cogent lines to win the assent of the distinguished critics above-named to this conclusion.

In the first place it has to be noted that the fact of

PREFACE

Brittain's Ida being written in the stanza of *Christs Victorie*, and not that of *The Purple Island*, is no argument against Phineas' authorship. The elder brother who, as Prof. Saintsbury has aptly said, "seems to suffer from a kind of prosodic *fidgetiness*," makes a point of using different metres in all his longer, and nearly all his shorter, poems. But the noticeable fact is that he has used the eight-lined stanza of *Brittain's Ida* elsewhere, and in a remarkable way. The seventh *Piscatoric Eclog* (p. 213 ff.) begins with a soliloquy by Thirsil (Phineas' poetical name for himself) telling how Daphnis the shepherd and Thomalin the fisher are to contend for a prize first in "long discourse" and then in "short verse" in praise of their mistresses Mira and Stella. This opening narrative is in six ten-lined stanzas. Then Daphnis and Thomalin each recite six stanzas "in long discourse," and these twelve stanzas are identical in form with those in *Brittain's Ida*. But there is identity not merely of form but of situation, setting, colouring, and phraseology. Daphnis tells how first he beheld Mira, p. 215, ll. 23—7,

First her I saw, when tir'd with hunting toyl,
In shady grove spent with the weary chace,
Her naked breast lay open to the spoil;
The crystal humour trickling down apace,
Like ropes of pearl, her neck and breast enlace.

How exactly parallel are the following lines in *Brittain's Ida* describing Anchises' discovery of Venus (p. 349, ll. 14—16, p. 352, ll. 6—8 and 27—9),

One day it chanc't as hee the Deere persude,
Tyred with sport, and faint with weary play,
Faire *Venus* grove not farre away he view'd.

Now to the Bower hee sent his thevish eyes,
To steale a happy sight; there doe they finde
Faire *Venus*, that within halfe naked lyes.

Her golden haire a rope of pearle imbraced,
Which with their dainty threds oft times enlaced,
Made the eie think the pearle was there in gold inlaced.

PREFACE

But it is in Thomalin's eulogy of Stella that still more detailed correspondences are found. Mira had already been credited with Venus' golden hair, and thus Stella's hair has to be black, but otherwise she is a facsimile of the goddess, as a comparison of the following passages will show :

Her eye-brow black, like to an ebon bow.

But most I wonder how that jetty ray,
Which those two blackest sunnes do fair display,
Should shine so bright, & night should make so sweet a day.

So is my love an heav'n; her hair a night :
Her shining forehead *Dian's* silver light :
Her eyes the starres; their influence delight :
Her voice the sphears; her cheek *Aurora* bright :
Her breast the globes, where heav'ns path milkie-white
Runnes 'twixt those hills.

(*Pisc. Ecl.* p. 217, ll. 19 and 22—30.)

Her spacious fore-head like the clearest Moone,
Whose full-growne Orbe begins now to be spent,
Largely display'd in native silver shone.

Her full large eye, in jetty-blacke array'd,
Prov'd beauty not confin'd to red and white.

Lower two breasts stand all their beauties bearing.

Lowly betweene their dainty hemisphæres,
(Their hemisphæres the heav'nly Globes excelling,)
A path, more white then is the name it beares,
The lacteall path conducts to the sweet dwelling.

(*Brittain's Ida*, p. 352, ll. 22—4, p. 353, ll. 1—2, pp. 354, ll. 9 and 17—20.)

It is true that in all Renaissance sensuous pictures of feminine charms there is a certain element of "common form," but this does not account for the remarkable identity of imagery and phraseology in the above passages. In the light of what has been said in an earlier section of this Preface about Fletcher's method of economising his materials, I feel confident that he took features from his picture of Venus in *Brittain's Ida* and divided them between Mira and Stella. It is noticeable too that the image of "heaven's milky path" is repeated in the same connection in *An*

PREFACE

Hymen (p. 224, l. 13) and that of the two hemispheres or globes in *The Purple Island* (p. 46, l. 22). But even more striking is the repetition in the *Eclog*, in *Brittain's Ida* and in *Sicelides* of a peculiar *oxymoron*. Thomalin, in describing the rapture of his and Stella's first kiss, exclaims (p. 217, ll. 13—6):

The touch, with pressure soft more close united,
Wisht ever there to dwell; and never cloyed,
(While thus their joy too greedy they enjoyed)
Enjoy'd not half their joy, by being overjoyed.

Exactly the same terms are used of the first kiss of Venus and Anchises (p. 361, ll. 14—6):

The Boy did thinke heaven fell while thus he joy'd;
And while joy he so greedily enjoy'd,
He felt not halfe his joy by being over-joy'd.

And in *Sicelides* (vol. 1. p. 233, ll. 18—9) Thalander, on hearing that Olinda loves him, applies then to himselfe:

Perindus, my joy, by too much joy enjoying,
I feele not halfe my joy, by over-joying.

Later in the *Eclog*, when Daphnis and Thomalin are comparing in "short verse" their fair and dark mistresses, and all other fair and dark things, Thomalin extols night in contrast with day (p. 219, l. 12):

Love loves the night; night's lovers holy-day.

Exactly the same phrase is used in *Brittain's Ida*, p. 350, ll. 6—8, of the shadowy light in Venus' grove:

The fittest light for Lovers gentle play;
Such light best shewes the wandring lovers way,
And guides his erring hand: Night is loves holly-day.

And there is an echo of the lines, though not quite so distinct, in *Sicelides*, vol. 1. p. 228, ll. 8—9.

Another of the *Piscatorie Eclogs*, the third, though written in a different stanza, shows a still more remarkable correspondence both with *Brittain's Ida* and with *Sicelides*. In the *Eclog* Myrtilus pours forth his hopeless passion for Cælia in fifteen stanzas, of which three

PREFACE

(p. 189, ll. 4—24) are linked together by the repetition at the beginning of each of them of the words, with slight variations,

Haples and fond! too fond, more haples swain!

I have pointed out in a note on the passage that the bulk of these lines, *mutatis mutandis*, recur on the lips of Olinda in *Sicelides*. Anchises rings the changes on “fond and haples” in two successive stanzas of self-reproach in *Brittain's Ida* (p. 358, ll. 14—29). The final stanza in each case, or its equivalent in couplets, is so palpable an instance of a “triple-feast” served up from the same ingredients that full quotation is necessary:

Haplesse, and fond! most fond, more haplesse swain!
Seeing thy rooted love will leave thee never,
(She hates thy love) love thou her hate for ever:
In vain thou hop'st, hope yet, though still in vain:
Joy in thy grief, and triumph in thy pain:
And though reward exceedeth thy aspiring,
Live in her love, and die in her admiring.

(*Pisc. Ecl.* p. 189, ll. 18—24.)

Ah fond and haplesse maide, but much more fond
Canst thou unlearne the lesson thou has cond?
Since then thy fixed love will leave thee never,
He hates thy love, leave thou his hate forever,
And though his yce might quench thy loves desiring
Live in his love and die in his admiring.

(*Sicelides*, vol. I. p. 215, ll. 17—22.)

Ah farre too fond, but much more haplesse Swaine!
Seeing thy love can be forgotten never.
Serve and observe thy love with willing paine;
And though in vaine thy love thou doe persever,
Yet all in vaine doe thou adore her ever.

No hope can crowne thy thoughts so farre aspiring,
Nor dares thy selfe desire thine owne desiring,
Yet live thou in her love, and dye in her admiring.

(*Brit. Ida*, p. 358, ll. 22—9.)

It is, in my opinion, inconceivable that the three passages, of which these lines form the conclusion, are not from the same hand.

Another poem which has remarkable correspondences with *Brittain's Ida* is *An Hymen at the marriage of*

PREFACE

my most deare Cousins M^r W[alter] and M[argaret] R[obarts]. Reference has been made above to the image of "heaven's milky path" common to these two poems and to the seventh *Piscatorie Eclog.* But what is more noticeable is that the descriptions of W. R. and M. R. though much less elaborated than that of Anchises, reproduce details in turn of his feminine beauty, as Mira and Stella in *Pisc. Ecl.* vii. had shared the charms of Venus. Here again quotation is necessary :

His high-built forehead almost maiden fair,
Hath made an hundred Nymphs her chance envying:
Her more then silver skin, and golden hair,
Cause of a thousand shepherds forced dying.

His looks resembling humble Majesty,
Rightly his fairest mothers grace befiteth:
In her face blushing, fearfull modesty,
The Queens of chastity and beauty, sitteth:
There cheerfulness all sadness farre exileth:
Here love with bow unbent all gently smileth.

(Poet. Misc. p. 223, ll. 19—22 and 26—31.)

His Nymph-like face ne're felt the nimble sheeres.

High was his fore-head, arch't with silver mould,
(Where never anger churlish rinkle dighted)
His auburne lockes hung like darke threds of gold.

His lilly-cheeke might seeme an Ivory plaine,
More purely white than frozen *Apenine* :
Where lovely bashfulness did sweetely raine,
In blushing scarlet cloth'd, and purple fine.
A hundred hearts had this delightfull shrine,
(Still cold it selfe) inflam'd with hot desire.

His cheerefull lookes, and merry face would proove.

Thousand boyes for him, thousand maidens dy'de.

(Brit. Ida, p. 347, l. 18, p. 348, ll. 1—3, 9—14, 17 and 22.)

In addition to the poems already mentioned which stand, as I have sought to show, in a unique relation to *Brittain's Ida*, other poems contain shorter passages which recur with little change in it. Thus the concluding lines of the first stanza (p. 347, ll. 13—4) :

Ah foolish Lads, that strove with lavish wast,
So fast to spend the time, that spends your time as fast.

PREFACE

are a variation on the opening lines of Phineas' verses prefixed to *Christs Victorie* (p. 14, ll. 1—2):

Fond ladds, that spend so fast your poasting time,
(Too poasting time, that spends your time as fast).

And, curiously enough, two lines also in the last stanza (p. 363, ll. 4—5):

Light joyes float on his lips, but rightly grace
Sinckes deepe, and th' hearts low center doth imbrace:

have their close counterpart in *The Purple Island* (p. 160, ll. 27—8):

Light grief floats on the tongue; but heavie smart
Sinks down, and deeply lies in centre of the heart.

Other minor instances of repetition might be quoted, and stress might be laid, as Grosart has done, on the presence in *Brittain's Ida* of words such as *dittied*, *fitting*, *fring*, in peculiar senses found in Fletcher's undisputed writings. I do not, however, propose to labour these points. They would add but little to the argument by which I have sought to show that between *Brittain's Ida* and a number of Phineas Fletcher's avowed poems there is an intricate series of correspondences, which are different in kind from ordinary cases of parallel or imitation, and which can only be explained by his authorship of *Brittain's Ida*¹.

¹ This argument from internal evidence seems to me so irrefragable that I prefer not to reinforce it by what may possibly be a mistaken, though extremely tempting interpretation of some words in a poem to John Tomkins, organist of King's College, Cambridge. Fletcher, under the name of Thirsil, is addressing Tomkins or "Thomalin," who "to court...is bent." The lines may have been written on Tomkins' appointment as organist of St Paul's in 1619 or of the Chapel Royal in 1623. The general purport of the two last stanzas of the poem (p. 235, ll. 1—17) is clear. Fletcher, as at the beginning of *The Purple Island* and elsewhere, is bidding farewell to the "idle toys" and "looser merriment" of his more youthful Muse. The final stanza, which apparently lacks a line, and which presents some difficulty of construction, ends with the verses:

Go little pipe, for I must have a new:
Farewell ye *Norfolk* maids, and *Ida* crue:
Thirsil will play no more; for ever now adieu.

This reference to "*Ida* crue" [crew], which, as stated above, had already

PREFACE

In concluding this Preface I have to thank Mr H. Guppy, Librarian of the John Rylands Library, Manchester, not only for allowing a transcript to be made of the copy of *Brittain's Ida* in the Library, but for most kindly revising the proof-sheets of the poem. I have also to thank Mr A. H. Huth, of Fosbury Manor, for being good enough to collate with his copy some words where the imprint in the Manchester copy was not quite clear. The Director of the British Museum kindly allowed photographs to be taken of *Sylva Poetica* and of the poems in *A Fathers Testament*.

I gratefully acknowledge the help that I have received in the preparation of both volumes from the skill and accuracy of the printers and proof-readers of the Cambridge University Press. And finally I have to express my obligations to the Syndicate and their Secretaries for the facilities they have given me in carrying out a long-cherished project. The work has proved unexpectedly protracted and laborious, but of unflinching interest. It was Giles Fletcher who first attracted me to the task, but Phineas has provided the chief problems for a textual editor. The tracing of the evolution of *Locustæ* through its various stages; the reconstitution of the text of *Sicelides* by a collation of the Quarto with the MSS.; the presentation of the shorter poems in an accurate reprint; the systematic analysis of the "reproductions" in Phineas' poetry; and the re-vindication of his claim to the authorship of

attracted Thomson's notice in the eighteenth century, was interpreted by Grosart as "a declaration" by Fletcher "of *wished-for silence on his authorship of 'Brittain's Ida'*" (*Poems of Phineas Fletcher*, vol. I. p. 45). I believe myself that Fletcher is at any rate here alluding to the poem as one of his early works; no other plausible interpretation of "*Ida*" has ever been suggested, but "*Norfolk maids*" seems scarcely appropriate to Fletcher's youthful love-poetry, for, as far as we know, he had no connection with Norfolk till he became Rector of Hilgay in 1621, when he was already married. As the full application of the passage is thus ambiguous, it is safer to discard it for purposes of evidence.

PREFACE

Britain's Ida—all these have been attempted in this edition. I hope that they may lay the foundation for a more critical and considered estimate of Phineas Fletcher's poetic merits than has hitherto been possible.

F. S. BOAS.

BICKLEY,

January, 1909.

CONTENTS

PHINEAS FLETCHER	PAGE
The Purple Island, or The Isle of Man	1
Piscatorie Ecloges	173
Poeticall Miscellanies	223
Elisa, or an Elegie upon the unripe decease of Sr Antonie Irby	259
Verses by FRANCIS QUARLES “to my deare friend, the SPENCER of this Age”	284
Silva Poetica	285
Verses and Translations in <i>A Father's Testament</i> :	
I. Religious Musings	320
II. Translations of <i>Metra</i> in Boethius' <i>De Con-</i> <i>solatione Philosophiæ</i>	333
APPENDIX TO THE POEMS OF PHINEAS FLETCHER	
Brittain's Ida	343
NOTES	365
PLATES	
Arms of Edward Benlowes and Phineas Fletcher, with autograph inscription by Fletcher. <i>Frontispiece</i>	
Emblematic plate with Anagram by Phineas Fletcher on “Edward Benlowes” <i>to face p.</i>	173
Emblematic plate with Anagram by Phineas Fletcher on “Edovardus Benlowes” <i>to face p.</i>	223

THE
PURPLE ISLAND,
OR
THE ISLE OF MAN:
TOGETHER WITH
PISCATORIE ECLOGS
AND OTHER
POETICALL MISCELLANIES.

By P. F.

¶ Printed by the Printers to the UNIVERSITIE
of CAMBRIDGE. 1633.

TO
MY MOST WORTHY
AND LEARNED FRIEND,
EDWARD BENLOWES
ESQUIRE.

SIR,

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

Your true friend,

P. F.

Hilgay. May 1. 1633.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

To the Readers.

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

DANIEL FEATLY.

D. D.

COMMENDATORY VERSES

ON THE EXCELLENT MORALL POEM, ENTITULED THE ISLE OF MAN.

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

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

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

Yet misse this Isle, thou travell'st not, but stray'st.

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

E. {BENLOWES. }
 {BENEVOLUS. }

PHINEAS FLETCHER

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

Quid tuas retegis nimis tegendo
Noctiluca faces? pates latendo:
Ipsa es sphaera tuæ comèsque stellæ.
Diem si repetas, die latebis.
Non te nox tenebris tegit fovendo,
Sed te nox tenebris fovendo prodit.

COMMENDATORY VERSES

TO THE LEARNED
AUTHOUR, SONNE
AND BROTHER TO

two judicious Poets, himself the
third, not second to either.

G Rave Father of this Muse, thou deem'st too light
To wear thy name, 'cause of thy youthfull brain
It seems a sportfull childe; resembling right
Thy wittie childehood, not thy graver strain,
Which now esteems these works of fancie vain.

Let not thy childe, thee living, orphan be;
Who when th' art dead, will give a life to thee.

How many barren wits would gladly own,
How few o'th' pregnantest own such another!
Thou Father art, yet blushest to be known;
And though 't may call the best of Muses Mother,
Yet thy severer judgement would it smother.

O judge not Thou, let Readers judge thy book:
Such Cates should rather please the Guest, then Cook.

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

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

W. BENLOWES.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

TO
THE INGENIOUS
COMPOSER OF THIS
PASTORALL, THE
SPENCER of this age.

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

FRAN. QUARLES.

COMMENDATORY VERSES

TO THE UNKNOWN

MR P. F. UPON SURVAY
of his *ISLE OF MAN*.

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

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

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

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

* Americus.

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

LOD. ROBERTS.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

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

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

A. C.

COMMENDATORY VERSES

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

FRAN. QUARLES.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

THE
PURPLE ISLAND,
OR
THE ISLE OF MAN.

CANT. I. STAN. I.

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

2

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

3

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

THE PURPLE ISLAND

4

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

5

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

6

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

7

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

8

But if you deigne my ruder pipe to heare,
(Rude pipe, unus'd, untun'd, unworthy hearing)
These infantine beginnings gently bear,
Whose best desert and hope must be your bearing.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

But you, O Muses, by soft *Chamus* sitting,
(Your daintie songs unto his murmures fitting,
Which bears the under-song unto your chearfull dittyng;)

9

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

10

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

11

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

12

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

THE PURPLE ISLAND

13

And now of late *th' *Italian* fisher-swain
Sits on the shore to watch his trembling line;
There teaches rocks and prouder seas to plain
By *Nesis* fair, and fairer *Mergiline*:

* *Sannazar*.

While his thinne net, upon his oars twin'd,
With wanton strife catches the Sunne, and winde,
Which still do slip away, and still remain behinde.

14

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

* *Bartas*.

Ah blessed soul! in those celestially rayes,
Which gave thee light these lower works to blaze,
Thou sitt'st emparadis'd, and chaunt'st eternall layes.

15

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

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

16

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

17

But wretched we, to whom these iron daies
(Hard daies) afford nor matter, nor reward!
Sings *Maro*? men deride high *Maro's* layes;
Their hearts with lead, with steel their sense is barr'd:

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Sing *Linus*, or his father, as he uses,
Our *Midas* cares their well tun'd verse refuses.
What cares an asse for arts? he brayes at sacred Muses.

18

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

19

* *Spencer.* Witnesse our **Colin*; whom though all the Graces,
And all the Muses nurst; whose well taught song
Parnassus self, and *Glorian* embraces,
And all the learn'd, and all the shepherds throng ;
Yet all his hopes were crost, all suits deni'd ;
Discourag'd, scorn'd, his writings vilif'd :
Poorly (poore man) he liv'd ; poorly (poore man) he di'd.

20

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

21

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

THE PURPLE ISLAND

22

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

23

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

24

Yet thou sweet numerous Muse, why should'st thou droop
That every vulgar eare thy musick scorns ?
Nor can they rise, nor thou so low canst stoop ;
No seed of heav'n takes root in mud or thorns.
When owls or crows, imping their flaggy wing
With thy stoln plumes, their notes through th'ayer fling ;
Oh shame! They howl & croke, while fond they strain to sing.

25

Enough for thee in heav'n to build thy nest ;
(Farre be dull thoughts of winning dunghill praise)
Enough, if Kings enthrone thee in their breast,
And crown their golden crowns with higher baies :
Enough that those who weare the crown of Kings
(Great *Israels* Princes) strike thy sweetest strings :
Heav'ns Dove when high'st he flies, flies with thy heav'nly wings.

26

Let others trust the seas, dare death and hell,
Search either *Inde*, vaunt of their scarres and wounds ;
Let others their deare breath (nay silence) sell
To fools, and (swoln, not rich) stretch out their bounds

PHINEAS FLETCHER

By spoiling those that live, and wronging dead ;
That they may drink in pearl, and couch their head
In soft, but sleeplesse down ; in rich, but restlesse bed.

27

Oh let them in their gold quaffe dropsies down ;
Oh let them surfets feast in silver bright :
While sugar hires the taste the brain to drown,
And bribes of sauce corrupt false appetite,
His masters rest, health, heart, life, soul to sell.
Thus plentie, fulnesse, sicknesse, ring their knell :
Death weds and beds them ; first in grave, and then in hell.

28

But (ah !) let me under some *Kentish* hill
Neare rowling *Medway* 'mong my shepherd peers,
With fearlesse merrie-make, and piping still,
Securely passe my few and slow-pac'd yeares :
While yet the great *Augustus* of our nation
Shuts up old *Janus* in this long cessation,
Strength'ning our pleasing ease, and gives us sure vacation.

29

There may I, master of a little flock,
Feed my poore lambes, and often change their fare :
My lovely mate shall tend my sparing stock,
And nurse my little ones with pleasing care ;
Whose love and look shall speak their father plain.
Health be my feast, heav'n hope, content my gain :
So in my little house my lesser heart shall reigne.

30

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

THE PURPLE ISLAND

31

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

32

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

33

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

34

Heark then, ah heark, you gentle shepheard-crue;
An Isle I fain would sing, an Island fair;
A place too seldome view'd, yet still in view;
Neare as our selves, yet farthest from our care;
Which we by leaving finde, by seeking lost;
A forrain home, a strange, though native coast;
Most obvious to all, yet most unknown to most:

35

Coëvall with the world in her nativitie:
Which though it now hath pass'd through many ages,

PHINEAS FLETCHER

And still retain'd a naturall proclivitie
To ruine, compast with a thousand rages
Of foe-mens spite, which still this Island tosses ;
Yet ever grows more prosp'rous by her crosses ;
By with'ring springing fresh, and rich by often losses.

36

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

37

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

38

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

39

When that great Power, that All, farre more then all,
(When now his fore-set time was fully come)
Brought into act this undigested Ball,
Which in himself till then had onely room ;
He labour'd not, nor suffer'd pain, or ill ;
But bid each kinde their severall places fill :
He bid, and they obey'd ; their action was his will.

THE PURPLE ISLAND

40

First stepp'd the Light, and spread his chearfull rayes
Through all the Chaos; darknesse headlong fell,
Frighted with suddain beams, and new-born dayes;
And plung'd her ougly head in deepest hell:

Not that he meant to help his feeble sight

To frame the rest, he made the day of night:
All els but darknesse; he the true, the onely *Light*.

41

Fire, Water, Earth, and Aire (that fiercely strove)
His soveraigne hand in strong alliance ti'd,
Binding their deadly hate in constant love:

So that great Wisdome temper'd all their pride,

(Commanding strife and love should never cease)

That by their peacefull fight, and fighting peace,
The world might die to live, and lessen to increase.

42

Thus Earths cold arm cold Water friendly holds,
But with his drie the others wet defies:

Warm Aire with mutuall love hot Fire infolds;

As moist, his dryth abhorres: drie Earth allies

With Fire, but heats with cold new warres prepare:

Yet Earth drencht Water proves, which boil'd turns Aire;
Hot Aire makes Fire: condensst all change, and home repair.

43

Now when the first weeks life was almost spent,
And this world built, and richly furnished;

To store heav'ns courts, and steer earths regiment,

He cast to frame an Isle, the heart and head

Of all his works, compos'd with curious art;

Which like an Index briefly should impart

The summe of all; the whole, yet of the whole a part

44

That Trine-one with himself in councill sits,
And purple dust takes from the new-born earth;

Part circular, and part triang'lar fits,

Endows it largely at the unborn birth,

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Deputes his Favorite Vice-roy; doth invest
With aptnesse thereunto, as seem'd him best;
And lov'd it more then all, and more then all it blest.

45

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

46

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

47

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

48

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

THE PURPLE ISLAND

49

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

50

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

51

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

52

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

53

Witness this glorious Isle, which not content
To be confin'd in bounds of happinesse,
Would trie what e're is in the continent ;
And seek out ill, and search for wretchednesse.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Ah fond, to seek what then was in thy will!
That needs no curious search; 'tis next us still.
'Tis grief to know of grief, and ill to know of ill.

54

That old slie Serpent, (slie, but spitefull more)
Vext with the glory of this happy Isle,
Allures it subt'ly from the peacefull shore,
And with fair painted lies, & colour'd guile
Drench'd in *dead seas; whose dark streams, full of fright,
Emptie their sulphur waves in endlesse night;
Where thousand deaths and hells torment the damned sprite.

* *Mare
mortuum.*

55

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

56

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

57

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

THE PURPLE ISLAND

58

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

59

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

** A book
called
Christs
Victorie
and Tri-
umph.*

60

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

PHINEAS FLETCHER

CANT. II.

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

2

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

3

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

4

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

THE PURPLE ISLAND

5

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

6

^bWhose looser ends are glu'd with brother earth,
Of nature like, and of a neare relation;
Of self-same parents both, at self-same birth;
^cThat oft it self stands for a good foundation:
^dBoth these a third doth soulder fast, and binde;
Softer then both, yet of the self-same kinde;
All instruments of motion, in one league combin'd.

7

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

8

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

9

^fNor is there any part in all this land,
But is a little Isle: for thousand brooks
In azure chanel glide on silver sand;
Their serpent windings, and deceiving crooks

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

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

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

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

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

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

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Circling about, and wat'ring all the plain,
Emptie themselves into th' all-drinking main;
And creeping forward slide, but never turn again.

IO

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

II

 h The next, though from the same springs first it rise,
Yet passing through another greater fountain,
Doth lose his former name and qualities:
Through many a dale it flows, and many a mountain;
 More fire light, and needfull more then all;
 And therefore fenced with a double wall,
All froths his yellow streams with many a sudding fall.

12

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

13

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

g A vein is a vessel long, round, hollow, rising from the liver, appointed to contain, concoct, and distribute the blood. It hath but one tunicle, and that thinne; the colour of this blood is purple.

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

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

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

THE PURPLE ISLAND

14

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

15

Deep in a vale doth that first province lie,
With many a citie grac't, and fairly town'd;
And for a fence from forrain enmitie,
m With five strong-built walls encompass round;
Which my rude pencil will in limming stain;
A work more curious, then which poets feigne
Neptune and *Phæbus* built, and pulled down again.

16

n The first of these is that round spreading fence,
Which like a sea girts th' Isle in every part;
Of fairest building, quick and nimble sense,
Of common matter fram'd with speciall art;
Of middle temper, outwardest of all,
To warn of every chance that may befall:
The same a fence, and spie; a watchman, and a wall.

17

o His native beautie is a lillie white,
Which still some other colour'd stream infecteth;
Least like it self, with divers stainings dight,
The inward disposition detecteth:
If white, it argues wet; if purple, fire;
If black, a heave cheer, and fixt desire;
Youthfull and blithe, if suited in a rosie tirc.

18

p It cover'd stands with silken flourishing,
Which as it oft decays, renews again,

abounds, it is swarthy; where flegme, it is white, and pale; where choler reignes, it is red and fiery; but in sanguine of a rosie colour. p The skinne is covered with the cuticle, or flourishing of the skinne, it is the mean of touching, without which we feel, but with pain. It polisheth the skinne, which many times is changed, and (as it is with snakes) put off, and a new, and more amiable brought in.

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

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

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

o The native colour of the skinne is white but (as Hippocrates) changed into the same colour which is brought by the humour predominant. Where melancholie

PHINEAS FLETCHER

The others sense and beautie perfecting;
Which els would feel, but with unusuall pain:
Whose pleasing sweetnesse, and resplendent shine,
Softning the wanton touch, and wandering ey'n,
Doth oft the Prince himself with witch'ries undermine.

19

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

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

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

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

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

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

20

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

21

Beside these three, t two more appropriate guards
With constant watch compasse this government:
The first eight companies in severall wards,
(To each his station in this regiment)
On each side foure, continuall watch observe,
And under one great Captain joyntly serve;
Two fore-right stand, two crosse, and foure obliquely swerve.

22

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

30

THE PURPLE ISLAND

23

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

24

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

25

†The Urine-lake drinking his colour'd brook,
By little swells, and fills his stretching sides:
But when the stream the brink 'gins over-look,
A sturdy* groom empties the swelling tides;
Sphincter some call; who if he loosed be,
Or stiffe with cold, out flows the senselesse sea,
And rushing unawares covers the drowned lea.

26

*From thence with blinder passage, (flying name)
These noysome streams a secret pipe conveys;
Which though we tearm the hidden parts of shame,
Yet for the skill deserve no lesser praise
Then they, to which we honour'd names impart.
Oh powerfull Wisdome, with what wondrous art
Mad'st thou the best, who thus hast fram'd the vilest part!

27

*Six goodly Cities, built with suburbs round,
Do fair adorn this lower region:

parts contained in this lower region: the liver, stomach, with the guts; the gall, the splene, or milt; the kidneys, and parts for generation.

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

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

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

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

a Beside the bladder there are six speciall

PHINEAS FLETCHER

b The stomach (or *Koilia*) is the first in order though not in dignitie.

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

28

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

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

29

d *Gustus*, the taste, is the caterer, or steward to the stomach, which hath his place in *Cephal*, that is, the head.

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

30

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

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

31

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

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

32

THE PURPLE ISLAND

32

The haven, fram'd with wondrous sense and art,
Opens it self to all that entrance seek;
Yet if ought back would turn, and thence depart,
With thousand wrinkles shuts the ready creek:

But when the rent is slack, it rages rife,
And mutines in it self with civil strife:
Thereto a ^hlittle groom eggs it with sharpest knife.

33

ⁱBelow dwells in this Cities market-place
The Islands common Cook, Concoction;
Common to all; therefore in middle space
Is quarter'd fit in just proportion;

Whence never from his labour he retires;
No rest he asks, or better change requires:
Both night and day he works, ne're sleeps, nor sleep desires.

34

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

35

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

36

There many a groom the busie Cook attends
In under offices, and severall place:
This gathers up the scumme, and thence it sends
To be cast out; another liquours base,

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

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

i In the bottome of the stomach (which is placed in the midst of the belly) is concoction perfected.

k The concoction of meats in the stomach is perfected, as by an innate propertie, and speciall vertue, so also by the outward heat of parts adjoining. For it is on every side compassed with hotter parts, which as fire to a caldron helps to seethe, and concoct; and the hot steams within it do not a little further digestion

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Another garbage, which the kitchin cloyes,
And divers filth, whose sent the place annoyes,
By divers secret waies in under-sinks convoyes.

37

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

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

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

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

38

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

39

Such would the state of this whole Island be,
If those pipes windings (passage quick delaying)
Should not refrain too much edacitie,
With longer stay fierce appetite allaying.
^mThese pipes are seven-fold longer then the Isle,
Yet all are folded in a little pile,
Whereof three noble are, and thinne; three thick, & vile.

40

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

34

THE PURPLE ISLAND

41

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

42

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

43

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

44

t To that Arch-citie of this government
The three first pipes the ready feast convoy:
The other three, in baser office spent,
Fling out the dregs, which else the kitchin cloy.
u In every one the *Hepar* keeps his spies;
Who if ought good with evil blended lies,
Thence bring it back again to *Hepars* treasures.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PHINEAS FLETCHER

45

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

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

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

Two severall covers fence these twice three pipes:

*The first from over-swimming takes his name,
Like cobweb-lawn woven with hundred stripes:

yThe second, strength'ned with a double frame,
From forein enmitie the pipes maintains:

zClose by the *Pancreas* stands, who ne're complains;
Though prest by all his neighbours, he their state sustains.

46

Next *Hepar*, chief of all these lower parts,
One of the three, yet of the three the least.

But see, the Sunne, like to undaunted hearts,
Enlarges in his fall his ample breast:

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

THE PURPLE ISLAND

CANT. III.

THe Morning fresh, dappling her horse with roses,
(Vext at the lingring shades, that long had left her
In *Tithons* freezing arms) the light discloses;
And chasing Night, of rule and heav'n bereft her:
The Sunne with gentle beams his rage disguises,
And like aspiring tyrants, temporises;
Never to be endur'd, but when he falls, or rises.

2

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

3

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

4

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

PHINEAS FLETCHER

5

Next to *Koilia*, on the right side stands,
Fairly dispread in large dominion,
Th' ^aArch-citie *Hepar*, stretching her commands
To all within this lower region;
Fenc't with sure barres, and strongest situation;
So never fearing foreiners invasion: (fashion.
Hence are the ^bwalls slight, thinne; built but for sight &

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

b It is covered with one single tunicle; & that very thinne, and slight.

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

d The liver consists of no ordinary flesh, but of a kinde proper to it self.

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

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

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

6

^cTo th' Heart and to th' Head-citie surely ti'd
With firmest league, and mutuall reference:
His liegers there, theirs ever here abide,
To take up strife, and casuall difference:
^dBuilt all alike, seeming like rubies sheen,
Of some peculiar matter; such I ween,
As over all the world may no where else be seen.

7

^eMuch like a mount it easily ascendeth;
The upper part's all smooth as slipperie glasse:
But on the lower many a cragge dependeth;
Like to the hangings of some rockie masse:
^fHere first the purple fountain making vent,
By thousand rivers through the Isle dispent,
Gives every part fit growth and daily nourishment.

8

^gIn this fair town the Isles great Steward dwells;
His porphyre house glitters in purple die;
In purple clad himself: from hence he deals
His store to all the Isles necessitie:
And though the rent he daily duly pay,
Yet doth his flowing substance ne're decay;
All day he rent receives, returns it all the day.

9

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

THE PURPLE ISLAND

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

10

Within, some say, ^hLove hath his habitation;
Not *Cupids* self, but *Cupids* better brother:
For *Cupids* self dwells with a lower nation,
But this more sure, much chaster then the other;
By whose command we either love our kinde,
Or with most perfect love affect the minde;
With such a diamond knot he often souls can binde.

11

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

12

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

13

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

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

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

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

PHINEAS FLETCHER

14

l Famous the
controversie
between the Peri-
pateticks, and
Physicians: one
holding the heart,
the other the
liver to be first.
That the liver is
first in time and
making, is mani-
fest; because the
Nurse (the vein
that feeds the
infant yet in the
wombe) empties
it self upon the
liver.

Such is fair *Hepar*; ^lwhich with great dissension
Of all the rest pleads most antiquitie;
But yet th' Heart-citie with no lesse contention,
And justest challenge, claims prioritie:

But sure the *Hepar* was the elder bore;

For that small river, call'd the Nurse, of yore
Laid boths foundation, yet *Hepar* built afore.

15

m The first ex-
crement drawn
from the liver to
the gall is
choleric, bitter,
like flame in
colour; which
were it not
removed, and
kept in due place,
would fill all the
body with bitter-
ness, and gnaw-
ing.

Three pois'nous liquours from this purple well
Rise with the native streams; ^mthe first like fire,
All flaming hot, red, furious, and fell,
The spring of dire debate, and civile ire;

Which wer't not surely held with strong retention,

Would stirre domestick strife, and fierce contention,
And waste the weary Isle with never ceas'd dissension.

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

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

Therefore close by a little conduit stands,

ⁿ*Choledochus*, that drags this poison hence,
And safely locks it up in prison bands;

Thence gently drains it through a narrow fence;

A needfull fence, attended with a guard,

That watches in the straits all closely barr'd,
Lest some might back escape, and break the prison ward.

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

17

The ^onext ill stream the wholesome fount offending,
All dreery black and frightfull, hence convay'd
By divers drains unto the *Splenion* tending,

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

Built long, and square: some say that laughter here

Keeps residence; but laughter fits not there,

Where darknesse ever dwells, and melancholy fear.

THE PURPLE ISLAND

18

^pAnd should these waies, stopt by ill accident,
To th' *Hepar* streams turn back their muddie humours;
The cloudie Isle with hellish dreeriment
Would soon be fill'd, and thousand fearfull rumours:
Fear hides him here, lockt deep in earthy cell;
Dark, dolefull, deadly-dull, a little hell;
Where with him fright, despair, and thousand horrors dwell.

19

^qIf this black town in over-growth increases,
With too much strength his neighbours over-bearing;
The *Hepar* daily, and whole Isle decreases,
Like ghastly shade, or ashie ghost appearing:
But when it pines, th' Isle thrives; its curse, his blessing:
^rSo when a tyrant raves, his subjects pressing,
His gaining is their losse, his treasure their distressing.

20

^sThe third bad water, bubbling from this fountain,
Is wheyish cold, which with good liquours meint,
Is drawn into the double *Nephros* mountain;
Which suck the best for growth, and nourishment:
^tThe worst, as through a little pap, distilling
To divers pipes, the pale cold humour swilling,
Runs down to th' Urine-lake, his banks thrice daily filling.

21

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

22

The sixt and last town in this region,
With largest stretcht precincts, and compasse wide,
Is that, where *Venus* and her wanton sonne
(Her wanton *Cupid*) will in youth reside:

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

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

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

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

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

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

PHINEAS FLETCHER

For though his arrows and his golden bow
On other hills he frankly does bestow,
Yet here he hides the fire with which each heart doth glow.

23

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

24

For from the first a fellow Isle he fram'd,
(For what alone can live, or fruitfull be?)
Arren the first, the second *Thebu* nam'd;
Weaker the last, yet fairer much to see:
Alike in all the rest, here disagreeing,
Where *Venus* and her wanton have their being:
For nothing is produc't of two in all agreeing.

25

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

26

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

THE PURPLE ISLAND

27

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

28

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

29

Here oft not Lust, but sweetest Chastitie,
Coupled sometimes, and sometimes single, dwells;
Now linkt with Love, to quench Lusts tyrannie,
Now Phoenix-like alone in narrow cells:
Such Phoenix one, but one at once may be:
In *Albions* hills thee, *Basilissa*, thee,
Such onely have I seen, such shall I never see.

30

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

31

Ah royall maid! why should'st thou thus lament thee?
Thy little fault was but too much beleeving:
It is too much so much thou should'st repent thee;
His joyous soul at rest desires no grieving.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

These words (vain words!) fond comforters did lend her;
But (ah!) no words, no prayers might ever bend her
To give an end to grief, till endlesse grief did end her.

32

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

33

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

34

So is this Islands lower region:
Yet ah much better is it sure then so.
But my poore reeds, like my condition,
(Low is the shepherds state, my song as low)
Marre what they make: but now in yonder shade
Rest we, while Sunnes have longer shadows made:
See how our panting flocks runne to the cooler glade.

THE PURPLE ISLAND

CANT. III.

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

2

But when the day had his meridian runne
Between his highest throne, and low declining;
Thirsil again his forced task begunne,
His wonted audience his sides entwining.
The middle Province next this lower stands,
Where th' Isles Heart-city spreads his large cōmands,
Leagu'd to the neighbour towns with sure and friendly bands.

3

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

4

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

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

PHINEAS FLETCHER

5

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

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

6

c When the infant grows big, he so oppresseseth the vessels of blood, that partly through the readinesse of the passage, but especially by the providence of God, the blood turns back to the breast, & there by an innate but wonderfull facultie is turned into milk.

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

7

So where fair *Medway*, down the *Kentish* dales
 To many towns her plenteous waters dealing,
 Lading her banks, into wide *Thamis* falls;
 The big-grown main with fomie billows swelling,
 Stops there the sudding stream; her stedly race
 Staggers awhile, at length flies back apace,
 And to the parent fount returns its fearfull pace.

8

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

^dThese two fair mounts are like two hemispheres,
 Endow'd with goodly gifts and qualities;
 Whose top two little purple hillocks reares,
 Most like the Poles in heavens Axletrees:
 And round about two circling altars gire,
 In blushing red; the rest in snowy tire
 Like *Thracian Hæmus* looks, which ne're feels *Phæbus* fire.

9

That mighty hand in these dissected wreathes,
 (Where moves our Sunne) his thrones fair picture gives;
 The pattern breathlesse, but the picture breathes;
 His highest heav'n is dead, our low heav'n lives:

THE PURPLE ISLAND

Nor scorns that loftie one thus low to dwell;
Here his best starres he sets, and glorious cell;
And fills with saintly spirits, so turns to heav'n from hell.

10

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

11

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

12

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

13

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

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

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

g The midriffe dilates it self when it draws in, contracts it self when it puffs out the aire.

h The midriffe consists of two circles, one skinny, the other fleshie. It hath two tunicles, as many veins and arteries, and four nerves.

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

PHINEAS FLETCHER

14

k Within, the Pleura (or skinnie which clotheth the ribs on the inside) compasses this middle region.

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

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

n The flesh of the heart is proper and peculiar to it self, not like other muscles;

of a figure pyramicall. The point of the heart is (as with a diademe) girt with two arteries, and a vein, called the crowns.

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

p The right receives into his hollownesse the bloud flowing from the liver, and concoct's it.

This coast stands girt with a ^kpeculiar wall,
The whole precinct, and every part defending:

^lThe chiefest Citie, and Imperiall,

Is fair *Kerdia*, farre his bounds extending;

Which full to know were knowledge infinite:

How then should my rude pen this wonder write,

Which thou, who onely mad'st it, onely know'st aright?

15

In middle of this middle Regiment

Kerdia seated lies, the centre deem'd

Of this whole Isle, and of this government:

If not the chiefest this, yet needfull'st seem'd,

Therefore obtain'd an equall distant seat,

More fitly hence to shed his life and heat,

And with his yellow streams the fruitfull Island wet.

16

^mFlankt with two severall walls (for more defence)

Betwixt them ever flows a wheyish moat;

In whose soft waves, and circling profluence

This Citie, like an Isle, might safely float:

In motion still (a motion fixt, not roving)

Most like to heav'n in his most constant moving:

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

17

Built of a substance like smooth porphyrie;

ⁿHis matter hid, and (like it self) unknown:

Two rivers of his own; another by,

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

Infold the narrow part: for that great *All*

This his works glory made pyramicall;

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

18

The Cities self in two ^opartitions rest;

That on the right, this on the other side:

^pThe right (made tributarie to the left)

Brings in his pension at his certain tide,

THE PURPLE ISLAND

A pension of liquours strangely wrought;
Which first by *Hepars* streams are hither brought,
And here distill'd with art, beyond or words or thought.

19

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

20

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

21

The Cities ¶ left side, (by some hid direction)
Of this thinne aire, and of that right sides rent,
(Compound together) makes a strange confection;
And in one vessel both together meynt,
Stills them with equal never-quenched firing:
Then in small streams (through all the Island wiring)
Sends it to every part, both heat and life inspiring.

22

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

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

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

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

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

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

PHINEAS FLETCHER

23

* The second vessel is called the arterie-vein, which rising from the right side of the heart, carries down the blood here prepared to the lungs for their nourishment.

Here also is the like three-folding doore, made like half-circles; giving passage from the heart, but not backward.

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

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

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

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

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

24

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

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

25

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

26

Yea that great Light, by whom all heaven shines
With borrow'd beams, oft leaves his loftie skies,
And to this lowly seat himself confines.
Fall then again, proud heart, now fall to rise:
Cease earth, ah cease, proud *Babel* earth, to swell:
Heav'n blasts high towers, stoops to a low-rooft cell;
First heav'n must dwell in man, then man in heav'n shall dwell.

27

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

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

50

THE PURPLE ISLAND

It self of largest size, distended wide,
In divers streets and out-ways multipl'd:
Yet in one Corporation all are joyntly ti'd.

28

Fitly 't is cloath'd with hangings ^bthinne and light,
Lest too much weight might hinder motion:
His chiefest use to frame the voice aright;
(The voice which publishes each hidden notion)
And for that end ^ca long pipe down descends,
(Which here it self in many lesser spends)
Untill low at the foot of *Cephal* mount it ends.

29

This pipe was built for th' aiers safe purveiance,
To fit each severall voice with perfect sound;
Therefore of divers matter the conveiance
Is finely fram'd; the first in circles round,
In hundred circles bended, hard and drie,
(For watrie softnesse is sounds enemy)
Not altogether close, yet meeting very nigh.

30

The seconds drith and hardnesse somewhat lesse,
But smooth and pliable made for extending,
Fills up the distant circles emptinesse;
All in one bodie joyntly comprehending:

^dThe last most soft, which where the circles scanted
Not fully met, supplies what they have wanted,
Not hurting tender parts, which next to this are planted.

31

^eUpon the top there stands the pipes safe covering,
Made for the voices better modulation:
Above it foureteen carefull warders hovering,
Which shut and open it at all occasion:

The cover in foure parts it self dividing,
Of substance hard, fit for the voices guiding;
One still unmov'd (in *Thebu* double oft) residing.

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

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

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

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

PHINEAS FLETCHER

32

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

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

fClose by this pipe runnes that great chanel down,
Which from high *Cephal's* mount twice every day
Brings to *Koilia* due provision:

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

33

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

THE PURPLE ISLAND

CANT. V.

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

The early swains salute the infant ray;

Then drove the dammes to feed, the lambes to play:
And *Thirsil* with nights death revives his morning lay.

2

The highest region in this little Isle
Is both the Islands and Creatours glorie:
Ah then, my creeping Muse, and rugged style,
How dare you pencill out this wondrous storie?

Oh thou that mad'st this goodly regiment,

So heav'nly fair, of basest element,
Make this inglorious verse thy glories instrument.

3

So shall my flagging Muse to heav'n aspire,
Where with thy self thy fellow-shepherd sits;
And warm her pineons at that heav'nly fire;
But (ah!) such height no earthly shepherd fits:

Content we here low in this humble vale

On slender reeds to sing a slender tale.

A little boat will need as little sail and gale.

4

^aThe third precinct, the best and chief of all,
Though least in compasse, and of narrow space,
Was therefore fram'd like heaven, spherically,
Of largest figure, and of loveliest grace:

Though shap'd at first the least of all the three;

Yet highest set in place, as in degree,
And over all the rest bore rule and soveraigntie.

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

PHINEAS FLETCHER

5

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

6

^bHere all the senses dwell, and all the arts;
Here learned Muses by their silver spring:
The ^cCitie sever'd in two divers parts,
Within the walls, and Suburbs neighbouring;
The Suburbs girt but with the common fence,
Founded with wondrous skill, and great expence;
And therefore beautie here keeps her chief residence.

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

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

7

And sure for ornament and buildings rare,
Lovely aspect, and ravishing delight,
Not all the Isle or world with this compare;
But in the *Thelu* is the fairer sight:
These Suburbs many call the Islands face;
Whose charming beautie, and bewitching grace
Ofttimes the Prince himself enthralls in fetters base.

8

For as this Isle is a short summarie
Of all that in this All is wide dispread;
So th' Islands face is th' Isles Epitomie,
Where ev'n the Princes thoughts are often read:
For when that *All* had finisht every kinde,
And all his works would in lesse volume binde,
Fair on the face he wrote the Index of the minde.

9

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

THE PURPLE ISLAND

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

10

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

11

^dFoure severall walls, beside the common guard,
For more defence the citie round embrace:
The first thick, soft; the second drie and hard;
As when soft earth before hard stone we place.
The second all the Citie round enlases,
And like a rock with thicker sides embraces;
For here the Prince his court & standing palace places.

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

12

^eThe other two of matter thinne and light;
And yet the first much harder then the other;
Both cherish all the Citie: therefore right
They call that th' hard, and this the tender mother.
^fThe first with divers crooks and turnings wries,
Cutting the town in foure quaternities;
But both joyn to resist invading enemies.

^e These two are called the hard, and tender mother.

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

13

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

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

PHINEAS FLETCHER

14

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

15

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

16

^k Next these, a wall built all of sapphires shining,
As fair, more precious; hence it takes his name;
^l By which the third cave lies, his sides combining
To th' other two, and from them hath his frame;
(A meeting of those former cavities)
^m Vaulted by three fair arches safe it lies,
And no oppression fears, or falling tyrannies.

17

ⁿ By this third cave the humid citie drains
Base noisome streams the milkie streets annoying;
And through a wide-mouth'd tunnel duely strains,
Unto a bibbing substance down conveying;
Which these foul dropping humours largely swills,
Till all his swelling sponge he greedy fills,
And then through other sinks by little soft distills.

18

^o Between this and the fourth cave, lies a vale,
(The fourth, the first in worth, in rank the last)
Where two round hills shut in this pleasant dale,
Through which the spirits thither safe are past;

THE PURPLE ISLAND

P^rThose here refin'd their full perfection have ;
And therefore close by this fourth wondrous cave
Rises that silver well, scatt'ring his milkie wave.

19

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

q^hWhich here beginning down a lake descends,
Whose rockie chanel these fair streams defends,
Till it the precious wave through all the Isle dispends.

20

r^hMany fair rivers take their heads from either,
(Both from the lake, and from the milkie well)
Which still in loving chanel runne together,
Each to his mate a neighbour parallel :

Thus widely spread with friendly combination,
They fling about their wondrous operation,
And give to every part both motion and sensation.

21

s^hThis silver lake, first from th' Head-citie springing,
To that bright fount foure little chanel sends ;
Through which it thither plenteous water bringing,
Straight all again to every place dispends :

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

22

Of other stuffe the Suburbs have their framing ;
May seem soft marble, spotted red and white :
t^hFirst stands an Arch, pale *Cynthia's* brightnes shaming,
The Cities forefront, cast in silver bright :

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

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

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

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

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

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

PHINEAS FLETCHER

23

"Here sits retir'd the silent reverence ;
And when the Prince, incens'd with angers fire,
Thunders aloud, he darts his lightning hence ;
Here dusky-reddish clouds foretell his ire :
Of nothing can this Isle more boast aright :
A twin-born Sunne, a double seeing light ;
With much delight they see, are seen with much delight.

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

24

That **Thracian* shepherd call'd them Natures glasse ;
Yet then a glasse in this much worthier being :
Blinde glasses represent some neare-set face ;
But this a living glasse, both seen and seeing :
 *Like heav'n in moving, like in heav'nly firing ;
Sweet heat and light, no burning flame inspiring :
Yet (ah!) too oft we find they scorch with hot desiring.

* Orpheus called the eyes the looking glasse of nature.

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

25

They mounted high, sit on a loftie hill ;
(For they the Princes best intelligence,
And quickly warn of future good, or ill)
Here stands the palace of the noblest sense ;
Here *Visus* keeps, whose Court then crystall smoother,
And clearer seems ; he, though a younger brother,
Yet farre more ^ynoble is, farre fairer then the other.

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

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

26

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

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

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

27

^aAbove, two compasse groves, (Loves bended bows)
Which fence the towers from floods of higher place :
^bBefore, a wall, deluding rushing foes,
That shuts and opens in a moments space :

THE PURPLE ISLAND

The low part fixt, the higher quick descending ;
Upon whose tops spearmen their pikes intending,
Watch there both night and day, the castles port defending.

28

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

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

29

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

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

30

^eThe third, like molten glasse, all cleare and white :
Both round embrace the noble Crystalline.
^fSix inward walls fence in this Tower of sight :
The first, most thick, doth all the frame inshrine,
And girts the Castle with a close embrace,
Save in the midst is left a circles space,
Where light and hundred shapes flock out & in apace.

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

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

31

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

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

PHINEAS FLETCHER

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

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

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

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

k The fift,
Reticularis, netty
tunicle, framed
of the substance
of the brain: this
diffuseth the visil
spirits, and per-
ceives the alter-
ation of the
Crystalline; and
here is the mean
of sight.

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

l The sixth is
called the glassie
tunicle, clasping
in the glassie
humour.

34
His substance as the Head-spring, perfect white;
Here thousand nimble spies are round dispread:
The forms caught in this net, are brought to sight,
And to his eye are lively pourtrayed.
l The last the glassie wall (that round encasing
The moat of glasse, is nam'd from that enlacing)
The white & glassy wells parts with his strict embracing.

35
Thus then is fram'd the noble *Visus* bower;
The outward light by th' first walls circle sending
His beams and hundred forms into the tower,
The wall of horn, and that black gate transcending,
Is lightned by the brightest Crystalline,
And fully view'd in that white nettie shine,
From thence with speedy haste is poasted to the minde.

36
Much as an one-ey'd room, hung all with night,
(Onely that side, which adverse to his eye
Gives but one narrow passage to the light,
Is spread with some white shining tapestrie)

THE PURPLE ISLAND

An hundred shapes that through flit ayers stray,
Shove boldly in, crouding that narrow way,
And on that bright-fac'd wall obscurely dancing play.

37

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

ⁿThe other pair these walking Towers are moving;
At first but one, then in two chanel's roving:
And therefore both agree in standing, or removing.

38

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

39

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

40

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

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

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

^o Hearing is the second sense, lesse noble then the eye, more needfull.

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

^q The inward eare consists of foure passages: the first is steepe, lest any thing should creep in.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

41

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

42

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

43

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

44

u These are two small passages, admitting the sounds into the head, and cleansing the aire.
u Two little windows ever open lie,
The sound unto the caves third part conveying ;
And slender pipe, whose narrow cavities
Doth purge the in-born aire, that idle staying
 Would els corrupt, and still supplies the spending :
 The caves third part in twentie by-ways bending,
Is call'd the Labyrinth, in hundred crooks ascending.

45

Such whilome was that eye-deceiving frame,
Which crafty *Dædal* with a cunning hand
Built to empound the *Cretan* Princes shame :
Such was that *Woodstock* cave, where *Rosamand*,

THE PURPLE ISLAND

Fair *Rosamand*, fled jealous *Ellenore*;
Whom late a shepherd taught to weep so sore,
That woods and hardest rocks her harder fate deplore.

46

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

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

47

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

48

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

49

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

PHINEAS FLETCHER

50

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

51

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

x The sense of smelling.

52

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

y These are those two little bunches like paps, or teats, spoken of the 15 Stanz. of this Cant.

53

At each side of that Tower stand two fair plains,
 More fair then that which in rich *Thessalie*
 Was once frequented by the Muses trains:
 Here ever sits sweet-blushing Modestie;
 Here in two colours Beautie shining bright,
 Dressing her white with red, her red with white,
 With pleasing chain enthalls, & bindes loose wandring sight.

54

Below, a cave roof't with an ^zheav'n-like plaister,
 And under strew'd with purple tapestrie,
 Where *Gustus* dwells, the Isles and Princes Taster,
Koilias's Steward, one of th' *Pemptarchie*;

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

THE PURPLE ISLAND

^aWhom *Tactus* (so some say) got of his mother :
For by their nearest likeness one to th' other,
Tactus may eas'ly seem his father, and his brother.

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

55

^b*Tactus* the last, but yet the eldest brother ;
(Whose office meanest, yet of all the race
The first and last, more needfull then the other)
Hath his abode in none, yet every place :
Through all the Isle distended is his dwelling ;
He rules the streams that from the *Cephal* swelling
Runne all along the Isle, both sence & motion dealing.

b *Tactus*, or
the sense of
touching.

56

With *Gustus Lingua* dwells, his pratling wife,
Indu'd with strange and adverse qualities ;
The nurse of hate and love, of peace and strife,
Mother of fairest truth, and foulest lies :
Or best, or worst ; no mean : made all of fire,
Which sometimes hell, & sometimes heav'ns inspire ;
By whom oft Truth self speaks, oft that first murth'ring liar.

3

57

The idle Sunne stood still at her command,
Breathing his fire steeds in *Gibeon* :
And pale-fac'd *Cynthia* at her word made stand,
Resting her coach in vales of *Aialon*.
Her voice oft open breaks the stubborn skies,
And holds th' Almightyes hands with suppliant cries :
Her voice tears open hell with horrid blasphemies.

58

Therefore that great Creatour, well foreseeing
To what a monster she would soon be changing,
(Though lovely once, perfect and glorious being)
Curb'd her with iron ^cbit, and held from ranging ;
And with strong bonds her looser steps enchaining,
Bridled her course, too many words refraining,
And doubled all his guards, bold libertie restraining.

c The
Tongue is
held with a
ligament,
ordinarily
called the
bridle.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

59

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

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

60

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

61

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

62

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

63

Th' amazed shades came flocking round about,
Nor car'd they now to passe the *Stygian* ford :
All hell came running there, (an hideous rout)
And dropt a silent tear for every word :

66

THE PURPLE ISLAND

The aged Ferrieman shov'd out his boat ;
But that without his help did thither float ;
And having ta'ne him in, came dancing on the moat.

64

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

65

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

66

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

67

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

PHINEAS FLETCHER

68

All so who strives from grave of hellish night
To bring his dead soul to the joyfull skie ;
If when he comes in view of heav'nly light,
He turns again to hell his yeelding eye,
 And longs to see what he had left ; his sore
 Grows desp'rate, deeper, deadlier then afore :
His helps and hopes much lesse, his crime & judgement more.

69

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

70

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

71

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

THE PURPLE ISLAND

CANT. VI.

THe houres had now unlockt the gate of day,
When fair *Aurora* leaves her frosty bed,
Hasting with youthfull *Cephalus* to play,
Unmaskt her face, and rosie beauties spread :
 Tithonus silver age was much despid'd.
Ah ! who in love that cruel law devis'd,
That old love's little worth, and new too highly priz'd ?

2

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

3

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

4

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

PHINEAS FLETCHER

5

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

6

Then you my peers, whose quiet expectation
Seemeth my backward tale would fain invite ;
Deigne gently heare this purple Islands nation,
A people never seen, yet still in sight ;
Our daily guests, and natives, yet unknown ;
Our servants born, but now commanders grown ;
Our friends, and enemies ; aliens, yet still our own.

7

Not like those Heroes, who in better times
This happy Island first inhabited
In joy and peace ; when no rebellious crimes
That God-like nation yet dispeop'led :
Those claim'd their birth from that eternal Light,
Held th' Isle, and rul'd it in their fathers right,
And in their faces bore their parents image bright.

8

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

9

How shall a worm, on dust that crawls and feeds,
Climbe to th' empyreall court, where these states reign,
And there take view of what heav'ns self exceeds ?
The Sunne lesse starres, these lights the Sunne distain :

THE PURPLE ISLAND

Their beams divine, and beauties do excell
What here on earth, in aire, or heav'n do dwell :
Such never eye yet saw, such never tongue can tell.

10

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

11

So where the neatest Badger most abides,
Deep in the earth she frames her prettie cell,
And into halls and closulets divides :
But when the stinking fox with loathsome smell
Infects her pleasant cave, the cleanly beast
So hates her inmate and rank-smelling guest,
That farre away she flies, and leaves her loathed nest.

12

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

13

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

PHINEAS FLETCHER

* See that
sweet poem
entitled
Christ's
victorie and
triumph.
part. 1.
stan. 18.

14

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

15

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

16

But see how 'twixt her sister and her sire,
Soft-hearted Mercy sweetly interposing,
Settles her panting breast against his fire,
Pleading for grace, and chains of death unloosing:
Heark, from her lips the melting hony flowes;
The striking Thunderer recals his blowes,
And every armed souldier down his weapon throwes.

17

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

18

Ah fairest maid, best essence of thy father,
Equall unto thy never equall'd sire;
How in low verse shall thy poore shepherd gather,
What all the world can ne're enough admire?

THE PURPLE ISLAND

When thy sweet eyes sparkle in chearfull light,
The brightest day grows pale as leaden night,
And heav'ns bright burning eye loses his blinded sight.

19

Who then those sugred strains can understand,
Which calm'd thy father, and our desp'rate fears;
And charm'd the nimble lightning in his hand,
That all unwares it dropt in melting tears?

Then thou deare *swain, thy heav'nly load unfraught; * *A book
entituled
Christs
victorie and
triumph.*
For she her self hath thee her speeches taught;
So neare her heav'n they be, so farre from humane thought.

20

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

21

For that foul rout, which from the *Stygian* brook
(Where first they dwelt in midst of death and night)
By force the left and emptie Island took,
Claim hence full conquest, and possessions right:
But that fair band, which Mercie sent anew,
The ashes of that first heroick crue,
From their forefathers claim their right, & Islands due.

22

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

PHINEAS FLETCHER

23

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

24

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

25

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

26

And thou dread Spirit, which at first didst spread
On those dark waters thy all-opening light ;
Thou who of late (of thy great bounty head)
This nest of hellish fogges and *Stygian* night
With thy bright orient Sunne hast fair renew'd,
And with unwonted day hast it endu'd,
Which late both day & thee, and most it self eschew'd :

27

Dread Spirit, do thou those severall bands unfold,
Both which thou sent'st a needfull supplement
To this lost Isle, and which with courage bold
Hourely assail thy rightfull regiment ;

THE PURPLE ISLAND

And with strong hand oppresse & keep them under :
Raise now my humble vein to lofty thunder,
That heav'n and earth may sound, resound thy praises wonder.

28

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

29

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

30

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

31

Though travelling all places, changing none:
Bid him soar up to heav'n, and thence down throwing
The centre search, and *Dis* dark realm; he's gone,
Returns, arrives, before thou saw'st him going:
And while his weary kingdome safely sleeps,
All restlesse night he watch and warding keeps,
Never his carefull head on resting pillow steeps.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

32

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

33

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

34

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

35

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

36

But if he here neglect his Masters law,
And with those traitours 'gainst his Lord rebels ;
Down to the deeps ten thousand fiends him draw,
Deeps, where night, death, despair and horreur dwells ;

THE PURPLE ISLAND

And in worst ills, still worse expecting fears :
Where fell despite for spite his bowels tears,
And still increasing grief, and torment never wears.

37

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

38

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

39

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

40

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

PHINIAS FLETCHER

41

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

42

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

* The five senses

* The common sense.

43

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

44

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

45

Ev'n so the first of these three Counsellers
Gives to the five the power of all-descrying;
Which back to him with mutuall dutie bears
All their informings, and the causes trying:

THE PURPLE ISLAND

For through strait waies the nimble Poast ascends
Unto his hall; there up his message sends,
Which to the next well scann'd he straightway recommends.

46

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

* The fancie.

47

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

48

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

49

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

PHINEAS FLETCHER

50

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

51

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

* The under-
standing.

52

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

53

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

54

As when the Sunne restores the glitt'ring day,
The world late cloath'd in nights black livery,
Doth now a thousand colours fair display,
And paints it self in choice varietie,

THE PURPLE ISLAND

Which late one colour hid, the eye deceiving ;
All so this Prince those shapes obscure receiving,
With his suffused light makes ready to conceiving.

55

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

56

Thus when the eye through *Visus* jettie ports
Lets in the wandring shapes, the crystall strange
Quickly it self to every sort consorts,
So is what e're it sees by wondrous change :
Thrice happy then, when on that *mirrour bright * 2. Cor. 3. 18.
He ever fastens his unmoved sight,
So is what there he views ; divine, full, glorious light.

57

Soon as the Prince these forms hath clearely seen,
Parting the false from true, the wrong from right,
He straight presents them to his beauteous Queen,
Whose Courts are lower, yet of equall might ;
**Voletta* fair, who with him lives, and reignes ; * The will.
Whom neither man, nor fiend, nor God constrains :
Oft good, oft ill, oft both ; yet ever free remains.

58

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

PHINEAS FLETCHER

59

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

60

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

61

*Conscience.

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

62

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

63

Thereto she addes a water soveraigne,
Of wondrous force, and skilfull composition:
For first she pricks the heart in tender vein,
Then from those precious drops, and deep contrition,

THE PURPLE ISLAND

With lips confession, and with pickled cries,
Still'd in a broken spirit, sad vapours rise,
Exhal'd by sacred fires, and drop through melting eyes.

64

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

65

But (ah !) why do we (simple as we been)
With curious labour, dimme and veiled sight,
Prie in the nature of this King and Queen,
Groping in darknesse for so cleare a light ?
A light which once could not be thought or told,
But now with blackest clouds is thick enroll'd,
Prest down in captive chains, and pent in earthly mold.

66

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

67

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

PHINEAS FLETCHER

68

The flowres that frighted with sharp winters dread,
Retire into their mother *Tellus* wombe,
Yet in the Spring in troups new mustered
Peep out again from their unfrozen tombe :

The early Violet will fresh arise,
And spreading his flour'd purple to the skies,
Boldly the little elf the winters spite defies.

69

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

70

How falls it then that such an heav'nly light,
As this great Kings, should sink so wondrous low,
That scarce he can suspect his former height ?
Can one eclipse so dark his shining brow,
And steal away his beautie glittering fair ?
One onely blot so great a light empair,
That never could he hope his waning to repair ?

71

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

72

A perfect Virgin breeds and bears a Sonne,
Th' immortall father of his mortall mother ;
Earth, heav'n, flesh, spirit, man, God, are met in one :
His younger brothers childe, his childrens brother,

THE PURPLE ISLAND

Eternitie, who yet was born and di'd ;
His own creatour, earths scorn, heavens pride ;
Who th' deitie inflesht, and mans flesh deifi'd.

73

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

74

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

75

So we beholding with immortall eye
The glorious picture of thy heav'nly face,
In his first beautie and true Majestie,
May shake from our dull souls these fetters base ;
And mounting up to that bright crystal sphere,
Whence thou strik'st all the world with shudd'ring fear,
May not be held by earth, nor hold vile earth so deare.

76

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

PHINEAS FLETCHER

77

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

CANT. VII.

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

2

Fond man, that looks on earth for happinesse,
And here long seeks what here is never found !
For all our good we hold from heav'n by lease,
With many forfeits and conditions bound ;
 Nor can we pay the fine and rentage due :
 Though now but writ, and seal'd, and giv'n anew,
Yet daily we it break, then daily must renew.

3

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

THE PURPLE ISLAND

4

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

5

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

6

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

7

And that black *Vulture, which with deathfull wing
O're-shadows half the earth, whose dismall sight
Frighted the Muses from their native spring,
Already stoops, and flagges with weary flight.
Who then shall look for happines beneath;
Where each new day proclaims chance, change, and death,
And life it self's as flit as is the aire we breathe?

* The Turk.

8

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

PHINEAS FLETCHER

There lies he now bruis'd with so sore a fall,
To his base bonds, and loathsome prison thrall,
Whom thousand foes besiege, fenc'd with frail yeelding wall.

9

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

Or if these cankred foes (as most men say)
So mighty be, that gird this wall of clay ;
What makes it hold so long, and threatned ruine stay ?

10

When that great Lord his standing Court would build,
The outward walls with gemmes and glorious lights,
But inward rooms with nobler Courtiers fill'd ;
Pure, living flames, swift, mighty, blessed sprites :
But some his royall service (fools !) disdain ;
So down were flung : (oft blisse is double pain)
In heav'n they scorn'd to serve, so now in hell they reigne.

11

There turn'd to serpents, swoln with pride and hate,
Their Prince a Dragon fell, who burst with spight
To see this Kings and Queens yet happy state,
Tempts them to lust and pride, prevails by slight :
To make them wise, and gods he undertakes.
Thus while the snake they heare, they turn to snakes ;
To make them gods he boasts, but beasts, and devils makes.

12

But that great *Lion who in *Judabs* plains
The awfull beasts holds down in due subjection,
The Dragons craft, and base-got spoil disdains,
And folds this captive Prince in his protection ;
*Breaks ope the jayl, & brings the prisoners thence,
Yet plac't them in this castles weak defence,
Where they might trust and seek an higher providence.

* Revel. 5. 5.

* Luke. 4. 18.

THE PURPLE ISLAND

13

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

* Revel. 12. 4.

14

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

* The flesh.

15

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

16

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

* The fruits of the flesh are described Gal. 5. 19, 20, 21. and may be ranked into foure companies, 1. of Unchastitie. 2. of Irreligion. 3. of Unrighteousness. 4. of Intemperance.

17

**Mæchus* the first, of blushesse bold aspect;
Yet with him Doubt and Fear still trembling go:
Oft lookt he back, as if he did suspect
Th' approach of some unwisht, unwelcome foe:

* Adulterie. Gal. 5. 19.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Behinde, fell Jealousie his steps observ'd,
And sure Revenge, with dart that never swerv'd :
Ten thousand griefs and plagues he felt, but more deserv'd.

18

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

19

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

20

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

21

With him **Acatbarus* in *Tuscan* guise ;
A thing, that neither man will owne, nor beast :
Upon a boy he lean'd in wanton wise,
On whose fair limbes his eyes still greedie feast ;
He sports, he toyes, kisses his shining face :
Behinde, reproach and thousand devils pace ;
Before, bold Impudence, that cannot change her grace.

* Fornica-
tion.

* Sodomie.
Rom. 1. 26,
27. Levit.
20. 15, 16.

THE PURPLE ISLAND

22

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

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

23

* *Aselges* follow'd next, the boldest boy,
That ever play'd in *Venus* wanton court :
He little cares who notes his lavish joy ;
Broad were his jests, wilde his uncivil sport ;
His fashion too too fond, and loosly light :
A long love-lock on his left shoulder plight,
Like to a womans hair, well shew'd a womans sprite.

* Lasciviousnesse.

24

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

25

There oft to rivalls lends the gentle Dor,
Oft takes (his mistresse by) the bitter Bob :
There learns her each daies change of Gules, Verd, Or,
(His sampler) if she pouts, her slave must sob :
Her face his sphere, her hair his circling skie ;
Her love his heav'n, her sight eternitie :
Of her he dreams, with her he lives, for her he'll die.

26

Upon his arm a tinsell scarf he wore,
Forsooth his Madams favour, spangled fair :
Light as himself, a fanne his helmet bore,
With ribbons drest, begg'd from his Mistresse hair :

PHINEAS FLETCHER

On's shield a winged boy all naked shin'd;
His folded eyes willing and wilfull blinde:
The word was wrought with gold, *Such is a lovers minde.*

27

These foure, *Anagnus* and foul *Caro's* sonnes,
Who led a diff'rent, and disorder'd rout;
Fancie, a lad that all in feathers wons,
And loose desire, and danger linkt with doubt;
 And thousand wanton thoughts still budding new:
 But lazie ease usher'd the idle crue;
And lame disease shuts up their troops with torments due.

28

Next band by *Asebie* was boldly led,
And his foure sonnes, begot in *Stygian* night:
First **Idololatros*, whose monstrous head
Was like an ugly fiend, his flaming sight
 Like blazing starres; the rest all different:
 For to his shape some part each creature lent,
But to the great Creatour all adversely bent.

29

Upon his breast a bloudie Crosse he scor'd,
Which oft he worshipt; but the *Christ* that di'd
Thereon, he seldome but in paint ador'd;
Yet wood, stone, beasts, wealth, lusts, fiends deifi'd:
 He makes meer pageants of the **saving* Rock,
 Puppet-like trimming his Almighty stock:
Which then, his god or he, which is the verier block?

30

Of Giant shape, and strength thereto agreeing,
Wherewith he whilome all the world opprest;
And yet the greater part his vassals being,
Slumbring in ignorance, securely rest:
 A golden calf (himself more beast) he bore;
 Which brutes with dancings, gifts, and songs adore:
Idols are lay-mens books, he round had wrote in Ore.

* Idolatric, either by worshipping the true God by false worship; as by images, against the second commandment: or giving away his worship to any thing that is not God, against the first.

* Psal. 62. 7.

THE PURPLE ISLAND

31

Next **Pharmacus*, of gashly wilde aspect ;
Whom hell with seeming fear, and fiends obey :
Full eas'y would he know each past effect,
And things to come with double guesse foresay,
By slain beasts entrails, and fowls marked flight :
Thereto he tempests rais'd by many a spright,
And charm'd the Sunne and Moon, & chang'd the day and night.

* Witchcraft
and curious
arts.

32

So when the South (dipping his sablest wings
In humid Ocean) sweeps with 's dropping beard
Th' aire, earth, and seas ; his lips loud thunderings
And flashing eyes make all the world afeard :
Light with dark clouds, waters with fires are met :
The Sunne but now is rising, now is set ;
And findes west-shades in East, and seas in ayers wet.

33

By birth, and hand, he jugling fortunes tells ;
Oft brings from shades his grandsires damned ghost ;
Oft stoln goods forces out by wicked spells :
His frightfull shield with thousand fiends embost,
Which seem'd without a circles ring to play :
In midst himself dampens the smiling day,
And prints sad characters, which none may write, or say.

34

The third **Hæreticus*, a wrangling carle,
Who in the way to heav'n would wilfull erre ;
And oft convicted, still would snatch and snarle :
His *Crambe* oft repeats ; all tongue, no eare.
Him Obstinacie, Pride, and Scorn attended :
On's shield with Truth Errour disguis'd contended :
His Motto this, *Rather thus erre, then be amended.*

* Heresie.

35

Last marcht *Hypocrisie*, false form of grace,
That vaunts the show of all, ha's truth of none :
A rotten heart he masks with painted face ;
Among the beasts a mule, 'mong bees a drone,

PHINEAS FLETCHER

'Mong starres a meteor: all the world neglects him;
Nor good, nor bad, nor heav'n, nor earth affects him:
The earth for glaring forms, for bare forms heav'n rejects him.

36

His wanton heart he vails with dewy eyes,
So oft the world, and oft himself deceives:
His tongue his heart, his hands his tongue belies:
In's path (as snails) silver, but slime he leaves:
He *Babels* glory is, but *Sions* taint;
Religions blot, but Irreligions paint:
A Saint abroad, at home a Fiend; and worst a Saint.

37

So tallow lights live glitt'ring, stinking die;
Their gleams aggrate the sight, steams wound the smell:
So *Sodom* apples please the ravisht eye,
But sulphure taste proclaims their root's in hell:
So airy flames to heav'nly seem all'd;
But when their oyl is spent, they swiftly glide,
And into jelly'd mire melt all their gilded pride.

38

So rushes green, smooth, full, are spongie light;
So their ragg'd stones in velvet peaches gown:
So rotten sticks seem starres in cheating night;
So quagmires false their mire with emeralds crown:
Such is *Hypocrisies* deceitfull frame;
A stinking light, a sulphure fruit, false flame,
Smooth rush, hard peach, sere wood, false mire, a voice, a name.

39

Such were his arms, false gold, true alchymie;
Glitt'ring with glassie stones, and fine deceit:
His sword a flatt'ring steel, which gull'd the eye,
And pierc't the heart with pride and self-conceit:
On's shield a tombe, where death had drest his bed
With curious art, and crown'd his loathsome head
With gold, & gems: his word, *More gorgeous when dead.*

THE PURPLE ISLAND

40

Before them went their nurse, bold *Ignorance* ;
A loathsome monster, light, sight, 'mendment scorning :
Born deaf and blinde, fitter to lead the dance
To such a rout ; her silver heads adorning
 (Her dotage index) much she bragg'd, yet feign'd :
 For by false tallies many yeares she gain'd.
Wise youth is honour'd age ; fond's age with dotage stain'd.

41

Her failing legges with erring footsteps reel'd ;
(Lame guide to blisse !) her daughters on each side
Much pain'd themselves her stumbling feet to weeld ;
Both like their mother, dull and beetle-ey'd :
 The first was Errour false, who multiplies
 Her num'rous race in endlesse progenies :
For but one truth there is, ten thousand thousand lies.

42

Her brood o're-spread her round with sinne and bloud,
With envie, malice, mischiefs infinite ;
While she to see her self amazed stood,
So often got with childe and bigge with spite :
 Her off-spring flie about & spread their seed ;
 Straight hate, pride, schisme, warres & seditions breed,
Get up, grow ripe. *How soon prospers the vicious weed!*

43

The other Owl-ey'd *Superstition*,
Deform'd, distorted, blinde in shining light ;
Yet styles her self holy Devotion,
And so is call'd, and seems in shadie night :
 Fearfull, as is the hare, or hunted hinde ;
 Her face and breast she oft with crosses sign'd :
No custome would she break, or change her setled minde.

44

If hare or snake her way, herself she crosses,
And stops her 'mazed steps ; sad fears affright her,
When falling salt points out some fatall losses,
Till *Bacchus* grapes with holy sprinkle quite her :

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Her onely bible is an Erra Pater ;
Her antidote are hallow'd wax and water :
I' th' dark all lights are sprites, all noises chains that clatter.

45

With them marcht (sunk in deep securitie)
Profanenesse, to be fear'd for never fearing ;
And by him, new-oaths-coyning *Blasphemie*,
Who names not God, but in a curse, or swearing :
 And thousand other fiends in diverse fashion,
 Dispos'd in severall ward, and certain station :
Under, Hell widely yawn'd ; and over, flew Damnation.

46

* Hatred. Next *Adicus* his sonnes ; first **Ecthos* slie,
Whose prickt-up eares kept open house for lies ;
And [f]leering eyes still watch and wait to spie
When to return still-living injuries :
 Fair weather smil'd upon his painted face,
 And eyes spoke peace, till he had time and place ;
Then poures down showers of rage, and streams of rancour base.

47

So when a sable cloud with swelling sail
Comes swimming through calm skies, the silent aire
(While fierce windes sleep in *Æols* rockie jayl)
With spangled beams embroid'ed, glitters fair ;
 But soon 'gins lowr : straight clatt'ring hail is bred,
 Scatt'ring cold shot ; light hides his golden head,
And with untimely winter earth's o're-silvered.

48

His arms well suit his minde, where smiling skies
Breed thund'ring tempests : on his loftie crest
Asleep the spotted Panther couching lies,
And by sweet sents and skinne so quaintly drest,
 Draws on her prey : upon his shield he bears
 The dreadfull monster which great *Nilus* fears ;
(The weeping Crocadile) his word, *I kill with tears.*

THE PURPLE ISLAND

49

With him *Dissemblance* went, his Paramour,
Whose painted face might hardly be detected :
Arms of offence he seld' or never wore,
Lest thence his close designs might be suspected ;
But clasping close his foe, as loth to part,
He steals his dagger with false smiling art,
And sheaths the trait'rous steel in his own masters heart.

50

Two *Jewish* Captains, close themselves enlacing
In loves sweet twines, his target broad display'd ;
One th' others beard with his left hand embracing,
But in his right a shining sword he sway'd,
Which unawares through th' others ribs he smites ;
There lay the wretch without all buriall rites :
His word, *He deepest wounds, that in his fawning bites.*

51

**Eris* the next, of sex unfit for warre :
Her arms were bitter words from flaming tongue,
Which never quiet, wrangle, fight, and jarre ;
Ne would she weigh report with right, or wrong :
What once she held, that would she ever hold,
And *Non-obstantes* force with courage bold :
The last word must she have, or never leave to scold.

* Variance.

52

She is the trumpet to this angrie train,
And whets their furie with loud-railing spite :
But when no open foes did more remain,
Against themselves themselves she would incite.
Her clacking mill, driv'n by her flowing gall,
Could never stand, but chide, rail, bark, and bawl :
Her shield no word could finde ; her tongue engrost them all.

53

**Zelos* the third, whose spitefull emulation
Could not endure a fellow in excelling ;
Yet slow in any vertues imitation,
At easie rate that fair possession selling :

* Emulation.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Still as he went, he hidden sparkles blew,
Till to a mighty flame they sudden grew,
And like fierce lightning all in quick destruction drew.

54

Upon his shield lay that *Tirinthian* Swain,
Sweltring in fierie gore and pois'nous flame ;
His wives sad gift venom'd with bloudie stain :
Well could he bulls, snake[s,] hell, all monsters tame ;
Well could he heav'n support and prop alone ;
But by fell Jealousie soon overthrown,
Without a foe, or sword : his motto, *First, or none.*

55

* Wrath.

**Thumos* the fourth, a dire, revengefull swain ;
Whose soul was made of flames, whose flesh of fire :
Wrath in his heart, hate, rage and furie reigne ;
Fierce was his look, when clad in sparkling tirc ;
But when dead palnesse in his cheek took seisure,
And all the bloud in's boyling heart did treasure,
Then in his wilde revenge kept he nor mean, nor measure.

56

Look as when waters wall'd with brazen wreath
Are sieg'd with crackling flames, their common foe ;
The angrie seas 'gin foam and hotly breathe,
Then swell, rise, rave, and still more furious grow ;
Nor can be held, but forc't with fires below,
Tossing their waves, break out and all o'reflow :
So boyl'd his rising bloud, and dasht his angry brow.

57

For in his face red heat, and ashie cold
Strove which should paint revenge in proper colours :
That, like consuming fire, most dreadfull roll'd ;
This, liker death, threatens all deadly dolours :
His trembling hand a dagger still embrac't,
Which in his friend he rashly oft encas't :
His shields devise fresh bloud with foulest stain defac't.

THE PURPLE ISLAND

58

Next him **Erihius*, most unquiet swain,
That all in law and fond contention spent ;
Not one was found in all this numerous train,
With whom in any thing he would consent :

* Strife.

His Will his Law, he weigh'd not wrong or right ;
Much scorn'd to bear, much more forgive a spight :
Patience he th'asses load, and cowards Vertue hight.

59

His weapons all were fram'd of shining gold,
Wherewith he subt'ly fought close under hand :
Thus would he right from right by force withhold,
Nor suits, nor friends, nor laws his slights withstand :
Ah powerfull weapon ! how dost thou bewitch
Great, but base mindes, & spott'st with leprous itch,
That never are in thought, nor ever can be rich !

60

Upon his belt (fastned with leather laces)
Black boxes hung, sheaths of his paper-swords ;
Fill'd up with Writs, Sub-pœna's, Triall-cases ;
This trespass him in cattel, that in words :
Fit his device, and well his shield became,
A Salamander drawn in lively frame :
His word was this, *I live, I breathe, I feed in flame.*

61

Next after him marcht proud **Dichostasis*,
That wont but in the factious court to dwell ;
But now to shepherd-swains close linked is ;
And taught them (fools !) to change their humble cell,
And lowly weed for courts, and purple gay,
To sit aloft, and States and Princes sway :
A hook, no scepter needs our erring sheep to stay.

* Sedition or
Schisme.

62

A Miter trebly crown'd th' Impostour wore ;
For heav'n, earth, hell he claims with loftie pride.
Not in his lips, but hands, two keyes he bore,
Heav'ns doores and hells to shut, and open wide :

PHINEAS FLETCHER

But late his keyes are marr'd, or broken quite :
For hell he cannot shut, but opens light ;
Nor heav'n can ope, but shut ; nor buyes, but sells by sight.

63

Two heads, oft three, he in one body had,
Nor with the body, nor themselves agreeing :
What this commanded, th' other soon forbad ;
As different in rule, as nature being :
The body to them both, and neither prone,
Was like a double-hearted dealer grown ;
Endeavouring to please both parties, pleasing none.

64

As when the powerfull winde and adverse tide
Strive which should most command the subject main ;
The scornfull waves, swelling with angrie pride,
Yeelding to neither, all their force disdain :
Mean time the shaken vessel doubtfull playes,
And on the stagg'ring billow trembling staves,
And would obey them both, and none of both obeyes.

65

A subtil craftsman fram'd him seemly arms,
Forg'd in the shop of wrangling sophistrie ;
And wrought with curious arts, and mightie charms,
Temper'd with lies, and false philosophie :
Millions of heedlesse souls thus had he slain.
His sev'n-fold targe a field of Gules did stain ;
In which two swords he bore : his word, *Divide, and reigne.*

66

Envie the next, *Envie* with squinted eyes ;
Sick of a strange disease, his neighbours health :
Best lives he then, when any better dies ;
Is never poore, but in anothers wealth :
On best mens harms and griefs he feeds his fill ;
Else his own maw doth eat with spitefull will.
Ill must the temper be, where diet is so ill.

THE PURPLE ISLAND

67

Each eye through divers opticks slyly leers,
Which both his sight, and object self belie ;
So greatest vertue as a mote appeares,
And molehill faults to mountains multiplie.

When needs he must, yet faintly, then he praises ;
Somewhat the deed, much more the means he raises :
So marreth what he makes, & praising most dispraises.

68

Upon his shield that cruell Herd-groom play'd,
Fit instrument of *Juno's* jealous spight ;
His hundred eyes stood fixed on the maid ;
He pip't, she sigh'd : his word, *Her day my night.*

His missile weapon was a lying tongue,
Which he farre off like swiftest lightning flung,
That all the world with noise & fowl blaspheming rung.

69

Last of this rout the savage **Phonos* went,
Whom his dire mother nurst with humane blood ;
And when more age and strength more fiercenesse lent,
She taught him in a dark and desert wood

* Murder.

With force and guile poore passengers to slay,
And on their flesh his barking stomach stay,
And with their wretched blood his fryr thirst allay.

70

So when the never-setled *Scythian*
Removes his dwelling in an empty wain ;
When now the Sunne hath half his journey ranne,
His horse he blouds, and pricks a trembling vein,

So from the wound quenches his thirstie heat :
Yet worse, this fiend makes his own flesh his meat.
Monster! the ravenous beare his kinde will never eat.

71

Ten thousand Furies on his steps awaited ;
Some sear'd his hardned soul with *Stygian* brand :
Some with black terrours his faint conscience baited,
That wide he star'd, and starched hair did stand :

PHINEAS FLETCHER

The first-born man still in his minde he bore,
Fouly aray'd in guiltlesse brothers gore,
Which for revenge to heav'n from earth did loudly roar.

72

His arms offensive all, to spill, not spare ;
Swords, pistols, poisons, instruments of hell :
A shield he wore (not that the wretch did care
To save his flesh, oft he himself would quell)
For shew, not use : on it a viper swilling
The dammes spilt gore, his emptie bowels filling
With flesh that gave him life : his word, *I live by killing.*

73

And last his brutish sonnes *Acrates* sent,
Whom *Caro* bore both in one birth and bed ;
**Methos* the first, whose panch his feet out-went,
As if it usher'd his unsetled head :
His soul quite sowced lay in grapie bloud ;
In all his parts the idle dropsie stood ;
Which, though alreadie drown'd, still thirsted for the floud.

* Drunken-
nesse.

74

This thing, nor man, nor beast, tunnes all his wealth
In drink ; his dayes, his yeares in liquour drenching :
So quaffes he sicknesse down by quaffing health,
Firing his cheeks with quenching, strangely quenching
His eyes with firing ; dull and faint they roll'd :
But nimble lips known things, and hid unfold ;
Belchings, oft-sips, large spits point the long tale he told.

75

His armour green might seem a fruitfull vine ;
The clusters prison'd in the close-set leaves,
Yet oft between the bloudie grape did shine ;
And peeping forth, his jaylers spite deceives :
Among the boughs did swilling *Bacchus* ride,
Whom wilde-grown *M[æ]nads* bore, and every stride
Bacche, Iô Bacche, loud with madding voice they cri'd.

THE PURPLE ISLAND

76

On's shield the goatish Satyres dance around,
(Their heads much lighter then their nimble heels)
Silenus old, in wine (as ever) drown'd,
Clos'd with the ring, in midst (though sitting) reels:
Under his arm a bag-pipe swoln he held,
(Yet wine-swoln cheeks the windie bag out-swell'd)
So loudly pipes: his word, *But full, no mirth I yeeld.*

77

Insatiate sink, how with so generall stain
Thy spu'd-out puddles court, town, fields entice!
Ay me! the shepherds selves thee entertain,
And to thy *Curtian* gulph do sacrifice:
All drink to spue, and spue again to drink.
Sowre swil-tub sinne, of all the rest the sink,
How canst thou thus bewitch with thy abhorred stink?

78

The eye thou wrong'st with vomits reeking streams,
The eare with belching; touch thou drown'st in wine;
The taste thou surfet'st; smell with spuing steams
Thou woundest: foh! thou loathsome putrid swine,
Still thou increasest thirst, when thirst thou slakest;
The minde and will thou (wits bane) captive takest:
Senseles thy hoggish filth, & sense thou senseles makest.

79

Thy fellow sinnes, and all the rest of vices
With seeming good are fairly cloath'd to sight;
Their feigned sweet the bleare-ey'd will entices,
Coz'ning the daz'led sense with borrow'd light:
Thee neither true, nor yet false good commends;
Profit nor pleasure on thy steps attends:
Folly begins thy sinne, which still with madnesse ends.

80

With *Metbos*, *Gluttonie*, his gutling brother,
Twinne parallels, drawn from the self-same line;
So foully like was either to the other,
And both most like a monstrous-panched swine:

PHINEAS FLETCHER

His life was either a continu'd feast,
Whose surfets upon surfets him opprest ;
Or heavie sleep, that helps so great a load digest.

81

Mean time his soul, weigh'd down with muddie chains,
Can neither work, nor move in captive bands ;
But dull'd in vaprous foggies, all carelesse reignes,
Or rather serves strong appetites commands :
That when he now was gorg'd with cramm'd-down store,
And porter wanting room had shut the doore,
The glutton sigh'd that he could gurmardize no more.

82

His crane-like neck was long unlac'd ; his breast,
His gowtie limbes, like to a circle round,
As broad as long ; and for his spear in rest
Oft with his staffe he beats the yeelding ground ;
Wherewith his hands did help his feet to bear,
Els would they ill so huge a burthen stear :
His clothes were all of leaves, no armour could he wear.

83

Onely a target light upon his arm
He carelesse bore, on which old *Gryll* was drawn,
Transform'd into a hog with cunning charm ;
In head, and paunch, and soul it self a brawn :
Half drown'd within, without, yet still did hunt
In his deep trough for swill, as he was wont ;
Cas'd all in loathsome mire: no word ; *Gryll* could but grunt.

84

Him serv'd sweet-seeming lusts, self-pleasing lies ;
But bitter death flow'd from those sweets of sinne :
And at the Rear of these in secret guise
Crept *Theeverie*, and *Detraction*, neare akinne ;
No twinnes more like: they seem'd almost the same ;
One stole the goods, the other the good name :
The latter lives in scorn, the former dies in shame.

THE PURPLE ISLAND

85

Their boon companions in their joviall feasting
Were new-shapt oaths, and damning perjuries:
Their cates, fit for their taste, profanest jesting,
Sauc'd with the salt of hell, dire blasphemies.

But till th' ambitious Sunne, yet still aspiring,
Allayes his flaming gold with gentler firing,
We'l rest our wearie song in that thick groves retiring.

CANT. VIII.

THe Sunne began to slack his bended bow,
And more obliquely dart his milder ray;
When cooler ayers gently 'gan to blow,
And fanne the fields parcht with the scorching day:
The shepherds to their wonted seats repair;
Thirsil, refresht with this soft-breathing aire,
Thus 'gan renew his task, and broken song repair:

2

What watchfull care must fence that weary state,
Which deadly foes begirt with cruell siege;
And frailest wall of glasse, and trait'rous gate
Strive which should first yeeld up their wofull leige?
By enemies assail'd, by friends betray'd;
When others hurt, himself refuses aid:
By weaknesse self his strength is foil'd and overlay'd.

3

How comes it then that in so neare decay
We deadly sleep in deep securitie,
When every houre is ready to betray
Our lives to that still-watching enemie?
Wake then thy soul that deadly slumbereth:
For when thy foe hath seiz'd thy captive breath,
Too late to wish past life, too late to wish for death.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

4

* The World
or Mammon.

Caro the Vantguard with the Dragon led,
**Cosmos* the battell guides, with loud alarms;
Cosmos, the first sonne to the Dragon red,
Shining in seeming gold, and glitt'ring arms:
Well might he seem a strong and gentle Knight,
As e're was clad in steel and armour bright;
But was a recreant base, a foul, false, cheating sprite.

5

And as himself, such were his arms; appearing
Bright burnisht gold, indeed base alchymie,
Dimme beetle eyes, and greedy worldlings blearing:
His shield was drest in nights sad liverie,
Where man-like Apes a Gloworm compasse round,
Glad that in wintrie night they fire had found;
Busie they puffe & blow: the word, *Mistake the ground.*

6

Mistake points all his darts; his sunshines bright
(Mistaken) light appeare, sad lightning prove:
His clouds (mistook) seem lightnings, turn to light;
His love true hatred is, his hatred love;
His shop, a Pedlers pack of apish fashion;
His honours, pleasures, joyes are all vexation:
His wages, glorious care, sweet surfets, woo'd damnation.

7

His lib'rall favours, complementall arts;
His high advancements, Alpine slipp'ry straits;
His smiling glances, deaths most pleasing darts;
And (what he vaunts) his gifts are gilded baits:
Indeed he nothing is, yet all appeares.
Haplesse earths happy fools, that know no tears!
Who bathes in worldly joyes, swimmes in a world of fears.

8

Pure Essence, who hast made a stone descrie,
'Twixt natures hid, and check that metals pride
That dares aspire to golds high soveraigntie;
Ah leave some touch-stone erring eyes to guide,

THE PURPLE ISLAND

And judge dissemblance ; see by what devices
Sinne with fair glosse our mole-ey'd sight entises,
That vices vertues seem to most ; and vertues, vices.

9

Strip thou their meretricious seemlinese,
And tifold glitt'ring bare to every sight,
That we may loath their inward ugliness ;
Or else uncloud the soul, whose shadie light
Addes a fair lustre to false earthly blisse :
Thine and their beauty differs but in this ;
Theirs what it is not, seems ; thine seems not what it is.

10

Next to the Captain coward **Deilos* far'd ;
Him right before he as his shield projectd,
And following troops to back him as his guard ;
Yet both his shield and guard (faint heart) suspected :
And sending often back his doubtfull eye,
By fearing taught unthought of treacherie ;
So made him enemies, by fearing enmitie.

* Fearful-
nesse.

11

Still did he look for some ensuing crosse,
Fearing such hap as never man befell :
No mean he knows, but dreads each little losse
(With tyrannie of fear distraught) as hell.
His sense he dare not trust, (nor eyes, nor eares)
And when no other cause of fright appears,
Himself he much suspects, and fears his causelesse fears.

12

Harnest with massie steel, for fence, not fight ;
His sword unseemly long he ready drew :
At sudden shine of his own armour bright
He started oft, and star'd with ghastly hue :
He shrieks at every danger that appears,
Shaming the knightly arms he goodly bears :
His word, *Safer that all, then be that nothing fears.*

PHINEAS FLETCHER

13

With him went *Doubt*, stagg'ring with steps unsure,
That every way, and neither way enclin'd;
And fond *Distrust*, whom nothing could secure;
Suspicion lean, as if he never din'd:

He keeps intelligence by thousand spies;
Argus to him bequeath'd his hundred eyes:
So waking still he sleeps, and sleeping wakefull lies.

14

Fond *Deilos* all, **Tolmetes* nothing fears;
Just frights he laughs, all terrours counteth base;
And when of danger, or sad news he heares,
He meets the thund'ring fortune face to face:
Yet oft in words he spends his boistrous threat;
That his hot bloud, driv'n from the native seat,
Leaves his *faint coward heart empty of lively heat.

15

Himself (weak help!) was all his confidence;
He scorns low ebs, but swimmes in highest rises:
His limbes with arms or shield he would not fence;
Such coward fashion (fool!) he much despises:
Ev'n for his single sword the world seems scant;
For hundred worlds his conqu'ring arm could dant:
Much would he boldly do, but much more boldly vant.

16

With him went self-admiring *Arrogance*,
And *Bragge*, his deeds without an helper praising:
Blinde *Carelesnesse* before would lead the dance;
Fear stole behinde, those vaunts in balance peysing,
Which farre their deeds outweigh'd; their violence,
'Fore danger spent with lavish diffuence,
Was none, or weak in time of greatest exigence.

17

As when a fierie courser readie bent,
Puts forth himself at first with swiftest pace;
Till with too sudden flash his spirits spent,
Alreadie fails now in the middle race:

* Overbold-
nesse, or
foolhardi-
nesse.

* The Phi-
losopher
rightly calls
such *θρασυ-
δειλους*
Ethic. 3. cap.
7. not onely
foolhardy,
but faint-
hardy.

THE PURPLE ISLAND

His hanging crest farre from his wonted pride,
No longer now obeyes his angrie guide ;
Rivers of sweat and bloud flow from his gored side :

18

Thus ran the rash *Tolmetes*, never viewing
The fearfull fiends that duly him attended ;
Destruction close his steps in poast pursuing,
And certain ruines heavie weights depended
Over his cursed head, and smooth-fac'd guile,
That with him oft would loosly play and smile ;
Till in his snare he lockt his feet with treach'rous wile.

19

Next marcht **Asotus*, carelesse-spending Swain ;
Who with a fork went spreading all around,
Which his old sire with sweating toil and pain
Long time was raking from his racked ground :

* Prodi-
galitie.

In giving he observ'd nor form, nor matter,
*But best reward he got, that best could flatter ;
Thus what he thought to give, he did not give, but scatter.

* Arist.
Eth. 4.

20

Before aray'd in sumptuous braverie,
Deckt court-like in the choice and newest guise ;
But all behinde like drudging slaverie,
With ragged patches, rent, and bared thighs :
His shamefull parts, that shunne the hated light,
Were naked left ; (ah foul dishonest sight !)
Yet neither could he see, nor feel his wretched plight.

21

His shield presents to life deaths latest rites,
A sad black herse born up with sable swains ;
Which many idle grooms with hundred lights
(Tapers, lamps, torches) usher through the plains
To endlesse darknesse ; while the Sunnes bright brow
With fierie beams quenches their smoaking tow,
And wastes their idle cost: the word, *Not need, but show.*

PHINEAS FLETCHER

22

A vagrant rout (a shoal of tatling daws)
Strow him with vain-spent prayers, and idle layes ;
And flat'rie to his sinne close curtains draws,
Clawing his itching eare with tickling praise :
 Behinde, fond pitie much his fall lamented,
 And miserie, that former waste repented :
The usurer for his goods, jayl for his bones indented.

23

His steward was his kinsman, *Vain-expence*,
Who proudly strove in matters light to shew
Heroick minde in braggard affluence ;
So lost his treasure, getting nought in liew,
 But ostentation of a foolish pride ;
 While women fond, and boyes stood gaping wide ;
But wise men all his waste and needlesse cost deride.

24

Next **Pleoneetes* went, his gold admiring,
His servants drudge, slave to his basest slave ;
Never enough, and still too much desiring :
His gold his god, yet in an iron grave
 Himself protects his god from noysome rusting ;
 Much fears to keep, much more to loose his lusting ;
Himself, and golden god, and every god mistrusting.

25

Age on his hairs the winter snow had spread ;
That silver badge his neare end plainly proves :
Yet as to *earth he nearer bowes his head,
So loves it more ; for *Like his like still loves*.
 Deep from the ground he digs his sweetest gain,
 And deep into the earth digs back with pain :
From hell his gold he brings, and hoords in hell again.

26

His clothes all patcht with more then honest thrift,
And clouted shoon were nail'd for fear of wasting ;
Fasting he prais'd, but sparing was his drift ;
And when he eats, his food is worse then fasting :

* Covetous-
nesse.

* Arist.
Eth.

THE PURPLE ISLAND

Thus starves in store, thus doth in plentie pine,
Thus wallowing on his god, his heap of Mine,
He feeds his famisht soul with that deceiving shine.

27

Oh hungrie metall, false deceitfull ray,
Well laid'st thou dark, prest in th' earths hidden wombe;
Yet through our mothers entrails cutting way,
We dragge thy buried coarse from hellish tombe:
The merchant from his wife and home departs,
Nor at the swelling ocean ever starts;
While death & life a wall of thinne planks onely parts.

28

Who was it first, that from thy deepest cell,
With so much costly toil and painfull sweat
Durst rob thy palace, bord'ring next to hell?
Well mayst thou come from that infernal seat;
Thou all the world with hell-black deeps dost fill.
Fond men, that with such pain do woove your ill!
Needlesse to send for grief, for he is next us still.

29

His arms were light, and cheap, as made to save
His purse, not limbes; the money, not the man;
Rather he dies, then spends: his helmet brave,
An old brasse pot; breast-plate a dripping-pan:
His spear a spit, a pot-lid broad his shield,
Whose smokie plain a chakt *Impresa* fill'd,
A bagge sure seal'd: his word, *Much better sav'd, then spill'd.*

30

By *Pleoneetes* shamelesse *Sparing* went,
Who whines and weeps to beg a longer day,
Yet with a thundring voice claims tardie rent;
Quick to receive, but hard and slow to pay:
His care's to lessen cost with cunning base;
But when he's forc't beyond his bounded space,
Loud would he crie, & howl, while others laugh apace.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

* Feeble-
minded-
nesse.

31

Long after went **Pusillus*, weakest heart,
Able to serve, and able to command,
But thought himself unfit for either part ;
And now full loth, amidst the warlike band
Was hither drawn by force from quiet cell :
Lonenesse his heav'n, and bus'nesse was his hell.
A weak distrustfull heart is vertues aguish spell.

32

His goodly arms, eaten with shamefull rust,
Bewray'd their masters ease, and want of using ;
Such was his minde, tainted with idle must,
His goodly gifts with little use abusing :
Upon his shield was drawn that noble Swain
That loth to change his love and quiet reigne
For glorious warlike deeds, did craftie madnesse feigne.

33

Finely the workman fram'd the toilsome plough
Drawn with an ox and asse, unequall pair ;
While he with busie hand his salt did sow,
And at the furrows end his dearest heir
Did helplesse lie, and Greek lords watching still
Observ'd his hand guided with carefull will :
About was wrote, *Who nothing doth, doth nothing ill.*

34

By him went *Idlenesse*, his loved friend,
And *Shame* with both ; with all, ragg'd *Povertie* :
Behinde sure *Punishment* did close attend,
Waiting a while fit opportunitie ;
And taking count of houres mispent in vain,
And graces lent without returning gain,
Pour'd on his guiltie corse late grief, & helplesse pain.

35

This dull cold earth with standing water froze ;
At ease he lies to coyn pretence for ease ;
His soul like *Abaz* diall, while it goes
Not forward, poasteth backward ten degrees :

THE PURPLE ISLAND

In's couch he's pliant wax for fiends to seal ;
He never sweats, but in his bed, or meal :
He'd rather steal then work, and beg then strive to steal.

36

All opposite, though he his brother were,
Was **Chaunus*, that too high himself esteem'd :
All things he undertook, nor could he fear
His power too weak, or boasted strength misdeem'd,
With his own praise like windie bladder blown :
His eyes too little, or too much his own ;
For *known to all men weak, was to himself unknown.

*Arrogancie.

* The arrogant are more stupid.
Arist.
Ethic. 4.

37

Fondly himself with praising he disprais'd,
Vaunting his deeds and worth with idle breath ;
So raz'd himself, what he himself had rais'd :
On's shield a boy threatens high *Phæbus* death,
Aiming his arrow at his purest light ;
But soon the thinne reed, fir'd with lightning bright,
Fell idelley on the strond: his word, *Yet high, and right*.

38

Next brave **Philotimus* in poast did ride :
Like rising ladders was his climbing minde ;
His high-flown thoughts had wings of courtly pride,
Which by foul rise to greatest height enclin'd ;
His heart aspiring swell'd untill it burst :
But when he gain'd the top, with spite accurst
Down would he fling the steps by which he clamb' red first.

* Ambition.

39

His head's a shop furnisht with looms of state :
His brain the weaver, thoughts are shuttles light,
With which in spite of heav'n he weaves his fate ;
Honour his web: thus works he day and night,
Till fates cut off his threed ; so heapeth sinnes
And plagues, nor once enjoyes the place he winnes ;
But where his old race ends, there his new race begins.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

40

Ah silly man, who dream'st that honour stands
In ruling others, not thy self! thy slaves
Serve thee, and thou thy slaves: in iron bands
Thy servile spirit prest with wilde passions raves.

Would'st thou live honour'd? clip ambitions wing;
To reasons yoke thy furious passions bring.
Thrice noble is the man, who of himself is King.

41

Upon his shield was fram'd that vent'rous lad,
That durst assay the Sunnes bright-flaming team;
Spite of his feeble hands, the horses mad
Fling down on burning earth the scorching beam;
So made the flame in which himself was fir'd;
The world the bonfire was, where he expir'd:
His motto written thus, *Yet had what he desir'd.*

42

* Basenesse
of minde.

But **Atimus*, a carelesse idle swain,
Though Glory off'red him her sweet embrace,
And fair Occasion with little pain
Reacht him her ivory hand, yet (lozel base!)
Rather his way, and her fair self declin'd;
Well did he thence prove his degenerous minde:
Base were his restie thoughts, base was his dunghill kinde.

43

And now by force dragg'd from the monkish cell,
(Where teeth he onely us'd, nor hands, nor brains,
But in smooth streams swam down through ease to hell;
His work to eat, drink, sleep, and purge his reins)
He left his heart behinde him with his feast:
His target with a flying dart was drest,
Poasting unto his mark: the word, *I move to rest.*

44

* Flatterie.

Next **Colax* all his words with sugar spices;
His servile tongue, base slave to greatnesse name,
Runnes nimble descant on the plainest vices;
He lets his tongue to sinne, takes rent of shame:

THE PURPLE ISLAND

He temp'ring lies, porter to th' eare resides,
Like Indian apple, which with painted sides,
More dangerous within his lurking poyson hides.

45

So Echo, to the voice her voice conforming,
From hollow breast for one will two repay ;
So, like the rock it holds, it self transforming,
That subtil fish hunts for her heedlesse prey :
 So crafty fowlers with their fair deceits
 Allure the hungrie bird ; so fisher waits
To bait himself with fish, his hook and fish with baits.

46

His art is but to hide, not heal a sore,
To nourish pride, to strangle conscience ;
To drain the rich, his own drie pits to store,
To spoil the precious soul, to please vile sense :
 A carrion crow he is, a gaping grave,
 The rich coats moth, the courts bane, trenchers slave ;
Sinnes & hells winning baud, the devils fact'ring knave.

47

A mist he casts before his patrons sight,
That blackest vices never once appeare ;
But greater then it is, seems vertues light ;
His Lords displeasure is his onely fear :
 His clawing lies, tickling the senses frail
 To death, make open way where force would fail.
Lesse hurts the lions paw, then foxes softest tail.

48

His arms with hundred tongues were pou'd red gay,
(The mint of lies) gilt, fil'd, the sense to please ;
His sword which in his mouth close sheathed lay,
Sharper then death, and fram'd to kill with ease.
 Ah cursed weapon, life with pleasure spilling !
 The Sardoin herb with many branches filling
His shield, was his device : the word, *I please in killing.*

PHINEAS FLETCHER

49

Base slave! how crawl'st thou from thy dunghill nest,
Where thou wast hatcht by shame and beggerie,
And perchest in the learn'd and noble breast?
Nobles of thee their courtship learn, of thee

Arts learn new art their learning to adorn:
(Ah wretched mindes!) He is not nobly born,
Nor learn'd, that doth not thy ignoble learning scorn.

50

Close to him *Pleasing* went, with painted face,
And *Honour*, by some hidden cunning made;
Not *Honours* self, but *Honours* semblance base,
For soon it vanisht like an emptie shade:
Behinde, his parents duely him attend;
With them he forced is his age to spend:
Shame his beginning was, and shame must be his end.

51

* Morositie. Next follow'd **Dyscolus*, a froward wight;
His lips all swoln, and eyebrows ever bent,
With sootie locks, swart looks, and scouling sight,
His face a tell-tale to his foul intent:
He nothing lik't, or prais'd; but reprehended
What every one beside himself commended.
Humours of tongues impostum'd, purg'd with shame, are mended.

52

His mouth a pois'nous quiver, where he hides
Sharp venom'd arrows, which his bitter tongue
With squibs, carps, jests, unto their object guides;
Nor fears he gods on earth, or heav'n to wrong:
Upon his shield was fairly drawn to sight
A raging dog, foaming out wrath and spite:
The word to his device, *Impartiall all I bite.*

53

* Mad laughter. Eccles. 2. 2. **Geloios* next ensu'd, a merrie Greek,
Whose life was laughter vain, and mirth misplac't;
His speeches broad, to shame the modest cheek;
Ne car'd he whom, or when, or how disgrac't.

THE PURPLE ISLAND

Salt round about he flung upon the sand ;
If in his way his friend or father stand,
His father & his friend he spreads with careless hand.

54

His foul jests steep'd and drown'd in laughter vain,
And rotten speech, (ah!) was not mirth, but madness:
His armour crackling thorns all flaming stain
With golden fires, (emblem of foppish gladness)
Upon his shield two laughing fools you see,
(In number he the third, first in degree)
At which himself would laugh, and flee: his word, *We three*.

55

And after, * *Agrios*, a sullen swain,
All mirth that in himself and others hated ;
Dull, dead, and leaden was his cheerless vein :
His weary sense he never recreated ;
And now he marcht as if he somewhat dream'd :
All honest joy but madness he esteem'd,
Refreshings idleness, but sport he folly deem'd.

* Rusticitie,
or feritie.

56

In's arms his minde the workman fit exprest,
Which all with quenched lamps, but smoking yet,
And foully stinking, were full quaintly drest ;
To blinde, not light the eyes, to choke, not heat :
Upon his shield an heap of fennie mire
In flagges and turfs (with sunnes yet never drier)
Did smoth'ring lie, not burn: his word, *Smoke without fire*.

57

Last *Impudence*, whose never-changing face
Knew but one colour; with some brasse-brow'd lie,
And laughing loud she drowns her just disgrace:
About her all the fiends in armies flie:
Her feather'd beaver sidelong cockt, in guise
Of roaring boyes; set look with fixed eyes
Out-looks all shamefac't forms, all modestie defies.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

58

And as her thoughts, so arms all black as hell:
Her brasen shield two sable dogs adorn,
Who each at other stare, and snarle, and swell:
Beneath the word was set, *All change I scorn.*

But if I all this rout and foul aray
Should muster up, and place in battell ray,
Too long your selves & flocks my tedious song would stay.

59

The aged day growes dimme, and homeward calls:
The parting Sunne (mans state describing well)
Falls when he rises, rises when he falls:
So we by falling rose, by rising fell.

The shadie cloud of night 'gins softly creep,
And all our world with sable tincture steep:
Home now ye shepherd-swains; home now my loved sheep.

THE PURPLE ISLAND

CANT. IX.

THe Bridegroom Sunne, who late the Earth had spous'd,
Leaves his star-chamber; early in the East
He shook his sparkling locks, head lively rouz'd,
While Morn his couch with blushing roses drest;
His shines the Earth soon latched to gild her flowers:
Phosphor his gold-fleec't drove folds in their bowers,
Which all the night had graz'd about th' *Olympick* towers.

2

The cheerfull Lark, mounting from early bed,
With sweet salutes awakes the drowsie light;
The earth she left, and up to heav'n is fled;
There chants her Makers praises out of sight:
Earth seems a molehill, men but ants to be;
Teaching proud men, that soar to high degree,
The farther up they climbe, the lesse they seem, and see.

3

The shepherds met, and *Thomalin* began;
Young *Thomalin*, whose notes and silver string
Silence the rising Lark, and falling Swan:
Come *Thirsil*, end thy lay, and cheerly sing:
Hear'st how the Larks give welcome to the day,
Temp'ring their sweetest notes unto thy lay?
Up then, thou loved swain; why dost thou longer stay?

4

Well sett'st thou (friend) the Lark before mine eyes,
Much easier to heare then imitate:
Her wings lift up her notes to loftie skies;
But me a leaden sleep, and earthly state
Down to the centre ties with captive string:
Well-might I follow here her note and wing;
Singing she loftie mounts: ah! mounting should I sing.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

5

Oh thou dread King of that heroick band,
Which by thy power beats back these hellish sprites,
Rescuing this State from death and base command;
Tell me, (dread King) what are those warlike Knights?
What force? what arms? where lies their strengths increase,
That though so few in number, never cease
To keep this sieged town 'gainst numbers numberlesse?

6

The first Commanders in this holy train,
Leaders to all the rest, an ancient pair;
Long since sure linkt in wedlocks sweetest chain;
His name *Spiritto*, she **Urania* fair:
Fair had she been, and full of heav'nly grace,
And he in youth a mightie warriar was,
Both now more fair, & strong; which prov'd their heav'nly race.

7

His arms with flaming tongues all sparkled bright,
Bright flaming tongues, in divers sections parted;
His piercing sword, edg'd with their fry light,
'Twixt bones and marrow, soul and spirit disparted:
Upon his shield was drawn a glorious Dove,
'Gainst whom the proudest Eagle dares not move;
Glitt'ring in beams: his word, *Conqu'ring by peace and love.*

8

But she *Amazon*-like in azure arms,
Silver'd with starres, and gilt with sunnie rayes,
Her mighty Spouse in fight and fierce alarms
Attends, and equals in these bloudie frayes;
And on her shield an heav'nly globe (displaying
The constellations lower bodies swaying,
Sway'd by the higher) she bore: her word, *I rule obeying.*

9

About them swarm'd their fruitfull progenie;
An heav'nly off-spring of an heav'nly bed:
Well mought you in their looks his stoutnesse see
With her sweet graces lovely tempered.

THE PURPLE ISLAND

Fit youth they seem'd to play in Princes hall,
(But ah long since they thence were banisht all)
Or shine in glitt'ring arms, when need fierce warre doth call.

10

The first in order (nor in worth the last)
Is *Knowledge*, drawn from peace and Muses spring;
Where shaded in fair *Sinaies* groves, his taste
He feasts with words and works of heav'nly King;
But now to bloody field is fully bent:
Yet still he seem'd to study as he went:
His arms cut all in books; strong shield slight papers lent.

11

His glitt'ring armour shin'd like burning day,
Garnisht with golden Sunnes, and radiant flowers;
Which turn their bending heads to *Phæbus* ray,
And when he falls, shut up their leavie bowers:
Upon his shield the silver Moon did bend
Her horned bow, and round her arrows spend:
His word in silver wrote, *I borrow what I lend.*

12

All that he saw, all that he heard, were books,
In which he read and learn'd his Makers will:
Most on his word, but much on heav'n he looks,
And thence admires with praise the workmans skill.
Close to him went still-musing *Contemplation*,
That made good use of ills by meditation;
So to him ill it self was good by strange mutation.

13

And *Care*, who never from his sides would part,
Of knowledge oft the waies and means enquiring,
To practise what he learnt from holy art;
And oft with tears, and oft with sighs desiring
Aid from that Sovereigne Guide, whose wayes so steep,
Though fain he would, yet weak he could not keep:
But when he could not go, yet forward would he creep.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

14

* Humilitie.

Next **Tapinus*, whose sweet, though lowly grace
All other higher then himself esteem'd;
He in himself priz'd things as mean and base,
Which yet in others great and glorious seem'd:

All ill due debt, good undeserv'd he thought;
His heart a low-rooft house, but sweetly wrought,
Where God himself would dwell, though he it dearly bought.

15

Honour he shunnes, yet is the way unto him;
As hell, he hates advancement wonne with bribes;
But publick place and charge are forc't to wooe him;
He good to grace, ill to desert ascribes:

Him (as his Lord) contents a lowly room,
Whose first house was the blessed Virgins wombe,
The next a cratch, the third a crosse, the fourth a tombe.

16

So choicest drugs in meanest shrubs are found;
So precious gold in deepest centre dwells:
So sweetest violets trail on lowly ground;
So richest pearls ly clos'd in vilest shells:
So lowest dales we let at highest rates;
So creeping strawberries yeeld daintiest cates.
The Highest highly loves the low, the loftie hates.

17

Upon his shield was drawn that Shepherd lad,
Who with a sling threw down faint *Israels* fears;
And in his hand his spoils, and trophies glad,
The Monsters sword and head, he bravely bears:

Plain in his lovely face you might behold
A blushing meeknesse met with courage bold:
Little, not little worth, was fairly wrote in gold.

18

With him his kinsman both in birth and name,
Obedience, taught by many bitter showers
In humble bonds his passions proud to tame,
And low submit unto the higher powers:

THE PURPLE ISLAND

But yet no servile yoke his forehead brands;
For ti'd in such an holy service bands,
In this obedience rules, and serving thus commands.

19

By them went **Fido*, Marshal of the field: * Faith.
Weak was his mother, when she gave him day;
And he at first a sick and weakly childe,
As e're with tears welcom'd the sunnie ray:
Yet when more yeares afford more growth, & might,
A champion stout he was, and puissant Knight,
As ever came in field, or shone in armour bright.

20

So may we see a little lionet,
When newly whelpt, a weak and tender thing,
Despis'd by every beast; but waxen great,
When fuller times full strength and courage bring,
The beasts all crouching low, their King adore,
And dare not see what they contemn'd before:
The trembling forrest quakes at his affrighting roar.

21

Mountains he flings in seas with mighty hand;
Stops, and turns back the Sunnes impetuous course;
Nature breaks natures laws at his command;
No force of hell or heav'n withstands his force:
Events to come yet many ages hence
He present makes, by wondrous prescience;
Proving the senses blinde, by being blinde to sense.

22

His sky-like arms, di'd all in blue and white,
And set with golden starres that flamed wide;
His shield invisible to mortall sight,
Yet he upon it easily descri'd
The lively semblance of his dying Lord;
Whose bleeding side with wicked steel was gor'd,
Which to his fainting spirits new courage would afford.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

23

Strange was the force of that enchanted shield,
Which highest powers to it from heav'n impart;
For who could bear it well, and rightly wield,
It sav'd from sword, and spear, and poison'd dart:
Well might he slip, but yet not wholly fall:
No finall losse his courage might appall;
Growing more sound by wounds, and rising by his fall.

24

So some have feign'd that *Tellus* giant sonne
Drew many new-born lives from his dead mother;
Another rose as soon as one was done,
And twentie lost, yet still remain'd another:
For when he fell, and kist the barren heath,
His parent straight inspir'd successive breath;
And though her self was dead, yet ransom'd him from death.

25

* Hearing.

With him his Nurse went, carefull **Acoë*;
Whose hands first from his mothers wombe did take him,
And ever since have foster'd tenderly:
She never might, she never would forsake him;
And he her lov'd again with mutuall band:
For by her needfull help he oft did stand,
When else he soon would fail, and fall in foemens hand.

26

With both sweet *Meditation* ever pac't,
His Nurses daughter, and his Foster-sister:
Deare as his soul he in his soul her plac't,
And oft embrac't, and oft by stealth he kist her:
For she had taught him by her silent talk
To tread the safe, and dangerous wayes to balk;
And brought his God with him, him with his God to walk.

27

Behinde him *Penitence* did sadly go,
Whose cloudie dropping eyes were ever raining;
Her swelling tears, which ev'n in ebbing flow,
Furrow her cheek, the sinfull puddles draining:

THE PURPLE ISLAND

Much seem'd she in her pensive thought molested,
And much the mocking world her soul infested;
More she the hateful world, and most her self detested.

28

She was the object of lewd mens disgrace,
The squint-ey'd, wrie-mouth'd scoffe of carnall hearts;
Yet smiling heav'n delights to kisse her face,
And with his bloud God bathes her painfull smarts:
Afflictions iron flail her soul had thrasht;
Sharp *Circumcisions* knife her heart had slasht;
Yet was it angels wine, which in her eyes was masht.

29

With her a troop of mournfull grooms abiding,
Help with their sullen blacks their Mistresse wo;
Amendment still (but still his own faults) chiding,
And *Penance* arm'd with smarting whips did go:
Then sad *Remorse* came sighing all the way;
Last *Satisfaction*, giving all away:
Much surely did he owe, much more he would repay.

30

Next went **Elpinus*, clad in skie-like blue;
And through his arms few starres did seem to peep,
Which there the workmans hand so finely drew,
That rockt in clouds they softly seem'd to sleep:
His rugged shield was like a rockie mold,
On which an anchour bit with surest hold:
I hold by being held, was written round in gold.

* Hope.

31

Nothing so cheerfull was his thoughtful face,
As was his brother *Fido's*: Fear seem'd dwell
Close by his heart; his colour chang'd apace,
And went, and came, that sure all was not well:

Therefore a comely Maid did oft sustain
His fainting steps, and fleeting life maintain:
**Pollicita* she hight, which ne're could lie or feigne.

* Promise.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

32

Next to *Elpinus* marcht his brother *Love*;
Not that great Love which cloth'd his Godhead bright
With rags of flesh, and now again above
Hath drest his flesh in heav'ns eternall light;
 Much lesse the brat of that false *Cyprian* dame,
 Begot by froth, and fire in bed of shame,
And now burns idle hearts swelt'ring in lustfull flame :

33

But this from heav'n brings his immortall race,
And nurst by *Gratitude*; whose carefull arms
Long held, and hold him still in kinde embrace:
But train'd to daily warres, and fierce alarms,
 He grew to wondrous strength, and beautie rare:
 Next that God-Love, from whom his off-springs are,
No match in earth or heav'n may with this *Love* compare.

34

His Page, who from his side might never move,
Remembrance, on him waits; in books reciting
The famous passions of that highest Love,
His burning zeal to greater flames exciting:
 Deep would he sigh, and seem empassion'd sore,
 And oft with tears his backward heart deplore,
That loving all he could, he lov'd that Love no more.

35

Yet sure he truely lov'd, and honour'd deare
That glorious name; for when, or where he spi'd
Wrong'd, or in hellish speech blasphem'd did heare,
Boldly the rash blasphemer he defi'd,
 And forc't him eat the words he foully spake:
 But if for him he grief or death did take,
That grief he counted joy, and death life for his sake.

36

His glitt'ring arms, drest all with fire hearts,
Seem'd burn in chaste desire, and heav'nly flame:
And on his shield kinde *Jonathan* imparts
To his souls friend his robes, and princely name,

THE PURPLE ISLAND

And kingly throne, which mortals so adore:
And round about was writ in golden ore,
Well might he give him all, that gave his life before.

37

These led the Vantguard; and an hundred moe
Fill'd up the emptie ranks with ord'red train:
But first in middle ward did justly go
In goodly arms a fresh and lovely Swain,
 Vaunting himself *Loves* twin, but younger brother:
 Well mought it be; for ev'n their very mother
With pleasing error oft mistook the one for th' other.

38

As when fair *Paris* gave that golden ball,
A thousand doubts ranne in his stagg'ring breast:
All lik'd him well, fain would he give it all;
Each better seems, and still the last seems best:
 Doubts ever new his reaching hand deferr'd;
 The more he looks, the more his judgement err'd:
So she first this, then that, then none, then both preferr'd.

39

Like them, their armour seem'd full neare of kinne:
In this they onely differ; th' elder bent
His higher soul to heav'n, the younger *Twinne*
'Mong mortals here his love and kindenesse spent;
 Teaching strange alchymie, to get a living
 By selling land, and to grow rich by giving;
By emptying filling bags, so heav'n by earth atchieving.

40

About him troop the poore with num'rous trains,
Whom he with tender care, and large expence,
With kindest words, and succour entertains;
Ne looks for thanks, or thinks of recompence:
 His wardrobe serves to cloath the naked side,
 And shamefull parts of bared bodies hide;
If other cloaths he lackt, his own he would divide.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

41

To rogues his gate was shut; but open lay,
Kindely the weary traveller inviting:
Oft therefore Angels, hid in mortall clay,
And God himself in his free roofs delighting,
 Lowly to visit him would not disdain,
 And in his narrow cabin oft remain,
Whom heav'n, & earth, & all the world cannot contain.

42

His table still was fill'd with wholesome meat,
Not to provoke, but quiet appetite;
And round about the hungry freely eat,
With plenteous cates cheering their feeble sprite:
 Their earnest vows broke open heav'ns wide doore,
 That not in vain sweet Plentie evermore
With gracious eye looks down upon his blessed store.

43

Behinde attend him in an uncouth wise
A troop with little caps, and shaved head;
Such whilome was infranched bondmens guise,
New freed from cruell masters servile dread:
 These had he lately bought from captive chain;
 Hence they his triumph sing with joyfull strain,
And on his head due praise and thousand blessings rain.

44

He was a father to the fatherlesse,
To widows he suppli'd an husbands care;
Nor would he heap up woe to their distresse,
Or by a Guardians name their state impair;
 But rescue them from strong oppressours might:
 Nor doth he weigh the great mans heavie spight.
Who fears the highest Judge, needs fear no mortall wight.

45

Once every week he on his progresse went,
The sick to visit, and those meager swains,
Which all their weary life in darknesse spent,
Clogg'd with cold iron, prest with heavy chains:

THE PURPLE ISLAND

He hoords not wealth for his loose heir to spend it,
But with a willing hand doth well expend it.
Good then is onely good, when to our God we lend it.

46

And when the dead by cruell tyrants spight
Lie out to rav'nous birds and beasts expos'd,
His yearnfull heart pitying that wretched sight,
In seemly graves their weary flesh enclos'd,
And strew'd with dainty flowers the lowly herse;
Then all alone the last words did rehearse,
Bidding them softly sleep in his sad sighing verse.

47

So once that royall *Maid fierce *Thebes* beguil'd,
Though wilfull *Creon* proudly did forbid her;
Her brother, from his home and tombe exil'd,
(While willing night in darknesse safely hid her)
She lowly laid in earths all-covering shade:
Her dainty hands (not us'd to such a trade)
She with a mattock toils, and with a weary spade.

* Antigone,
daughter of
Oedipus,
contrary to
the edict of
Creon, buries
Polynices.

48

Yet feels she neither sweat, nor irksome pain,
Till now his grave was fully finished;
Then on his wounds her cloudy eyes 'gin rain,
To wash the guilt painted in bloody red:
And falling down upon his gored side,
With hundred varied plaints she often cri'd,
Oh had I di'd for thee, or with thee might have di'd!

49

Ay me! my ever wrong'd, and banisht brother,
How can I fitly thy hard fate deplore,
Or in my breast so just complainings smother?
To thy sad chance what can be added more?
Exile thy home, thy home a tombe thee gave:
Oh no; such little room thou must not have,
But for thy banisht bones I (wretch) must steal a grave.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

50

But whither, wofull Maid, have thy complaints
With fellow passion drawn my feeling mone?
But thus this *Love* deals with those murd'ed Saints;
Weeps with the sad, and sighs with those that grone.
But now in that beech grove we'l safely play,
And in those shadows mock the boyling ray;
Which yet increases more with the decreasing day.

CANT. X.

THe Shepherds to the woodie mount withdrew,
Where th' hillock seats, shades yeeld a canopie;
Whose tops with violets di'd all in blue
Might seem to make a little azure skie:
And that round hill, which their weak heads maintain'd,
A lesser *Atlas* seem'd, whose neck sustain'd
The weight of all the heav'ns, which sore his shoulders pain'd.

2

And here and there sweet Primrose scattered,
Spangling the blue, fit constellations make:
Some broadly flaming their fair colours spread;
Some other winkt, as yet but half awake:
Fit were they plac't, and set in order due:
Nature seem'd work by art, so lively true
A little heav'n on earth in narrow space she drew.

3

Upon this earthly heav'n the shepherds play,
The time beguiling, and the parching light;
Till the declining Sunne, and elder day
Abate their flaming heat, and youthfull might:
The sheep had left the shades, to minde their meat;
Then all returning to their former seat,
Thirsil again began his wearie song repeat.

THE PURPLE ISLAND

4

Great power of Love! with what commanding fire
Dost thou enflame the worlds wide Regiment,
And kindly heat in every heart inspire!
Nothing is free from thy sweet government:
Fish burn in seas; beasts, birds thy weapons prove;
By thee dead elements and heavens move,
Which void of sense it self, yet are not void of love.

5

But those twinne Loves, which from thy seas of light
To us on earth derive their lesser streams,
Though in their force they shew thy wondrous might,
On thee reflecting back their glorious beams,
Yet here encountred with so mightie foe,
Had need both arm'd and surely guarded go:
But most thy help they need; do not thy help foreslow.

6

Next to the younger *Love* **Irenus* went,
Whose frostie head proclaim'd his winter age:
His spring in many battels had he spent,
But now all weapons chang'd for counsell sage.
His heavie sword (the witness of his might)
Upon a lopped tree he idly pight;
There hid in quiet sheath, sleeps it in endlesse night.

* Peaceableness.

7

Patience his shield had lent to ward his breast,
Whose golden plain three Olive-branches dresse:
The word in letters large was fair exprest,
Thrice happy aubour of a happie peace.
Rich plenty yeelds him power, power stores his will;
Will ends in works, good works his treasures fill:
Earths slave, *heav'ns heir he is; as God, payes good for ill. **Matth. 5.9.*

8

By him **Andreos* pac't, of middle age,
His minde as farre from rashnesse, as from fears;
Hating base thoughts as much as desperate rage:
The worlds loud thund'rings he unshaken heares;

* Fortitude.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Nor will he death or life or seek or flee,
Readie for both. *He is as cowardly*
That longer fears to live, as he that fears to die.

9

Worst was his civil warre, where deadly fought
He with himself, till Passion yeelds, or dies:
All heart and hand, no tongue; not grimme, but stout:
His flame had counsell in't, his furie eyes;
His rage well temper'd is: no fear can dant
His reason; but cold bloud is valiant:
Well may he strength in death, but never courage want.

10

But like a mighty rock, whose unmov'd sides
The hostile sea assaults with furious wave,
And 'gainst his head the boist'rous North-winde rides;
Both fight, and storm, and swell, and roar, and rave;
Hoarse surges drum, loud blasts their trumpets strain:
Th' heroick cliffe laughs at their frustrate pain:
Waves scatter'd drop in tears, windes broken whining plain:

11

Such was this Knights undanted constancie;
No mischief weakens his resolved minde:
None fiercer to a stubborn enemie,
But to the yeelding none more sweetly kinde.
His shield an even-ballast ship embraves,
Which dances light, while *Neptune* wildely raves:
His word was this, *I fear but heav'n, nor windes, nor waves.*

12

* Long-suffering.

And next, **Macrothumus*, whose quiet face
No cloud of passion ever shadowed;
Nor could hot anger Reasons rule displace,
Purpling the scarlet cheek with frie red:
Nor could revenge, clad in a deadly white,
With hidden malice eat his vexed sprite:
For ill he good repay'd, and love exchang'd for spite.

THE PURPLE ISLAND

13

Was never yet a more undanted spirit;
Yet most him deem'd a base and tim'rous swain:
But he well weighing his own strength and merit,
The greatest wrong could wisely entertain.

Nothing resisted his commanding spear:
Yeelding it self to him a winning were;
And though he di'd, yet dead he rose a conquerer.

14

His naturall force beyond all nature stretched:
Most strong he is, because he will be weak;
And happie most, because he can be wretched.
Then whole and sound, when he himself doth break;
Rejoycing most when most he is tormented:
In greatest discontents he rests contented:
By conquering himself all conquests he prevented.

15

His rockie arms of massie adamant
Safely could back rebutt the hardest blade:
His skinne it self could any weapon dant,
Of such strange mold and temper was he made:
Upon his shield a Palm-tree still increased,
Though many weights his rising arms depressed:
His word was, *Rising most, by being most oppressed.*

16

Next him **Androphilus*, whose sweetest minde
'Twixt mildenesse temper'd, and low courtesie,
Could leave as soon to be, as not be kinde:
Churlish despite ne're lookt from his calm eye,
Much lesse commanded in his gentle heart:
To baser men fair looks he would impart;
Nor could he cloak ill thoughts in complementall art.

* Gentle-
nesse, or
courtesie.

17

His enemies knew not how to discommend him,
All others dearely lov'd; fell ranc'rous Spite,
And vile Detraction fain would reprehend him;
And oft in vain his name they closely bite,

PHINEAS FLETCHER

As popular, and flatterer accusing:
But he such slavish office much refusing,
Can eas'ly quit his name from their false tongues abusing.

18

His arms were fram'd into a glitt'ring night,
Whose sable gown with starres all spangled wide
Affords the weary traveller cheerfull light,
And to his home his erring footsteps guide:
Upon his ancient shield the workman fine
Had drawn the Sunne, whose eye did ne're repine
To look on good, and ill: his word, *To all I shine.*

19

Fair Vertue, where stay'st thou in poore exile,
Leaving the Court from whence thou took'st thy name?
While in thy place is stept Disdaining vile,
And Flatterie, base sonne of Need and Shame;
And with them surly Scorn, and hatefull Pride;
Whose artificiall face false colours di'd,
Which more display her shame, then loathsome foulnesse hide.

20

Late there thou livedst with a gentle Swain,
(As gentle Swain as ever lived there)
Who lodg'd thee in his heart, and all thy train,
Where hundred other Graces quarter'd were:
But he (alas!) untimely dead and gone,
Leaves us to rue his death, and thee to mone,
That few were ever such, & now those few are none.

21

* Temper-
ance.

By him the stout **Encrates* boldly went,
Assailed oft by mightie enemies,
Which all on him alone their spite misspent;
For he whole armies singlê bold defies:
With him nor might, nor cunning slights prevail;
All force on him they trie, all forces fail:
Yet still assail him fresh, yet vainly still assail.

THE PURPLE ISLAND

22

His body full of vigour, full of health;
His table feeds not lust, but strength, and need:
Full stor'd with plenty, not by heaping wealth,
But topping rank desires, which vain exceed:
On's shield an hand from heav'n an orchard dressing,
Pruning superfluous boughs the trees oppressing,
So adding fruit: his word, *By lessening increasing.*

23

His settled minde was written in his face:
For on his forehead cheerfull gravitie
False joyes and apish vanities doth chase;
And watchfull care did wake in either eye:
His heritance he would not lavish sell,
Nor yet his treasure hide by neighbouring hell:
But well he ever spent, what he had gotten well.

24

A lovely pair of twins clos'd either side:
Not those in heav'n, the flowrie Geminies,
Are half so lovely bright; the one his Bride,
* *Agnia* chaste, was joyn'd in *Hymens* ties,
And love, as pure as heav'ns conjunction:
Thus she was his, and he her flesh and bone:
So were they two in sight, in truth entirely one.

* Chastitie
in the
married.

25

Upon her arched brow unarmed Love
Triumphing sat in peacefull victorie;
And in her eyes thousand chaste Graces move,
Checking vain thoughts with awfull majestie:
Ten thousand moe her fairer breast contains;
Where quiet meeknesse every ill restrains,
And humbly subject spirit by willing service reignes.

26

Her skie-like arms glitter'd in golden beams,
And brightly seem'd to flame with burning hearts:
The scalding ray with his reflected streams
Fire to their flames, but heav'nly fire, imparts:

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Upon her shield a pair of Turtles shone ;
A loving pair, still coupled, ne're alone:
Her word, *Though one when two, yet either two, or none.*

27

With her, her sister went, a warlike Maid,
**Parthenia*, all in steel, and gilded arms ;
In needles stead a mighty spear she swayd,
With which in bloody fields and fierce alarms
The boldest champion she down would bear,
And like a thunderbolt wide passage tear,
Flinging all to the earth with her enchanted spear.

28

Her goodly armour seem'd a garden green,
Where thousand spotlesse lilies freshly blew ;
And on her shield the 'lone bird might be seen,
Th' Arabian bird, shining in colours new :
It self unto it self was onely mate ;
Ever the same, but new in newer date:
And underneath was writ, *Such is chaste single state.*

29

Thus hid in arms, she seem'd a goodly Knight,
And fit for any warlike exercise:
But when she list lay down her armour bright,
And back resume her peacefull Maidens guise ;
The fairest Maid she was, that ever yet
Prison'd her locks within a golden net,
Or let them waving hang, with roses fair beset.

30

Choice Nymph, the crown of chaste *Diana's* train,
Thou beauties lillie, set in heav'nly earth ;
Thy fairs unpattern'd all perfections stain:
Sure heav'n with curious pencil, at thy birth,
In thy rare face her own full picture drew:
It is a strong verse here to write but true:
Hyperboles in others are but half thy due.

* Chastitie
in the single.

THE PURPLE ISLAND

31

Upon her forehead Love his trophies fits,
A thousand spoils in silver arch displaying;
And in the midst himself full proudly sits,
Himself in awfull majestic araying:
Upon her brows lies his bent Ebon bow,
And ready shafts: deadly those weapons show;
Yet sweet that death appear'd, lovely that deadly blow.

32

And at the foot of this celestiaall frame
Two radiant starres, then starres yet better being,
Endu'd with living fire, and seeing flame;
Yet with heav'ns starres in this too neare agreeing;
They timely warmth, themselves not warm, inspire;
These kinde thousand hearts with hot desire,
And burning all they see, feel in themselves no fire.

33

Ye matchlesse starres, (yet each the others match)
Heav'ns richest diamonds, set on Ammel white,
From whose bright spheres all grace the Graces catch,
And will not move but by your load-starres bright;
How have you stoln, and stor'd your armourie
With Loves and deaths strong shafts, and from your skie
Poure down thick showers of darts to force whole armies flie?

34

Above those Sunnes two Rainbows high aspire,
Not in light shews, but sadder liveries drest;
Fair *Iris* seem'd to mourn in sable tirc; .
Yet thus more sweet the greedie eye they feast:
And but that wondrous face it well allow'd,
Wondrous it seem'd, that two fair Rainbows show'd
Above their sparkling Sunnes, without or rain, or cloud.

35

A bed of lilies flower upon her cheek,
And in the midst was set a circling rose;
Whose sweet aspect would force *Narcissus* seek
New liveries, and fresher colours choose

PHINEAS FLETCHER

To deck his beauteous head in snowie tirc;
But all in vain: for who can hope t' aspire
To such a fair, which none attain, but all admire?

36

Her rubie lips lock up from gazing sight
A troop of pearls, which march in goodly row:
But when she deignes those precious bones undight,
Soon heav'nly notes from those divisions flow,
And with rare musick charm the ravisht eares,
Danting bold thoughts, but cheering modest fears:
The spheres so onely sing, so onely charm the spheres.

37

Her daintie breasts, like to an Aprill rose
From green-silk fillets yet not all unbound,
Began their little rising heads disclose,
And fairly spread their silver circlets round:
From those two bulwarks Love doth safely fight;
Which swelling easily, may seem to sight
To be enwombed both of pleasure and delight.

38

Yet all these Starres which deck this beauteous skie,
By force of th' inward Sunne both shine and move:
Thron'd in her heart sits Loves high majestie;
In highest majestie the highest Love.
As when a taper shines in glassie frame,
The sparkling crystall burns in glitt'ring flame:
So does that brightest Love brighten this lovely dame.

39

Thus, and much fairer, fair *Parthenia*
Glist'ring in arms, her self presents to sight;
As when th' *Amazon Queen, Hippolyta,*
With *Theseus* entred lists in single fight,
With equall arms her mighty foe opposing;
Till now her bared head her face disclosing,
Conquer'd the conquerour, & wan the fight by losing.

THE PURPLE ISLAND

40

A thousand Knights woo'd her with busie pain,
To thousand she her virgin grant deni'd ;
Although her deare-sought love to entertain
They all their wit and all their strength appli'd :
Yet in her heart Love close his scepter swayd,
That to an heav'nly spouse her thoughts betraid,
Where she a maiden wife might live, and wifely maid.

41

Upon her steps a virgin Page attended,
Fair **Erythre*, whose often-blushing face
Sweetly her in-born shame-fac't thoughts commended ;
The faces change prov'd th' hearts unchanged grace,
Which she a shrine to puritie devotes :
So when cleare ivorie vermeil fitly blots,
By stains it fairer grows, and lovelier by its spots.

* Modestie.

42

Her golden hair, her silver forehead high,
Her teeth of solid, eyes of liquid pearl ;
But neck and breast no man might bare descrie,
So sweetly modest was this bashfull girle :
But that sweet paradise (ah!) could we see,
On these white mountlets daintier apples be,
Then those we bought so deare on *Edens* tempting tree.

43

These noble Knights this threatned fort defend ;
These, and a thousand moe heroick Swains,
That to this 'stressed State their service lend,
To free from force, and save from captive chains.
But now too late the battell to recite ;
For *Hesperus* heav'ns tapers 'gins to light,
And warns each starre to wait upon their Mistres Night.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

CANT. XI.

THe early Morn lets out the peeping day,
And strew'd his paths with golden Marygolds:
The Moon grows wanne, and starres flie all away,
Whom *Lucifer* locks up in wonted folds,
Till light is quencht, and heav'n in seas hath flung
The headlong day: to th' hill the shepherds throng,
And *Thirsil* now began to end his task and song.

2

Who now (alas!) shall teach my humble vein,
That never yet durst peep from covert glade;
But softly learnt for fear to sigh and plain,
And vent her griefs to silent myrtils shade?

Who now shall teach to change my oaten quill
For trumpet 'larms, or humble verses fill
With gracefull majestie, and loftie rising skill?

3

Ah thou dread Spirit, shed thy holy fire,
Thy holy flame into my frozen heart;
Teach thou my creeping measures to aspire,
And swell in bigger notes, and higher art:

Teach my low Muse thy fierce alarums ring,
And raise my soft strain to high thundering:
Tune thou my lofty song; thy battels must I sing.

4

Such as thou wert within the sacred breast
Of that thrice famous Poet-Shepherd-King;
And taught'st his heart to frame his Canto's best
Of all that e're thy glorious works did sing:

Or as those holy Fishers once amongs
Thou flamedst bright with sparkling parted tongues,
And brought'st down heav'n to earth in those all-conqu'ring songs.

THE PURPLE ISLAND

5

These mighty Heroes, fill'd with justest rage
To be in narrow walls so closely pent,
Glitt'ring in arms, and goodly equipage,
Stood at the Castles gate, now ready bent
To sally out, and meet the enemye:
A hot disdain sparkled in every eye,
Breathing out hatefull warre, and deadly enmitie.

6

Thither repairs the carefull *Intellect*,
With his fair Spouse *Voletta*, heav'nly fair:
With both, their daughter; whose divine aspect,
Though now sad damp of sorrow much empair,
Yet through those clouds did shine so glorious bright,
That every eye did homage to the sight,
Yeelding their captive hearts to that commanding light.

7

But who may hope to paint such majestie,
Or shadow well such beautie, such a face,
Such beauteous face, unseen to mortall eye?
Whose powerfull looks, and more then mortall grace
Loves self hath lov'd, leaving his heav'nly throne,
With amorous sighs, and many a lovely mone
(Whom all the world would woo) woo'd her his onely one.

8

Farre be that boldnesse from thy humble swain,
Fairest *Ec[l]eeta*, to describe thy beautie,
And with unable skill thy glory stain,
Which ever he admires with humble dutie:
But who to view such blaze of beautie longs,
Go he to *Sinab*, th' holy groves amongs;
Where that wise Shepherd chants her in his Song of songs.

9

The Islands King with sober countenance
Aggrates the Knights, who thus his right defended;
And with grave speech, and comely amenance
Himself, his State, his Spouse, to them commended:

PHINEAS FLETCHER

His lovely childe, that by him pensive stands,
He last delivers to their valiant hands ;
And her to thank the Knights, her Champions, he commands.

10

The God-like Maid a while all silent stood,
And down to th' earth let fall her humble eyes ;
While modest thoughts shot up the flaming bloud,
Which fir'd her scarlet cheek with rosie dies :
 But soon to quench the heat, that lordly reignes,
 From her fair eye a shower of crystall rains,
Which with his silver streams o're-runs the beauteous plains.

11

As when the Sunne in midst of summers heat
Draws up thinne vapours with his potent ray,
Forcing dull waters from their native seat ;
At length dimme clouds shadow the burning day :
 Till coldest aire, soon melted into showers,
 Upon the earth his welcome anger powres,
And heav'ns cleare forehead now wipes off her former lowres.

12

At length a little lifting up her eyes,
A renting sigh way for her sorrow brake,
Which from her heart 'gan in her face to rise,
And first in th' eye, then in the lip thus spake ;
 Ah gentle Knights, how may a simple maid,
 With justest grief and wrong so ill apaid,
Give due reward for such your pains, and friendly aid ?

13

But if my Princely Spouse do not delay
His timely presence in my greatest need,
He will for me your friendly love repay,
And well requite this your so gentle deed :
 Then let no fear your mighty hearts assail :
 His word's himself ; himself he cannot fail.
Long may he stay, yet sure he comes, and must prevail.

THE PURPLE ISLAND

14

By this the long-shut gate was open laid ;
Soon out they rush in order well arang'd :
And fastning in their eyes that heav'nly Maid,
How oft for fear her fairest colour chang'd !
Her looks, her worth, her goodly grace, and state
Comparing with her present wretched fate,
Pitie whets just revenge, and loves fire kindles hate.

15

Long at the gate the thoughtfull *Intellect*
Staid with his fearfull Queen, and daughter fair ;
But when the Knights were past their dimme aspect,
They follow them with vowes, and many a prayer :
At last they climbe up to the Castles height ;
From which they view'd the deeds of every Knight,
And markt the doubtfull end of this intestine fight.

16

As when a youth, bound for the *Belgick* warre,
Takes leave of friends upon the *Kentish* shore ;
Now are they parted, and he sail'd so farre,
They see not now, and now are seen no more :
Yet farre off viewing the white trembling sails,
The tender mother soon plucks off her veils,
And shaking them aloft, unto her sonne she hails.

17

Mean time these Champions march in fit aray,
Till both the armies now were come in sight :
A while each other boldly viewing stay,
With short delays whetting fierce rage and spight.
Sound now ye trumpets, sound alarums loud ;
Heark how their clamours whet their anger proud :
See, yonder are they met in midst of dustie cloud.

18

So oft the South with civil enmitie
Musters his watrie forces 'gainst the West ;
The rowling clouds come tumbling up the skie,
In dark folds wrapping up their angry guest :

PHINEAS FLETCHER

At length the flame breaks from th' imprisoning cold,
With horrid noise tearing the limber mold ;
While down in liquid tears the broken vapours roll'd.

19

First did that warlike Maid her self advance ;
And riding from amidst her companie,
About her helmet wav'd her mighty lance,
Daring to fight the proudestemie :
 Porneios soon his ready spear addrest,
 And kicking with his heel his hastie beast,
Bent his sharp-headed lance against her dainty breast.

20

In vain the broken staffe sought entrance there,
Where *Love* himself oft entrance sought in vain :
But much unlike the Martial Virgins spear,
Which low dismounts her foe on dustie plain,
 Broaching with bloody point his breast before :
 Down from the wound trickled the bubbling gore,
And bid pale death come in at that red gaping doore.

21

There lies he cover'd now in lowly dust,
And foully wallowing in clutter'd blood,
Breathing together out his life and lust,
Which from his breast swamme in the steaming fload :
 In maids his joy ; now by a maid defi'd,
 His life he lost, and all his former pride :
With women would he live, now by a woman di'd.

22

Aselges, struck with such a heavie sight,
Greddie to venge his brothers sad decay,
Spurr'd forth his flying steed with fell despight,
And met the virgin in the middle way :
 His spear against her head he fiercely threw,
 Which to that face performing homage due,
Kissing her helmet, thence in thousand shivers flew.

THE PURPLE ISLAND

23

The wanton boy had dreamt that latest night,
That he had learnt the liquid aire dispart,
And swimme along the heav'ns with pineons light ;
Now that fair maid taught him this nimble art :
For from his saddle farre away she sent,
Flying along the emptie element ;
That hardly yet he knew whither his course was bent.

24

The rest that saw with fear the ill successe
Of single fight, durst not like fortune trie ;
But round beset her with their numerous presse :
Before, beside, behinde they on her flie,
And every part with coward odds assail :
But she redoubling strokes as thick as hail,
Drove farre their flying troops, & thresht with iron flail.

25

As when a gentle greyhound set around
With little cures, which dare his way molest,
Snapping behinde ; soon as the angrie hound
Turning his course, hath caught the busiest,
And shaking in his fangs hath welnigh slain ;
The rest fear'd with his crying, runne amain ;
And standing all aloof whine, houl, and bark in vain.

26

The subtil Dragon, that from farre did view
The wāste and spoil made by this maiden Knight,
Fell to his wonted guile ; for well he knew
All force was vain against such wondrous might :
A craftie swain well taught to cunning harms,
Call'd false Delight, he chang'd with hellish charms ;
That true Delight he seem'd, the self-same shape and arms.

27

The watchfull'st sight no difference could descrie ;
The same his face, his voice, his gate the same :
Thereto his words he feign'd ; and coming nigh
The Maid, that fierce pursues her martiall game,

PHINEAS FLETCHER

He whets her wrath with many a guilefull word,
Till she lesse carefull did fit time afford :
Then up with both his hands he lifts his balefull sword.

28

You powerfull heav'ns! and thou their Governour!
With what eyes can you view this dolefull sight?
How can you see your fairest Conquerour
So nigh her end by so unmanly slight?
The dreadfull weapon through the aire doth glide;
But sure you turn'd the harmfull edge aside:
Else must she there have fall'n, and by that traitour di'd.

29

Yet in her side deep was the wound impight;
Her flowing life the shining armour stains:
From that wide spring long rivers took their flight,
With purple streams drowning the silver plains:
Her cheerfull colour now grows wanne and pale,
Which oft she strives with courage to recall,
And rouze her fainting head, which down as oft would fall.

30

All so a Lilie, prest with heavie rain,
Which fills her cup with showers up to the brinks;
The wearie stalk no longer can sustain
The head, but low beneath the burden sinks:
Or as a virgin Rose her leaves displays,
Whom too hot scorching beams quite disarayes;
Down flags her double ruffe, and all her sweet decayes.

31

Th' undanted Maid, feeling her feet denie
Their wonted dutie, to a tree retir'd;
Whom all the rout pursue with deadly crie:
As when a hunted Stag, now welnigh tir'd,
Shor'd by an oak, 'gins with his head to play;
The fearfull hounds dare not his horns assay,
But running round about, with yelping voices bay.

THE PURPLE ISLAND

32

And now perceiving all her strength was spent,
Lifting to listning heav'n her trembling eyes,
Thus whispring soft, her soul to heav'n she sent;
Thou chastest Love, that rul'st the wandring skies,
More pure then purest heavens by thee moved;
If thine own love in me thou sure hast proved;
If ever thou my self, my vows, my love hast loved.

33

Let not this Temple of thy spotlesse love
Be with foul hand and beastly rage defil'd:
But when my spirit shall his camp remove,
And to his home return, too long exil'd;
Do thou protect it from the ravenous spoil
Of ranc'rous enemies, that hourelly toil
Thy humble votarie with loathsome spot to foil.

34

With this few drops fell from her fainting eyes,
To dew the fading roses of her cheek;
That much high Love seem'd passion'd with those cries;
Much more those streams his heart and patience break:
Straight he the charge gives to a winged Swain,
Quickly to step down to that bloudie plain,
And aid her wearie arms, and rightfull cause maintain.

35

Soon stoops the speedie Herauld through the aire,
Where chaste *Agneia* and *Encrates* fought:
See, see, he cries, where your *Parthenia* fair,
The flower of all your armie, hemm'd about
With thousand enemies, now fainting stands,
Readie to fall into their murdring hands:
Hie ye, oh hie ye fast; the highest Love commands.

36

They casting round about their angrie eye,
The wounded Virgin almost sinking spi'd:
They prick their steeds, which straight like lightning flie:
Their brother *Continence* runnes by their side;

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Fair *Continnence*, that truly long before
As his hearts liege, this Ladie did adore:
And now his faithfull love kindled his hate the more.

37

Encrates and his Spouse with flashing sword
Assail the scatter'd troops, that headlong flie;
While *Continnence* a precious liquor pour'd
Into the wound, and suppld tenderly:
Then binding up the gaping orifice,
Reviv'd the spirits, that now she 'gan to rise,
And with new life confront her heartlesse enemies.

38

So have I often seen a purple flower
Fainting through heat, hang down her drooping head;
But soon refreshed with a welcome shower,
Begins again her lively beauties spread,
And with new pride her silken leaves display;
And while the Sunne doth now more gently play,
Lay out her swelling bosome to the smiling day.

39

Now rush they all into the flying trains;
Bloud fires their bloud, and slaughter kindles fight:
The wretched vulgar on the purple plains
Fall down as thick, as when a rustick wight
From laden oaks the plenteous akorns poures,
Or when the blubbring ayer sadly lowres,
And melts his sullen brow, and weeps sweet April showers.

40

The greedy Dragon, that aloof did spie
So ill successe of this renewed fray;
More vext with losse of certain victorie,
Depriv'd of so assur'd and wished prey,
Gnashed his iron teeth for grief and spite:
The burning sparks leap from his flaming sight,
And forth his smoking jawes steams out a smouldring night.

THE PURPLE ISLAND

41

Straight thither sends he in a fresh supply,
The swelling band that drunken *Methos* led,
And all the rout his brother *Gluttonie*
Commands, in lawlesse bands disordered:
So now they bold restore their broken fight,
And fiercely turn again from shamefull flight;
While both with former losse sharpen their raging spite.

42

Freshly these Knights assault these fresher bands,
And with new battell all their strength renew:
Down fell *Geloios* by *Encrates* hands,
Agneia Mæchus and *Anagnus* slew;
And spying *Methos* fenc't in's iron vine,
Pierc't his swoln panch: there lies the grunting swine,
And spues his liquid soul out in his purple wine.

43

As when a greedy lion, long unfed,
Breaks in at length into the harmlesse folds;
(So hungry rage commands) with fearfull dread
He drags the silly beasts: nothing controll
The victour proud; he spoils, devours, and tears:
In vain the keeper calls his shepherd peers:
Mean while the simple flock gaze on with silent fears:

44

Such was the slaughter these three Champions made;
But most *Encrates*, whose unconquer'd hands
Sent thousand foes down to th' infernall shade,
With uselesse limbes strewing the bloudie sands:
Oft were they succourd fresh with new supplies,
But fell as oft: the Dragon grown more wise
By former losse, began another way devise.

45

Soon to their aid the *Cyprian* band he sent,
For easie skirmish clad in armour light:
Their golden bowes in hand stood ready bent,
And painted quivers (furnisht well for fight)

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Stuck full of shafts, whose head foul poyson stains;
Which dipt in *Phlegethon* by hellish swains,
Bring thousand painfull deaths, and thousand deadly pains.

46

Thereto of substance strange, so thinne, and slight,
And wrought by subtil hand so cunningly,
That hardly were discern'd by weaker sight;
Sooner the heart did feel, then eye could see:
Farre off they stood, and flung their darts around,
Raining whole clouds of arrows on the ground;
So safely others hurt, and never wounded wound.

47

Much were the Knights encumbred with these foes;
For well they saw, and felt their enemies:
But when they back would turn the borrow'd blows,
The light-foot troop away more swiftly flies,
Then do their winged arrows through the winde:
And in their course oft would they turn behinde,
And with their glancing darts their hot pursuers blinde.

48

As when by *Russian Volgha's* frozen banks
The false-back *Tartars* fear with cunning feigne,
And poasting fast away in flying ranks,
Oft backward turn, and from their bowes down rain
Whole storms of darts; so do they flying fight:
And what by force they lose, they winne by slight;
Conquerd by standing out, and conquerours by flight:

49

Such was the craft of this false *Cyprian* crue:
Yet oft they seem'd to slack their fearfull pace,
And yeeld themselves to foes that fast pursue;
So would they deeper wound in nearer space:
In such a fight he winnes, that fastest flies.
Flie, flie, chaste Knights, such subtil enemies:
The vanquisht cannot live, and conq'roure surely dies.

THE PURPLE ISLAND

50

The Knights opprest with wounds and travel past,
Began retire, and now were neare to fainting:
With that a winged Poast him speeded fast,
The Generall with these heavy newes acquainting:
 He soon refresht their hearts that 'gan to tire.
 But let our weary Muse a while respire:
Shade we our scorched heads from *Phæbus* parching fire.

CANT. XII.

THe shepherds guarded from the sparkling heat
Of blazing aire, upon the flowrie banks,
(Where various flowers damask the fragrant seat,
And all the grove perfume) in wonted ranks
 Securely sit them down, and sweetly play:
 At length thus *Thirsil* ends his broken lay,
Lest that the stealing night his later song might stay.

2

Thrice, oh thrice happie shepherds life and state,
When Courts are happinesse unhappie pawns!
His cottage low, and safely humble gate
Shuts out proud fortune, with her scorns, and fawns:
 No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep:
 Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep;
Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.

3

No *Serian* worms he knows, that with their threed
Draw out their silken lives; nor silken pride:
His lambes warm fleece well fits his little need,
Not in that proud *Sidonian* tincture di'd:
 No emptie hopes, no courtly fears him fright;
 No begging wants his middle fortune bite:
But sweet content exiles both miserie and spite.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

4

In stead of musick and base flattering tongues,
Which wait to first-salute my Lords uprise;
The cheerfull lark wakes him with early songs,
And birds sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes:
 In countrey playes is all the strife he uses,
 Or sing, or dance unto the rurall Muses;
And but in musicks sports, all difference refuses.

5

His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content:
The smooth-leav'd beeches in the field receive him
With coolest shades, till noon-tides rage is spent:
 His life is neither tost in boist'rous seas
 Of troublous world, nor lost in slothfull ease:
Pleas'd & full blest he lives, when he his God can please.

6

His bed of wool yeelds safe and quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithfull spouse hath place:
His little sonne into his bosome creeps,
The lively picture of his fathers face:
 Never his humble house or state torment him;
 Lesse he could like, if lesse his God had sent him:
And when he dies, green turfs with grassie tombe content him.

7

The worlds great Light his lowly state hath blest,
And left his heav'n to be a shepherd base:
Thousand sweet songs he to his pipe address:
Swift rivers stood; beasts, trees, stones ranne apace,
 And serpents flew to heare his softest strains:
 He fed his flock, where rolling *Jordan* reignes;
There took our rags, gave us his robes, and bore our pains.

8

Then thou high Light, whom shepherds low adore,
Teach me, oh do thou teach thy humble swain
To raise my creeping song from earthly floor:
Fill thou my empty breast with loftie strain;

THE PURPLE ISLAND

That singing of thy warres and dreadfull fight,
My notes may thunder out thy conqu'ring might,
And 'twixt the golden starres cut out her towring flight.

9

The mightie Generall moved with the news
Of those foure famous Knights so neare decay,
With hastie speed the conquering foe pursues;
At last he spies where they were led away,
Forc't to obey the Victours proud commands:
Soon did he rush into the middle bands,
And cut the slavish cords from their captived hands.

10

And for the Knights were faint, he quickly sent
To *Penitence*, whom *Phæbus* taught his art;
Which she had eakt with long experiment:
For many a soul, and many a wounded heart
Had she restor'd, and brought to life again
The broken spirit, with grief and horreur slain;
That oft reviv'd, yet di'd as oft with smarting pain.

11

For she in severall baths their wounds did steep;
The first of Rue which purg'd the foul infection,
And cur'd the deepest wound, by wounding deep:
Then would she make another strange confection,
And mix it with *Nepenthe* soveraigne;
Wherewith she quickly swag'd the rankling pain:
Thus she the Knights recur'd, and washt from sinfull stain.

12

Mean time the fight now fiercer grows then ever:
(For all his troops the Dragon hither drew)
The two *Twin-Loves*, whom no place mought dissever,
And *Knowledge* with his train begins anew
To strike fresh summons up, and hot alarms:
In midst great *Fido*, clad in sunne-like arms,
With his unmatched force repairs all former harms.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

13

So when the Sunne shines in bright *Taurus* head,
Returning tempests all with winter fill;
And still successive storms fresh mustered
The timely yeare in his first springings kill:
And oft it breathes a while, then straight again
Doubly powres out his spite in smoking rain:
The countreys vows & hopes swimme on the drowned plain.

14

The lovely Twinnes ride 'gainst the *Cyprian* bands,
Chasing their troops now with no feigned flight:
Their broken shafts lie scatter'd on the sands,
Themselves for fear quite vanisht out of sight:
Against these conquerours *Hypocrisie*,
And *Cosm[os]*' hated bands, with *Ethros* slie,
And all that rout do march, & bold the Twinnes defie.

15

Elpinus mightie enemies assail;
But *Doubt* of all the other most infested;
That oft his fainting courage 'gan to fail,
More by his craft then ods of force molested:
For oft the treachour chang'd his weapon light,
And sudden alter'd his first kinde of fight,
And oft himself and shape transform'd with cunning slight.

16

So that great river, with *Alcides* striving
In *Oeneus* court for the *Ætolian* Maid,
To divers shapes his fluent limbes contriving,
From manly form in serpents frame he staid,
Sweeping with speckled breast the dustie land;
Then like a bull with horns did armed stand:
His hanging dewlap trail'd along the golden sand.

17

Such shapes and changing fashions much dismaid him,
That oft he stagger'd with unwonted fright;
And but his brother *Fido* oft did aid him,
There had he fell in unacquainted fight:

THE PURPLE ISLAND

But he would still his wavering strength maintain,
And chase that Monster through the sandie plain;
Which from him fled apace, but oft return'd again.

18

Yet him more strong and cunning foes withstand,
Whom he with greater skill and strength defi'd:
Foul *Ignorance*, with all her owl-ey'd band;
Oft-starting *Fear*, *Distrust* ne're satisfi'd,
And fond *Suspect*, and thousand other foes;
Whom farre he drives with his unequall blows,
And with his flaming sword their fainting armie mows.

19

As when bloud-guilty earth for vengeance cries,
(If greatest things with lesse we may compare)
The mighty Thunderer through the ayer flies,
While snatching whirlwinds open waies prepare:
Dark clouds spread out their sable curtains o're him;
And Angels on their flaming wings up bore him:
Mean time the guilty heav'ns for fear flie fast before him.

20

There while he on the windes proud pineons rides,
Down with his fire some lofty mount he throwes,
And fills the low vale with his ruin'd sides;
Or on some church his three-forkt dart bestowes;
(Which yet his sacred worship foul mistakes)
Down falls the spire, the body fearfull quakes;
Nor sure to fall, or stand, with doubtfull trembling shakes.

21

With *Fido Knowledge* went, who order'd right
His mighty hands: so now his scatter'd troops
Make head again, filling their broken fight;
While with new change the Dragons armie droops,
And from the following victours headlong runne:
Yet still the Dragon frustrates what is done;
And eas'ly makes them lose what they so hardly wonne.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

22

Out of his gorge a hellish smoke he drew,
That all the field with foggie mist enwraps;
As when *Tiphæus* from his panch doth spew
Black smothering flames, roll'd in loud thunder-claps:
 The pitchie vapours choke the shining ray,
 And bring dull night upon the smiling day;
The wavering *Ætna* shakes, and fain would runne away.

23

Yet could his bat-ey'd legions eas'ly see
In this dark Chaos; they the seed of night:
But these not so, who night and darknesse flee;
For they the sonnes of day, and joy in light:
 But *Knowledge* soon began a way devise,
 To bring again the day, and cleare their eyes:
So open'd *Fido's* shield, and golden veil unties.

24

Of one pure diamond, celestiall fair,
That heav'nly shield by cunning hand was made;
Whose light divine, spread through the mistie aire,
To brightest morn would turn the Western shade,
 And lightsome day beget before his time;
 Framed in heav'n without all earthly crime;
Dipt in the firy Sunne, which burnt the baser slime.

25

As when from fennie moors the lumpish clouds
With rising steams damp the bright mornings face;
At length the piercing Sunne his team unshrouds,
And with his arrows th' idle fogge doth chase:
 The broken mist lies melted all in tears:
 So this bright shield the stinking darknesse teares,
And giving back the day, dissolves their former fears.

26

Which when afarre the firie Dragon spies,
His slights deluded with so little pain;
To his last refuge now at length he flies:
Long time his pois'nous gorge he seem'd to strain;

THE PURPLE ISLAND

At length with loathly sight he up doth spue
From stinking panch a most deformed crue,
That heav'n it self did flie from their most ugly view.

27

The first that crept from his detested maw,
Was **Hamartia*, foul deformed wight;
More foul, deform'd, the Sunne yet never saw;
Therefore she hates the all-betraying light:
A woman seem'd she in her upper part;
To which she could such lying glosse impart,
That thousands she had slain with her deceiving art.

* Sinne.

28

The rest (though hid) in serpents form arayd,
With iron scales, like to a plaited mail:
Over her back her knotty tail displaid,
Along the empty aire did lofty sail:
The end was pointed with a double sting,
Which with such dreaded might she wont to fling,
That nought could help the wound, but bloud of heav'nly King.

29

Of that first woman her the Dragon got,
(The foulest bastard of so fair a mother)
Whom when she saw so fil'd with monstrous spot,
She cast her hidden shame and birth to smother;
But she welnigh her mothers self had slain:
And all that dare her kindly entertain;
So some parts of her damme, more of her sire remain.

30

Her viperous locks hung loose about her eares;
Yet with a monstrous snake she them restrains,
Which like a border on her head she wears:
About her neck hang down long adder chains,
In thousand knots, and wreaths infolded round;
Which in her anger lightly she unbound,
And darting farre away would sure and deadly wound.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

31

Yet fair and lovely seems to fools dimme eyes;
But hell more lovely, *Pluto's* self more fair
Appears, when her true form true light descries:
Her loathsome face, blancht skinne, and snakie hair,
Her shapelesse shape, dead life, her carrion smell,
The devils dung, the childe and damme of hell,
Is chaffer fit for fools their precious souls to sell.

32

The second in this rank was black *Despair*,
Bred in the dark wombe of eternall Night:
His looks fast nail'd to *Sinne*, long sootie hair
Fill'd up his lank cheeks with wide-staring fright:
His leaden eyes, retir'd into his head,
Light, heav'n, and earth, himself, and all things fled:
A breathing coarse he seem'd, wrapt up in living lead.

33

His bodie all was fram'd of earthly paste,
And heavie mold; yet earth could not content him:
Heav'n fast he flies, and heav'n fled him as fast;
Though 'kin to hell, yet hell did much torment him:
His very soul was nought but ghastly fright:
With him went many a fiend, and ugly sprite,
Armed with ropes and knives, all instruments of spite.

34

In stead of feathers, on his dangling crest
A lucklesse Raven spred her blackest wings;
And to her croaking throat gave never rest,
But deathfull verses and sad dirges sings:
His hellish arms were all with fiends embost,
Who damned souls with endlesse torments roast,
And thousand wayes devise to vex the tortur'd ghost.

35

Two weapons sharp as death he ever bore;
Striçt *Judgement*, which from farre he deadly darts;
Sinne at his side, a two edg'd sword, he wore,
With which he soon appalls the stoutest hearts:

THE PURPLE ISLAND

Upon his shield *Alecto* with a wreath
Of snakie whips the damn'd souls tortureth:
And round about was wrote, *Reward of sinne is death.*

36

The last two brethren were farre different,
Onely in common name of death agreeing;
The first arm'd with a sithe still mowing went;
Yet whom, and when he murder'd, never seeing;
Born deaf, and blinde: nothing might stop his way:
No prayers, no vows his keenest sithe could stay;
Nor Beauties self his spite, nor Vertues self allay.

37

No state, no age, no sex may hope to move him;
Down falls the young, and old, the boy, and maid:
Nor begger can intreat, nor King reprove him;
All are his slaves in's cloth of flesh araid:
The bride he snatches from the bridegrooms arms,
And horroure brings, in midst of loves alarms:
Too well we know his power by long experienc't harms.

38

A dead mans skull suppli'd his helmets place,
A bone his club, his armour sheets of lead:
Some more, some lesse fear his all-frighting face;
But most who sleep in downie pleasures bed:
But who in life have daily learnt to die,
And dead to this, live to a life more high;
Sweetly in death they sleep, and slumbring quiet lie.

39

The second farre more foul in every part,
Burnt with blue fire, and bubbling sulphure streams;
Which creeping round about him, fill'd with smart
His cursed limbes, that direly he blasphemes:
Most strange it seems, that burning thus for ever,
No rest, no time, no place these flames may sever:
Yet death in thousand deaths without death dieth never.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

40

Soon as these hellish monsters came in sight,
The Sunne his eye in jettie vapours drown'd,
Scar'd at such hell-hounds view; heav'ns 'mazed light
Sets in an early evening; earth astound,

Bids dogs with houls give warning: at which sound
The fearfull ayer starts, seas break their bound,
And frighted fled away; no sands might them impound.

41

The palsied troop first (like asps shaken) fare;
Till now their heart, congeal'd in icie bloud,
Candied the ghastly face; locks stand and stare:
Thus charm'd, in ranks of stone they marshall'd stood:
Their uselesse swords fell idley on the plain,
And now the triumph sounds in loftie strain;
So conqu'ring Dragon bindes the Knights with slavish chain.

42

As when proud *Phineus* in his brothers feast
Fill'd all with tumult, and intestine broil;
Wise *Perseus*, with such multitudes opprest,
Before him bore the snakie Gorgons spoil:
The vulgar rude stood all in marble chang'd,
And in vain ranks and rockie order rang'd,
Were now more quiet guests, from former rage estrang'd.

43

The fair *Eclēta*, who with grief had stood,
Viewing th' oft changes of this doubtfull fight,
Saw now the field swimme in her Champions bloud,
And from her heart, rent with deep passion, sigh'd;
Limming true sorrow in sad silent art.
*Light grief floats on the tongue; but heavie smart
Sinks down, and deeply lies in centre of the heart.*

44

What *Dædal* art such griefs can truely shew,
Broke heart, deep sighs, thick sobs, & burning prayers,
Baptizing ever[y] limbe in weeping dew?
Whose swoln eyes, pickled up in brinie tears,

THE PURPLE ISLAND

Crystalline rocks, corall the lid appears,
Compass about with tides of grief and fears;
Where grief stores fear with sighs, and fear stores grief with tears.

45

At length sad Sorrow, mounted on the wings
Of loud-breath'd sighs, his leaden weight uprears;
And vents it self in softest whisperings,
Follow'd with deadly groans, usher'd by tears:
While her fair hands, and watrie shining eyes
Were upward bent upon the mourning skies,
Which seem'd with cloudie brow her grief to sympathize.

46

Long while the silent passion, wanting vent,
Made flowing tears her words, and eyes her tongue;
Till Faith, Experience, Hope assistance lent
To shut both flood-gates up with patience strong:
The streams well ebb'd, new hopes some comforts borrow
From firmest truth; then glimps't the hopefull morrow:
So spring some dawns of joy, so sets the night of sorrow.

47

Ah dearest Lord, my hearts sole Sovereigne,
Who sitt'st high mounted on thy burning throne;
Heark from thy heav'ns, where thou dost safely reigne,
Cloth'd with the golden Sunne, and silver Moon:
Cast down a while thy sweet and gracious eye,
And low avail that flaming Majestie,
Deigning thy gentle sight on our sad miserie.

48

To thee, deare Lord, I lift this watrie eye,
This eye which thou so oft in love *hast prais'd;
This eye with which thou *wounded oft wouldst die;
To thee (deare Lord) these suppliant hands are rais'd:
These to be lilies thou hast often told me;
Which if but once again may ever hold thee,
Will never let thee loose, will never more unfold thee.

* Cant. 1. 15.

* Cant. 4. 9.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

49

Seest how thy foes despitefull trophies reare,
Too confident in thy prolong'd delays?
Come then, oh quickly come, my dearest deare:
When shall I see thee crown'd with conqu'ring bayes,
And all thy foes trod down, and spread as clay?
When shall I see thy face, and glories ray?
Too long thou stay'st, my Love; come Love, no longer stay.

50

Hast thou forgot thy former word and love,
Or lockt thy sweetnesse up in fierce disdain?
In vain didst thou those thousand mischiefs prove?
Are all those griefs, thy birth, life, death in vain?
Oh no; of ill thou onely dost repent thee,
And in thy dainty mercies most content thee:
Then why with stay so long so long dost thou torment me?

51

Reviving Cordiall of my dying sprite,
The best Elixar for souls drooping pain;
Ah now unshade thy face, uncloud thy sight;
See, every way's a trap, each path's a train:
Hells troops my soul beleaguer; bow thine eares,
And hear my cries pierce through my grones & fears:
Sweet Spouse, see not my sinnes, but through my plaints and tears.

52

Let frailty favour, sorrow succour move;
Anchor my life in thy calm streams of blood:
Be thou my rock, though I poore changeling rove,
Tost up and down in waves of worldly floud:
Whil'st I in vale of tears at anchor ride,
Where windes of earthly thoughts my sails misguide,
Harbour my fleshly bark safe in thy wounded side.

53

Take, take my contrite heart, thy sacrifice,
Washt in her eyes that swimmes and sinks in woes:
See, see, as seas with windes high working rise,
So storm, so rage, so gape thy boasting foes.

THE PURPLE ISLAND

Deare Spouse, unlesse thy right hand even steers,
Oh if thou anchour not these threatning fears;
Thy ark will sail as deep in bloud, as now in tears.

54

With that a thundring noise seem'd shake the skie,
As when with iron wheels through stonie plain
A thousand chariots to the battell fie;
Or when with boistrous rage the swelling main,
Puft up with mighty windes, does hoarsly roar;
And beating with his waves the trembling shore,
His sandie girdle scorns, & breaks earths ramperd doore.

55

And straight *an Angel full of heav'nly might,
(Three severall crowns circled his royall head)
From Northern coast heaving his blazing light,
Through all the earth his glorious beams disread,
And open laies the Beasts and Dragons shame:
For to this end th' Almighty did him frame,
And therefore from supplanting gave his ominous name.

* Our late
most learned
Sovereigne in
his remon-
strance and
comment on
the Apocal.

56

A silver trumpet oft he loudly blew,
Frighting the guiltie earth with thundring knell;
And oft proclaim'd, as through the world he flew,
Babel, great *Babel* lies as low as hell:
Let every Angel loud his trumpet sound,
Her heav'n-exalted towers in dust are drown'd:
Babel, proud *Babel's* fall'n, and lies as low as ground.

57

The broken heav'ns dispart with fearfull noise,
And from the breach out shoots a suddain light;
Straight shrilling trumpets with loud sounding voice
Give echoing summons to new bloody fight:
Well knew the Dragon that all-quelling blast,
And soon perceiv'd that day must be his last;
Which strook his frighted heart, & all his troops aghast.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

58

Yet full of malice and of stubborn pride,
Though oft had strove, and had been foild as oft,
Boldly his death and certain fate def'd:
And mounted on his flaggie sails aloft,
 With boundlesse spite he long'd to try again
 A second losse, and new death; glad and fain
To shew his pois'nous hate, though ever shew'd in vain.

59

So up he rose upon his stretched sails,
Fearlesse expecting his approaching death:
So up he rose, that th' ayer starts, and fails,
And over-pressed sinks his load beneath:
 So up he rose, as does a thunder-cloud,
 Which all the earth with shadows black does shroud:
So up he rose, and through the weary ayer row'd.

60

Now his Almighty foe farre off he spies;
Whose Sun-like arms daz'd the eclipsed day,
Confounding with their beams lesse-glitt'ring skies,
Firing the aire with more then heav'nly ray;
 Like thousand Sunnes in one: such is their light;
 A subject onely for immortall sprite,
Which never can be seen, but by immortall sight.

61

His threatning eyes shine like that dreadfull flame,
With which the Thunderer arms his angry hand:
Himself had fairly wrote his wondrous name,
Which neither earth nor heav'n could understand:
 A hundred crowns, like towers, beset around
 His conqu'ring head: well may they there abound,
When all his limbes and troops with gold are richly crown'd.

62

His armour all was dy'd in purple bloud;
(In purple bloud of thousand rebell Kings)
In vain their stubborn powers his arm withstood:
Their proud necks chain'd he now in triumph brings,

THE PURPLE ISLAND

And breaks their spears, & cracks their traitour swords
Upon whose arms and thigh, in golden words
Was fairly writ, *The KING of Kings, & LORD of Lords.*

63

His snow-white steed was born of heav'nly kinde,
Begot by *Boreas* on the *Thracian* hills;
More strong and speedy then his parent Winde:
And (which his foes with fear and horreur fills)
Out from his mouth a two-edg'd sword he darts;
Whose sharpest steel the bone and marrow parts,
And with his keenest point unbreasts the naked hearts.

64

The Dragon, wounded with this flaming brand,
They take, and in strong bonds and fetters tie:
Short was the fight, nor could he long withstand
Him, whose appearance is his victorie.
So now he's bound in adamantine chain;
He storms, he roars, he yells for high disdain:
His net is broke, the fowl go free, the fowler ta'ne.

65

Thence by a mighty Swain he soon was led
Unto a thousand thousand torturings:
His tail, whose folds were wont the starres to shed,
Now stretcht at length, close to his belly clings:
Soon as the pit he sees, he back retires,
And battel new, but all in vain, respire:
So there he deeply lies, flaming in icie fires.

66

As when *Alcides* from forc't hell had drawn
The three-head dog, and master'd all his pride;
Basely the fiend did on his Victour fawn,
With serpent tail clapping his hollow side:
At length arriv'd upon the brink of light,
He shuts the day out of his dullard sight,
And swelling all in vain renews unhappie fight.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

67

Soon at this sight the Knights revive again,
As fresh as when the flowers from winter tombe
(When now the Sunne brings back his nearer wain)
Peep out again from their fresh mothers wombe:
The primrose lighted new, her flame displayes,
And frights the neighbour hedge with fire rayes:
And all the world renew their mirth & sportive playes.

68

The Prince, who saw his long imprisonment
Now end in never-ending libertie;
To meet the Victour, from his castle went,
And falling down, clasping his royall knee,
Poures out deserved thanks in gratefull praise:
But him the heav'nly Saviour soon doth raise,
And bids him spend in joy his never spending dayes.

69

The fair *Eclēta*, that with widowed brow
Her absent Lord long mourn'd in sad aray,
Now *silken linnen cloth'd like frozen snow,
Whose silver spanglets sparkle 'gainst the day:
This shining robe her Lord himself had wrought,
While he her love with hundred presents sought,
And it with many a wound, & many a torment bought.

* Revel. 19. 8.

70

And thus arayd, her heav'nly beauties shin'd
(Drawing their beams from his most glorious face)
Like to a precious *Jasper, pure refin'd;
Which with a Crystall mixt, much mends his grace:
The golden starres a garland fair did frame,
To crown her locks; the Sunne lay hid for shame,
And yelded all his beams to her more glorious flame.

* Revel. 21.
11.

71

Ah who that flame can tell? ah who can see?
Enough is me with silence to admire;
While bolder joy, and humb[l]e majestie
In either cheek had kindled gracefull fire:

THE PURPLE ISLAND

Long silent stood she, while her former fears
And griefs ran all away in sliding tears;
That like a watrie Sunne her gladsome face appears.

72

At length when joyes had left her closer heart,
To seat themselves upon her thankfull tongue;
First in her eyes they sudden flashes dart,
Then forth i' th' musick of her voice they throng;
My Hope, my Love, my Joy, my Life, my Blisse,
(Whom to enjoy is heav'n, but hell to misse)
What are the worlds false joyes, what heav'ns true joyes to this?

73

Ah dearest Lord ! does my rapt soul behold thee?
Am I awake? and sure I do not dream?
Do these thrice blessed arms again infold thee?
Too much delight makes true things feigned seem.
Thee, thee I see; thou, thou thus folded art:
For deep thy stamp is printed in my heart,
And thousand ne're-felt joyes stream in each melting part.

74

Thus with glad sorrow did she sweetly plain her,
Upon his neck a welcome load depending;
While he with equall joy did entertain her,
Her self, her Champions, highly all commending:
So all in triumph to his palace went,
Whose work in narrow words may not be pent;
For boundlesse thought is lesse then is that glorious tent.

75

There sweet delights, which know nor end, nor measure;
No chance is there, nor eating times succeeding:
No wastfull spending can empair their treasure;
Pleasure full grown, yet ever freshly breeding:
Fulnesse of sweets excludes not more receiving:
The soul still big of joy, yet still conceiving;
Beyond slow tongues report, beyond quick thoughts perceiving.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

76

There are they gone, there will they ever bide;
Swimming in waves of joyes, and heav'nly lov[ing]:
He still a Bridegroom, she a gladsome Bride;
Their hearts in love, like spheres still constant moving:
No change, no grief, no age can them befall:
Their bridall bed is in that heav'nly hall,
Where all dayes are but one, and onely one is all.

77

And as in state they thus in triumph ride,
The boyes and damsels their just praises chaunt;
The boyes the Bridegroom sing, the maids the Bride,
While all the hills glad *Hymens* loudly vaunt:
Heav'ns winged shoals, greeting this glorious spring,
Attune their higher notes, and *Hymens* sing:
Each thought to passe, & each did passe thoughts loftiest wing.

78

Upon his lightning brow Love proudly sitting
Flames out in power, shines out in majestie;
There all his loftie spoils and trophies fitting,
Displays the marks of highest Deitie:
There full of strength in lordly arms he stands,
And every heart, and every soul commands:
No heart, no soul his strength and lordly force withstands.

79

Upon her forehead thousand cheerfull Graces,
Seated in thrones of spotlesse ivorie;
There gentle Love his armed hand unbraces,
His bow unbent disclaims all tyrannie:
There by his play a thousand souls beguiles,
Perswading more by simple modest smiles,
Then ever he could force by arms, or craftie wiles.

80

Upon her cheek doth Beauties self implant
The freshest garden of her choicest flowers;
On which if Envie might but glance ascant,
Her eyes would swell, and burst, and melt in showers:

THE PURPLE ISLAND

Thrice fairer both then ever fairest ey'd.
Heav'n never such a Bridegroom yet descri'd;
Nor ever earth so fair, so undefil'd a Bride.

81

Full of his Father shines his glorious face,
As farre the Sunne surpassing in his light,
As doth the Sunne the earth with flaming blaze:
Sweet influence streams from his quickning sight:
His beams from nought did all this All display;
And when to lesse then nought they fell away,
He soon restor'd again by his new orient ray.

82

All heav'n shines forth in her sweet faces frame:
Her seeing Starres (which we miscall bright eyes)
More bright then is the mornings brightest flame,
More fruitfull then the May-time Gemинies:
These back restore the timely summers fire;
Those springing thoughts in winter hearts inspire,
Inspiring dead souls, and quickning warm desire.

83

These two fair Sunnes in heav'nly sphere are plac't,
Where in the centre Joy triumphing sits:
Thus in all high perfections fully grac't,
Her mid-day blisse no future night admits;
But in the mirrours of her Spouses eyes
Her fairest self she dresses; there where lies
All sweets, a glorious beautie to emparadize.

84

His locks like ravens plumes, or shining jet,
Fall down in curls along his ivory neck;
Within their circlets hundred Graces set,
And with love-knots their comely hangings deck:
His mighty shoulders, like that Giant Swain,
All heav'n and earth, and all in both sustain;
Yet knows no wearinesse, nor feels oppressing pain.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

85

Her amber hair, like to the sunnie ray,
With gold enamels fair the silver white;
There heav'nly loves their prettie sportings play,
Firing their darts in that wide flaming light:
Her daintie neck, spread with that silver mold,
Where double beautie doth it self unfold,
In th' own fair silver shines, and fairer borrow'd gold.

86

His breast a rock of purest alabaster,
Where Loves self sailing shipwrackt often sitteth;
Hers a twinne-rock, unknown, but to th' ship-master;
Which harbours him alone, all other splitteth.
Where better could her love then here have nested?
Or he his thoughts then here more sweetly feasted?
Then both their love & thoughts in each are ever rested.

87

Runne now you shepherd-swains; ah run you thither,
Where this fair Bridegroom leads the blessed way:
And haste you lovely maids, haste you together
With this sweet Bride; while yet the sunne-shine day
Guides your blinde steps, while yet loud summons call,
That every wood & hill resounds withall,
Come *Hymen*, *Hymen* come, drest in thy golden pall.

88

The sounding Echo back the musick flung,
While heav'nly spheres unto the voices playd.
But see, the day is ended with my song,
And sporting bathes with that fair Ocean Maid:
Stoop now thy wing, my Muse, now stoop thee low:
Hence mayst thou freely play, and rest thee now;
While here I hang my pipe upon the willow bough.

THE PURPLE ISLAND

89

So up they rose, while all the shepherds throng
With their loud pipes a countrey triumph blew,
And led their *Thirsil* home with joyfull song:
Mean time the lovely Nymphs with garlands new
His locks in Bay and honour'd Palm-tree bound,
With Lilies set, and Hyacinths around;
And Lord of all the yeare, and their May-sportings crown'd.

FINIS.

PISCATORIE
ECLOGS,
AND
OTHER POETICALL
MISCELLANIES.

By P. F.

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'ΑΛΙΕΥΤΙΚΟΝ,
OR,
PISCATORIE
ECLOGUES.

ECLOG. I.

AMYNTAS.

IT was the time faithfull *Halcyone*,
Once more enjoying new-liv'd *Ceyx* bed,
Had left her young birds to the wavering sea,
Bidding him calm his proud white-curl'd head,
And change his mountains to a champian lea;
The time when gentle *Flora's* lover reigns,
Soft creeping all along green *Neptunes* smoothest plains;

2

When haplesse *Thelgon* (a poore fisher-swain)
Came from his boat to tell the rocks his plaining:
In rocks he found, and the high-swelling main
More sense, more pitie farre, more love remaining,
Then in the great *Amyntas* fierce disdain:
Was not his peer for song 'mong all the lads,
Whose shrilling pipe, or voice the sea-born maiden glads.

3

About his head a rocky canopie,
And craggy hangings round a shadow threw,
Rebutting *Phæbus* parching fervencie;
Into his bosome *Zephyr* softly flew;
Hard by his feet the sea came waving by;
The while to seas and rocks (poore swain!) he sang;
The while the seas & rocks answ'ring loud echoes rang.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

4

You goodly Nymphs, that in your marble cell
In spending never spend your sportfull dayes,
Or when you list in pearled boats of shell
Glide on the dancing wave, that leaping playes
About the wanton skiffe, and you that dwell

In *Neptunes* court, the Oceans plenteous throng,
Deigne you to gently heare sad *Thelgons* plaining song.

5

When the raw blossome of my youth was yet
In my first childhoods green enclosure bound,
Of *Aquadune* I learnt to fold my net,
And spread the sail, and beat the river round,
And withy labyrinths in straits to set,

And guide my boat, where *Thames* and *Isis* heire
By lowly *Æton* slides, and *Windsor* proudly fair.

6

There while our thinne nets dangling in the winde
Hung on our oars tops, I learnt to sing
Among my Peers, apt words to fitly binde
In numerous verse : witness thou crystall Spring,
Where all the lads were pebles wont to finde ;

And you thicke hasles, that on *Thamis* brink
Did oft with dallying boughs his silver waters drink.

7

But when my tender youth 'gan fairly blow,
I chang'd large *Thames* for *Chamus* narrower seas :
There as my yeares, so skill with yeares did grow ;
And now my pipe the better sort did please ;
So that with *Limnus*, and with *Belgio*

I durst to challenge all my fisher-peers,
That by learn'd *Chamus* banks did spend their youthfull yeares.

8

And *Janus* self, that oft with me compared,
With his oft losses rais'd my victory ;
That afterward in song he never dared
Provoke my conquering pipe, but enviously

PISCATORIE ECLOGUES

Deprave the songs which first his songs had marred ;
And closely bite, when now he durst not bark,
Hating all others light, because himself was dark.

9

And whether nature, joyn'd with art, had wrought me,
Or I too much belev'd the fishers praise ;
Or whether *Phæbus* self, or Muses taught me,
Too much enclin'd to verse, and Musick playes ;
So farre credulitie, and youth had brought me,
I sang sad *Telethusa's* frustrate plaint,
And rustick *Daphnis* wrong, and magicks vain restraint :

10

And then appeas'd young *Myrtilus*, repining
At generall contempt of shepherds life ;
And rais'd my rime to sing of *Richards* climbing ;
And taught our *Chame* to end the old-bred strife,
Mythic claim to *Nicias* resigning :
The while his goodly Nymphs with song delighted,
My notes with choicest flowers, & garlands sweet required.

11

From thence a Shepherd great, pleas'd with my song,
Drew me to *Basilissa's* Courtly place :
Fair *Basilissa*, fairest maid among
The Nymphs that white-cliffe *Albions* forrests grace.
Her errand drove my slender bark along
The seas, which wash the fruitfull *Germans* land,
And swelling *Rbene*, whose wines run swiftly o're the sand.

12

But after bold'ned with my first succeſſe,
I durst assay the new-found paths, that led
To slavish *Mosco's* dullard sluggishnesse ;
Whose slothfull Sunne all winter keeps his bed,
But never sleeps in summers wakefulnesse :
Yet all for nought : another took the gain :
Faitour, that reapt the pleasure of anothers pain !

PHINEAS FLETCHER

13

And travelling along the Northern plains,
At her command I past the bounding *Tweed*,
And liv'd a while with *Caledonian* swains :
My life with fair *Amyntas* there I led :
Amyntas fair, whom still my sore heart plains.
Yet seem'd he then to love, as he was loved ;
But (ah !) I fear, true love his high heart never proved.

14

And now he haunts th'infamous woods and downs,
And on *Napæan* Nymphs doth wholly dote :
What cares he for poore *Thelgons* plaintfull sounds ?
Thelgon, poore master of a poorer boat.
Janus is crept from his wont prison bounds,
And sits the Porter to his eare and minde :
What hope, *Amyntas* love a fisher-swain should finde ?

15

Yet once he said, (which I, then fool, belev'd)
(The woods of it, and *Damon* witness be)
When in fair *Albions* fields he first arriv'd,
When I forget true *Thelgons* love to me,
The love which ne're my certain hope deceiv'd ;
The wavering sea shall stand, and rocks remove :
He said, and I belev'd : so credulous is love.

16

You steady rocks, why still do you stand still ?
You fleeting waves, why do you never stand ?
Amyntas hath forgot his *Thelgons* quill ;
His promise, and his love are writ in sand :
But rocks are firm, though *Neptune* rage his fill ;
When thou, *Amyntas*, like the fire-drake rangest :
The sea keeps on his course, when like the winde thou changest.

17

Yet as I swiftly sail'd the other day,
The setled rock seem'd from his seat remove,
And standing waves seem'd doubtfull of their way,
And by their stop thy wavering reprove :

PISCATORIE ECLOGUES

Sure either this thou didst but mocking say,
Or else the rock and sea had heard my plaining.
But thou (ay me!) art onely constant in disdainning.

18

Ah! would thou knew'st how much it better were
To 'bide among the simple fisher-swains:
No shrieking owl, no night-crow lodgeth here;
Nor is our simple pleasure mixt with pains:
Our sports begin with the beginning yeare,
In calms to pull the leaping fish to land,
In roughs to sing, and dance along the golden sand.

19

I have a pipe, which once thou lovedst well,
(Was never pipe that gave a better sound)
Which oft to heare fair *Thetis* from her cell,
Thetis the Queen of seas, attended round
With hundred Nymphs and many powers that dwell
In th' Oceans rocky walls, came up to heare,
And gave me gifts, which still for thee lie hoarded here.

20

Here with sweet bayes the lovely myrtills grow,
Where th' Oceans fair-cheekt maidens oft repair;
Here to my pipe they dancen on a row:
No other swain may come to note their fair;
Yet my *Amyntas* there with me shall go.
Proteus himself pipes to his flocks hereby,
Whom thou shalt heare, ne're seen by any jealous eye.

21

But (ah!) both me, and fishers he disdainns,
While I sit piping to the gadding winde,
Better that to the boysterous sea complains;
Sooner fierce waves are mov'd, then his hard minde:
I'le to some rock farre from our common mains,
And in his bottome learn forget my smart,
And blot *Amyntas* name from *Thelgons* wretched heart.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

22

So up he rose, and lancht into the deep;
Dividing with his oare the surging main,
Which dropping seem'd with teares his case to weep;
The whistling windes joyn'd with the seas to plain,
And o're his boat in whines lamenting creep.

Nought feared he fierce Oceans watry ire,
Who in his heart of grief and love felt equal fire.

FINIS.

ECLOG. II.

THIRSIL.

Dorus, Myrtilus, Thomalin, Thirsil.

Dorus. **M**Yrtil, why idle sit we on the shore?
Since stormy windes, and waves intestine spite
Impatient rage of sail, or bending oare;
Sit we, and sing, while windes & waters fight;
And carol lowd of love, and loves delight.

2

Myrtil. *Dorus*, ah rather stormy seas require
With sadder song the tempests rage deplore:
In calms let's sing of love, and lovers fire.
Tell we how *Thirsil* late our seas forswore,
When forc't he left our *Chame*, and desert shore.

3

Dorus. Now as thou art a lad, repeat that lay;
Myrtil, his songs more please my ravisht eare,
Then rumbling brooks that with the pebles play,
Then murmuring seas broke on the banks to heare,
Or windes on rocks their whistling voices teare.

PISCATORIE ECLOGUES

4

Seest thou that rock, which hanging o're the main
Looks proudly down? there as I under lay,
Thirsil with *Thomalin* I heard complain,
Thomalin, (who now goes sighing all the day)
Who thus 'gan tempt his friend with *Chamish* boyes to stay.

Myrsil.

5

Thirsil, what wicked chance, or lucklesse starre
From *Chamus* streams removes thy boat and minde?
Farre hence thy boat is bound, thy minde more farre;
More sweet, or fruitfull streams where canst thou finde?
Where fisher-lads, or Nymphs more fair, or kinde?

Thom.

The Muses selves sit with the sliding *Chame* :

Chame and the Muses selves do love thy name.

Where thou art lov'd so dear, so much to hate is shame.

6

The Muses me forsake, not I the Muses;
Thomalin, thou know'st how I them honour'd ever:
Not I my *Chame*, but me proud *Chame* refuses:
His froward spites my strong affections sever;
Else, from his banks could I have parted never.

Thirsil.

But like his Swannes, when now their fate is nigh,

Where singing sweet they liv'd, there dead they lie;
So would I gladly live, so would I gladly die.

7

His stubborn hands my net hath broken quite:
My fish (the guerdon of my toil and pain)
He causelesse seiz'd, and with ungratefull spite
Bestow'd upon a lesse deserving swain:
The cost and labour mine, his all the gain.

My boat lies broke; my oares crackt, and gone:

Nought h[as] he left me, but my pipe alone,
Which with his sadder notes may help his master moan.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

8

Thom. Ungratefull *Chame!* how oft hath *Thirsil* crown'd
With songs and garlands thy obscurer head?
That now thy name through *Albion* loud doth sound.
Ah foolish *Chame!* who now in *Thirsils* stead
Shall chant thy praise, since *Thelgon's* lately dead?
 He whom thou lov'st, can neither sing, nor play;
 His dusty pipe, scorn'd, broke, is cast away:
Ah foolish *Chame!* who now shall grace thy holy-day?

9

Thirsil. Too fond my former hopes! I still expected
With my desert his love should grow the more:
Ill can he love, who *Thelgons* love rejected,
Thelgon, who more hath grac'd his gracelesse shore,
Then any swain that ever sang before.
 Yet *Gripus* he prefer'd, when *Thelgon* strove:
 I wish no other curse he ever prove;
Who *Thelgon* causelesse hates, still may he *Gripus* love.

10

Thom. *Thirsil*, but that so long I know thee well,
I now should think thou speak'st of hate, or spite:
Can such a wrong with *Chame*, or Muses dwell,
That *Thelgons* worth and love with hate they 'quite?
Thirsil. *Thomalin*, judge thou; and thou that judgest right,
 Great King of seas, (that grasp'st the Ocean) heare,
 If ever thou thy *Thelgon* lovedst deare:
Though thou forbear a while, yet long thou canst not bear.

11

When *Thelgon* here had spent his prentise-yeares,
Soon had he learnt to sing as sweet a note,
As ever strook the churlish *Chamus* eares:
To him the river gives a costly boat,
That on his waters he might safely float,
 The songs reward, which oft unto his shore
 He sweetly tun'd: Then arm'd with sail, and oare,
Dearely the gift he lov'd, but lov'd the giver more.

PISCATORIE ECLOGUES

12

Scarce of the boat he yet was full possest,
When, with a minde more changing then his wave,
Again bequeath'd it to a wandring guest,
Whom then he onely saw ; to him he gave
The sails, and oares : in vain poore *Thelgon* strave,
The boat is under sail, no boot to plain :
Then banisht him, the more to eke his pain,
As if himself were wrong'd, & did not wrong the swain.

13

From thence he furrow'd many a churlish sea,
The viny *Rbene*, and *Volgha's* self did passe,
Who sleds doth suffer on his watry lea,
And horses trampling on his ycie face :
Where *Phæbus* prison'd in the frozen glasse,
All winter cannot move his quenched light,
Nor in the heat will drench his chariot bright :
Thereby the tedious yeare is all one day and night.

14

Yet little thank, and lesse reward he got :
He never learn'd to sooth the itching eare :
One day (as chanc't) he spies that painted boat,
Which once was his : though his of right it were,
He bought it now again, and bought it deare.
But *Chame* to *Gripus* gave it once again,
Gripus the basest and most dung-hil swain,
That ever drew a net, or fisht in fruitfull main.

15

Go now, ye fisher-boyes, go learn to play,
To play, and sing along your *Chamus* shore :
Go watch, and toyl, go spend the night and day,
While windes & waves, while storms & tempests roar ;
And for your trade consume your life, and store :
Lo your reward ; thus will your *Chamus* use you.
Why should you plain, that lozel swains refuse you ?
Chamus good fishers hates, the Muses selves abuse you.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

16

Thomal. Ah *Thelgon*, poorest, but the worthiest swain,
That ever grac't unworthy povertie !
How ever here thou liv'dst in joylesse pain,
Prest down with grief, and patient miserie ;
Yet shalt thou live when thy proud enemy
Shall rot, with scorn and base contempt opprest.
Sure now in joy thou safe and glad doth rest,
Smil'st at those eager foes, which here thee so molest.

17

Thirsil. *Thomalin*, mourn not for him : he's sweetly sleeping
In *Neptunes* court, whom here he sought to please ;
While humming rivers by his cabin creeping,
Rock soft his slumbering thoughts in quiet ease :
Mourn for thy self, here windes do never cease ;
Our dying life will better fit thy crying :
He softly sleeps, and blest is quiet lying.
Who ever living dies, he better lives by dying.

18

Thomal. Can *Thirsil* then our *Chame* abandon ever ?
And never will our fishers see again ?

Thirsil. Who 'gainst a raging stream doth vain endeavour
To drive his boat, gets labour for his pain :
When fates command to go, to lagge is vain.
As late upon the shore I chanc't to play,
I heard a voice, like thunder, lowdly say,
Thirsil, why idle liv'st ? *Thirsil*, away, away.

19

Thou God of seas, thy voice I gladly heare ;
Thy voice (thy voice I know) I glad obey :
Onely do thou my wandring whirry steer ;
And when it erres, (as it will eas'ly stray)
Upon the rock with hopefull anchour stay.
Then will I swimme, where's either sea, or shore,
Where never swain, or boat was seen afore :
My trunk shall be my boat, my arm shall be my oare.

PISCATORIE ECLOGUES

20

Thomalin, me thinks I heare thy speaking eye
 Woo me my posting journey to delay :
 But let thy love yeeld to necessitie :
 With thee, my friend, too gladly would I stay,
 And live, and die : were *Thomalin* away,
 (Though now I half unwilling leave his stream)
 How ever *Chame* doth *Thirsil* lightly deem,
 Yet would thy *Thirsil* lesse proud *Chamus* scorns esteem.

21

Who now with *Thomalin* shall sit, and sing ?
 Who left to play in lovely myrtils shade ?
 Or tune sweet ditties to as sweet a string ?
 Who now those wounds shall 'swage in covert glade,
 Sweet-bitter wounds, which cruel love hath made ?
 You fisher-boyes, and sea-maids dainty crue,
 Farewell ; for *Thomalin* will seek a new,
 And more respectfull stream : ungratefull *Chame* adieu.

Thom.

22

Thomalin, forsake not thou the fisher-swains,
 Which hold thy stay and love at dearest rate :
 Here mayst thou live among their sportfull trains,
 Till better times afford thee better state :
 Then mayst thou follow well thy guiding fate :
 So live thou here with peace, and quiet blest ;
 So let thy love afford thee ease and rest ;
 So let thy sweetest foe recure thy wounded breast.

Thirsil.

23

But thou, proud *Chame*, which thus hast wrought me spite,
 Some greater river drown thy hatefull name :
 Let never myrtle on thy banks delight,
 But willows pale, the badge of spite and blame,
 Crown thy ungratefull shores with scorn and shame.
 Let dirt and mud thy lazie waters seise,
 Thy weeds still grow, thy waters still decrease :
 Nor let thy wretched love to *Gripus* ever cease.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

24

Farewell ye streams, which once I loved deare;
Farewell ye boyes, which on your *Chame* do float;
Muses farewell, if there be Muses here;
Farewell my nets, farewell my little boat:
Come sadder pipe, farewell my merry note:
My *Thomalin*, with thee all sweetnesse dwell;
Think of thy *Thirsil*, *Thirsil* loves thee well.
Thomalin, my dearest deare, my *Thomalin*, farewell.

25

Dorus. Ah haplesse boy, the fishers joy and pride!
Ah wo is us we cannot help thy wo!
Our pity vain: ill may that swain betide,
Whose undeserved spite hath wrong'd thee so.
Thirsil, with thee our joy, and wishes go.

26

Myrtil. *Dorus*, some greater power prevents thy curse:
So vile, so basely lives that hatefull swain;
So base, so vile, that none can wish him worse.
But *Thirsil* much a better state doth gain,
For never will he finde so thanklesse main.

FINIS.

PISCATORIE ECLOGUES

ECLOG. III.

MYRTILUS.

A Fisher-lad (no higher dares he look) <
Myrtil, sat down by silver *Medwayes* shore :
His dangling nets (hung on the trembling oare) <
Had leave to play, so had his idle hook,
While madding windes the madder Ocean shook.
Of *Chamus* had he learnt to pipe, and sing,
And frame low ditties to his humble string.

2

There as his boat late in the river stray'd,
A friendly fisher brought the boy to view
Cælia the fair, whose lovely beauties drew
- His heart from him into that heav'nly maid :
There all his wandring thoughts, there now they staid.
All other fairs, all other love defies,
In *Cælia* he lives, for *Cælia* dies.

3

Nor durst the coward woo his high desiring,
(For low he was, lower himself accounts ;
And she the highest height in worth surmounts) <
But sits alone in hell his heav'n admiring,
And thinks with sighs to fanne, but blows his firing.
Nor does he strive to cure his painfull wound ;
For till this sicknesse never was he sound.

4

His blubber'd face was temper'd to the day ;
All sad he look't, that sure all was not well ;
Deep in his heart was hid an heav'nly hell ;
→ Thick clouds upon his wattie eye-brows lay,
Which melting showre, and showring never stay :
So sitting down upon the sandy plain,
Thus 'gan he vent his grief, and hidden pain ;

PHINEAS FLETCHER

5

|| You sea-born maids, that in the Ocean reigne,
> (If in your courts is known Loves matchlesse power,
Kindling his fire in your cold watry bower)
Learn by your own to pity others pain.
Tryphon, that know'st a thousand herbs in vain,
But know'st not one to cure a love-sick heart,
See here a wound, that farre outgoes thy art.

6

Your stately seas (perhaps with loves fire) glow,
And over-seeth their banks with springing tide,
Mustring their white-plum'd waves with lordly pride,
They soon retire, and lay their curl'd heads low;
So sinking in themselves they backward go:
But in my breast full seas of grief remain,
Which ever flow, and never ebbe again.

7

How well, fair *Thetis*, in thy glasse I see,
As in a crystal, all my raging pains!
Late thy green fields slept in their even plains,
While smiling heav'ns spread round a canopie:
Now tost with blasts, and civil enmitie,
While whistling windes blow trumpets to their fight,
And roaring waves, as drummes, whet on their spite.

8

Such cruel storms my restles heart command:
Late thousand joyes securely lodged there,
Ne fear'd I then to care, ne car'd to fear;
But pull'd the prison'd fishes to the land,
Or (spite of windes) pip't on the golden sand:
But since love sway'd my breast, these seas alarms
Are but dead pictures of my raging harms.

9

Love stirres desire; desire, like stormy winde,
Blows up high swelling waves of hope, and fear:
Hope on his top my trembling heart doth bear
Up to my heav'n, but straight my lofty minde

PISCATORIE ECLOGUES

By fear sunk in despair deep drown'd I finde.

But (ah!) your tempests cannot last for ever;

But (ah!) my storms (I fear) will leave me never.

10

Haples, and fond! too fond, more haples swain,
Who lovest where th'art scorn'd, scorn'st where th'art loved:

Or learn to hate, where thou hast hatred proved;

Or learn to love, where thou art lov'd again:

Ah cease to love, or cease to woo thy pain.

Thy love thus scorn'd is hell; do not so earn it;

At least learn by forgetting to unlearn it.

11

Ah fond, and haples swain! but much more fond,

How canst unlearn by learning to forget it,

When thought of what thou should'st unlearn does what it,

And surer ties thy minde in captive bond?

Canst thou unlearn a ditty thou hast con'd?

Canst thou forget a song by oft repeating?

Thus much more wilt thou learn by thy forgetting.

12

Haplesse, and fond! most fond, more haplesse swain!

Seeing thy rooted love will leave thee never,

> (She hates thy love) love thou her hate for ever:

In vain thou hop'st, hope yet, though still in vain:

Joy in thy grief, and triumph in thy pain:

And though reward exceedeth thy aspiring,

Live in her love, and die in her admiring.

13

Fair-cruel maid, most cruel, fairer ever,

How hath foul rigour stol'n into thy heart?

< And on a comick stage hath learnt thee art

< To play a Tyrant-tragical deceiver?

To promise mercy, but perform it never?

To look more sweet, maskt in thy looks disguise,

Then Mercy self can look with Pities eyes?

PHINEAS FLETCHER

14

Who taught thy honied tongue the cunning slight,
To melt the ravisht eare with musicks strains?
And charm the sense with thousand pleasing pains?
And yet, like thunder roll'd in flames, and night,
To break the rived heart with fear and fright?
How rules therein thy breast, so quiet state,
Spite leagu'd with mercy, love with lovelesse hate?

15

Ah no, fair *Cælia*, in thy sunne-like eye
Heav'n sweetly smiles; those starres soft loving fire,
And living heat, not burning flames inspire:
Love's self enthron'd in thy brows ivorie,
And every grace in heavens liverie:
My wants, not thine, me in despairing drown:
When hell presumes, no mar'l if heavens frown.

16

Those gracefull tunes, issuing from glorious spheares,
Ravish the eare and soul with strange delight,
And with sweet Nectar fill the thirsty sprite;
Thy honied tongue, charming the melted eares,
Stills stormy hearts, and quiets frights and fears:
My daring heart provokes thee; and no wonder,
When earth so high aspires, if heavens thunder.

17

See, see, fair *Cælia*, seas are calmly laid,
And end their boisterous threats in quiet peace;
The waves their drummes, the windes their trumpets cease:
But my sick love (ah love full ill apayd!)
Never can hope his storms may be allayd;
But giving to his rage no end, or leisure,
Still restles rests: Love knows no mean or measure.

18

Fond boy, she justly scorns thy proud desire,
While thou with singing would'st forget thy pain:
Go strive to empty the still-flowing main:
Go fuell seek to quench thy growing fire:

PISCATORIE ECLOGUES

Ah foolish boy! scorn is thy musicks hire.
Drown then these flames in seas: but (ah!) I fear
To fire the main, and to want water there.

19

There first thy heav'n I saw, there felt my hell;
There smooth-calm seas rais'd storms of fierce desires;
There cooling waters kindled burning fires,
Nor can the Ocean quench them: in thy cell
Full stor'd with pleasures, all my pleasures fell.
Die then, fond lad: ah, well my death may please thee:
But love, (thy love) not life, not death, must ease me. 11

20

So down he swowning sinks; nor can remove,
Till fisher-boyes (fond fisher-boyes) revive him,
And back again his life and loving give him:
But he such wofull gift doth much reprove:
Hopelesse his life; for hopelesse is his love.
Go then, most loving, but most dolefull swain:
Well may I pitie; she must cure thy pain.

FINIS.

ECLOG. III.

CHROMIS.

Thelgon. Chromis.

Thel. **C***Hromis* my joy, why drop thy rainie eyes?
 And sullen clouds hang on thy heavie brow?
 Seems that thy net is rent, and idle lies;
 Thy merry pipe hangs broken on a bough:
 But late thy time in hundred joyes thou spent'st;
 Now time spends thee, while thou in vain lament'st.

2

Chrom. *Thelgon*, my pipe is whole, and nets are new:
 But nets and pipe contemn'd, and idle lie:
 My little reed, that late so merry blew,
 Tunes sad notes to his masters miserie:
 Time is my foe, and hates my rugged rimes:
 And I as much hate both that hate, and times.

3

Thel. What is it then that causeth thy unrest?
 Or wicked charms? or loves new-kindled fire?
 Ah! much I fear love eats thy tender breast;
 Too well I know his never quenched ire,
 Since I *Amyntas* lov'd, who me disdains,
 And loves in me nought but my grief and pains.

4

Chrom. No lack of love did ever breed my smart:
 I onely learn'd to pity others pain,
 And ward my breast from his deceiving art:
 But one I love, and he loves me again;
 In love this onely is my greatest sore,
 He loves so much, and I can love no more.

PISCATORIE ECLOGUES

5

But when the fishers trade, once highly priz'd,
 And justly honour'd in those better times,
 By every lozel-groom I see despis'd ;
 No marvel if I hate my jocond rimes,
 And hang my pipe upon a willow bough :
 Might I grieve ever, if I grieve not now.

6

Ah foolish boy ! why should'st thou so lament
 To be like him, whom thou dost like so well ?
 The Prince of fishers thousand tortures rent.
 To heav'n, lad, thou art bound : the way by hell.
 Would'st thou ador'd, and great and merry be,
 When he was mockt, debas'd, and dead for thee ?

Thel.

7

Mens scorns should rather joy, then sorrow move ;
 For then thou highest art, when thou art down.
 Their storms of hate should more blow up my love ;
 Their laughters my applause, their mocks my crown.
 Sorrow for him, and shame let me betide,
 Who for me wretch in shame and sorrow died.

8

Thelgon, 'tis not my self for whom I plain,
 My private losse full easie could I bear,
 If private losse might help the publick gain :
 But who can blame my grief, or chide my fear,
 Since now the fishers trade, and honour'd name
 Is made the common badge of scorn and shame ?

Chrom.

9

Little know they the fishers toilsome pain,
 Whose labour with his age, still growing, spends not :
 His care and watchings (oft mis[s]pent in vain)
 The early morn begins, dark evening ends not.
 Too foolish men, that think all labour stands
 In travell of the feet, and tired hands !

PHINEAS FLETCHER

10

Ah wretched fishers! born to hate and strife;
To others good, but to your rape and spoil.
This is the briefest summe of fishers life,
To sweat, to freeze, to watch, to fast, to toil,
Hated to love, to live despis'd, forlorn,
A sorrow to himself, all others scorn.

11

The. Too well I know the fishers thanklesse pain,
Yet bear it cheerfully, nor dare repine.
To grudge at losse is fond, (too fond and vain)
When highest causes justly it assigne.
Who bites the stone, and yet the dog condemnes,
Much worse is then the beast he so contemnes.

12

Chromis, how many fishers dost thou know,
That rule their boats, and use their nets aright?
That neither winde, nor time, nor tide foreslow?
Such some have been; but (ah!) by tempests spite
Their boats are lost; while we may sit and moan,
That few were such, and now those few are none.

13

Chrom. Ah cruel spite, and spitefull crueltie,
That thus hath robb'd our joy, and desert shore!
No more our seas shall heare your melodie;
Your songs and shrilling pipes shall sound no more:
Silent our shores, our seas are vacant quite.
Ah spitefull crueltie, and cruel spite!

14

The. In stead of these a crue of idle grooms,
Idle, and bold, that never saw the seas,
Fearlesse succeed, and fill their empty rooms:
Some lazy live, bathing in wealth and ease:
Their floating boats with waves have leave to play,
Their rusty hooks all yeare keep holy-day.

PISCATORIE ECLOGUES

15

Here stray their skiffes, themselves are never here,
Ne're saw their boats: ill mought they fishers be:
Mean time some wanton boy the boat doth steer,
(Poore boat the while!) that cares as much as he:
Who in a brook a whirry cannot row,
Now backs the seas, before the seas he know.

16

Ah foolish lads, that think with waves to play,
And rule rough seas, which never knew command!
First in some river thy new skill assay,
Till time and practise teach thy weakly hand:
A thin, thin plank keeps in thy vitall breath:
Death ready waits. Fond boyes, to play with death!

Chrom.

17

Some stretching in their boats supinely sleep,
Seasons in vain recall'd, and windes neglecting:
Other their hooks and baits in poison steep,
Neptune himself with deathfull drugges infecting:
The fish their life and death together drink,
And dead pollute the seas with venom'd stink.

Theol.

18

Some teach to work, but have no hands to row:
Some will be eyes, but have no light to see:
Some will be guides, but have no feet to go:
Some deaf, yet eares; some dumbe, yet tongues will be:
Dumbe, deaf, lame, blinde, and maim'd; yet fishers all:
Fit for no use, but store an hospital.

19

Some greater, scorning now their narrow boat,
In mighty hulks and ships (like courts) do dwell;
Slaving the skiffes that in their seas do float;
Their silken sails with windes do proudly swell;
Their narrow bottomes stretch they large and wide,
And make full room for luxurie and pride.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

20

Self did I see a swain not long ago,
Whose lordly ship kept all the rest in aw:
About him thousand boats do waiting row;
His frowns are death, his word is firmest law;
While all the fisher-boyes their bonnets vail,
And farre adore their lord with strucken sail.

21

His care is shut to simple fisher-swain.
For *Gemma's* self (a sea-nymph great and high)
Upon his boat attended long in vain:
What hope, poore fisher-boy may come him nigh?
His speech to her, and presence he denied.
Had *Neptune* come, *Neptune* he had defied.

22

Where *Tybers* swelling waves his banks o'reflow,
There princely fishers dwell in courtly halls:
The trade they scorn, their hands forget to row;
Their trade, to plot their rising, others falls;
Into their seas to draw the lesser brooks,
And fish for steeples high with golden hooks.

23

Chrom. *Thelgon*, how canst thou well that fisher blame,
Who in his art so highly doth excell,
That with himself can raise the fishers name?
Well may he thrive, that spends his art so well.
Ah, little needs their honour to deprese:
Little it is; yet most would have it lesse.

24

Thel. Alas poore boy! thy shallow-swimming sight
Can never dive into their deepest art;
Those silken shews so dimme thy dazel'd sight.
Could'st thou unmask their pomp, unbreast their heart,
How would'st thou laugh at this rich beggerie!
And learn to hate such happy miserie!

PISCATORIE ECLOGUES

25

Panting ambition spurres their tired breast:
Hope chain'd to doubt, fear linkt to pride and threat,
(Too ill yok't pairs) give them no time to rest;
Tyrants to lesser boats, slaves to the great.
That man I rather pity, then adore,
Who fear'd by others much, fears others more.

26

Most cursed town, where but one tyrant reignes:
(Though lesse his single rage on many spent)
But much more miserie that soul remains,
When many tyrants in one heart are pent:
When thus thou serv'st, the comfort thou canst have
From greatnesse is, thou art a greater slave.

27

Ah wretched swains, that live in fishers trade;
With inward griefs, and outward wants distressed;
While every day doth more your sorrow lade;
By others scorn'd, and by your selves oppressed!
The great the greater serve, the lesser these:
And all their art is how to rise and please.

Chrom.

28

Those fisher-swains, from whom our trade doth flow,
That by the King of seas their skill were taught;
As they their boats on *Jordan* wave did row,
And catching fish, were by a Fisher caught;
(Ah blessed chance! much better was the trade,
That being fishers, thus were fishes made).

Algon.

29

Those happy swains, in outward shew unblest,
Were scourg'd, were scorn'd, yet was this losse their gain:
By land, by sea, in life, in death, distrest;
But now with King of seas securely reigne:
For that short wo in this base earthly dwelling,
Enjoying joy all excellence excelling.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

30

Then do not thou, my boy, cast down thy minde,
But seek to please with all thy busie care
The King of seas; so shalt thou surely finde
Rest, quiet, joy, in all this troublous fare.

Let not thy net, thy hook, thy singing cease:
And pray these tempests may be turn'd to peace.

31

Oh Prince of waters, Sovereigne of seas,
Whom storms & calms, whom windes and waves obey;
If ever that great Fisher did thee please,
Chide thou the windes, and furious waves allay:

So on thy shore the fisher-boys shall sing
Sweet songs of peace to our sweet peaces King.

FINIS.

PISCATORIE ECLOGUES

ECLOG. V.

NICÆA.

Damon, Algon, Nicæa.

THE well known fisher-boy, that late his name,
And place, and (ah for pity!) mirth had changed;
Which from the Muses spring, & churlish *Chame*
Was fled, (his glory late, but now his shame:
For he with spite the gentle boy estranged)
Now 'long the *Trent* with his new fellows ranged:
There *Damon* (friendly *Damon*) met the boy,
Where lordly *Trent* kisses the *Darwin* coy,
Bathing his liquid streams in lovers melting joy.

2

Algon, what lucklesse starre thy mirth hath blasted?
My joy in thee, and thou in sorrow drown'd.
The yeare with winter storms all rent and wasted
Hath now fresh youth and gentler seasons tasted:
The warmer sunne his bride hath newly gown'd,
With frie arms clipping the wanton ground,
And gets an heav'n on earth: that primrose there,
Which 'mongst those violets sheds his golden hair,
Seems the sunnes little sonne, fixt in his azure speare.

Damon.

3

Seest how the dancing lambes on flowrie banks
Forget their food, to minde their sweeter play?
Seest how they skip, and in their wanton pranks
Bound o're the hillocks, set in sportfull ranks?
They skip, they vault; full little caren they
To make their milkie mothers bleating stay.
Seest how the salmons (waters colder nation)
Lately arriv'd from their sea-navigation,
How joy leaps in their heart, shew by their leaping fashion?

PHINEAS FLETCHER

4

What witch enchants thy minde with sullen madnes?
When all things smile, thou onely sitt'st complaining.
Aigon. *Damon*, I, onely I, have cause of sadnesse:
The more my wo, to weep in common gladnesse:
When all eyes shine, mine onely must be raining;
No winter now, but in my breast, remaining:
Yet feels this breast a summers burning fever:
And yet (alas!) my winter thaweth never:
And yet (alas!) this fire eats and consumes me ever.

5

Damon. Within our *Darwin*, in her rockie cell
A Nymph there lives, which thousand boys hath harm'd;
All as she gliding rides in boats of shell,
Darting her eye, (where spite and beauty dwell:
Ay me, that spite with beautie should be arm'd!)
Her witching eye the boy, and boat hath charm'd.
No sooner drinks he down that poisonous eye,
But mourns and pines: (ah piteous cruelty!)
With her he longs to live; for her he longs to die.

6

Aigon. *Damon*, what *Tryphon* taught thine eye the art
By these few signes to search so soon, so well,
A wound deep hid, deep in my fester'd heart,
Pierc't by her eye, Loves, and deaths pleasing dart?
Ah, she it is, an earthly heav'n, and hell,
Who thus hath charm'd my heart with sugred spell.
Ease thou my wound: but (ah!) what hand can ease,
Or give a medicine that such wound may please;
When she my sole Physician is my souls disease?

7

Damon. Poore boy! the wounds which spite and Love impart,
There is no ward to fence, no herb to ease.
Heav'ns circling folds lie open to his dart:
Hells *Lethe's* self cools not his burning smart:

PISCATORIE ECLOGUES

The fishes cold flame with this strong disease,
And want their water in the midst of seas:
All are his slaves, hell, earth, and heav'n above:
Strive not i' th' net, in vain thy force to prove.
Give, woo, sigh, weep, & pray: Love's only cur'd by love.

8

If for thy love no other cure there be, *Algon.*
Love, thou art cureles: gifts, prayers, vows, and art,
She scorns both you and me: nay Love, ev'n thee:
Thou sigh'st her prisoner, while she laughs as free.
What ever charms might move a gentle heart,
I oft have try'd, and shew'd the earnfull smart,
Which eats my breast: she laughs at all my pain:
Art, prayers, vows, gifts, love, grief, she does disdain:
Grief, love, gifts, vows, prayers, art; ye all are spent in vain.

9

Algon, oft hast thou fisht, but sped not straight; *Damon.*
With hook and net thou beat'st the water round:
Oft-times the place thou changest, oft the bait;
And catching nothing, still, and still dost wait:
Learn by thy trade to cure thee: time hath found
In desp'rate cures a salve for every wound.
The fish long playing with the baited hook,
At last is caught: Thus many a Nymph is took;
Mocking the strokes of Love, is with her striking strook.

10

The marbles self is pierc't with drops of rain: *Algon.*
Fires soften steel, and hardest metals try:
But she more hard then both: such her disdain,
That seas of tears, *Ætna's* of love are vain.
In her strange heart (weep I, burn, pine, or die)
Still reignes a cold, coy, carelesse apathie.
The rock that bears her name, breeds that hard stone
With goats bloud onely softned, she with none:
More precious she, and (ah!) more hard then diamond.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

11

That rock I think her mother: thence she took
Her name and nature: *Damon, Damon, see,*
See where she comes, arm'd with a line and hook:
Tell me, perhaps thou think'st, in that sweet look,
The white is beauties native tapestry;
'Tis crystall, (friend) yc'd in the frozen sea:
The red is rubies; these two joyn'd in one,
Make up that beauteous frame: the difference none
But this; she is a precious, living, speaking stone.

12

Damon. No gemme so costly, but with cost is bought:
The hardest stone is cut, and fram'd by art:
A diamond hid in rocks is found, if sought:
Be she a diamond, a diamond's wrought.
Thy fear congeales, thy fainting steels her heart.
I'll be thy Captain, boy, and take thy part:
Alcides self would never combat two.
Take courage, *Algon*; I will teach thee woo.
Cold beggars freez our gifts: thy faint suit breeds her no.

13

Speak to her, boy. *Al.* Love is more deaf then blinde.
Damon. She must be woo'd. *Al.* Love's tongue is in the eyes.
Damon. Speech is Love's dart. *Al.* Silence best speaks the minde.
Damon. Her eye invites. *Al.* Thence love and death I finde.
Damon. Her smiles speak peace. *Al.* Storms breed in smiling skies.
Damon. Who silent loves? *Al.* Whom speech all hope denies.
Damon. Why should'st thou fear? *Al.* To Love Fear's neare akinne.
Damon. Well, if my cunning fail not, by a gin
(Spite of her scorn, thy fear) I'll make thee woo, and winne.

14

What, ho, thou fairest maid, turn back thine oare,
And gently deigne to help a fishers smart.
Nicæa. Are thy lines broke? or are thy trammels tore?
If thou desir'st my help, unhide the sore.

PISCATORIE ECLOGUES

Ah gentlest Nymph, oft have I heard, thy art
 Can soveraigne herbs to every grief impart:
 So mayst thou live the fishers song, and joy,
 As thou wilt deigne to cure this sickly boy.
 Unworthy they of art, who of their art are coy.

[*Damon.*]

15

His inward grief in outward change appeares;
 His cheeks with sudden fires bright-flaming glow;
 Which quencht, end all in ashes: storms of teares
 Becloud his eyes, which soon forc't smiling cleares:
 Thicke tides of passions ever ebbe, and flow:
 And as his flesh still wastes, his griefs still grow.

Damon, the wounds deep rankling in the minde
 What herb could ever cure? what art could finde?
 Blinde are mine eyes to see wounds in the soul most blinde.

Nicæa.

16

Hard maid, t'is worse to mock, then make a wound:
 Why should'st thou then (fair-cruel) scorn to see
 What thou by seeing mad'st? my sorrows ground
 Was in thy eye, may by thy eye be found.
 How can thy eye most sharp in wounding be,
 In seeing dull? these two are one in thee,

Algon.

To see, and wound by sight: thy eye the dart.
 Fair-cruel maid, thou well hast learn'd the art,
 With the same eye to see, to wound, to cure my heart.

17

What cures thy wounded heart? *Algon.* Thy heart so wounded. *Nicæa.*
 Is't love to wound thy love? *Algon.* Loves wounds are pleasing. *Nicæa.*
 Why plain'st thou then? *Al.* Because thou art unwounded. *Nicæa.*
 Thy wound my cure: on this my plaint is grounded.

Cures are diseases, when the wounds are easing: *Nicæa.*
 Why would'st thou have me please thee by displeasing?

Scorn'd love is death; loves mutuall wounds delighting: *Algon.*
 Happie thy love, my love to thine uniting.
 Love paying debts grows rich; requited in requiting.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

18

- Damon.* What lives alone, *Nicæa*? starres most chaste
Have their conjunctions, speares their mixt embraces,
And mutuall folds. Nothing can single last:
But die in living, in increasing waste.
- Nicæa.* Their joyning perfects them, but us defaces.
- Algon.* That's perfect which obtains his end: your graces
Receive their end in love. She that's alone
Dies as she lives: no number is in one:
Thus while she's but her self, she's not her self, she's none.

19

- Nicæa.* Why blam'st thou then my stonie hard confection,
Which nothing loves? thou single nothing art.
- Algon.* Love perfects what it loves; thus thy affection
Married to mine, makes mine and thy perfection.
- Nicæa.* Well then, to passe our *Tryphon* in his art,
And in a moment cure a wounded heart;
If fairest *Darwin*, whom I serve, approve
Thy suit, and thou wilt not thy heart remove;
I'le joyn my heart to thine, and answer thee in love.

20

- The sunne is set; adieu. *Algon.* 'Tis set to me;
Thy parting is my ev'n, thy presence light.
- Nicæa.* Farewell. *Algon.* Thou giv'st thy wish; it is in thee:
Unlesse thou wilt, haplesse I cannot be.
- Damon.* Come *Algon*, cheerly home; the theevish night
Steals on the world, and robs our eyes of sight.
The silver streams grow black: home let us coast:
There of loves conquest may we safely boast:
Soonest in love he winnes, that oft in love hath lost.

FINIS.

ECLOG. VI.

THOMALIN.

Thirsil, Thomalin.

A Fisher-boy that never knew his peer
 In daintie songs, the gentle *Thomalin*,
 With folded arms, deep sighs, & heavy cheer
 Where hundred Nymphs, & hundred Muses inne,
 Sunk down by *Chamus* brinks; with him his deare,
 Deare *Thirsil* lay; oft times would he begin

To cure his grief, and better way advise;

But still his words, when his sad friend he spies,
 Forsook his silent tongue, to speak in watrie eyes.

2

Under a sprouting vine they carelesse lie,
 Whose tender leaves bit with the Eastern blast,

But now were born, and now began to die;

The latter warned by the formers haste,

Thinly for fear salute the envious skie:

Thus as they sat, *Thirsil* embracing fast

His loved friend, feeling his panting heart

To give no rest to his increasing smart,

At length thus spake, while sighs words to his grief impart:

3

Thomalin, I see thy *Thirsil* thou neglect'st,
 Some greater love holds down thy heart in fear;

Thy *Thirsil's* love, and counsel thou reject'st;

Thy soul was wont to lodge within my eare:

But now that port no longer thou respect'st;

Yet hath it still been safely harbour'd there.

My eare is not acquainted with my tongue,

That either tongue, or eare should do thee wrong:

Why then should'st thou conceal thy hidden grief so long?

Thirsil.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

4

Thom. *Thirsil*, it is thy love that makes me hide
My smother'd grief from thy known faithfull care:
May still my *Thirsil* safe, and merry 'bide;
Enough is me my hidden grief to bear:
For while thy breast in hav'n doth safely ride,
My greater half with thee rides safely there.

Thirsil. So thou art well; but still my better part,
My *Thomalin*, sinks loaden with his smart:
Thus thou my finger cur'st, and wound'st my bleeding heart.

5

How oft hath *Thomalin* to *Thirsil* vowed,
That as his heart, so he his love esteem'd!
Where are those oaths? where is that heart bestowed,
Which hides it from that breast which deare it deem'd,
And to that heart room in his heart allowed?
That love was never love, but onely seem'd.

Tell me, my *Thomalin*, what envious thief
Thus robs thy joy: tell me, my liefest lief:
Thou little lov'st me, friend, if more thou lov'st thy grief.

6

Thom. *Thirsil*, my joyous spring is blasted quite,
And winter storms prevent the summers ray:
All as this vine, whose green the Eastern spite
Hath di'd to black, his catching arms decay,
And letting go their hold for want of might,
Mar'l winter comes so soon, in first of May.

Thirsil. Yet see the leaves do freshly bud again:
Thou drooping still di'st in this heavie strain:
Nor can I see or end or cause of all thy pain.

7

Thom. No marvel, *Thirsil*, if thou dost not know
This grief, which in my heart lies deeply drown'd:
My heart it self, though well it feels his wo,
Knows not the wo it feels: the worse my wound,

PISCATORIE ECLOGUES

Which though I rankling finde, I cannot show.
 Thousand fond passions in my breast abound;
 Fear leagu'd to joy, hope and despair together,
 Sighs bound to smiles; my heart though prone to either,
 While both it would obey, 'twixt both obeyeth neither.

8

Oft blushing flames leap up into my face;
 My guiltlesse cheek such purple flash admires:
 Oft stealing tears slip from mine eyes apace,
 As if they meant to quench those causelesse fires.
 My good I hate; my hurt I glad embrace:
 My heart though griev'd, his grief as joy desires:
 I burn, yet know no fuel to my firing:
 My wishes know no want, yet still desiring:
 Hope knows not what to hope, yet still in hope aspiring.

9

Too true my fears: alas, no wicked sprite,
 No writhel'd witch, with spells or powerfull charms,
 Or hellish herbs digg'd in as hellish night,
 Gives to thy heart these oft and fierce alarms:
 But *Love*, too hatefull *Love*, with pleasing spite,
 And spitefull pleasure, thus hath bred thy harms,
 And seeks thy mirth with pleasance to destroy.
 'Tis *Love*, my *Thomalin*, my liefest boy;
 'Tis *Love* robs me of thee, and thee of all thy joy.

Thirsil.

10

Thirsil, I ken not what is hate, or *Love*,
 Thee well I love, and thou lov'st me as well;
 Yet joy, no torment, in this passion prove:
 But often have I heard the fishers tell,
 He's not inferiour to the mighty *Jove*;
Jove heaven rules; *Love Jove*, heav'n, earth, and hell:
 Tell me, my friend, if thou dost better know:
 Men say, he goes arm'd with his shafts, and bow;
 Two darts, one swift as fire, as lead the other slow.

Thomal.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

11

Thirsi. Ah heedlesse boy! *Love* is not such a lad,
As he is fancy'd by the idle swain;
With bow and shafts, and purple feathers clad;
Such as *Diana* (with her buskin'd train
Of armed Nymphs along the forrests glade
With golden quivers) in *Thessalian* plain,
In level race outstrips the jumping Deer
With nimble feet; or with a mighty spear
Flings down a bristled bore, or els a squalid bear.

12

Love's sooner felt, then seen: his substance thinne
Betwixt those snowy mounts in ambush lies:
Oft in the eyes he spreads his subtil ginne;
He therefore soonest winnes, that fastest flies.
Fly thence my deare, fly fast, my *Thomalin*:
Who him encounters once, for ever dies:
But if he lurk between the ruddy lips,
Unhappie soul that thence his Nectar sips,
While down into his heart the sugred poison slips!

13

Oft in a voice he creeps down through the eare:
Oft from a blushing cheek he lights his fire:
Oft shrouds his golden flame in likest hair:
Oft in a soft-smooth skin doth close retire:
Oft in a smile; oft in a silent tear:
And if all fail, yet *Vertue's* self he'l hire:
Himself's a dart, when nothing els can move.
Who then the captive soul can well reprove,
When *Love*, and *Vertue's* self become the darts of *Love*?

14

Thom Sure, *Love* it is, which breeds this burning fever:
For late (yet all too soon) on *Venus* day,
I chanc't (Oh cursed chance, yet blessed ever!)
As carelesse on the silent shores I stray,

PISCATORIE ECLOGUES

Five Nymphs to see (five fairer saw I never)
Upon the golden sand to dance and play:
The rest among, yet farre above the rest,
Sweet *Melite*, by whom my wounded breast,
Though rankling still in grief, yet joyes in his unrest.

15

There to their sportings while I pipe, and sing,
Out from her eyes I felt a fire beam,
And pleasing heat (such as in first of Spring
From Sol, inn'd in the Bull, do kindly stream)
To warm my heart, and with a gentle sting
Blow up desire: yet little did I dream
Such bitter fruits from such sweet roots could grow,
Or from so gentle eye such spite could flow:
For who could fire expect hid in an hill of snow?

16

But when those lips (those melting lips) I prest,
I lost my heart, which sure she stole away:
For with a blush she soon her guilt confest,
And sighs (which sweetest breath did soft convey)
Betraid her theft: from thence my flaming breast
Like thundring *Ætna* burns both night and day:
All day she present is, and in the night
My wakefull fancie paints her full to sight:
Absence her presence makes, darknes presents her light.

17

Thomalin, too well those bitter sweets I know,
Since fair *Nicæa* bred my pleasing smart:
But better times did better reason show,
And cur'd those burning wounds with heav'nly art.
Those storms of looser fire are laid full low;
And higher love safe anchours in my heart:
So now a quiet calm does safely reigne.
And if my friend think not my counsel vain;
Perhaps my art may cure, or much asswage thy pain.

Thirst.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

18

Thom. *Thirsil*, although this witching grief doth please
My captive heart, and *Love* doth more detest
The cure, and curer, then the sweet disease ;
Yet if my *Thirsil* doth the cure request,
This storm, which rocks my heart in slumbring ease,
Spite of it self, shall yeeld to thy behest.

Thirsil. Then heark how *Tryphons* self did salve my paining,
While in a rock I sat of love complaining ;
My wounds with herbs, my grief with counsel sage restraining.

19

But tell me first ; Why should thy partial minde
More *Melite*, then all the rest approve ?

Thom. *Thirsil*, her beautie all the rest did blinde,
That she alone seem'd worthy of my love.
Delight upon her face, and sweetnesse shin'd :
Her eyes do spark as starres, as starres do move :
Like those twin-fires, which on our masts appear,
And promise calms. Ah that those flames so clear
To me alone should raise such storms of hope and fear !

20

Thirsil. If that which to thy minde doth worthiest seem,
By thy wel-temper'd soul is most affected ;
Canst thou a face worthy thy love esteem ?
What in thy soul then love is more respected ?
Those eyes which in their spheare thou, fond, dost deem
Like living starres, with some disease infected,
Are dull as leaden drosse : those beauteous rayes,
So like a rose, when she her breast displays,
Are like a rose indeed ; as sweet, as soon decays.

21

Art thou in love with words ? her words are winde,
As flit as is their matter, flittest aire.
Her beautie moves ? can colours move thy minde ?
Colours in scorned weeds more sweet, and fair.

PISCATORIE ECLOGUES

Some pleasing qualitie thy thoughts doth binde?
Love then thy self. Perhaps her golden hair?
False metall, which to silver soon descends!
Is't pleasure then which so thy fancie bends?
Poore pleasure, that in pain begins, in sorrow ends!

22

What? is't her company so much contents thee?
How would she present stirre up stormy weather,
When thus in absence present she torments thee?
Lov'st thou not one, but all these joyn'd together?
All's but a woman. Is't her love that rents thee?
Light windes, light aire; her love more light then either.
If then due worth thy true affection moves,
Here is no worth. Who some old hagge approves,
And scorns a beauteous spouse, he rather dotes, then loves.

23

Then let thy love mount from these baser things,
And to the highest love, and worth aspire:
Love's born of fire, fitted with mounting wings;
That at his highest he might winde him higher;
Base love, that to base earth so basely clings!
Look as the beams of that celestiall fire
Put out these earthly flames with purer ray;
So shall that love this baser heat allay,
And quench these coals of earth with his more heav'nly day.

24

Raise then thy prostrate love with towring thought;
And clog it not in chains, and prison here:
The God of fishers deare thy love hath bought:
Most deare he loves: for shame, love thou as deare.
Next, love thou there, where best thy love is sought;
My self, or els some other fitting peer.
Ah might thy love with me for ever dwell!
Why should'st thou hate thy heav'n, and love thy hell?
She shall not more deserve, nor cannot love so well.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

25

Thus *Tryphon* once did wean my fond affection ;
Then fits a salve unto th' infected place,
(A salve of soveraigne and strange confection)
Nepenthe mixt with *Rue*, and *Herb-de-grace* :
So did he quickly heal this strong infection,
And to my self restor'd my self apace.

Yet did he not my love extinguish quite :
I love with sweeter love, and more delight :
But most I love that Love, which to my love h[as] right.

26

Thom. Thrice happy thou that could'st ! my weaker minde
Can never learn to climbe so lofty flight.

Thrsil. If from this love thy will thou canst unbinde ;
To will, is here to can : will gives thee might :
'Tis done, if once thou wilt ; 'tis done, I finde.
Now let us home : for see, the creeping night
Steals from those further waves upon the land.
To morrow shall we feast ; then hand in hand
Free will we sing, and dance along the golden sand.

FINIS.

PISCATORIE ECLOGUES

ECLOG. VII.

The PRIZE.

Thirsil, Daphnis, Thomalin.

A *Uro*ra from old *Tithons* frosty bed
(Cold, wintry, wither'd *Tithon*) early creeps ;
Her cheek with grief was pale, with anger red ;
Out of her window close she blushing peeps ;
Her weeping eyes in pearled dew she steeps,
Casting what sportlesse nights she ever led :
She dying lives, to think he's living dead.

Curst be, and cursed is that wretched sire,
That yokes green youth with age, want with desire.
Who ties the sunne to snow ? or marries frost to fire ?

2

The morn saluting, up I quickly rise,
And to the green I poste ; for on this day
Shepherd and fisher-boyes had set a prize,
Upon the shore to meet in gentle fray,
Which of the two should sing the choicest lay ;
Daphnis the shepherds lad, whom *Mira's* eyes
Had kill'd ; yet with such wound he gladly dies :
Thomalin the fisher, in whose heart did reigne
Stella ; whose love his life, and whose disdain
Seems worse then angry skies, or never quiet main.

3

There soon I view the merry shepherd-swains
March three by three, clad all in youthfull green :
And while the sad recorder sweetly plains,
Three lovely Nymphs (each several row between,
More lovely Nymphs could no where els be seen,
Whose faces snow their snowy garments stains)
With sweeter voices fit their pleasing strains.
Their flocks flock round about ; the horned rammes,
And ewes go silent by, while wanton lambes
Dancing along the plains, forget their milky dammes.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

4

Scarce were the shepherds set, but straight in sight
The fisher-boyes came driving up the stream ;
Themselves in blue, and twenty sea-nymphs bright
In curious robes, that well the waves might seem :
All dark below, the top like frothy cream :
Their boats and masts with flowres, and garlands dight ;
And round the swannes guard them with armies white :
Their skiffes by couples dance to sweetest sounds,
Which running cornets breath to full plain grounds,
That strikes the rivers face, and thence more sweet rebounds.

5

And now the Nymphs and swains had took their place ;
First those two boyes ; *Thomalin* the fishers pride,
Daphnis the shepherds : Nymphs their right hand grace ;
And choicest swains shut up the other side :
So sit they down in order fit appli'd ;
Thirsil betwixt them both, in middle space :
(*Thirsil* their judge, who now's a shepherd base,
But late a fisher-swain, till envious *Chame*
Had rent his nets, and sunk his boat with shame ;
So robb'd the boyes of him, and him of all his game).

6

Thirsil. So as they sit, thus *Thirsil* 'gins the lay ;
You lovely boyes, (the woods, and Oceans pride)
Since I am judge of this sweet peacefull fray,
First tell us, where, and when your Loves you spied :
And when in long discourse you well are tried,
Then in short verse by turns we'll gently play :
In love begin, in love we'll end the day.
Daphnis, thou first ; to me you both are deare :
Ah, if I might, I would not judge, but heare :
Nought have I of a judge, but an impartriall eare.

7

Daph. *Phæbus*, if as thy words, thy oaths are true ;
Give me that verse which to the honour'd bay

PISCATORIE ECLOGUES

(That verse which by thy promise now is due)
To honour'd *Daphne* in a sweet tun'd lay
(*Daphne* thy chang'd, thy love unchanged aye)
Thou sangest late, when she now better staid,
More humane when a tree, then when a maid,
Bending her head, thy love with gentle signe repaid.

8

What tongue, what thought can paint my Loves perfection?
So sweet hath nature pourtray'd every part,
That art will prove that artists imperfection,
Who, when no eye dare view, dares limme her face.
Phæbus, in vain I call thy help to blaze
More light then thine, a light that never fell:
Thou tell'st what's done in heav'n, in earth, and hell:
Her worth thou mayst admire; there are no words to tell.

9

She is like thee, or thou art like her, rather:
Such as her hair, thy beams; thy single light,
As her twin-sunnes: that creature then, I gather,
Twice heav'nly is, where two sunnes shine so bright:
So thou, as she, confound'st the gazing sight:
Thy absence is my night; her absence hell.
Since then in all thy self she doth excell,
What is beyond thy self, how canst thou hope to tell?

10

First her I saw, when tir'd with hunting toyl,
In shady grove spent with the weary chase,
Her naked breast lay open to the spoil;
The crystal humour trickling down apace,
Like ropes of pearl, her neck and breast enlace:
The aire (my rivall aire) did coolly glide
Through every part: such when my Love I spi'd,
So soon I saw my Love, so soon I lov'd, and di'd.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

11

Her face two colours paint ; the first a flame,
(Yet she all cold) a flame in rosie die,
Which sweetly blushes like the mornings shame :
The second snow, such as on Alps doth lie,
And safely there the sunne doth bold defie :
Yet this cold snow can kindle hot desire.
Thou miracle ; mar'l not, if I admire,
How flame should coldly freez, and snow should burn as fire.

12

Her slender waste, her hand, that dainty breast,
Her cheek, her forehead, eye, and flaming hair,
And those hid beauties, which must sure be best,
In vain to speak, when words will more impair :
Of all the fairs she is the fairest fair.
Cease then vain words ; well may you shew affection,
But not her worth : the minde her sweet perfection
Admires : how should it then give the lame tongue direction ?

13

Thom. Unless thy words be flitting as thy wave,
Proteus, that song into my breast inspire,
With which the seas (when loud they rore and rave)
Thou softly charm'st, and windes intestine ire
(When 'gainst heav'n, earth, and seas they did conspire)
Thou quiet laid'st : *Proteus*, thy song to heare,
Seas listning stand, and windes to whistle fear ;
The lively Delphins dance, and brisly Seales give eare.

14

Stella, my starre-like love, my lovely starre :
Her hair a lovely brown, her forehead high,
And lovely fair ; such her cheeks roses are :
Lovely her lip, most lovely is her eye :
And as in each of these all love doth lie ;
So thousand loves within her minde retiring,
Kindle ten thousand loves with gentle firing.
Ah let me love my Love, not live in loves admiring !

PISCATORIE ECLOGUES

15

At *Proteus* feast, where many a goodly boy,
And many a lovely lasse did lately meet ;
There first I found, there first I lost my joy :
Her face mine eye, her voice mine eare did greet ;
While eare & eye strove which should be most sweet,
That face, or voice : but when my lips at last
Saluted hers, those senses strove as fast,
Which most those lips did please ; the eye, eare, touch, or taste.

16

The eye sweares, never fairer lip was eyed ;
The eare with those sweet relishes delighted,
Thinks them the spheares ; the taste that nearer tried
Their relish sweet, the soul to feast invited ;
The touch, with pressure soft more close united,
Wisht ever there to dwell ; and never cloyed,
(While thus their joy too greedy they enjoyed)
Enjoy'd not half their joy, by being overjoyed.

17

Her hair all dark more clear the white doth show,
And with its night her faces morn commends :
Her eye-brow black, like to an ebon bow ;
Which sporting *Love* upon her forehead bends,
And thence his never-missing arrow sends.
But most I wonder how that jetty ray,
Which those two blackest sunnes do fair display,
Should shine so bright, & night should make so sweet a day.

18

So is my love an heav'n ; her hair a night :
Her shining forehead *Dian's* silver light :
Her eyes the starres ; their influence delight :
Her voice the sphears ; her cheek *Aurora* bright :
Her breast the globes, where heav'ns path milkie-white
Runnes 'twixt those hills : her hand (*Arions* touch)
As much delights the eye, the eare as much.
Such is my Love, that, but my Love, was never such.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

19

Thirsil. The earth her robe, the sea her swelling tide ;
The trees their leaves, the moon her divers face ;
The starres their courses, flowers their springing pride ;
Dayes change their length, the Sunne his daily race :
Be constant when you love ; *Love* loves not ranging :
Change when you sing ; Muses delight in changing.

20

Daph. *Pan* loves the pine-tree ; *Jove* the oak approves ;
High populars *Alcides* temples crown :
Phœbus, though in a tree, still *Daphne* loves,
And hyacinths, though living now in ground :
Shepherds, if you your selves would victours see,
Girt then this head with *Phœbus* flower and tree.

21

Thom. *Alcinous* peares, *Pomona* apples bore :
Bacchus the vine, the olive *Pallas* chose :
Venus loves myrtils, myrtils love the shore :
Venus Adonis loves, who freshly blowes,
Yet breathes no more : weave, lads, with myrtils roses
And bay, and hyacinth the garland loses.

22

Daph. *Mira*, thine eyes are those twin-heav'nly powers,
Which to the widowed earth new offspring bring :
No marvel then, if still thy face so flowers,
And cheeks with beauteous blossomes freshly spring :
So is thy face a never-fading *May* :
So is thine eye a never-falling day.

23

Thom. *Stella*, thine eyes are those twin-brothers fair,
Which tempests slake, and promise quiet seas :
No marvel then if thy brown shadie hair,
Like night, portend sweet rest and gentle ease.
Thus is thine eye an ever-calming light :
Thus is thy hair a lovers ne'r-spent night.

PISCATORIE ECLOGUES

24

If sleepy poppies yeeld to lilies white ;
 If black to snowy lambes ; if night to day ;
 If Western shades to fair *Aurora's* light ;
Stella must yeeld to *Mira's* shining ray.
 In day we sport, in day we shepherds toy :
 The night, for wolves ; the light, the shepherds joy.

Daph.

25

Who white-thorn equalls with the violet ?
 What workman rest compares with painfull light ?
 Who weares the glaring glasse, and scorns the jet ?
 Day yeeld to her, that is both day and night.
 In night the fishers thrive, the workmen play ;
 Love loves the night ; night's lovers holy-day.

Thom.

26

Fly thou the seas, fly farre the dangerous shore :
Mira, if thee the king of seas should spie,
 He'l think *Medusa* (sweeter then before)
 With fairer hair, and double fairer eye,
 Is chang'd again ; and with thee ebbing low,
 In his deep courts again will never flow.

Daph.

27

Stella, avoid both *Phæbus* eare, and eye :
 His musick he will scorn, if thee he heare :
 Thee *Daphne*, (if thy face by chance he spie)
Daphne now fairer chang'd, he'l rashly sweare :
 And viewing thee, will later rise and fall ;
 Or viewing thee, will never rise at all.

Thom.

28

Phæbus and *Pan* both strive my love to gain,
 And seek by gifts to winne my carelesse heart ;
Pan vows with lambes to fill the fruitfull plain ;
Apollo offers skill, and pleasing art :
 But *Stella*, if thou grant my suit, a kisse ;
Phæbus and *Pan* their suit, my love, shall misse.

Daph.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

29

Thom. *Proteus* himself, and *Glaucus* seek unto me ;
And twenty gifts to please my minde devise :
Proteus with songs, *Glaucus* with fish doth woo me :
Both strive to winne, but I them both despise :
For if my Love my love will entertain,
Proteus himself, and *Glaucus* seek in vain.

30

Daph. Two twin, two spotted lambes, (my songs reward)
With them a cup I got, where *Jove* assumed
New shapes, to mock his wives too jealous guard ;
Full of *Joves* fires it burns still unconsumed :
But *Mira*, if thou gently deigne to shine,
Thine be the cup, the spotted lambes be thine.

31

Thom. A pair of swannes are mine, and all their train ;
With them a cup, which *Thetis* self bestowed,
As she of love did heare me sadly plain ;
A pearled cup, where *Nectar* oft hath flowed :
But if my Love will love the gift, and giver ;
Thine be the cup, thine be the swannes for ever.

32

Daph. Thrice happy swains ! thrice happy shepherds fate !
Thom. Ah blessed life ! ah blessed fishers state !
Your pipes asswage your love ; your nets maintain you.
Daph. Your lambkins clothe you warm ; your flocks sustain you :
You fear no stormie seas, nor tempests roaring.
Thom. You sit not rots or burning starres deploring :
In calms you fish ; in roughs use songs and dances.
Daph. More do you fear your Loves sweet-bitter glances,
Then certain fate, or fortune ever changing.
Thom. Ah that the life in seas so safely ranging,
Should with loves weeping eye be sunk, and drown'd !
Daph. The shepherds life *Phœbus* a shepherd crown'd,
His snowy flocks by stately *Peneus* leading.
Thom. What herb was that, on which old *Glaucus* feeding,

PISCATORIE ECLOGUES

Grows never old, but now the gods augmenteth ?

Delia her self her rigour hard relenteth :

Daph.

To play with shepherds boy she's not ashamed.

Venus, of frothy seas thou first wast framed ;

Thom.

The waves thy cradle : now *Love's Queen* art named.

33

Thou gentle boy, what prize may well reward thee ?

Daph.

So slender gift as this not half requites thee.

May prosperous starres, and quiet seas regard thee ;

But most, that pleasing starre that most delights thee :

May *Proteus* still and *Glaucus* dearest hold thee ;

But most, her influence all safe infold thee :

May she with gentle beams from her fair spear behold thee.

34

As whistling windes 'gainst rocks their voices tearing ;

Thom.

As rivers through the valleys softly gliding ;

As haven after cruel tempests fearing :

Such, fairest boy, such is thy verses sliding.

Thine be the prize : may *Pan* and *Phæbus* grace thee ;

Most, whom thou most admir'st, may she embrace thee ;

And flaming in thy love, with snowy arms enlace thee.

35

You lovely boyes, full well your art you guided ;

Thirsi.

That with your striving songs your strife is ended :

So you your selves the cause have well decided ;

And by no judge can your award be mended.

Then since the prize for onely one intended

You both refuse, we justly may reserve it,

And as your offering in *Love's* temple serve it ;

Since none of both deserve, when both so well deserve it.

36

Yet, for such songs should ever be rewarded ;

Daphnis, take thou this hook of ivory clearest,

Giv'n me by *Pan*, when *Pan* my verse regarded :

This fears the wolf, when most the wolf thou fearest.

But thou, my *Thomalin*, my love, my dearest,

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Take thou this pipe, which oft proud storms restrained ;
Which, spite of *Chamus* spite, I still retained :
Was never little pipe more soft, more sweetly plained.

37

And you, fair troop, if *Thirsil* you disdain not,
Vouchsafe with me to take some short refection :
Excesse, or daints my lowly roofs maintain not ;
Peares, apples, plummes, no sugred made confection.
So up they rose, and by *Love's* sweet direction
Sea-nymphs with shepherds sort : sea-boyes complain not
That wood-nymphs with like love them entertain not.

And all the day to songs and dances lending,
Too swift it runnes, and spends too fast in spending.
With day their sports began, with day they take their ending.

FINIS.

Charissimo E. B. P. Fletcher.



Anag. } Edovardus Benlowes. }

Durus, à Deo Benevolus. }

Quæ modò dura gelu riguit lento in via nautæ
Unda, aperit liquidos sole calente sinus.
Quæ modò nocturnis Clytie se occluserat umbris,
Purpureas pandit sole repente comas.
Quæ modò calva suis stabat laniata capillis,
Dat fructus arbor sole vigente novos.
Dura modò, modò clausa, incultaque, mollia, aperta
Pinguia sunt radiis pectora, Christe, tuis.

Emblematic Plate with Anagram by Phineas Fletcher on
"Edovardus Benlowes."

From a copperplate engraving in a copy of *The Purple
Island*, &c. (1633) in the British Museum.

POETICALL

MISCELLANIES.

An *Hymen* at the Marriage of my most

deare Cousins Mr. W. and M. R.

C*Hamus*, that with thy yellow-sanded stream
Slid'st softly down where thousand Muses dwell,
Gracing their bowres, but thou more grac'd by them;
Heark *Chamus*, from thy low-built greeny cell;
Heark, how our *Kentish* woods with *Hymen* ring,
While all the Nymphs, and all the shepherds sing,
Hymen, oh *Hymen*, here thy saffron garment bring.

With him a shoal of goodly shepherd-swains;
Yet he more goodly then the goodliest swain:
With her a troop of fairest wood-nymphs trains;
Yet she more fair then fairest of the train:
And all in course their voice attempering,
While the woods back their bounding Echo fling,
Hymen, come holy *Hymen*; *Hymen* lowd they sing.

His high-built forehead almost maiden fair,
Hath made an hundred Nymphs her chance envying:
Her more then silver skin, and golden hair,
Cause of a thousand shepherds forced dying.
Where better could her love then here have nested?
Or he his thoughts more daintily have feasted?
Hymen, come *Hymen*; here thy saffron coat is rested.

His looks resembling humble Majesty,
Rightly his fairest mothers grace befitteth:
In her face blushing, fearfull modesty,
The Queens of chastity and beauty, sitteth:
There cheerfulness all sadnesse farre exileth:
Here love with bow unbent all gently smileth.
Hymen come, *Hymen* come; no spot thy garment 'fleth.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Love's bow in his bent eye-brows bended lies,
And in his eyes a thousand darts of loving :
Her shining starres, which (fools) we oft call eyes,
As quick as heav'n it self in speedy moving ;
And this in both the onely difference being,
Other starres blinde, these starres indu'd with seeing.
Hymen, come *Hymen* ; all is for thy rites agreeing.

His breast a shelf of purest alabaster,
Where *Love's* self sailing often shipwrackt sitteth :
Hers a twin-rock, unknown but to th'ship-master ;
Which though him safe receives, all other splitteth :
Both *Love's* high-way, yet by *Love's* self unbeaten,
Most like the milky path which crosses heaven.
Hymen, come *Hymen* ; all their marriage joyes are even.

And yet all these but as gilt covers be ;
Within, a book more fair we written finde :
For Nature, framing th' Alls epitome,
Set in the face the Index of the minde.
Their bodies are but Temples, built for state,
To shrine the Graces in their silver plate :
Come *Hymen*, *Hymen* come, these Temples consecrate.

Hymen, the tier of hearts already tied ;
Hymen, the end of lovers never ending ;
Hymen, the cause of joyes, joyes never tried ;
Joyes never to be spent, yet ever spending :
Hymen, that sow'st with men the desert sands ;
Come, bring with thee, come bring thy sacred bands :
Hymen, come *Hymen*, th' hearts are joyn'd, joyn thou the hands.

Warrant of lovers, the true seal of loving,
Sign'd with the face of joy ; the holy knot,
That bindes two hearts, and holds from slippery moving ;
A gainfull losse, a stain without a blot ;
That mak'st one soul as two, and two as one ;
Yoke lightning burdens ; love's foundation :
Hymen, come *Hymen*, now untie the maiden zone.

POETICALL MISCELLANIES

Thou that mad'st Man a brief of all thou mad'st,
A little living world, and mad'st him twain,
Dividing him whom first thou one creat'st,
And by this bond mad'st one of two again,
Bidding her cleave to him, and him to her,
And leave their parents, when no parents were :
Hymen, send *Hymen* from thy sacred bosome here.

See where he goes, how all the troop he cheereth,
Clad with a saffron coat, in's hand a light ;
In all his brow not one sad cloud appeareth :
His coat all pure, his torch all burning bright.
Now chant we *Hymen*, shepherds ; *Hymen* sing :
See where he goes, as fresh as is the Spring.
Hymen, oh *Hymen*, *Hymen*, all the valleys ring.

Oh happy pair, where nothing wants to either,
Both having to content, and be contented ;
Fortune and nature being spare to neither !
Ne're may this bond of holy love be rented,
But like two parallels, run a level race,
In just proportion, and in even space.
Hymen, thus *Hymen* will their spotlesse marriage grace.

Live each of other firmly lov'd, and loving ;
As farre from hate, as self-ill, jealousye :
Moving like heav'n still in the self same moving ;
In motion ne're forgetting constancy.
Be all your dayes as this ; no cause to plain :
Free from satiety, or (but lovers) pain.
Hymen, so *Hymen* still their present joyes maintain.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

To my beloved Cousin *W. R.* Esquire.

Calend. Januar.

Cousin, day-birds are silenc't, and those fowl
Yet onely sing, which hate warm *Phæbus* light ;
Th' unlucky Parrat, and death-boding Owl,
Which ush'ring in to heav'n their mistresse Night,
Hollow their mates, triumphing o're the quick-spent light.

The wronged *Philomel* hath left to plain
Tereus constraint and cruel ravishment :
Seems the poore bird hath lost her tongue again.
Progne long since is gone to banishment ;
And the loud-tuned Thrush leaves all her merriment.

All so my frozen Muse, hid in my breast,
To come into the open aire refuses ;
And dragg'd at length from hence, doth oft protest,
This is no time for *Phæbus*-loving Muses ;
When the farre-distant sunne our frozen coast disuses.

Then till the sunne, which yet in fishes hasks,
Or watry urn, impounds his fainting head,
'Twixt *Taurus* horns his warmer beam unmaskes,
And sooner rises, later goes to bed ;
Calling back all the flowers, now to their mother fled :

Till *Philomel* resumes her tongue again,
And *Progne* fierce returns from long exiling ;
Till the shrill Blackbird chants his merry vein ;
And the day-birds the long-liv'd sunne beguiling,
Renew their mirth, and the yeares pleasant smiling :

Here must I stay, in sullen study pent,
Among our *Cambridge* fennes my time misspending ;
But then revisit our long-long'd-for *Kent*.
Till then live happy, the time ever mending :
Happy the first o' th' yeare, thrice happy be the ending.

POETICALL MISCELLANIES

To Master *W. C.*

W*illy* my deare, that late by *Haddam* sitting,
By little *Haddam*, in those private shades,
Unto thy fancie thousand pleasures fitting,
With dainty Nymphs in those retired glades,
Didst spend thy time ; (time that too quickly fades)
Ah ! much I fear, that those so pleasing toys
Have too much lull'd thy sense and minde in slumbring joyes.

Now art thou come to nearer *Maddingly*,
Which with fresh sport and pleasure doth enthrall thee ;
There new delights withdraw thy eare, thy eye ;
Too much I fear, lest some ill chance befall thee :
Heark, how the *Cambridge* Muses thence recall thee ;
Willy our deare, *Willy* his time abuses :
But sure thou hast forgot our *Chame*, and *Cambridge* Muses.

Return now, *Willy* ; now at length return thee :
Here thou and I, under the sprouting vine,
By yellow *Chame*, where no hot ray shall burn thee,
Will sit, and sing among the Muses nine ;
And safely cover'd from the scalding shine,
We'l read that *Mantuan* shepherds sweet complaining
Whom fair *Alexis* griev'd with his unjust disdainig :

And when we list to lower notes descend,
Heare *Thirsil's* moan, and *Fusca's* crueltie :
He cares not now his ragged flock to tend ;
Fusca his care, but carelesse enemie :
Hope oft he sees shine in her humble eye ;
But soon her angrie words of hope deprives him :
So often dies with love, but love as oft revives him.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

To my ever honoured Cousin

W. R. Esquire.

Strange power of home, with how strong-twisted arms
And Gordian-twined knot dost thou enchain me!
Never might fair *Calisto's* doubled charms,
Nor powerfull *Circe's* whispering so detain me,
Though all her art she spent to entertain me;
Their presence could not force a weak desire:
But (oh!) thy powerfull absence breeds still-growing fire.

By night thou try'st with strong imagination
To force my sense 'gainst reason to belie it:
Me thinks I see the fast-imprinted fashion
Of every place, and now I fully eye it;
And though with fear, yet cannot well denie it,
Till the morn bell awakes me; then for spite
I shut mine eyes again, and wish back such a night.

But in the day, my never-slak't desire
Will cast to prove by welcome forgerie,
That for my absence I am much the nigher;
Seeking to please with soothing flatterie.
Love's wing is thought; and thought will soonest fly,
Where it findes want: then as our love is dearer,
Absence yeelds presence; distance makes us nearer.

Ah! might I in some humble *Kentish* dale
For ever eas'ly spend my slow-pac't houres;
Much should I scorn fair *Æton's* pleasant vale,
Or *Windsor Tempe's* self, and proudest towers:
There would I sit safe from the stormie showers,
And laugh the troublous windes, and angrie skie.
Piping (ah!) might I live, and piping might I die!

And would my luckie fortune so much grace me,
As in low *Cranebrook*, or high *Brenchly's* hill,
Or in some cabin neare thy dwelling place me,
There would I gladly sport, and sing my fill,
And teach my tender Muse to raise her quill;

POETICALL MISCELLANIES

And that high *Mantuan* shepherd self to dare ;
If ought with that high *Mantuan* shepherd mought compare.

There would I chant either thy *Gemma's* praise,
Or els my *Fusca* ; (fairest shepherdesse)
Or when me list my slender pipe to raise,
Sing of *Eliza's* fixed mournfulnessse,
And much bewail such wofull heavinessse ;
Whil'st she a dear-lov'd Hart (ah lucklesse !) slew :
Whose fall she all too late, too soon, too much, did rue.

But seeing now I am not as I would,
But here among th'unhonour'd willows shade,
The muddy *Chame* doth me enforced hold ;
Here I forswear my merry piping trade :
My little pipe of seven reeds ymade
(Ah pleasing pipe !) I'le hang upon this bough.
Thou *Chame*, and *Chamish* Nymphs, bear witnessse of my vow.

To *E. C.* in *Cambridge*, my sonne

by the *University*.

W Hen first my minde call'd it self in to think,
There fell a strife not easie for to end ;
Which name should first crown the white papers brink,
An awing father, or an equall friend :
Fortune gives choice of either to my minde ;
Both bonds to tie the soul, it never move ;
That of commanding, this of easie love.

The lines of love, which from a fathers heart
Are draw'n down to the sonne ; and from the sonne
Ascend to th' father, draw'n from every part,
Each other cut, and from the first transition
Still further wander with more wide partition :
But friends, like parallels, runne a level race,
In just proportion, and most even space.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Then since a double choice, double affection
Hath plac't it self in my twice-loving breast ;
No title then can adde to this perfection,
Nor better that, which is alreadie best :
So naming one, I must implie the rest ;
The same a father, and a friend ; or rather,
Both one ; a father-friend, and a friend-father.

No marvel then the difference of the place
Makes in my minde at all no difference :
For love is not produc'd or penn'd in space,
Having i' th' soul his onely residence.
Love's fire is thought ; and thought is never thence,
Where it feels want : then where a love is deare,
The minde in farthest distance is most neare.

Me *Kent* holds fast with thousand sweet embraces ;
(There mought I die with thee, there with thee live !)
All in the shades, the Nymphs and naked Graces
Fresh joyes and still-succeeding pleasures give ;
So much we sport, we have no time to grieve :
Here do we sit, and laugh white-headed caring ;
And know no sorrow simple pleasures marring.

A crown of wood-nymphs spread i' th' grassie plain
Sit round about, no niggards of their faces ;
Nor do they cloud their fair with black disdain ;
All to my self will they impart their graces :
Ah ! not such joyes finde I in other places :
To them I often pipe, and often sing,
Sweet notes to sweeter voices tempering.

And now but late I sang the *Hymen* toys
Of two fair lovers, (fairer were there never)
That in one bed coupled their spousall joyes ;
Fortune and Nature being scant to neither :
What other dare not wish, was full in either.
Thrice happie bed, thrice happie lovers firing,
Where present blessings have out-strippt desiring !

POËTICALL MISCELLANIES

And when me list to sadder tunes apply me,
Pasilia's dirge, and *Eupathus* complaining;
 And often while my pipe lies idle by me,
 Read *Fusca's* deep disdain, and *Thirsil's* plaining;
 Yet in that face is no room for disdain;
 Where cheerfull kindnesse smiles in either eye,
 And beauty still kisses humilitie.

Then do not marvel *Kentish* strong delights
 Stealing the time, do here so long detain me:
 Not powerfull *Circe* with her *Hecate* rites,
 Nor pleasing *Lotos* thus could entertain me,
 As *Kentish* powerfull pleasures here enchain me.
 Mean time, the Nymphs that in our *Brenchly* use,
 Kindly salute your busy *Cambridge* Muse.

To my beloved *Thenot* in answer of his
 verse.

T *Henot* my deare, how can a lofty hill
 To lowly shepherds thoughts be rightly fitting?
 An humble dale well fits with humble quill:
 There may I safely sing, all fearlesse sitting,
 My *Fusca's* eyes, my *Fusca's* beauty dittyng;
 My loved lonenesse, and hid Muse enjoying:
 Yet should'st thou come, and see our simple toying,
 Well would fair *Thenot* like our sweet retired joying.

But if my *Thenot* love my humble vein,
 (Too lowly vein) ne're let him *Colin* call me;
 He, while he was, was (ah!) the choicest swain,
 That ever grac'd a reed: what e're befall me,
 Or *Myrtill*, (so'fore *Fusca* fair did thrall me,
 Most was I know'n) or now poore *Thirsil* name me,
Thirsil, for so my *Fusca* pleases frame me:
 But never mounting *Colin*; *Colin's* high stile will shame me.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Two shepherds I adore with humble love ;
Th' high-towring swain, that by slow *Mincius* waves
His well-grown wings at first did lowly prove,
Where *Corydon's* sick love full sweetly raves ;
But after sung bold *Turnus* daring braves :
And next our nearer *Colin's* sweetest strain ;
Most, where he most his *Rosalind* doth plain.
Well may I after look, but follow all in vain.

Why then speaks *Thenot* of the honour'd Bay ?
Apollo's self, though fain, could not obtain her ;
She at his melting songs would scorn to stay,
Though all his art he spent to entertain her :
Wilde beasts he tam'd, yet never could detain her.
Then sit we here within this willow glade :
Here for my *Thenot* I a garland made
With purple violets, and lovely myrtill shade.

Upon the picture of *Achmat* the

Turkish tyrant.

Such *Achmat* is, the *Turks* great Emperour,
Third sonne to *Mahomet*, whose youthly spring
But now with blossom'd cheek begins to flowre ;
Out of his face you well may read a King :
Which who will throughly view, will eas'ly finde
A perfect Index to his haughty minde.

Within his breast, as in a palace, lie
Wakefull ambition leagu'd with hastie pride ;
Fiercenesse alli'd with *Turkish* Majestie ;
Rests hate, in which his father living dy'd :
Deep in his heart such *Turkish* vertue lies,
And thus looks through the window of his eyes.

POETICALL MISCELLANIES

His pleasure (farre from pleasure) is to see
His navie spread her wings unto the winde :
In stead of gold, arms fill his treasure,
Which (numberlesse) fill not his greedie minde.
The sad *Hungarian* fears his tried might ;
And waning *Persia* trembles at his sight.

His greener youth, most with the heathen spent,
Gives Christian Princes justest cause to fear
His riper age, whose childhood thus is bent.
A thousand trophies will he shortly rear,
Unlesse that God, who gave him first this rage,
Binde his proud head in humble vassalage.

To Mr. Jo. Tomkins.

T*Homalin* my lief, thy musick strains to heare,
More raps my soul, then when the swelling windes
On craggie rocks their whistling voices tear ;
Or when the sea, if stopt his course he findes,
With broken murmures thinks weak shores to fear,
Scorning such sandie cords his proud head bindes :
More then where rivers in the summers ray
(Through covert glades cutting their shadie way)
Run tumbling down the lawns, & with the pebles play.

Thy strains to heare, old *Chamus* from his cell
Comes guarded with an hundred Nymphs around ;
An hundred Nymphs, that in his rivers dwell,
About him flock with water-lilies crown'd :
For thee the Muses leave their silver well,
And marvel where thou all their art hast found :
There sitting they admire thy dainty strains,
And while thy sadder accent sweetly plains,
Feel thousand sugred joyes creep in their melting veins.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

How oft have I, the Muses bower frequenting,
Miss'd them at home, and found them all with thee!
Whether thou sing'st sad *Eupathus* lamenting,
Or tunest notes to sacred harmonie,
The ravisht soul, with thy sweet songs consenting,
Scorning the earth, in heav'nly extasie

Transcends the starres, and with the angels train
Those courts survaies; and now come back again,
Findes yet another heav'n in thy delightfull strain.

Ah! could'st thou here thy humble minde content
Lowly with me to live in country cell,
And learn suspect the courts proud blandishment;
Here might we safe, here might we sweetly dwell.
Live *Pallas* in her towers and marble tent;
But (ah!) the country bowers please me as well:
There with my *Thomalin* I safe would sing,
And frame sweet ditties to thy sweeter string:
There would we laugh at spite and fortunes thundering.

No flattery, hate, or envy lodgeth there;
There no suspicion wall'd in proved steel,
Yet fearfull of the arms her self doth wear:
Pride is not there; no tyrant there we feel;
No clamorous laws shall deaf thy musick eare:
They know no change, nor wanton fortunes wheel:
Thousand fresh sports grow in those daintie places:
Light Fawns & Nymphs dance in the woodie spaces,
And little *Love* himself plaies with the naked Graces.

But seeing fate my happie wish refuses,
Let me alone enjoy my low estate.
Of all the gifts that fair *Parnassus* uses,
Onely scorn'd povertie, and fortunes hate
Common I finde to me, and to the Muses:
But with the Muses welcome poorest fate.
Safe in my humble cottage will I rest;
And lifting up from my untainted breast
A quiet spirit to heav'n, securely live, and blest.

POETICALL MISCELLANIES

To thee I here bequeath the courtly joyes,
Seeing to court my *Thomalin* is bent:
Take from thy *Thirsil* these his idle toyes;
Here I will end my looser merriment:
And when thou sing'st them to the wanton boyes,
Among the courtly lasses blandishment,
Think of thy *Thirsil's* love that never spends;
And softly say, his love still better mends:
Ah too unlike the love of court, or courtly friends!
Go little pipe; for ever I must leave thee,
My little little pipe, but sweetest ever:
Go, go; for I have vow'd to see thee never,
Never, (ah!) never must I more receive thee;
But he in better love will still persever:
Go little pipe, for I must have a new:
Farewell ye *Norfolk* maids, and *Ida* crue:
Thirsil will play no more; for ever now adieu.

To *Thomalin*.

T*Homalin*, since *Thirsil* nothing h[as] to leave thee,
And leave thee must; pardon me (gentle friend)
If nothing but my love I onely give thee;
Yet see how great this *Nothing* is, I send:
For though this love of thine I sweetest prove,
Nothing's more sweet then is this sweetest love.
The souldier *Nothing* like his prey esteems;
Nothing toss'd sailers equal with the shore:
Nothing before his health the sick man deems;
The pilgrim hugges his countrey; *Nothing* more:
The miser hoording up his golden wares,
This *Nothing* with his precious wealth compares.
Our thoughts ambition onely *Nothing* ends;
Nothing fills up the golden-dropsied minde:
The prodigall, that all so lavish spends,
Yet *Nothing* cannot; *Nothing* stayes behinde:
The King, that with his life a kingdome buyes,
Then life or crown doth *Nothing* higher prize.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Who all enjoys, yet *Nothing* now desires;
Nothing is greater then the highest *Jove* :
Who dwells in heav'n, (then) *Nothing* more requires ;
Love, more then honey; *Nothing* more sweet then love :
 Nothing is onely better then the best ;
 Nothing is sure : *Nothing* is ever blest.

I love my health, my life, my books, my friends,
Thee ; (dearest *Thomalin*) *Nothing* above thee :
For when my books, friends, health, life, fainting ends,
When thy love fails, yet *Nothing* still will love me :
 When heav'n, and aire, the earth, and floating mains
 Are gone, yet *Nothing* still untoucht remains.

Since then to other streams I must betake me,
And spitefull *Chame* of all ha's quite bereft me ;
Since Muses selves (false Muses) will forsake me,
And but this *Nothing*, nothing els is left me ;
 Take thou my love, and keep it still in store :
 That given, *Nothing* now remaineth more.

Against a rich man despising povertie.

I F well thou view'st us with no squinted eye,
No partiall judgement, thou wilt quickly rate
Thy wealth no richer then my povertie ;
My want no poorer then thy rich estate :
 Our ends and births alike ; in this, as I ;
 Poore thou wert born, and poore again shalt die.

My little fills my little-wishing minde ;
Thou having more then much, yet seekest more :
Who seeks, still wishes what he seeks, to finde ;
Who wishes, wants ; and who so wants, is poore :
 Then this must follow of necessitie ;
 Poore are thy riches, rich my povertie.

POETICALL MISCELLANIES

Though still thou gett'st, yet is thy want not spent,
But as thy wealth, so growes thy wealthy itch :
But with my little I have much content ;
Content hath all ; and who hath all, is rich :

Then this in reason thou must needs confesse,
If I have little, yet that thou hast lesse.

What ever man possesses, God hath lent,
And to his audit liable is ever,
To reckon, how, and where, and when he spent :
Then this thou bragg'st, thou art a great receiver :
Little my debt, when little is my store :
The more thou hast, thy debt still growes the more.

But seeing God himself descended down
T' enrich the poore by his rich povertie ;
His meat, his house, his grave, were not his own,
Yet all is his from all eternitie :

Let me be like my Head, whom I adore :
Be thou great, wealthie, I still base and poore.

Contemnenti.

Continuall burning, yet no fire or fuel,
Chill icie frosts in midst of summers frying,
A hell most pleasing, and a heav'n most cruel,
A death still living, and a life still dying,
And whatsoever pains poore hearts can prove,
I feel, and utter in one word, I LOVE.

Two fires, of love and grief, each upon either,
And both upon one poore heart ever feeding ;
Chill cold despair, most cold, yet cooling neither,
In midst of fires his ycie frosts is breeding :
So fires and frosts, to make a perfect hell,
Meet in one breast, in one house friendly dwell.

Tir'd in this toylsome way (my deep affection)
I ever forward runne, and never ease me :
I dare not swerve, her eye is my direction :
A heavie grief, and weighty love oppresse me.
Desire and hope, two spurres, that forth compell'd me ;
But awfull fear, a bridle, still withheld me.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Twice have I plung'd, and flung, and strove to cast
This double burden from my weary heart :
Fast though I runne, and stop, they sit as fast :
Her looks my bait, which she doth seld' impart.
Thus fainting, still some inne I wish and crave ;
Either her maiden bosome, or my grave.

A vow.

BY hope and fear, by grief and joy opprest,
With deadly hate, more deadly love infected ;
Without, within, in body, soul, distrest ;
Little by all, least by my self respected,
But most, most there, where most I lov'd, neglected ;
Hated, and hating life, to death I call ;
Who scorns to take what is refus'd by all.

Whither, ah, whither then wilt thou betake thee,
Despised wretch, of friends, of all forlorn,
Since hope, and love, and life, and death forsake thee ?
Poore soul, thy own tormenter, others scorn !
Whither, poore soul, ah, whither wilt thou turn ? (thee ?
What inne, what host (scorn'd wretch) wilt thou now chuse
The common host, and inne, death, grave, refuse thee.

To thee, great Love, to thee I prostrate fall,
That right'st in love the heart in false love swerved :
On thee, true Love, on thee I weeping call ;
I, who am scorn'd, where with all truth I served,
On thee, so wrong'd, where thou hast so deserved :
Disdain'd, where most I lov'd, to thee I plain me,
Who truly lovest those, who (fools) disdain thee.

Thou never-erring Way, in thee direct me ;
Thou Death of death, oh, in thy death engrave me :
Thou hated Love, with thy firm love respect me ;
Thou freest Servant, from this yoke unslave me :
Glorious Salvation, for thy glory save me.
So neither love, nor hate, scorn, death, shall move me ;
But with thy love, great Love, I still shall love thee.

On womens lightnesse.

Who sowes the sand? or ploughs the easie shore?
 Or strives in nets to prison in the winde?
 Yet I, (fond I) more fond, and senselesse more,
 Thought in sure love a womans thoughts to binde.
 Fond, too fond thoughts, that thought in love to tie
 One more inconstant then inconstancie!

Look as it is with some true April day,
 Whose various weather stores the world with flowers;
 The sunne his glorious beams doth fair display,
 Then rains, and shines again, and straight it lowres,
 And twenty changes in one houre doth prove;
 So, and more changing is a womans love.

Or as the hairs which deck their wanton heads,
 Which loosely fly, and play with every winde,
 And with each blast turn round their golden threads;
 Such as their hair, such is their looser minde:
 The difference this, their hair is often bound;
 But never bonds a woman might impound.

False is their flattering colour, false and fading;
 False is their flattering tongue; false every part:
 Their hair is forg'd, their silver foreheads shading;
 False are their eyes, but falsest is their heart:
 Then this in consequence must needs ensue;
 All must be false, when every part's untrue.

Fond then my thoughts, which thought a thing so vain!
 Fond hopes, that anchour on so false a ground!
 Fond love, to love what could not love again!
 Fond heart, thus fir'd with love, in hope thus drown'd!
 Fond thoughts, fond heart, fond hope; but fondest I,
 To graspe the winde, and love inconstancie!

PHINEAS FLETCHER

A reply upon the fair *M. S.*

A Daintie maid, that drawes her double name
From bitter sweetnesse, (with sweet bitternesse)
Did late my skill and faulty verses blame,
And to her loving friend did plain confesse,
That I my former credit foul did shame,
And might no more a poets name professe:
The cause that with my verse she was offended,
For womens levitie I discommended.

Too true you said, that poet I was never,
And I confesse it (fair) if that content ye,
That then I playd the poet lesse then ever;
Not, for of such a verse I now repent me,
(Poets to feigne, and make fine lies endeavour)
But I the truth, truth (ah!) too certain sent ye:
Then that I am no poet I denie not;
For when their lightnesse I condemne, I ly not.

But if my verse had ly'd against my minde,
And praised that which truth cannot approve,
And falsly said, they were as fair as kinde,
As true as sweet, their faith could never move,
But sure is linkt where constant love they finde,
That with sweet braving they vie truth and love;
If thus I write, it cannot be deni'd
But I a poet were, so foul I ly'd.

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

POETICALL MISCELLANIES

But truth hath said it, (truth who dare denie?)
Men seldome are, more seldome women sure:
But if (fair-sweet) thy truth and constancie
To better faith thy thoughts and minde procure,
If thy firm truth could give firm truth the lie,
If thy first love will first and last endure;
Thou more then woman art, if time so proves thee,
And he more then a man, that loved loves thee.

An Apologie for the premises to the

Ladie Culpepper.

Who with a bridle strives to curb the waves?
Or in a cypresse chest locks flaming fires?
So when love angered in thy bosome raves,
And grief with love a double flame inspires,
By silence thou mayst adde, but never lesse it:
The way is by expressing to repress it.

Who then will blame affection not respected,
To vent in grief the grief that so torments him?
Passion will speak in passion, if neglected:
Love that so soon will chide, as soon repents him;
And therefore boyish *Love's* too like a boy,
With a toy pleas'd, displeas'd with a toy.

Have you not seen, when you have chid or fought,
That lively picture of your lovely beauty,
Your pretty childe, at first to lowre or pout,
But soon again reclaim'd to love and duty;
Forgets the rod, and all her anger ends,
Plays on your lap, or on your neck depends:

Too like that pretty childe is childish *Love*,
That when in anger he is wrong'd, or beat,
Will rave and chide, and every passion prove,
But soon to smiles and fawns turns all his heat,
And prays, and swears he never more will do it;
Such one is *Love*: alas that women know it!

PHINEAS FLETCHER

But if so just excuse will not content ye,
But still you blame the words of angry *Love*;
Here I recant, and of those words repent me:
In signe hereof I offer now to prove,
That changing womens love is constant ever,
And men, though ever firm, are constant never.

For men that to one fair their passions binde,
Must ever change, as do those changing fairs;
So as she alters, alters still their minde,
And with their fading Loves their love impairs:
Therefore still moving, as the fair they loved,
Most do they move, by being most unmoved.

But women, when their lovers change their graces,
What first in them they lov'd, love now in others,
Affecting still the same in divers places;
So never change their love, but change their lovers:
Therefore their minde is firm and constant prov'd,
Seeing they ever love what first they lov'd.

Their love ty'd to some vertue, cannot stray,
Shifting the outside oft, the inside never:
But men (when now their Loves dissolv'd to clay
Indeed are nothing) still in love persever:
How then can such fond men be constant made,
That nothing love, or but a (nothing) shade?

What fool commends a stone for never moving?
Or blames the speedie heav'ns for ever ranging?
Cease then, fond men, to blaze your constant loving;
Love's fire, winged, light, and therefore changing:
Fond man, that thinks such fire and aire to fetter!
All change; men for the worse, women for better.

To my onely chosen Valentine and wife,

Ana- {MAYSTRESS ELISABETH VINCENT}
 {IS MY BRESTS CHASTE VALENTINE.} -gram.

THink not (fair love) that Chance my hand directed
 To make my choice my chance; blinde Chance & hands
 Could never see what most my minde affected;
 But heav'n (that ever with chaste true love stands)
 Lent eyes to see what most my heart respected:
 Then do not thou resist what heav'n commands;
 But yeeld thee his, who must be ever thine:
 My heart thy altar is, my breast thy shrine;
 Thy name for ever is, *My brests chaste Valentine.*

A translation of Boëthius, the third book

and last verse.

H Appie man, whose perfect sight
 Views the over-flowing light!
 Happie man, that canst unbinde
 Th' earth-barres pounding up the minde!
 Once his wives quick fate lamenting
Orpheus sat, his hair all renting,
 While the speedie woods came running,
 And rivers stood to heare his cunning;
 And the lion with the hart
 Joyn'd side to side to heare his art:
 Hares ran with the dogs along,
 Not from dogs, but to his song.
 But when all his verses turning
 Onely fann'd his poore hearts burning,
 And his grief came but the faster,
 (His verse all easing, but his master)
 Of the higher powers complaining,
 Down he went to hell disdainning:
 There his silver lute-strings hitting,
 And his potent verses fitting,

PHINEAS FLETCHER

All the sweets that e're he took
From his sacred mothers brook,
What his double sorrow gives him,
And love, that doubly-double grieves him,
There he spends to move deaf hell,
Charming divels with his spell,
And with sweetest asking leave
Does the lords of ghosts deceive.
The dog, whose never quiet yell
Affrights sad souls in night that dwell,
Pricks up now his thrice two eares ;
To howl, or bark, or whine he fears :
Struck with dumbe wonder at those songs,
He wisht more eares, and fewer tongues.
Charon amaz'd his oare foreslowes,
While the boat the sculler rowes.
Tantal might have eaten now
The fruit as still as is the bough ;
But he (fool !) no hunger fearing,
Starv'd his taste, to feed his hearing.
Ixion, though his wheel stood still,
Still was rapt with musicks skill.
At length the Judge of souls with pitie
Yeelds, as conquer'd with his dittie ;
Let's give back his spouses herse,
Purchas'd with so pleasing verse :
Yet this law shall binde our gift,
He turn not, till ha's *Tartar* left.
Who to laws can lovers draw ?
Love in love is onely law :
Now almost he left the night,
When he first turn'd back his sight ;
And at once, while her he ey'd,
His Love he saw, and lost, and dy'd.
So, who strives out of the night
To bring his soul to joy in light,
Yet again turns back his eye
To view left hells deformitie ;
Though he seems enlightned more,
Yet is blacker then afore.

POETICALL MISCELLANIES

A translation of Boëthius, book 2 verse 7.

Who onely honour seeks with prone affection,
And thinks that glory is his greatest blisse;
First let him view the heav'ns wide-stretched section,
Then in some mappè the earths short narrownesse:
Well may he blush to see his name not able
To fill one quarter of so brief a table.

Why then should high-grow'n mindes so much rejoyce
To draw their stubborn necks from mans subjection?
For though loud fame stretch high her prating voice
To blaze abroad their vertues great pe[r]fection;
Though goodly titles of their house adorn them
With ancient Heraldrie, yet death doth scorn them:
The high and base lie in the self same grave;
No difference there between a King and slave.

Where now are true *Fabricius* bones remaining?
Who knowes where *Brutus*, or rough *Cato* lives?
Onely a weak report, their names sustaining,
In records old a slender knowledge gives:
Yet when we reade the deeds of men inhumed,
Can we by that know them, long since consumed?

Now therefore lie you buried and forgotten;
Nor can report frustrate encroaching death:
Or if you think when you are dead, and rotten,
You live again by fame, and vulgar breath;
When with times shadows this false glory wanes,
You die again: but this your glorie gains.

Upon my brother, M^r G. F. his book entituled
Christs Victorie and Triumph.

Fond lads, that spend so fast your posting time,
(Too posting time, that spends your time as fast)
To chant light toyes, or frame some wanton rhyme,
Where idle boyes may glut their lustfull taste;

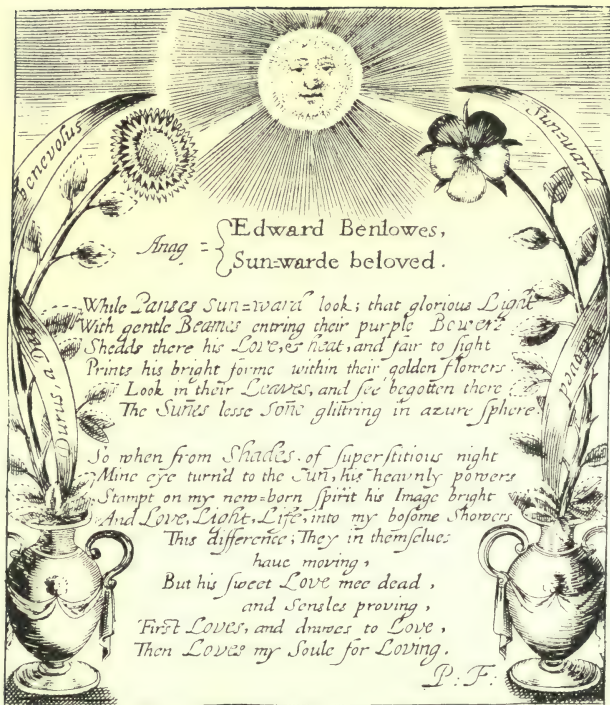
PHINEAS FLETCHER

Or else with praise to clothe some fleshly slime
With virgin roses, and fair lilies chaste :
While itching blouds, and youthfull eares adore it ;
But wiser men, and once your selves will most abhorre it.
But thou, (most neare, most deare) in this of thine
Hast prov'd the Muses not to *Venus* bound ;
Such as thy matter, such thy Muse, divine :
Or thou such grace with Mercie's self hast found,
That she her self deignes in thy leaves to shine ;
Or stoll'n from heav'n, thou brought'st this verse to ground,
Which frights the nummed soul with fearfull thunder,
And soon with honeyed dewes thawes it 'twixt joy and wonder.
Then do not thou malicious tongues esteem ;
(The glasse, through which an envious eye doth gaze,
Can eas'ly make a mole-hill mountain seem)
His praise dispraises ; his dispraises praise ;
Enough, if best men best thy labours deem,
And to the highest pitch thy merit raise ;
While all the Muses to thy song decree
Victorious Triumph, Triumphant Victorie.

Upon the B. of *Exon*. Doct. *Hall*

his Meditations.

Most wretched soul, that here carousing pleasure,
Hath all his heav'n on earth ; and ne're distressed
Enjoyes these fond delights without all measure,
And freely living thus, is thus deceased !
Ah greatest curse, so to be ever blessed !
For where to live is heav'n, 'tis hell to die.
Ah wretch, that here begins hells miserie !
Most b[l]essed soul, that lifted up with wings
Of faith and love, leaves this base habitation,
And scorning sluggish earth, to heav'n up springs ;
On earth, yet still in heav'n by meditation ;
With the souls eye foreseeing th' heav'nly station :
Then 'gins his life, when he's of life bereaven.
Ah blessed soul, that here begins his heaven !



Emblematic Plate with Anagram by Phineas Fletcher on
 "Edward Benlowes."

From a copperplate engraving in a copy of *The Purple
 Island, &c.* (1633) in the British Museum.

POETICALL MISCELLANIES

Upon the Contemplations of the B. of Excester,
given to the Ladie E. W. at New-yeares-tide.

THis little worlds two little starres are eyes ;
And he that all eyes framed, fram'd all others
Downward to fall, but these to climbe the skies,
There to acquaint them with their starrie brothers ;
Planets fixt in the head (their spheare of sense)
Yet wandring still through heav'ns circumference,
The Intellect being their Intelligence.

Dull then that heavie soul, which ever bent
On earth and earthly toyes, his heav'n neglects ;
Content with that which cannot give content :
What thy foot scorning kicks, thy soul respects.
Fond soul ! thy eye will up to heav'n erect thee ;
Thou it direct'st, and must it now direct thee ?
Dull, heavie soul ! thy scholar must correct thee.

Thrice happie soul, that guided by thine eyes,
Art mounted up unto that starrie nation ;
And leaving there thy sense, entrest the skies,
Enshrin'd and sainted there by contemplation !
Heav'n thou enjoy'st on earth, and now bereaven
Of life, a new life to thy soul is given.
Thrice happie soul, that hast a double heaven !

That sacred hand, which to this yeare hath brought you
Perfect your yeares, and with your yeares, his graces ;
And when his will unto his will hath wrought you,
Conduct your soul unto those happie places,
Where thousand joyes, and pleasures ever new,
And blessings thicker then the morning dew
With endlesse sweets rain on that heav'nly crue.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

These Asclepiads of Mr. *H. S.* translated
and enlarged.

*Nè Verbum mihi sit mortua Litera,
Nec Christi Meritum Gratia vanida;
Sed Verbum fatuo sola Scientia,
Et Christus misero sola Redemptio.*

UNletter'd *Word*, which never eare could heare;
Unwritten *Word*, which never eye could see,
Yet syllabled in flesh-spell'd character,
That so to senses thou might'st subject be;
 Since thou in bread art stamp't, in print art read,
 Let not thy print-stamp't *Word* to me be dead.

Thou all-contriving, all-deserving Spirit,
Made flesh to die, that so thou might'st be mine,
That thou in us, and we in thee might merit,
We thine, thou ours; thou humane, we divine;
 Let not my dead lifes merit, my dead heart
 Forfeit so deare a purchas'd deaths desert.

Thou *Sunne* of wisdome, knowledge infinite,
Made folly to the wise, night to prophane;
Be I thy *Moon*, oh let thy sacred light
Increase to th' full, and never, never wane:
 Wise folly set in me, fond wisdome rise,
 Make me renounce my wisdome, to be wise.

Thou *Life* eternall, purest blessednesse,
Made mortal, wretched, sinne it self for me;
Shew me my death, my sin, my wretchednesse,
That I may flourish, shine, and live in thee:
 So I with praise shall sing thy life, deaths storie,
 O thou my *Merit*, *Life*, my *Wisdome*, *Glorie*.

Certain of the royal Prophets
 Psalmes metaphrased.

Psalm 42. which agrees with the tune of
Like the Hermite poore.

Look as an hart with sweat and bloud embrued,
 Chas'd and embost, thirsts in the soil to be ;
 So my poore soul with eager foes pursued,
 Looks, longs, O Lord, pines, pants, and faints for thee :
 When, O my God, when shall I come in place
 To see thy light, and view thy glorious face ?

I dine and sup with sighs, with grones and teares,
 While all thy foes mine eares with taunting load ;
 Who now thy cries, who now thy prayer heares ?
 Where is, say they, where is thy boasted God ?
 My molten heart deep plung'd in sad despairs
 Runnes forth to thee in streams of teares and prayers.

With grief I think on those sweet now past dayes,
 When to thy house my troops with joy I led :
 We sang, we danc'd, we chanted sacred layes ;
 No men so haste to wine, no bride to bed.
 Why droop'st, my soul ? why faint'st thou in my breast ?
 Wait still with praise ; his presence is thy rest.

My famisht soul driv'n from thy sweetest word,
 (From Hermon hill, and Jordans swelling brook)
 To thee laments, sighs deep to thee, O Lord,
 To thee sends back her hungrie longing look :
 Flouds of thy wrath breed flouds of grief and fears ;
 And flouds of grief breed flouds of plaints and teares.

His early light with morn these clouds shall clear,
 These drearie clouds, and storms of sad despairs :
 Sure am I in the night his songs to heare,
 Sweet songs of joy, as well as he my prayers.
 I'le say, My God, why slight'st thou my distresse,
 While all my foes my wearie soul oppresse ?

PHINEAS FLETCHER

My cruel foes both thee and me upbraid ;
They cut my heart, they vant that bitter word,
Where is thy trust ? where is thy hope ? they said ;
Where is thy God ? where is thy boasted Lord ?
Why droop'st, my soul ? why faint'st thou in my breast ?
Wait still with praise ; his presence is thy rest.

Psal. 63. which may be sung, as

The widow, or mock-widow.

O Lord, before the morning
Gives heav'n warning
To let out the day,
My wakefull eyes
Look for thy rise,
And wait to let in thy joyfull ray.
Lank hunger here peoples the desert cells,
Here thirst fills up the emptie wells :
How longs my flesh for that bread without leaven !
How thirsts my soul for that wine of heaven !
Such (oh !) to taste thy ravishing grace !
Such in thy house to view thy glorious face !

Thy love, thy light, thy faces
Bright-shining graces,
(Whose unchanged ray
Knows nor morns dawn,
Nor evenings wane)
How farre surmount they lifes winter day !
My heart to thy glorie tunes all his strings ;
My tongue thy praises cheerly sings :
And till I slumber, and death shall undresse me,
Thus will I sing, thus will I blesse thee.
Fill me with love, oh fill me with praise ;
So shall I vent due thanks in joyfull layes.

POETICALL MISCELLANIES

When night all eyes hath quenched,
And thoughts lie drenched
In silence and rest ;
Then will I all
Thy waies recall,

And look on thy light in darknesse best.

When my poore soul wounded had lost the field,
Thou wast my fort, thou wast my shield.

Safe in thy trenches I boldly will vant me,
There will I sing, there will I chant thee ;

There I'le triumph in thy banner of grace,
My conqu'ring arms shall be thy arms embrace.

My foes from deeps ascending,

In rage transcending,

Assaulting me sore,

Into their hell

Are headlong fell ;

There shall they lie, there howl, and roare :

There let deserv'd torments their spirits tear ;

Feel they worst ills, and worse yet fear.

But with his spouse thine anointed in pleasure

Shall reigne, and joy past time or measure :

There new delights, new pleasures still spring :

Haste there, oh haste, my soul, to dance and sing.

PSAL. 127.

To the tune of that Psalm.

IF God build not the house, and lay
The ground-work sure ; who ever build,
It cannot stand one stormie day :

If God be not the cities shield,

If he be not their barres and wall ;

In vain is watch-tower, men, and all.

Though then thou wak'st when others rest,

Though rising thou prevent'st the Sunne ;

Though with lean care thou daily feast,

Thy labour's lost, and thou undone :

But God his childe will feed and keep,

And draw the curtains to his sleep.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Though th' hast a wife fit, young, and fair,
An heritage heirs to advance ;
Yet canst thou not command an heir ;
For heirs are Gods inheritance :
 He gives the seed, the bud, the bloom ;
 He gives the harvest to the wombe.

And look as arrows, by strong arm
In a strong bow drawn to the head,
Where they are meant, will surely harm,
And if they hit, wound deep and dead ;
 Children of youth are even so ;
 As harmfull, deadly, to a foe.

That man shall live in blisse and peace,
Who fills his quiver with such shot :
Whose garners swell with such increase,
Terrour and shame assail him not ;
 And though his foes deep hatred bear,
 Thus arm'd, he shall not need to fear.

PSAL. 137.

To be sung as, See the building.

WHere *Perab's* flowers
 Perfume proud *Babels* bowers,
 And paint her wall ;
There we laid asteeing
Our eyes in endlesse weeping,
 For *Sions* fall.
Our feasts and songs we laid aside ;
 On forlorn willows
 (By *Perab's* billows)
We hung our harps, and mirth and joy defi'd,
That *Sions* ruines should build foul *Babels* pride.

POETICALL MISCELLANIES

Our conqu'rouns vaunting
With bitter scoffes and taunting,
 Thus proudly jest ;
Take down your harps, and string them,
Recall your songs, & sing them,
 For *Sions* feast.
Were our harps well tun'd in every string,
 Our heart-strings broken,
 Throats drown'd, and soken
With tears and sighs, how can we praise and sing
The King of heav'n under an heathen king ?
In all my mourning,
Jerusalem, thy burning
 If I forget ;
Forget thy running,
My hand, and all thy cunning
 To th' harp to set :
Let thy mouth, my tongue, be still thy grave ;
 Lie there asleeping,
 For *Sion* weeping :
Oh let mine eyes in tears thy office have ;
Nor rise, nor set, but in their brinie wave.
Proud *Edoms* raging,
Their hate with blood asswaging,
 And vengefull sword,
Their cursed joying
In *Sions* walls destroying
 Remember, Lord :
Forget not, Lord, their spightfull cry,
 Fire and deface it,
 Destroy and raze it ;
Oh let the name of *Sion* ever die :
Thus did they roare, and us and thee defie.
So shall thy towers
And all thy princely bowers,
 Proud *Babel*, fall :
Him ever blessed,
Who th' oppressour hath oppressed,
 Shall all men call :

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Thrice blest, that turns thy mirth to grones ;
That burns to ashes
Thy towers, and dashes
Thy brats 'gainst rocks, to wash thy bloudie stones
With thine own blood, and pave thee with thy bones.

PSAL. I.

Blessed, who walk'st not in the worldlings way ;
Blessed, who with foul sinners wilt not stand :
Blessed, who with proud mockers dar'st not stay ;
Nor sit thee down amongst that scornfull band.
Thrice blessed man, who in that heav'nly light
Walk'st, stand'st, and sitt'st, rejoycing day and night.

Look as a thirstie Palm full *Jordan* drinks,
(Whose leaf and fruit still live, when winter dies)
With conqu'ring branches crowns the rivers brinks ;
And summers fires, and winters frosts defies :
All so the soul, whom that clear light revives,
Still springs, buds, grows, and dying time survives.

But as the dust of chaffe, cast in the aire,
Sinks in the dirt, and turns to dung and mire ;
So sinners driv'n to hell by fierce despair,
Shall frie in ice, and freez in hellish fire :
For he, whose flaming eyes all actions turn,
Sees both ; to light the one, the other burn.

PSAL. 130.

From the deeps of grief and fear,
O Lord, to thee my soul repairs :
From thy heav'n bow down thine eare ;
Let thy mercie meet my prayers.
Oh if thou mark'st
what's done amisse,
What soul so pure,
can see thy blisse ?

POETICALL MISCELLANIES

But with thee sweet mercie stands,
Sealing pardons, working fear :
Wait my soul, wait on his hands ;
Wait mine eye, oh wait mine eare :
 If he his eye
 or tongue affords,
 Watch all his looks,
 catch all his words.

As a watchman waits for day,
And looks for light, and looks again ;
When the night grows old and gray,
To be reliev'd he calls amain :
 So look, so wait,
 so long mine eyes,
 To see my Lord,
 my Sunne, arise.

Wait ye saints, wait on our Lord ;
For from his tongue sweet mercie flows :
Wait on his crosse, wait on his word ;
Upon that tree redemption grows :
 He will redeem
 his Israel
 From sinne and wrath,
 from death and hell.

AN HYMNE.

WAke, O my soul ; awake, and raise
 Up every part to sing his praise,
Who from his speare of glorie fell,
To raise thee up from death and hell :
See how his soul, vext for thy sinne,
Weeps bloud without, feels hell within :
 See where he hangs ;
 heark how he cries :
 Oh bitter pangs !
 Now, now he dies.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Wake, O mine eyes ; awake, and view
Those two twin-lights, whence heavens drew
Their glorious beams, whose gracious sight
Fills you with joy, with life, and light :
See how with clouds of sorrow drown'd,
They wash with tears thy sinfull wound ;
 See how with streams
 of spit th' are drencht ;
 See how their beams
 with death are quencht.

Wake, O mine eare ; awake, and heare
That powerfull voice, which stills thy fear,
And brings from heav'n those joyfull news,
Which heav'n commands, which hell subdues ;
Heark how his eares (heav'ns mercie-seat)
Foul slanders with reproaches beat :
 Heark how the knocks
 our eares resound ;
 Heark how their mocks
 his hearing wound.

Wake O my heart ; tune every string :
Wake O my tongue ; awake, and sing :
Think not a thought in all thy layes,
Speak not a word, but of his praise :
Tell how his sweetest tongue they drown'd
With gall ; think how his heart they wound :
 That bloudie spout
 gagg'd for thy sinne,
 His life lets out,
 thy death lets in.

AN HYMNE.

DRop, drop, slow tears,
 and bathe those beauteous feet,
Which brought from heav'n
 the news and Prince of peace :
Cease not, wet eyes,
 his mercies to intreat ;

POETICALL MISCELLANIES

To crie for vengeance
sinne doth never cease :
In your deep flouds
drown all my faults and fears ;
Nor let his eye
see sinne, but through my tears.

On my friends picture, who died in travel.

THough now to heav'n thy travels are confin'd,
Thy wealth, friends, life, and countrey, all are lost ;
Yet in this picture we thee living finde ;
And thou with lesser travel, lesser cost,
Hast found new life, friends, wealth, and better coast :
So by thy death thou liv'st, by losse thou gain'st,
And in thy absence present still remain'st.

Upon Doctor *Playfer*.

WHo lives with death, by death in death is lying ;
But he who living dies, best lives by dying :
Who life to truth, who death to errour gives,
In life may die, by death more surely lives.
My soul in heaven breathes, in schools my fame :
Then on my tombe write nothing but my name.

Upon my brothers book called, *The grounds, labour, and reward of faith.*

THis lamp fill'd up, and fir'd by that blest Spirit,
Spent his last oyl in this pure heav'nly flame ;
Laying the grounds, walls, roof of faith : this frame
With life he ends ; and now doth there inherit
What here he built, crown'd with his laurel merit :
Whose palms and triumphs once he loudly rang,
There now enjoys what here he sweetly sang.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

This is his monument, on which he drew
His spirits image, that can never die ;
But breathes in these 'live words, and speaks to th' eye :
In these his winding-sheets he dead doth shew
To buried souls the way to live anew,
 And in his grave more powerfully now preacheth.
 Who will not learn, when that a dead man teacheth ?

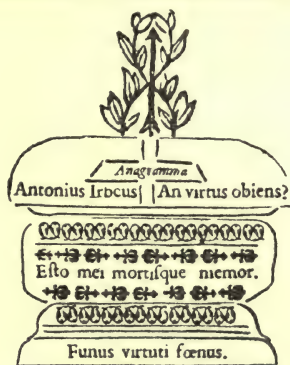
Upon M^r. *Perkins* his printed sermons.

P*erkins* (our wonder) living, though long dead,
 In this white paper, as a winding-sheet,
And in this velome lies enveloped :
Yet still he lives, guiding the erring feet,
Speaking now to our eyes, though buried.
 If once so well, much better now he teacheth.
 Who will not heare, when a live-dead man preacheth ?

FINIS.

ELISA,
OR
AN ELEGIE UPON
THE UNRIPE
DECEASE
OF
S^r. ANTONIE IRBY:

Composed at the request (and for a monument)
of his surviving Ladie.



Printed by the printers to the *Universitie*
of Cambridge. 1633.

To the right worthy
Knight,
S^r. ANTONIE IRBY.

*S*IR, I am altogether (I think) unknown to you, (as having never seen you since your infancie) neither do I now desire to be known by this trifle. But I cannot rule these few lines composed presently after your fathers decease; They are broken from me, and will see more light then they deserve. I wish there were any thing in them worthy of your vacant houres: Such as they are, yours they are by inheritance. As an Urn therefore of your fathers ashes (I beseech you) receive them, for his sake, and from him, who desires in some better employment to be

Your servant,

P. F.

ELISA.

[CANT. I.]

Look as a stagge, pierc'd with a fatal bow,
(As by a wood he walks securely feeding)
In coverts thick conceales his deadly blow,
And feeling death swim in his endles bleeding,
(His heavy head his fainting strength exceeding)
Bids woods adieu, so sinks into his grave;
Green brakes and primrose sweet his seemly herse embrace:

2

So lay a gentle Knight now full of death,
With clowdie eyes his latest houre expecting;
And by his side, sucking his fleeting breath,
His weeping Spouse *Elisa*; life neglecting,
And all her beauteous faires with grief infecting:
Her cheek as pale as his; 'twere hard to scanne,
If death or sorrows face did look more pale or wanne.

3

Close by, her sister, fair *Alicia*, sits;
Fairest *Alicia*, to whose sweetest graces
His teares and sighs a fellow passion fits:
Upon her eye (his throne) Love sorrow places;
There Comfort Sadnesse, Beautie Grief embraces:
Pitie might seem a while that face to borrow,
And thither now was come to comfort death & sorrow.

4

At length lowd Grief thus with a fearfull shriek
(His trumpet) sounds a battell, joy defying;
Spreading his colours in *Elisa's* cheek,
And from her eyes (his watch-tower) farre espying
With Hope Delight, and Joy, and Comfort flying,
Thus with her tongue their coward flight pursues,
While sighs, shrieks, tears give chace with never fainting cruets:

PHINEAS FLETCHER

5

Thou traitour Joy, that in prosperitie
So lowdly vaunt'st; whither, ah, whither fliest?
And thou that bragg'st never from life to flie,
False Hope, ah whither now so speedy hiest?

In vain thy winged feet so fast thou pliest:

Hope, thou art dead, and Joy in Hope relying
Bleeds in his hopelesse wounds, and in his death lies dying.

6

But then *Alicia* (in whose cheerfull eye
Comfort with Grief, Hope with Compassion lived)
Renews the fight; If Joy and Comfort die,
The fault is yours: so much (too much) you grieved,
That Hope could never hope to be relieved.

If all your hopes to one poore hope you binde,
No marvel if one fled, not one remains behinde.

7

Fond hopes on life, so weak a threed, depending!
Weak, as the threed such knots so weakly tying:
But heav'nly joyes are circular, ne're ending,
Sure as the rock on which they grow; and lying
In heav'n, increase by losse, live best by dying.

Then let your hope on those sure joyes depend,
Which live & grow by death, & waste not when they spend.

8

Then she; Great Lord, thy judgements righteous be,
To make good ill, when to our ill we use it:
Good leads us to the greatest good, to Thee;
But we to other ends most fond abuse it;

A common fault, yet cannot that excuse it:

We love thy gifts, and take them gladly ever:
We love them (ah too much!) more then we love the giver.

9

So falling low upon her humbled knees,
And all her heart within her eye expressing;
'Tis true, great Mercy, onely miseries
Teach us our selves, and thee: oh, if confessing

ELISA

Our faults to thee be all our faults releasing,
But in thine eare, I never sought to hide them :
Ah! thou hast heard them oft, as oft as thou hast ey'd them.

10

I know the heart knows more then tongue can tell ;
But thou perceiv'st the heart his foulness telling :
Yet knows the heart not half, so wide an hell,
Such seas of sinne in such scant banks are swelling :
Who sees all faults within his bosome dwelling ?
Many my tenants are, and I not know them. (them.
Most dangerous the wounds thou feel'st, and canst not show

11

Some hidden fault, my Father, and my God,
Some fault I know not yet, nor yet amended,
Hath forc't thee frown, and use thy smarting rod ;
Some grievous fault thee grievously offended :
But let thy wrath, (ah!) let it now be ended.
Father, this childish plea (if once I know it)
Let stay thy threatenng hand, I never more will do it.

12

If to my heart thou shew this hidden sore,
Spare me ; no more, no more I will offend thee ;
I dare not say I will, I would no more :
Say thou I shall, and soon I will amend me.
Then smooth thy brow, and now some comfort lend me ;
Oh let thy softest mercies rest contented :
Though late, I most repent, that I so late repented.

13

Lay down thy rod, and stay thy smarting hand ;
These raining eyes into thy bottle gather :
Oh see thy bleeding Sonne betwixt us stand ;
Remember me a childe, thy self a father :
Or if thou mayst not stay, oh punish rather
The part offending, this rebellious heart.
Why pardon'st thou the worse, and plagu'st my better part?

PHINEAS FLETCHER

14

Was't not thy hand, that ty'd the sacred knot?
Was't not thy hand, that to my hand did give him?
Hast thou not made us one? command'st thou not,
None loose what thou hast bound? if then thou reave him,
How without me by halves dost thou receive him!
Tak'st thou the head, and leav'st the heart behinde?
Ay me! in me alone canst thou such monster finde?

15

Oh why dost thou so stronge me weak assail?
Woman of all thy creatures is the weakest,
And in her greatest strength did weakly fail:
Thou who the weak and bruised never breakest,
Who never triumph in the yeelding seekest;
Pitie my weak estate, and leave me never:
I ever yet was weak, and now more weak then ever.

16

With that her fainting spouse lifts up his head,
And with some joy his inward griefs refraining,
Thus with a feeble voice, yet cheerfull, s'ed;
Spend not in tears this little time remaining;
Thy grief doth adde to mine, not ease my paining:
My death is life; such is the scourge of God:
Ah, if his rods be such, who would not kisse his rod?

17

My deare, (once all my joy, now all my care)
To these my words (these my last words) apply thee:
Give me thy hand; these my last greetings are:
Shew me thy face, I never more shall eye thee.
Ah would our boyes, our lesser selves, were by thee!
Those my 'live pictures to the world I give:
So single onely die, in them twice-two I live.

18

You little souls, your sweetest times enjoy,
And softly spend among your mothers kisses;
And with your prettie sports and hurtlesse joy
Supply your weeping mothers grievous misses:

ELISA

Ah, while you may, enjoy your little blisses,
While yet you nothing know : when back you view,
Sweet will this knowledge seem, when yet you nothing knew.

19

For when to riper times your yeares arrive,
No more (ah then no more) may you go play you :
Lancht in the deep farre from the wished hive,
Change of worlds tēpests through blinde seas will sway you,
Till to the long-long'd haven they convey you :
Through many a wave this brittle life must passe,
And cut the churlish seas, shipt in a bark of glasse.

20

How many ships in quick-sands swallow'd been !
What gaping waves, whales, monsters there expect you !
How many rocks, much sooner felt then seen !
Yet let no fear, no coward fright affect you :
He holds the stern, and he will safe direct you,
Who to my sails thus long so gently blew,
That now I touch the shore, before the seas I knew.

21

I touch the shore, and see my rest preparing.
Oh blessed God ! how infinite a blessing
Is in this thought, that through this troubled faring,
Through all the faults this guiltie age depressing
I guiltlesse past, no helplesse man oppressing ;
And coming now to thee, lift to the skies
Unbribed hands, cleans'd heart, and never tainted eyes !

22

Life, life ! how many *Sylla's* dost thou hide
In thy calm streams, which sooner kill then threaten !
Gold, honour, greatnesse, and their daughter, pride !
More quiet lives, and lesse with tempests beaten,
Whose middle state content doth richly sweeten :
He knows not strife, or brabbling lawyers brawls ;
His love and wish live pleas'd within his private walls.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

23

The King he never sees, nor fears, nor prays ;
Nor sits court-promise and false hopes lamenting :
Within that house he spends and ends his dayes,
Where day he viewed first : his hearts contenting,
His wife, and babes ; nor sits new joyes inventing :
Unspotted there, and quiet he remains ;
And 'mong his duteous sonnes most lov'd and fearlesse reignes.

24

Thou God of peace, with what a gentle tide
Through this worlds raging tempest hast thou brought me !
Thou, thou my open soul didst safely hide,
When thousand crafty foes so nearely sought me ;
Els had the endlesse pit too quickly caught me ;
That endlesse pit, where it is easier never
To fall, then being fall'n to cease from falling ever.

25

I never knew or want or luxurie,
Much lesse their followers ; or cares tormenting,
Or ranging lust, or base-bred flatterie :
I lov'd, and was belov'd with like consenting :
My hate was hers, her joy my sole contenting :
Thus long I liv'd, and yet have never prov'd
Whether I lov'd her more, or more by her was lov'd.

26

Foure babes (the fift with thee I soon shall finde)
With equall grace in soul and bodie fram'd :
And lest these goods might swell my bladder'd minde,
(Which last I name, but should not last be nam'd)
A sicknesse long my stubborn heart hath tam'd,
And taught me pleasing goods are not the best ;
But most unblest he lives, that lives here ever blest.

27

Ah life, once vertues spring, now sink of evil !
Thou change of pleasing pain, and painfull pleasure ;
Thou brittle painted bubble, shop o' th' devil ;
How dost thou bribe us with false gilded treasure,

ELISA

That in thy joyes we finde no mean or measure!
How dost thou witch! I know thou dost deceive me:
I know I should, I must, and yet I would not leave thee.

28

Ah death! once greatest ill, now onely blessing,
Untroubled sleep, short travel, ever resting,
All sicknesse cure, thou end of all distressing,
Thou one meals fast, usher to endlesse feasting;
 Though hopelesse griefs crie out thy aid requesting,
 Though thou art sweetned by a life most hatefull;
How is't, that when thou com'st, thy coming is ungratefull?

29

Frail flesh, why would'st thou keep a hated guest,
And him refuse whom thou hast oft invited?
Life thy tormenter, death thy sleep and rest.
And thou (poore soul) why at his sight art frighted,
 Who clears thine eyes, and makes thee eagle-sighted?
 Mount now my soul, & seat thee in thy throne:
Thou shalt be one with him, by whom thou first wast one.

30

Why should'st thou love this star, this borrow'd light,
And not that Sunne, at which thou oft hast guessed,
But guess'd in vain? which dares thy piercing sight,
Which never was, which cannot be expressed?
 Why lov'st thy load, & joy'st to be oppressed?
 Seest thou those joyes? those thousand thousand graces?
Mount now my soul, & leap to those outstretcht embraces.

31

Deare countrey, I must leave thee; and in thee
No benefit, which most doth pierce and grieve me:
Yet had not hasty death prevented me,
I would repay my life, and somewhat give thee:
 My sonnes for that I leave; and so I leave thee:
 Thus heav'n commands; the lord outrides the page,
And is arriv'd before: death hath prevented age.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

32

My dearest *Bettie*, my more loved heart,
I leave thee now; with thee all earthly joying:
Heav'n knows, with thee alone I sadly part:
All other earthly sweets have had their cloying;
Yet never full of thy sweet loves enjoying,
Thy constant loves, next heav'n I did referre them:
Had not much grace prevail'd, 'fore heav'n I should preferre them.

33

I leave them, now the trumpet calls away;
In vain thine eyes beg for some times reprieving;
Yet in my children here immortall stay:
In one I die, in many ones am living:
In them, and for them stay thy too much grieving:
Look but on them, in them thou still wilt see
Marry'd with thee again thy twice-two *Antonie*.

34

And when with little hands they stroke thy face,
As in thy lap they sit (ah carelesse) playing,
And stammering ask a kisse, give them a brace;
The last from me: and then a little staying,
And in their face some part of me survaying,
In them give me a third, and with a teare
Shew thy deare love to him, who lov'd thee ever deare.

35

And now our falling house leans all on thee;
This little nation to thy care commend them:
In thee it lies that hence they want not me;
Themselves yet cannot, thou the more defend them;
And when green age permits, to goodnesse bend them:
A mother were you once, now both you are:
Then with this double style double your love and care.

36

Turn their unwarie steps into the way:
What first the vessel drinks, it long retaineth;
No barres will hold, when they have us'd to stray:
And when for me one asks, and weeping plaineth,

ELISA

Point thou to heav'n, and say, he there remaineth :
And if they live in grace, grow, and persever,
There shall they live with me: els shall they see me never.

37

My God, oh in thy fear here let them live ;
Thy wards they are, take them to thy protection :
Thou gav'st them first, now back to thee I give ;
Direct them thou, and help her weak direction ;
That reunited by thy strong election,
Thou now in them, they then may live in thee ;
And seeing here thy will, may there thy glorie see.

38

Bettie, let these last words long with thee dwell :
If yet a second *Hymen* do expect thee,
Though well he love thee, once I lov'd as well :
Yet if his presence make thee lesse respect me,
Ah do not in my childrens good neglect me :
Let me this faithfull hope departing have ;
More easie shall I die, and sleep in carelesse grave.

39

Farewell, farewell ; I feel my long long rest,
And iron sleep my leaden heart oppressing :
Night after day, sleep after labour's best ;
Port after storms, joy after long distressing :
So weep thy losse, as knowing 'tis my blessing :
Both as a widow and a Christian grieve :
Still live I in thy thoughts, but as in heav'n I live.

40

Death, end of old joyes, entrance into new,
I follow thee, I know I am thy debtour ;
Not unexpect thou com'st to claim thy due :
Take here thine own, my souls too heavie fetter ;
Not life, lifes place I change, but for a better :
Take thou my soul, that bought'st it : cease your tears :
Who sighing leaves the earth, himself and heaven fears.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

41

Thus said, and while the bodie slumbring lay,
(As *Theseus Ariadne's* bed forsaking)
His quiet soul stole from her house of clay ;
And glorious Angels on their wings it taking,
 Swifter then lightning flew, for heaven making :
 There happie goes he, heav'nly fires admiring,
Whose motion is their bait ; whose rest is restlesse giring :

42

And now the courts of that thrice blessed King
It enters, and his presence sits enjoying ;
While in it self it findes an endlesse spring
Of pleasures new, and never weary joying,
 Ne're spent in spending ; feeding, never cloying :
 Weak pen to write ! for thought can never feign them :
The minde that all can hold, yet cannot half contain thẽ.

43

There doth it blessed sit, and looking down,
Laughs at our busie care, and idle paining ;
And fitting to it self that glorious crown,
Scorns earth, where even Kings most serve by reigning ;
 Where men get wealth, and hell ; so loose by gaining.
 Ah blessed soul ! there sit thou still delighted,
Till we at length to him with thee shall be united.

44

But when at last his Lady sad espies
His flesh of life, her self of him deprived ;
Too full of grief, closing his quenched eyes,
As if in him, by him, for him she lived,
 Fell dead with him ; and once again revived,
 Fell once again : pain wearie of his paining,
And grief with too much grief felt now no grief remaining.

45

Again reliev'd, all silent sat she long ;
No word to name such grief durst first advenrer :
Grief is but light that floats upon the tongue,
But weightie sorrow presses to the center,

ELISA

And never rests till th' heavie heart it enter ;
And in lifes house was married to life :
Grief made life grievous seem, and life enlivens grief :

46

And from their bed proceeds a numerous presse,
First shrieks, then tears & sighs the hearts ground renting :
In vain poore Muse would'st thou such dole expresse ;
For thou thy self lamenting her lamenting,
And with like grief transform'd to like tormenting,
With heavie pace bring'st forth thy lagging verse,
Which cloath'd with blackest lines attends the mournfull herse.

47

The cunning hand which that Greek Princesse drew
Readie in holy fires to be consum'd,
Pitie and sorrow paints in divers hue ;
One wept, he pray'd, this sigh'd, that chaf'd and fum'd ;
But not to limme her fathers look presum'd :
For well he knew his skilfull hand had fail'd :
Best was his sorrow seen, when with a cloth 'twas vail'd.

48

Look as a nightingale, whose callow young
Some boy hath markt, and now half nak'd hath taken,
Which long she closely kept, and foster'd long,
But all in vain ; she now poore bird forsaken
Flies up and down, but grief no place can slaken :
All day, and night her losse she fresh doth rue,
And where she ends her plaints, there soon begins anew :

49

Thus sat she desolate, so short a good,
Such gift so soon exacted sore complaining :
Sleep could not passe, but almost sunk i' th' floud ;
So high her eye-banks swell'd with endlesse raining :
Surfet of grief had bred all meats disdainig :
A thousand times my *Antonie*, she cried,
Iry a thousand times ; and in that name she died.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

50

Thus circling in her grief it never ends,
But moving round back to it self enclineth ;
Both day and night alike in grief she spends :
Day shews her day is gone, no sun there shineth :
 Black night her fellow mourner she defineth :
 Light shews his want, and shades his picture draw :
Him (nothing) best she sees, when nothing now she saw.

[CANT. II.]

THou blacker Muse, whose rude uncombed hairs
With fatal eugh and cypresse still are shaded ;
Bring hither all thy sighs, hither thy teares :
As sweet a plant, as fair a flower is faded,
 As ever in the Muses garden bladed ;
 While th' owner (haplesse owner) sits lamenting,
And but in discontent & grief, findes no contenting.

2

The sweet (now sad) *Elisa* weeping lies,
While fair *Alicia's* words in vain relieve her ;
In vain those wells of grief she often dries :
What her so long, now doubled sorrows give her,
 What both their loves (which doubly double grieve her)
 She carelesse spends without or end or measure ;
Yet as it spends, it grows : poor grief can tell his treasure.

3

All as a turtle on a bared bough
(A widow turtle) joy and life despises,
Whose trustie mate (to pay his holy vow)
Some watchfull eye late in his roost surprises,
 And to his God for errour sacrifices ;
 She joylesse bird sits mourning all alone,
And being one when two, would now be two, or none :

ELISA

4

So sat she gentle Lady weeping sore,
Her desert self and now cold lord lamenting ;
So sat she carelesse on the dusty floor,
As if her tears were all her souls contenting :
 So sat she, as when speechlesse griefs tormenting
 Locks up the heart, the captive tongue enchaining :
So sat she joylesse down in wordlesse grief complaining.

5

Her chearfull eye (which once the crystall was,
Where Love and Beautie dress'd their fairest faces,
And fairer seem'd by looking in that glasse)
Had now in tears drown'd all their former graces :
 Her snow-white arms, whose warm & sweet embraces
 Could quicken death, their now dead lord infold,
And seem'd as cold and dead as was the flesh they hold.

6

The roses in her cheek grow pale and wan ;
As if his pale cheeks livery they affected :
Her head, like fainting flowers opprest with rain,
On her left shoulder lean'd his weight neglected :
 Her dark-gold locks hung loosly unrespected ;
 As if those fairs, which he alone deserv'd,
With him had lost their use, and now for nothing serv'd.

7

Her Lady sister sat close by her side,
Alicia, in whose face Love proudly lorded ;
Where Beauties self and Mildnesse sweet reside,
Where every Grace her naked sight afforded,
 And Majestie with Love sat well accorded :
 A little map of heav'n, sweet influence giving ;
More perfect yet in this, it was a heaven living.

8

Yet now this heav'n with melting clouds was stain'd :
Her starry eyes with sister grief infected
Might seem the *Pleiades*, so fast they rain'd :
And though her tongue to comfort she directed,

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Sighs waiting on each word like grief detected;
That in her face you now might plainly see
Sorrow to sit for Love, Pitie for Majestie.

9

At length when now those storms she had allay'd,
A league with grief for some short time indenting;
She 'gan to speak, and sister onely said:
The sad *Elisa* soon her words preventing,
El. In vain you think to ease my hearts tormenting;
Words, comforts, hope, all med'cine is in vain:
My heart most hates his cure, & loves his pleasing pain.

10

Al. As vain to weep, since fate cannot reprieve.
El. Teares are most due, when there is no reprieving.
Al. When doom is past, weak hearts that fondly grieve.
El. A helplesse griefs sole joy is joylesse grieving.
Al. To losses old new losse is no relieving:
You lose your teares. *El.* When that I onely fear
For ever now is lost, poore losse to lose a teare.

11

Al. Nature can teach, that who is born must die.
El. And Nature teaches teares in griefs tormenting.
Al. Passions are slaves to Reasons monarchie.
El. Reason best shews her reason in lamenting.
Al. Religion blames impatient discontenting.
El. Not passion, but excesse Religion branded;
Nor ever countermands what Natures self commanded.

12

Al. That hand which gave him first into your hand,
To his own hand doth now again receive him:
Impious and fond, to grudge at his command,
Who once by death from death doth ever reave him!
He lives by leaving life, which soon would leave him:
Thus God and him you wrong by too much crying.
Who living dy'd to life, much better lives by dying.

ELISA

13

Not him I plain, ill would it fit our loves,
In his best state to shew my hearts repining ;
To mourn at others good, fond envy proves :
I know his soul is now more brightly shining
Then all the stars their light in one combining :
No, dearest soul ; (so lifting up her eyes,
Which shew'd like watry suns quench't in the moister skies)

14

My deare, my dearest *Irby*, (at that name,
As at a well-known watch-word, forth there pressed
Whole flouds of teares, and straight a suddain quame
Seizing her heart, her tongue with weight oppressed,
And lockt her grief within her soul distressed ;
There all in vain he close and hidden lies :
Silence is sorrows speech ; his tongue speaks in her eyes :

15

Till grief new mounted on uneven wings
Of loud-breath'd sighs, his leaden weight up sending,
Back to the tongue his heavie presence brings,
His usher teares, deep grones behinde attending,
And in his name her breath most gladly spending,
As if he gone, his name were all her joying)
Irby, I never grudg'd thee heav'n, and heav'ns enjoying.

16

'Tis not thy happinesse that breeds my smart,
It is my losse, and cause that made me lose thee ;
Which hatching first this tempest in my heart,
Thus justly rages ; he that lately chose thee
To live with him, where thou might'st safe repose thee,
Hath found some cause out of my little caring,
By spoiling thine to spare, and spoil my life by sparing.

17

Whither, ah whither shall I turn my head,
Since thou my God so sore my heart hast beaten ?
Thy rods yet with my bloud are warm and red :
Thy scourge my soul hath drunk, my flesh hath eaten.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Who helps, when thou my Father so dost threaten?
Thou hid'st thy eyes; or if thou dost not hide them,
So dost thou frown, that best I hidden may abide them.

18

I weeping grant, what ever may be dreaded,
All ill thou canst inflict, I have deserved;
Thy mercy I, I mercie onely pleaded.
Most wretched men, if all that from thee swerved,
By merit onely in just weight were served!
If nought thou giv'st, but what desert doth get me,
Oh give me nothing then; for nothing I intreat thee.

19

Ah wherefore are thy mercies infinite,
If thou dost hound them up, and never spend them?
Mercy's no mercy hid in envious night:
The rich mans goods, while in his chest he penn'd them,
Were then no goods; much better to misspend them.
Why mak'st thou such a rod? so fierce dost threat me?
Thy frowns to me were rods; thy forehead would have beat me.

20

Thou seiz'd my joy; ah he is dead and gone,
That might have dress'd my wounds, when thus they smarted:
To all my griefs I now am left alone;
Comfort's in vain to hopelesse grief imparted:
Hope, comfort, joy with him are all departed.
Comfort, hope, joy, lifes flatterers, most I flie you,
And would not deigne to name, but naming to defie you.

21

Al Sister, too farre your passions violent heat
And griefs too headlong in your plaint convay you:
You feel your stripes, but mark not who does beat;
'Tis he that takes away, who can repay you:
This grief to other rods doth open lay you:
He bindes your grief to patience, not dejection.
Who bears the first not well, provokes a new correctiō.

ELISA

22

I know 'tis true; but sorrows blubber'd eye
Fain would not see, and cannot well behold it:
My heart surround with grief is swoll'n so high,
It will not sink, till I alone unfold it;
But grows more strong, the more you do withhold it:
Leave me a while alone; griefs tide grows low,
And ebs, when private tears the eye-banks overflow.

El.

23

She quickly rose, and readie now to go,
Remember measure in your griefs complaining;
His last, his dying words command you so:
So left her; and *Elisa* sole remaining,
Now every grief more boldly entertaining,
They flock about her round; so one was gone,
And twentie fresh arriv'd. 'Lone grief is least alone.

[*Al.*]

24

Thus as she sat with fixt and settled eye,
Thousand fond thoughts their wandring shapes depainted:
Now seem'd she mounted to the crystall skie,
And one with him, and with him fellow-sainted;
Straight pull'd from heav'n: & then again she fainted:
Thus while their numerous thoughts each fancie brought,
The minde all idle sat: much thinking lost her thought.

25

And fancy, finding now the dulled sight
Idle with businesse, to her soul presented
(While th' heavy minde obscur'd his shaded light)
Her wofull body from her head absented;
And suddain starting, with that thought tormented,
A thing impossible too true she found:
The head was gone, and yet the headlesse body sound.

26

Nor yet awake she cries; ah this is wrong,
To part what Natures hand so neare hath tied;
Stay oh my head, and take thy trunk along:
But then her minde (recall'd) her errour spied;

PHINEAS FLETCHER

And sigh'd to see how true the fancy lied,
Which made the eye his instrument to see
That true, which being true it self must nothing be.

27

Vile trunk (saies she) thy head is ever gone;
Vile headlesse trunk, why art thou not engraved?
One wast thou once with him, now art thou none;
Or if thou art, or wert, how art thou saved?

And livest still, when he to death is slaved?

But (ah) when well I think, I plainly see,
That death to him was life, and life is death to me.

28

Vile trunk, if yet he live; ah then again
Why seek'st thou not with him to be combined?
But oh since he in heav'n doth living reigne,
Death wer't to him in such knots to be twined;

And life to me with him to be confined:

So while I better think, I eas'ly see
My life to him were death, his death were life to me.

29

Then die with him, vile trunk, and dying live;
Or rather with him live, his life applying;
Where thou shalt never die, nor ever grieve:
But ah, though death thou feel'st within thee lying,
Thou ne're art dead, though still in sorrow dying:
Most wretched soul, which hast thy seat and being,
Where life with death is one, & death with life agreeing!

30

He lives and joyes; death life to him hath bred:
Why is he living then in earth enwomb'd?
But I, a walking coarse, in life am dead:
'Tis I, my friends, 'tis I must be entomb'd;
Whose joy with grief, whose life with death's benumbed:
Thou coffin art not his, nor he is thine;
Mine art thou: thou the dead, & not the livings shrine.

ELISA

31

You few thinne boards, how in so scanted room
So quiet such great enemies contain ye?
All joy, all grief lies in this narrow tombe:
You contraries, how thus in peace remain ye,
That one small cabin so should entertain ye?
But joy is dead, and here entomb'd doth lie,
While grief is come to moan his dead-lov'demie.

32

How many vertues in this little space
(This little little space) lie buried ever!
In him they liv'd, and with them every grace:
In him they liv'd, and di'd, and rise will never.
Fond men! go now, in vertues steps persever;
Go sweat, and toil; thus you inglorious lie:
In this old frozen age vertue it self can die.

33

Those petty Northern starres do never fall;
The unwasht Beare the Ocean wave despises;
Ever unmov'd it moves, and ever shall:
The Sun, which oft his head in night disguises,
So often as he falls, so often rises;
And stealing backward by some hidden way,
With self same light begins and ends the yeare & day.

34

The flowers, which in the absence of the Sunne
Sleep in their winter-houses all disarm'd,
And backward to their mothers wombe do runne;
Soon as the earth by Taurus horns is warm'd,
Muster their colour'd troups; and freshly arm'd,
Spreading their braving colours to the skie,
Winter and winters spight, bold little elves, defie.

35

But Vertues heav'nly and more glorious light,
Though seeming ever sure, yet oft dismounteth;
And sinking low, sleeps in eternall night,
Nor ever more his broken spheare remounteth:

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Her sweetest flower, which other flowers surmounteth
As farre as roses nettles, soonest fadeth :
Down falls her glorious leaf, & never more it bladeth.

36

And as that dainty flower, the maiden rose,
Her swelling bosome to the Sunne discloses ;
Soon as her lover hot and fiery grows,
Straight all her sweets unto his heat exposes,
Then soon disrob'd her sweet and beautie loses ;
While hurtfull weeds, hemlocks, & nettles stinking
Soon from the earth ascend, late to their graves are sinking.

37

All so the vertuous bud in blooming falls,
While vice long flourishing late sees her ending :
Vertue once dead no gentle spring recalls ;
But vice springs of it self ; and soon ascending,
Long views the day, late to his night descending.
Vain men, that in this life set up your rest,
Which to the ill is long, and short unto the best !

38

And as a dream, where th' idle fancie playes,
One thinks that fortune high his head advances ;
Another spends in woe his weary dayes ;
A third seems sport in love, and courtly dances ;
A fourth to finde some glitt'ring treasure chances ;
Soon as they wake, they see their thoughts were vain,
And either quite forget, or laugh their idle brain :

39

Such is the world, and such lifes quick-spent play :
This base, and scorn'd ; that great, in high esteeming ;
This poore, and patched seems ; that rich, and gay ;
This sick, that sound ; yet all is but a seeming :
So like that waking oft we fear w' are dreaming ;
And think we wake oft, when we dreaming play.
Dreams are as living nights ; life as a dreaming day.

ELISA

40

Go then, vain life ; for I will trust no more
Thy flattering dreams : death, to thy resting take me :
Thou sleep without all dreams, lifes quiet shore,
When wilt thou come ? when wilt thou overtake me ?
Enough I now have liv'd ; loath'd life forsake me :
Thou good mens endlesse fight, thou ill mens feast ;
That at the best art bad, and worst art to the best.

41

Thus as in teares she drowns her swollen eyes,
A suddain noise recalls them ; backward bending
Her weary head, there all in black she spies
Six mournfull bearers, the sad hearse attending,
Their feet and hands to that last dutie lending :
All silent stood she, trembling, pale, and wan ;
The first grief left his stage, a new his part began.

42

And now the coffin in their arms they take,
While she with weight of grief sat still amazed ;
As do sear leaves in March, so did she quake,
And with intented eyes upon them gazed :
But when from ground the doleful hearse they raised,
Down on the beer half dead she carelesse fell ;
While teares did talk apace, and sighs her sorrows tell.

43

At last, Fond men (said she) you are deceiv'd ;
It is not he, 'tis I must be interred :
Not he, but I of life and soul bereav'd ;
He lives in heav'n, among the saints referred :
This trunk, this headlesse body must be buried.
But while by force some hold her, up they reare him,
And weeping at her tears, away they softly beare him.

44

But then impatient grief all passion proves,
She prays & weeps ; with teares she doth intreat them :
But when this onely fellow passion moves,
She storms and raves, and now as fast doth threat them ;

PHINEAS FLETCHER

And as she onely could, with words doth beat them ;
Ah cruell men, ah men most cruell, stay :
It is my heart, my life, my soul, you beare away.

45

And now no sooner was he out of sight,
As if she would make good what she had spoken,
First from her hearts deep centre deep she sigh'd ;
Then, (as if heart, and life, and soul were broken)
Down dead she fell ; and once again awoken,
Fell once again ; so to her bed they bore her :
While friends (no friends) hard love to life and grief restore her.

46

Unfriendly friends, (saith she) why do ye strive
To barre wisht death from his so just ingression ?
Your pitie kills me ; 'tis my death to live,
And life to die : it is as great oppression
To force out death, as life from due possession ;
'Tis much more great : better that quickly spills
A loathed life, then he that with long torture kills.

47

And then, as if her guiltlesse bed offended ;
Thou trait'rous bed, when first thou didst receive me,
Not single to thy rest I then ascended :
Double I came, why should I single leave thee ?
Why of my better part dost thou bereave me ?
Two prest thee first : why should but one depart ?
Restore, thou trait'rous bed, restore that better part.

48

Thus while one grief anothers place inherits,
And one yet hardly spent, a new complained :
Griefs leaden vapour dulls the heavy spirits,
And sleep too long from so wisht seat restrained,
Now of her eyes un'wares possession gained ;
And that she might him better welcome give,
Her lord he new presents, and makes him fresh to live.

ELISA

49

She thinks he lives, and with her goes along;
And oft she kiss'd his cheek, and oft embraced;
And sweetly askt him where he staid so long,
While he again her in his arms enlaced;
Till strong delight her dream and joy defaced:
But then she willing sleeps; sleep glad receives her;
And she as glad of sleep, that with such shapes deceives her.

50

Sleep widow'd eyes, and cease so fierce lamenting;
Sleep grieved heart, and now a little rest thee:
Sleep sighing words, stop all your discontenting;
Sleep beaten breast; no blows shall now molest thee:
Sleep happy lips; in mutuall kisses nest ye:
Sleep weary Muse, and do not now disease her:
Fancie, do thou with dreams and his sweet presence please her.

FINIS.

¶ To my deare friend, the SPENCER
of this age.

Deare friend,

NO more a Stranger now : I lately past
Thy curious Building ; call'd ; but then my haste
Deny'd me a full draught ; I did but taste.

Thy Wine was rich and pleasing ; did appeare
No common grape : My haste could not forbear
A second sippe ; I hung a Garland there :

Past on my way ; I lasht through thick and thinne,
Dispatch'd my businesse, and return'd agen ;
I call'd the second time ; unhors'd, went in :

View'd every Room ; each Room was beautifi'd
With new Invention, carv'd on every side,
To please the common and the curious ey'd :

View'd every Office ; every Office lay
Like a rich Magazen ; & did bewray
Thy Treasure, op'ned with thy golden key :

View'd every Orchard ; every Orchard did
Appeare a Paradise, whose fruits were hid
(Perchance) with shadowing Leaves, but none forbid :

View'd every Plot ; spent some delightfull houres.
In every Garden, full of new-born flowers,
Delicious banks, and delectable bowers.

Thus having stepp'd and travell'd every staire
Within, and tasted every fruit that's rare
Without ; I made thy house my thorough-fare.

Then give me leave, rare Fletcher, (as before
I left a Garland at thy Gates) once more
To hang this Ivie at thy Postern-doore.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

FINIS.

SYLVA

POETICA.

AUTORE

P. F.

CANTABRIGIÆ :

Ex Academiæ celeberrimæ

Typographeo. 1633.



AMICISSIMO ET CANDI-

dissimo Edvardo Benlowes

se & sua

PHIN. FLETCHER.

Quæ jam, quæ vati restant dicenda recenti?
Quis mihi materia est heros, quis præmia Musæ?
Omnia præripuit melior nascentibus ætas.

Quis te, quis pelagus nescit tentasse profundum,
Typhi, & compæctis (parva heu discrimina!) ligni
Mœnibus impositum fremitus sprevisse marinos?

Quisve iterum Musis meliùs cantata secundis
Pergama? vósque etiam felicibus, Arcades, arvis
Pastores, vel te celebratæ, Mantua, glebæ?

Te, Naso, te omnes, teneri Præceptor amoris,
Agnoscunt puerique ducem, innuptæq; puellæ:
Quin fixos super appendens modò retia remos,
Italicus scopulos inter Piscator, & undas,
Parthenopæ canit, & piscosæ Mergilinæ.

Si tamen aut Phyllis nobis, sive esset Alexis,
(Quid tum si nigrior Phyllis, si durus Alexis?)

Ipsè ego seu platano, seu lævis cortice fagi
Phyllida crudelem, & sævum moriturus Alexin
Imprimerem, & duros resonarem læsus amores.

Audiet, immitèsque ipsum miserebitur ignes,
Et streperum duplici recinet nemus omnia voce.

Jam tantùm longè (si fas) vestigia vatùm
Tanta lego, tacitusque sequor non passibus æquis.

Tu modò nascenti (si fas tibi credere) vati,
Tu faveas, primòque adsis, Edovarde, labori,

Quem teneras subter vites salicésque recurvas
Ignoti Chamo cecinit nova fistula vatis.

Sæpe ego neglectas volui depellere, sæpe
Pænitet, & toto redeuntes pectore Musas
Accipio, Inque animum flatus admitto secundos.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

*Ah! mihi muscosos fontes, lucosque sonantes
Inter, & errantes tutis sub vallibus agnos
Contingat pigram lentè properare senectam!
Ipse ego festivo balantes carmine matres
Ducam, quas circum agglomerant, luduntque per herbam,
Et summum excutiunt agni de gramine rorem.
Dux gregis anteibit, lateque audita superbus
Concutiet moto mihi tintinnabula cornu.
Ipse ego nocte feram, & spisso sub vimine claudam:
Fronde super viridi, villæ effusus in ulva
Prosternar, totumque traham sub pectore somnum.
Fida simul conjux, & non incerta recumbat
Circum progenies, nec falso nomine patrem
Dicat, onus collo mihi gratum humerisque reponat.
Det Deus in sylvis cantando amnèsque gregèsque
Inter deficiam, & media inter pascua solvar:
Sylva mihi tantum vita esto, sylva sepulchrum.
Sic pigra Mæandri morituro ad flumina cantu,
Eridanive sedens violenti gramine, carmen
Postremum albus olor, viam cum carmine fundit;
Exequiúsque canens felicem illabitur urnam.*

ELEGANTISS. POETÆ

PHIN. FLETCHERO

Calamum auratum mittit

A. G.

MIRRO tibi auratum Calamum, quia singula scribis
Aurea: sic palmæ debita palma tuæ.
Nondum abscissa tamen Cuspis, neque penna peracta:
Nam tu, quo fiat Cuspis, Acumen habes.

SYLVA.

In Thermas Bathoniæ.

IGNIS aquam duxit. Confide puella : vel igne
Sit puer asperior ; deperit ignis aquam.
Igni nupsit lympha. Puer confide : sit undâ
Frigidior virgo ; deperit, ardet aqua.
Concipit amplexu flammæ, & parit unda salutem.
Speretis steriles ; ignibus unda parit.
Hic ubi fœcundant ignes, uruntur & undæ,
Progeniem sterilis speret, amânsque thorum.

In Noctilucam, & nimum modestos.

QUID tuas retegis nimis tegendo,
Noctiluca, faces ? pates latendo.
Ipsa es sphæra tuæ comésque stellæ :
Diem si repetis, die latebis.
Non te nox tenebris tegit fovendo,
Sed te nox latebris tegendo prodit.

In Lupum pastoralibus Musis maledicentem.

CUR tibi displiceant, *Lupe*, carmina nostra, rogâsti :
Est (*Lupe*) pastoris displicuisse lupo.

Aliis.

Nostra alii laudant, *Lupus* odit carmina : rectè ;
Pastoralis erat versus, & ille lupus.

In Nasutum.

QUID nasum densis cingit diadema pyropis ?
Rex hic nasorum est : quis diadema negat ?

PHINEAS FLETCHER

*In Homuncionem igniter atque
insigniter nasutum.*

Lymphas, socii, spargite lymphas.
Maximus ille, (heu !) lucidus ille,
Multâ extensus facie, gemmis
Dives, flammiferóque pyropo,
Timeo (ah !) timeo, jam periturus
Magno nasus carpitur igne.

Pinguem intus præcordia limum
Inflammârunt: subitóque volans
Omnia fatuus corripit ignis.
Jámque immensis pinguia flammis
Sorbens ilia, culmina noto
Petit ascensu: atque omnia latè
Populans, scapulas ferus arentes
Lambit, siccátúmque cerebrum.
En ! nigrantes vortice fumi,
Undánsque fluit nidor ab ore.

Lymphas, socii, effundite lymphas.
Plurimus ille, (heu !) succidus ille,
Nasus tremulus, nasus hiulcus,
Turriger ille, (ah !) arduus ille
Undique vasto carpitur igne.
En ! ignis dominatur ubique
Fatuus: nasum seligit ignis ;
Interiores fatuus sedes.

In Asotum.

Dum *Gnatbo* blanditiis *Asotum* & creditor urgent,
Illi rem præceps, huic modò verba dabat.
Nil restat: jam rem, jam verba, *Asote*, dedisti ;
Mox pœnas (nil te, nil ego posco) dabis.

In Mimum vivum sepultum.

Sæpe jacet potu *Mimus* vinóque peremptus :
Sæpe iterum vitam semisepultus agit.
Mors stupet ; & quoniam rursus, tam sæpe sepultus,
Vivit, jam vivum (væ misero !) sepelit.

SYLVA

In eundem.

VIno sepultus vixerat, vivus perit,
Moritúrque vivus *Mimus* vitâ mortuus.
Sic voluit altus Arbiter: jam conditur
Vivus sepulchro, qui sepultus vixerat.

*In Effigiem Ducissæ Matris,
& parvulum Ducem.*

CUr puer hîc toties, cur oscula, *Cyprie*, figis?
Et mater tantum quòd silet ista, gemis?
Aspice; non est hæc, non est tibi *Cypria* mater:
Majus in hoc matris numine numen inest.
Respicias? & juras *Cypria* esse hæc corpora? dempto
Corpore, jam matris nil habet *Anna* tuæ.
Nónne vides, ut equo gaudens atque ense decoro
Matrem anteit *Cypriæ* *Cyprius* alter *Amor*?
Arrides? geminúmque agnoscis *Cyprie* fratrem?
Non est hic, non est, *Cyprie*, frater *Amor*.
Respicias? & magis adjuras? en matrêque, téque
Suavior hæc mater, suavior ille puer.

Ana- $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \textit{Elisa Vincenta} \\ \textit{Nè læsa vincit} \end{array} \right\}$ gramma.

VIncentâ quòd sim victus victrix, placebat;
Quòd *nè læsa* quidem *vincit* *Elisa*, dolet.

Amicæ decedenti.

QUòd mea, quòd properas (heu!) lux mea? quanta resurget
Nox mihi, cum mediâ, lux mea, luce cadis!

In Phaonium.

VOCem *Phaonius* sequitur, vestémque *Catonis*:
Sermo quidem, sed non vita *Catonis* erat.
Sic sedit, sic cultus erat, sic ora recludit;
Humentem nudo sic pede pressit humum:

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Non ità vivebat rigidus *Cato*, non ità morum
Compressit forti fræna reducta manu.
Sic tantùm vestes imitatus, & ora, *Catonis*
Simia *Phaonius*, non imitator erat.

In certamen Papæ Pauli cum Venetis.

P*Etri*, Papa, crucem, superbus ensem
Pauli fers; *Venetis* ferox minatus:
Crux palmam tibi, *Paule*, pollicetur;
Illis sed gladius necem ominatur.
At si *Paulus* eris, *Petrusque*, *Paule*,
Non tu, *Paule*, premes; premêris ense:
Non tu, *Paule*, crucem feres; feret te.

In Melissam.

SÆpe me crucias rogando, cur non
Ut te olim colui, colo, *Melissa*;
Cùm tu pulchra magis, magis venusta es:
(Ah!) tu pulchra nimis, nimis venusta es.
Nostro non opus est, *Melissa*, cultu;
Cùm tu te nimiùm colis, *Melissa*.

In Lunettam.

EST manus, est facies *Veneris*, noménque Planetæ:
Sunt mores *Veneris*, mens quoque; tota *Venus*.
(Ah!) precor, ignoscas dicenti: Non ego quòd sis
Tota *Venus*, quòd sis tota venusta, nego.

In Lunettam, & filium.

SI vitam matris videas, si nomina nati; est
Mater parte *Venus*, parte *Cupido* puer.
Deme oculos; & totus erit puer ille *Cupido*:
Adde decus *Veneris*; tota erit illa *Venus*.
Sed quia forma deest matri, sunt lumina nato;
Parte *Cupido* tu, tu nisi parte *Venus*.

SYLVA

Charissimo fratri Ægidio &c.

Quid, ô quid *Veneres, Cupidinésque,*
Turturésque, jocósque, passerésque
Lascivi canitis greges, poëtæ?
 Et jam languidos amantùm ocellos,
 Et mox turgidulas sinu papillas;
 Jam fletus teneros, cachinnulósque,
 Mox suspiria, morsiunculásque,
 Mille basia, mille, mille nugas?
 Et vultus pueri, puellulæve
 (Heu fuscii pueri, puellulæque!)
 Pingitis nivibus, rosunculísque,
 (Mentitis nivibus, rosunculísque)
 Quæ vel primo hyemis rigore torpent,
 Vel *Phœbi* intuitu statim relanguent?
 Heu stulti nimiùm greges, poëtæ!
 Ut, quas sic nimis, (ah!) nimis stupetis,
 Nives candidulæ, & rosæ pudentes;
 Sic vobis pereunt statim labores,
 Et solem fugiunt severiorem,
 Vel saltem gelidâ rigent senectâ.

At Tu, qui clypeo haud inane nomen
 (*Minervæ* clypeo, *Jovis*que) sumens,
 Victrices resonas Dei Triumphos,
 Triumphos lacrymis, metúque plenos,
 Plenos lætitiæ, & spei Triumphos,
 Dum rem carmine, *Pierbque* dignam
 Aggrederis; tibi res decora rebus
 Præbet carmina *Pierbque* digna.
 Quin ille ipse tuos legens Triumphos,
 Plenos militiâ, labore plenos;
 Tuo propitius parat labori
 Plenos lætitiæ, & spei Triumphos.

Ad Jesum Servatorem.

RVina Cœli pulchra; jam terris decus,
 Deúsque; proles matris innuptæ, & pater;
 Sine matre natus, sine patre excrescens caro:
 Quem nec mare, æther, terra, non cœlum capit,

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Utero puellæ totus angusto latens,
Æquævus idem Patri, Matre antiquior :
Heu domite, victor, & triumphator ; tui
Opus, opifexque, qui minor quàm sis, eò
Major resurgis : vita, quæ mori velis,
Atque ergò possis ; passa finem Æternitas :
Quid tibi rependam, quid tibi rependam miser ?
Ut, quando ocellos mollis invadit quies,
Et nocte membra plurimus *Morpheus* premit,
Avidè videmur velle de tergo sequens
Effugere monstrum, & plumbeos frustra pedes
Celerare, mediâ succidimus ægri fugâ ;
Solitum pigrescit robur, os quærit viam,
Sed proditurus moritur in lingua sonus :
Sic stupeo totus, totus hæresco, intuens
Et sæpè repeto, fortè si rependerem.
Solutus rependit ille, qui repetit bene.

In imaginem Christi à Papista cultam.

Q Valem homo mendaci te fingit imagine, talem
Non ego te aspiciam ; non ego, *Christe*, colam.
Qualis divino fulges, dulcissime, verbo,
Talem ego te aspiciam ; talem ego, *Christe*, colam.
Errat, qui placitis hominum divina requirit :
Qui *Verbum* in verbo quæritat, inveniet.
Non caro carnali prodest ; quid carnis imago ?
Spiritu gratius spiritualis erit.
Spiritu ego venerer : qui farris imagine fingunt,
Et pingant carnem, *Christe*, vorèntque tuam.

In effigiem Achmati Turcarum Tyranni.

A *Achmati* effigiem spectas, qui tertia patri
Progenies, puer imperio successit avito.
Sic acri validis iuveni micat integra membris
Ætas, & rarâ malas lanugine spargit :
Sic vultu, sic ille oculis, sic fronte minatur.
Non luxu, choreisve puer, non ille paternâ

SYLVA

Desidiâ gaudet ; sed bella, sed aspera cordi
 Arma sedent, sævâmq̃ue superbia *Turcica* mentem
 Inflat, & ingentes volvit sub corde tumultus.
 Aut is veliferis aptabit classibus alas,
 Aut galeas finget, clypeôsque, & fulmina belli
 Tormenta ; impositis strident incudibus æra :
 Et nunc ille ferox *Persas Asiâmq̃ue* rebellem
 Subjiciens, totum spirat sub pectore *Martem*.
 Exultânsque animis multâ se suscitât irâ.

Heu ! quæ *Christicolis* clades, quàm debita pëstis
 Immineat ! quantus tanto timor instat ab hoste !
 Nî tu, *Christe*, malum avertas, tu fulmina, *Christe*,
 Dispergas, & vana manu conamina ludas.

*In Rideri dictionarium à Francisco de
 sacra Quercu nuper auctum.*

P *Ani* coniferæ pinus, sua vitis *Iaccho* ;
Clavigero placeat populus alta Deo :
Phœbus amet vegetam, quamvis sub cortice, *Daphnen* ;
 Sint grata *Alcinoo* splendida poma suo :
 Et bene connexas lauro *Venus* ignea myrtos
 Seligat, atque oleas docta *Minerva* suas.
 At tu, doctè puer, *Quercum* venerare *sacratam* :
 Sit tua, quam mavult *Jupiter* esse suam.
 A *Jove* principium Musæ ; *Fovis* arbore gaudent
 Ipsæ *Pierides*, *Pieridumque* pater.
 At tu qui primis signas vestigia plantis,
 Et dubio in *Latium* cœperis ire pede ;
 Hîc tibi de *sacra* repetes oracula *Quercu* :
 Hîc, quæ *Dodonam* vicerit, arbor erit.

In electionem Coll. Trin. carmen.

S Iquis arenoso committit semina sulco,
 Non reduces fruges, & sua damna serit :
 Nequicquam ille sibi rupturas horrea messes,
 Et sata de sterili ditia sperat humo.
 Sin pingui mandet quamvis mala semina campo,
 Et fovet adjecto languida culta fimo ;

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Fœcundam arva stupent messem, sylvámque sonantem :
Et compressa gravi pondere plaustra gement.
Sic, si, quo primùm fueram, me conditis arvo,
Nulla seges veniet, gramina nulla meo.
Si læto inseritis sulco, mihi plurima surget,
Et non ingenii despicienda seges.
Atque utinam ex vobis unus, quanquam ultimus, essem !
Non est postremi gloria parva loci.
Quæ *Fove* prognatas inter sedet ultima *Musas*,
Inter terrigenas est Dea prima Deas.

In eandem.

Quæ saxis, siccâque arbor flaccescit arenâ,
Propter aquas si quis fœcundo transtulit arvo,
Naturam exuerit sylvestrem, & læta sequetur
In quamcunque jubes artem ; sive aurea mavis
Poma, & lunatos fœcundo pondere ramos ;
Sive umbram, & densâ captabis frigora sylvâ.
Sic nostrum quod jam primùm sub palmite germen
Surgit, & exiguas ausum est extrudere frondes,
Crescet in immensum, si succos fortè salubres,
Atque novo dabitur firmatum inolescere trunco :
Crescet, miscébítque ingentes æthere ramos.
Nec vos *Caucaseo* fœcundæ in vertice *Musæ*,
Nec *Geticas* colitis glacies, nec frigora *Rheni*.
Illæ *Parnassi*, umbrosive cacumina *Pindi*,
*Arcadicæ*ve tenent jucundo frigore sylvas :
Hinc tempestivam præbet cantantibus umbram
Populus ; hinc *Helicon*, atque *Aonia Aganippe*
Labuntur, veterémque probans pulcherrima formam
Castalis, (ah !) *Phæbum* nequicquam, ignésque puella
Duros effugiens, jam puro argenteus amne
Fons fluit, & *Phæbo* & *Musis* gratissima lympha.
Eripe (namque potes) sterili mea semina sulco :
Da pingui infigi glebâ ; quamvis rude surget
Ingenium, mentisque excrescet semen adultæ.

Dom. Observandissimo

H. W.

Venetiis agenti.

I TE meæ, (miseri felix opus) ite tabellæ,
 Aërias vos fortè *Alpes*, longúmque remensæ
Neptunum Venetas faustæ spectabitis arces ;
 Arces, & medio crescentes æquore muros.
 Vos etiam ora illic, sine me, charissima nobis
 Ora, manúmque illam, quam nos super omnibus unam
 Ardemus, sine me, solæ tangetis, & ipsos
 Sermones (ah felices !) & verba feretis.
 At vos nè sitiens vasto *Neptunus* hiatu
 Sorbeat, (heu ! geminæ quo olim periére sorores,
 Multa quibus dederam mandata, sed horridus *Auster*
 Omnia per nigras diffuderat irrita nubes)
 Nè vos *Neptunus* lethalibus hauriat undis,
 Aut *Aquilo* in tenues adversus dissipet auras.
 At tu cognatum *Venetâ* mihi sydus in urbe,
 (Si tibi regales indulgent otia curæ)
 Aspicias ut *Veneres* anni *Mars* horridus infert :
 En tragicè veris primordia comica turbat
Martius, & nunquam placidis irascitur undis :
 Jam nova rursus hyems rediit, *Zephyróque* repulso,
 Perpetuas nubes, tempestatésque reducit.
 Piscis iners mensi, mensæ, cœlóque, solóque,
 Piscis iners regnat, prohibétque immania ponti
 Regna pati, terrétque rates pluviosus aduncas.
 At tu, si jubeas, jam nunc ego nescius undæ
 Imperium, fremitúsve unquam tentare marinos,
 Jam nunc aggrediar ; *Venetas* spectabo carinas
 Et te, qui multò *Venetâ* es mihi charior urbe :
 Ipse ego linigeris (jubeas modò) pulsus ab alis,
 Lignatóque invectus equo, *Boreæque* tumultus,
Æoliásque minas spernam, pelagíque furores.
 Atqui híc interea *Chami* flaventis ad undam,

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Dum tua per medias lentus delapsa procellas
Jussa moror, varios cura est ediscere ventos,
Crescensque magis *Phæbi* renovare labores.
At tu quod longa effundunt jejunia carmen
(Ah miserum!) accipias, & munus inutile, semper
Quem dederam, & semper dandus tibi restat, amorem.

Ad Gul. Woodfordum Cantia agentem.

J Am tepidos *Phæbus* spargit mitissimus ignes,
Atque inter Geminos medius, Cancrúmque rubentem
Plurima producit tardo vestigia gressu.
Aspicias? umbroso crinescunt vertice fagi;
Sub ramis latitans reducem *Philomela* querelam
Exercet, fletúsque inter, cantúsque sonoros
Mitior indulget natis, & læta laborum
Congerit in teneros gaudens stramenta penates.
Nos inopaca premit vicini *cambria* solis;
Nos *Musis* invisá salix, & pervia *Phæbo*
Fraxinus (heu!) rara fallit sub fronde sedentes,
Et nimio prodit languentia corpora soli.
At si me aërio teneat *Winsoria* colle,
Sive *Ætonenses*, (ah!) nostra crepundia, *Musæ*;
Seu natale solum densatis *Cantia* sylvis,
Vel quæcunque colam (strepitu sejunctus, & urbe)
Rura, juvet tecum pratis errare serenis,
Et sub pubenti pariter considerare fago.
Interea *Nymphas* nobis (*Gulielme*) saluta,
Quas tibi vicino jaçtat mea *Cantia* rure.

Veritas omnis cognitionis est in judicio.

C Um jam rerum animus primas ex lumine formas
Accipit, nec judicii sub regna remisit,
Apparet facies veri; commistaque falsis
Forma boni obscuro deludit imagine sensus.
Ut quando exigua variatur luce, diémque
Nec totum admisit, nec totum depulit umbra,

SYLVA

Falluntur dubio decepti lumine sensus,
Et delusa acies tremula sub luce labascit.

At cùm iudicii solio (cui certa sacrandi
Sceptra animus, verúmque dedit discernere falsis)
Sistitur, ipsum animo verum, perfectáque rerum
Effigies lucet, tenebrásque resolvit inanes.

Ut quando furvis terras nox implicat ulnis,
Omnibus unus erat vultus, color omnibus unus ;
Perfectum retinent reduci jam sole colorem.

Nam cùm mens recipit speciem, interiúsque recondit,
Ordine secernit causas, aptátque futuro
Semina iudicio, mox pensitat omnia solus ;
Falsáque denudat iudex, verúmque reponit.

Mors est malum.

LAUDAT, qui nescit mortem, noctémque profundam,
Et quos nec strepitus turbant, nec somnia somnos.
At qui vicinæ propior jam limina mortis
Ingreditur, duríque videt penetralia Ditis,
Horret nigrantes perculso lumine manes.

Sic qui formosâ descriptum fortè tabellâ
Auro fulgentem liquido, argentóque leonem
Spectat, crispatasque jubar, & eburnea rictus
Claustra, stupet laudans : ipsum si fortè ruentem
Aspicit, horrescit tremulus, moriendóque mortem
Antevenit, vivúsque perit, vivítque sepultus.

Qui laudat mortis, laudat segura, timétque
Regna, & prodit iners manifesto dicta timore.
Omnibus idem amor est vitæ, & vitatio mortis
Omnibus : esse puer juvenis, primósque relabi
Annos posse cupit ; florentem ætate juventam
Prona simul tacitè miratur, & invidet ætas :
Hanc querulus laudat senior, robúrque virile,
Et profugas revocat vires, sempérque futurum
Sperat, promittítque sibi jam mortuus annum.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

*Gladio Pontificio vita Principis
non permissa.*

Quid gladios, quid, Papa, *Jovi* data fulmina torques?
Petri siste enses, *Eliadisque* memor.
Sumere qui jussit *Petrum* enses, ponere jussit:
Cur major vero es, cujus es umbra, *Petro*?
Pasce meas, ô, dixit, *oves*; *pasce*, addidit, *agnos*:
Pasce meas, iterum, ter quoque dixit, *oves*.
Nullus maectandi locus est; quid scepra? quid enses?
Sume *Petri* claves, *Propetre*, sume pedum.
Regi scepra Deus, Regi sacraverat enses:
Quæ Regis Regi redde, Deique Deo.
Cum nil proficeres, deponis inutile ferrum:
Nec gladio Regem, sulphure regna petis.
At tu, summe, novum sceleri, Pater, adde profundum:
Tartarus huic uni non satis erit.
Vestem vix Regis secuit, doluitque resectam,
Qui sceprum Princeps, scripta Propheta tulit.
Frustra igitur *Paulique*, *Petrique*, ensémque, crucémque
Jactas: hic gladio concidit, ille cruce.

Ergò

Si *Petrus* es, *Paulusque*, cruce pendebis apertæ:
Non pendes: pereas, non ferias gladio.

*Anni temporum mutationes, vario-
rum causa morborum.*

Non tam multi *Adrio* saliunt in littore fluctus,
Quàm variæ (heu miseros!) humano in corpore pestes,
Pallentésque habitant morbi: nec semita mortis
Simplex; sæpè vices mutant: quot sydera regnant,
Tot terris morbi imperitant. Cum splendidus annum
Primo vere *Aries* cornu, *Taurusque* recludunt,
Mille cutim papulæ, mille exanthemata pingunt:
Nam propior tepidos inspirans *Cynthius* ignes,
Humorem allectat putrem, multoque rebelles
Internus fervor trudit conamine succos.

SYLVA

At *Leo* cùm duras *Nemeæus* fuderit iras,
 Flava tumet bilis, fluctúque expumat amaro ;
 Multa furit pestis ; flammis diaphragma subactis
 Uritur, & sociis cerebrum fervoribus ardens,
 Incendit furias, mentémque exturbat inanem ;
 Aut misera ardentem febris depascitur artus.
 Non me illis quisquam *Baccho* indulgere diebus,
 Non *Cereri*, aut moneat longo contendere cursu.

Excipit Autumnus, medios cui frigidus æstus
 Hesperus, & primis claudens Aurora pruinis,
 Vexat inæquali nutantia corpora cœlo :
 Namque atrum multâ ferventem æstate cruorem
 Reppulit, atque aditus frigus concludit inertes :
 Informes ægro subeunt in corpore morbi ;
 Et mens succumbit timidis offusa tenebris.

At mox, cùm averso squalescunt omnia sole,
 Aut nimio insuetus cruciatur frigore pulmo,
 Tussis crebra latus, faucésque elidit anhelas :
 Aut cerebrum frigus scandens, & candida multis
 Regna offundit aquis ; conspirat inutilis humor,
 Et sensus premit effœtos, animúmque catarrhus.

NISA ECLOGA.

FOrtè sub umbrosa, sylvarum principe, fago
 Sedit, & infidos gemuit *Wiliulmus* amores ;
 Disruptum fidei vinclum, versósque Hymenæos
 Flebat, cœlum amens, & conscia sydera questus.
 Non illum gemini, pastorum gloria, fratres
 Cantibus experti juvenes, levibúsque cicutis,
 Non qui mille greges placidis sub vallibus errant,
 Solantur : juvat usquè ægro indulgere dolori.

Vos (inquit) quæ hîc incîdi, vos fagina testes
 Carmina ; vos, nemorum petulantia numina, *Fauni* :
Fauni, & sylvicolæ *Faunorum* incendia *Nymphæ* :
 Et deus Arcadicis, *Pan*, non leve numen in arvis ;
 Diique omnes, divæque, thori quibus omina curæ :
 Cùm dextram dextræ implicuit, cùm lumine nostros
 Dejecto intrabat, quos jam fugit improba, lectos.

Nisa redi, thalamósque fugax nè desere pactos.
 Non ego perjuræ, quæ tu mihi dura ferebas,
 Túque, patérque tuus, memini convitia linguæ :
 Non emptas legum rixas, turpésque loquacis
 Risus plebis, & infamis mala vulnera famæ ;
 Non, cùm me inconstans fugeres, jussa impia matris
 Certa sequi, tenerósque odiis abrumpere amores.
 Quin ego te contrà precibus, mea crimina, supplex
 Oblitus scelerum, sed non oblitus amorum
 Reppetii, si fortè animum, si fortè vagantem
 Ad solitas iterum flammæ, thalamósque reducam.
 Ah ! dixi, quamvis scelerata, revertere *Nisa* :

Nisa redi, thalamósque fugax nè desere pactos.
 Quem lasciva fugis ? non me festina senectæ
 Mordet hyems ; capitísve nives, longíve per ora
 Rugarum sulci turpant : non languida frigent
 Membra, nec effœtos tardus fluit humor in artus.
 Ipse meos puro vultus sub fonte notabam,
 Nec multis (si fons oris non blandior index)
 Nec *Lycidæ* invideo : quid si mihi vertice crines,
 Quid mihi si fusco nigrescit barba colore ?
 Et vobis famâ, & Veneri gratissimus idem.

NISA

Me Nymphæ quoque, me *Parnassia* numina, Musæ,
 Musarúmque pater, sacrum mihi nomen, *Apollo*,
 Et *Dryades* me lascivæ petiére puellæ ;
 Et *Chie*, & gemini, pastorum musica, fratres.
 Tu me sola fugis dura, & connubia ludis,
 Tædásque extinx'ti, & castos frustrásti Hymenæos.

Nisa redi, thalamósque fugax nè desere pæctos.

O quantò satiùs fastidia longa *Nigellæ*,
 Atque indotalis paterer connubia *Chies* !
 Quid tum, si pauper *Chie*? & Virtus quoque pauper,
 Mendicæque novem (totidem mihi numina) Musæ.
 Illam ego (me miserum!) dum te, & tua vota petebam
 Perfida, jam sub portu, ipsóque in limine liqui.
 Sic nubem *Ixion*, nebulásque amplexus inanes,
 Magnam animo cœli Reginam, ipsósque Tonantis
 Sperabat thalamos: fugit levis illa per auras,
 Et liquida in terras tenui dilabitur imbre.

Nisa redi, thalamósque fugax nè desere pæctos.

Híc nobis *Thamo* generatus, & *Iside* Nymphâ
Thamisis ingenti Ludduni mœnia flúctu
 Alluit, & penitus firmatum ad Tartara pontem
 Indignatus, aquis furit; atque immania latè
 Concitat undarum violento murmura lapsu:
 Summâ longus aquâ spumarum defluit ordo.
 Aut, si rura animum, rigulque in vallibus amnes,
 Si sylvæ capiunt; mihi rus, mihi sylva redundat;
 Atque idem minor, atque idem jam mitior undâ
Thamisis ipse pater felicia dividit arva,
 Et quæ multa pecus surgentes tondeat herbas:
 Sola deest mihi, quæ pecudi, quæque imperet arvis.
 Huc ades; híc herbæ molles, híc ditia culta:
 Híc ego perpetuo tecum consumerer ævo.

Nisa redi, thalamósque fugax nè desere pæctos.

Est tibi namque domi pater improbus, improba mater:
 Atque ambo assiduè in pejus vestigia flectunt,
 Detorquéntque pedes rectos. Sic omnia retrò
 Deteriùs ruere, inque malum sublapsa referri;
 Ut quando adverso pictum tenet amne phaselum
 Anchora, si funem, & mordaces fibula nexus
 Solverit, atque illum pronâ trahit alveus undâ.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Nisa redi, thalamósque fugax nè desere pactos.

Cantando revocantur oves, hædísque petulci,
Sibiláque ipse canis vocémque agnoscit herilem :
Acer equus domino, parent armenta bubulco ;
Tinnitu retrahuntur apes, & tecta fugaces
Nota petunt jussæ, & media inter prælia sistunt :
Tu verò (quis, *Nisa*, putet?) tu surdior illis
Conjugis avertis petulantes cantibus aures.

Nisa redi, thalamósque fugax nè desere pactos.

Usquè tamen fugis, & torvos obvertis ocellos,
Illicitósque (utinam nec possim credere !) lectos,
Fædósque (ah ! vereor ; nam cuncta veremur amantes)
Amplexus petis ; hîc nostrum ad ludibria nomen
(Hei mihi !) ridetur : tu, quàm sim stultus amator,
Atque rudis, narras : certum est deserta feratum
Inter spelæa, & nigras formidine sylvas
Malle pati, tristésque feris iterare querelas,
Et maria, & scopulos lacrymis, silicésque movere.
Te fera, te scopuli immanes, te mitior ipsa,
Quâ, nisi tu, Nymphæ, nihil est crudelius, unda.

Et jam casurus majores porrigit umbras
Ipse etiam major, teneris sol mitior herbis :
Me tamen ignis edax, sacræque in pectore flammæ
Absumunt, & rupta intus præcordia lambunt.

Dixerat : arbuteóque greges sub vimine clausit.

FUSCA

Fusca Ecloga.

THYRSILIS, DAMON.

S Tabat claviculis furcas amplexa seniles
 Vitis, & ingentem effudit pastoribus umbram,
Chamus ubi angustas tardo vix flumine ripas
 Complet, decrepitoque pater jam deficit amne.
 Venerat huc primos miratus *Thyrsilis* ignes,
 Et quos jam novit (nec jam quoque novit) amores :
 Atque illum pariter *Damon* comitatur euntem,
 Multa senex puerum increpitans, si fortè recentes
 Ægro discutiât monitis è pectore curas :
 Usquè tamen misero ingeminant, & pressa resultat
 Flamma sinu, ignotusque fibras depascitur ignis.

Quis mihi florentes media inter pascua matres,
Thyr.
 Lascivosque potens oculus, quis fascinat agnos ?
 Oblitus pratorum aries, oblitus amorum,
 Stat fixis in terram oculis, & pondere lassam
 Plexa gravant frontem duplicatis cornua gyris.
 Illa gemellorum nuper celeberrima mater,
 Immemor eximiæ prolis misera, immemor herbæ,
 Languet, nec notis geminos balatibus agnos
 Vel revocare quidem, vel respondere parata,
 Sed pronam acclinat cervicem ; flaccida pendent
 Ubera, & ad fontem refluunt albertia lactis
 Flumina ; deficiunt agni, nec ludicra læti
 Colliculos circum exercent, soliti ordine longo
 Immemores matrum petulantia ducere pratis
 Agmina, perpetuosque herbis percurrere gyros.

Quis mihi florentes oculus, quis fascinat agnos ?
 Quòd si sola, puer, gregis est tibi cura dolori,
Dam.
 Carpe ter intacto purum de cespite gramen,
 Carpe tribus digitis, manibusque ad terga reflexis
 Adversos spectâ Zephyros ; tum gramina lævâ
 Sparge manu, ter sparge manu, quâ noxius Euris
 Mordet, quâ Notus, & nunquam visæ Oceano Ursæ :

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Hæc etiam terno ter misce murmura jactu ;
Sic eat in ventos, quæ nos premit, irrita pestis.

Thyr.

Idem oculus pecudem, vereor, pecudisque magistrum
Perdidit ; idem oculus vos, & me fascinat, agni.
Sæpe mihi ignaro truduntur lumine fletus ;
Sæpe mihi intacto molles diaphragmate risus
Surgunt, & primo malè suffocantur in ortu :
Sæpe etiam nullo exhalant suspiria motu ;
Atque oculis iterum facies tranquilla serenis
Nescia miratur lucem, subitúmque nitorem.
Fervida sæpe novis ignescunt pectora flammis,
Jámque repentino facies mihi fulgurat igne :
Atque iterum gelido torpescunt membra veterno,
Pallidáque horrescunt, & qualia manibus ora.
Sic cùm primùm Aries, Taurúsve recluserit annum,
Sæpe breves cum sole vices fluidissimus Auster
Mutat ; deciduas nubes liquatur in undas,
Atque iterum micat, atque iterum denso abditur imbre,
Omnia mox etiam victurus nubila, *Phæbus*.

Dam.

Atque equidem timui, nec me metus iste fefellit :
Non te saga, puer, non te cantata profundis
Carmina sub tenebris lædunt, herbæque potentes ;
Sed tenerum primo pectus turbatur amore.

Thyr.

An sit *Amor*, dubito, nec *Amoris* vis mihi, *Damon*,
Cognita, nec facies : puerum tamen audio, pennâ,
Atque arcu cinctum tenero, lævíque pharetrâ :
Tu mihi, qui notas sensisti pectore flammæ,
Dic quibus insidiis, quâ te olim ceperit arte.

Dam.

Ah ! miserande puer, non ille armatus acutis
It jaculis, pharetræve humeros indutus acernâ ;
Qualis *Peneÿ* comitata ad fluminis undas
Prima cothurnatis incedit *Delia* Nymphis,
Atque ursam jaculo squalentem, aprúmve fatigat :
Verùm oculo latet, atque oculi curvamine tectus
In teneras ignem immittit per lumina fibras.
Sæpe etiam blandâ latuit sub voce *Cupido*,
Pérque ipsas tacitè in pectus dilabitur aures :
Sæpe comâ implicitus tortâ, vel fronte serenâ,
Aut tenero ignaros risu, lacrymísve fefellit.

Sed nunquam immitem jaculatur certiùs ignem,

FUSCA

Quàm cùm sub tumidis obscurus fortè papillis
 Clauditur : at si labra inter formosa resedit
 Tectus, non illis quisquam me basia labris
 Ferre, vel impresso moneat certare labello.
 Quòd si fortè illas fixo petis ore latebras,
 Irruit, atque viâ tacitè delapsus opacâ,
 (Heu !) non delendo totas premit igne medullas.
 At tu, chare puer, nostram nisi spreveris artem,
 Dic mihi quam nuper spectaveris ore puellam.

Aut amor, aut ipsi similis mihi morbus amori est.

Thyr.

Nam, *Pani* nuper dum sacro altaria thure
 Fumant, arbuteoque greges sub vimine clausi
 Abstinuère cibo, pratis effusa juventus
 Annua restaurant mistis convivium Nymphis :
 Ipse agro fortè errabam, qui fronte Triones
 Spectat, & illotâ nomen sortitur ab ursâ :
 Hic ego ludentem media inter robora *Fuscam*
 Aspicio primus, primas miser imbibo flammâs.

Illa quidem dum me fixis spectabat ocellis,
 Sensi equidem illabi radios, qualésque reflexus
 Mittere Sol primo assuevit sub vere calores :
 Nec tamen abstinui, nec tales sub nive flammâs,
 Aut tantum hâc poteram facie sperare dolorem.
 Illi simplicitas roseo pulcherrima vultu,
 Illi casta *Venus* sedit, Virtúsque, Pudórque
 Lactea perpetuo suffundens ora rubore :
 Lumina, quæ Geminos vincant, stellámque micantem,
 Ultima quæ cœlis excedit, prima relucet.

At cùm labra labris sociarem, (ah !) quam mihi mentem
 Tum, *Damon*, quos esse putas sub pectore sensus ?
 Sensit & ipsa dolos : pudit ; mentémque decorus
 Prodiderat rubor, & tacito suspiria flatu
 Invitæ exierant : ex illo, sævior arsit
 Mente furor, magnóque intus candescit ab æstu :
 Qualis, ubi Siculo pressus sub monte *Typhoeus*
 Eruçtat flammâs, tonitrúque immugit acuto.
 Nec mihi tuta dies, nec nox mihi libera somno :
 Luce instat, noctésque etiam mihi visa profundas
 Adventare, iterúmque ignita refigere labra,
 Atque iterum notos *Fusca* inspirare furores.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Dam.

Ah ! miser agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ,
Et mihi qui gelido desævit corde tumultûs.
At tu nè tenero pugnes, puer, ausus *Amori*.
Undæ *Amor* immani, magnóque simillimus amni ;
Quem valido si coniecti premis obice saxi,
Eruit, atque undis latos stagnantibus agros
Obsidet, & pecudes, & flavas sternit aristas.
Jam tibi firma ætas, apti jam lusibus anni :
Tu modò, chare puer, nè pronam dejice mentem.
Ipsa etiam simili, nisi me vestigia ludant,
Vulnere turbatur, tacitòque exurit æstu :
Et citiùs rapiunt, & celant doctiùs ignes.

MYRTILLUS

MYRTILLUS.

Ecloga.

SURGIT præcis rupes altissima saxis,
Et cœlo minitans subjectis imperat arvis ;
Discutiens nubes capite, & pede *Tartara* pressans.
Infraçti dorso venti tonuère, mináxque
Horrendùm pelagus fremuit : sed lata profundo
Excepit maria alta sinu, lymphásque cavato
Molliter illapsas gremio convexa recondit :
Sæpe illíc *Nymphæ* furtivos leniit ignes
Triton ; sæpe greges illíc, armentáque cogens
Sopitas *Proteus* mulcebat carmine phocas.

Venerat huc miseros deflens *Myrtillus* amores,
Infelix puer, at cantu levibúsque cicutis
Doctus, & Oceani totâ notissimus undâ.
Illum turba frequens circùm mirata canentem
Nympharum sedet ; & crudos miserata dolores
Solantur, placidísque levant incendia dictis :
Flet tamen, & cymbæ viridi projectus in ulvâ
Sic *Daphnen* miser, & tardos incusat amores.

Nulla mihi tanti, *Nymphæ*, solatia luctûs.
Aut levet ipsa meos *Daphne* quos intulit ignes,
Aut si adeò indigni sumus, atque irascaris usquè,
Usquè adeò crudelis *Amor* sub pectore sævis,
Has, precor, has tumulum, *Nymphæ*, concedite lymphas :
His ego inextinctos (sinitis modò) fluctibus ignes
Immergam, si fòrs tantos mare ceperit ignes,
Nec liquido æquoreas inter caream æquore lymphas.

Scilicet expectem, *Damon* dum fumidus illam
Excipiat stabulo, thalamóve injecta *Myconis*
(Hei mihi !) pisciculis jussos misera induat hamos ?
Jámque iras ferre, atque immitia jurgia discat,
Aut saltem dum blandisonis (ah credula !) falsi
Thyrsidis acta dolis, fidos contemnat amores,
Atque illi fulgent victrici tempora lauro,

PHINEAS FLETCHER

(Heu dolor!) & spretis squalent mihi certa salictis;
 Jam mihi, jam satius crudelem abruptere vitam,
 Tótque uno pariter letho finire dolores.

Non me monstra maris terrent, immania cete
 Corpora, non curvi delphines, non tua, *Proteu*,
 Imperia, informes passim per littora phocæ;
 Non ipsum terret, vincens sua monstra, profundum:
 Hoc *Amor*, hoc longè genitali immitior undâ
 Urit, & ingenti pectus depascitur igne,
 Hoc ipsa immitem *Daphne* quæ vincit *Amorem*.

Omne malum inveni, *Daphne*, te mitius, & quod
 Æquora, quod terras tranat, cœlúmque profundum.
 Turbatæ furerent nuper cùm flatibus undæ,
 Ipse ego præcipitem lymphis me, & gurgite vasto
 Submersi, si fortè ardentes fluctibus ignes
 Eruerem, exosámque tibi premerem æquore vitam:
 Sed medias inter pontus te mitior iras
 Ad portum summis fluitantem advexerat undis.
 Quin me crescentes iterum restinguere flammâs
 Tentantem humanus medio tulit æquore delphin;
 Attonitúmque vehens, merit[u]m illi, carmina, naul[u]m
 Excepit, lætúsque oneris prope littora vexit.

At tu nec precibus, nec carmine victa, nec ipso,
 (Omnia qui vincit) cujus sum plenus, *Amore*.
 Non me, si nõsses adeó, sævissima Nymph[a],
 Despiceres; & me spretis *Tritonibus* ardent,
 Neglectísque petunt Nymphæ *Nereïdes* undis:
 Æmulus ipse mihi nequicquam carmina *Thyrsis*
 Invidet, & toties cantando ad littora victus
 Frustra iterum calamos tentat, Musásque rebelles.

Me quoque jam primò gelidâ sub rupe canentem
 Audiit, & teneris indulisit præmia Musis
 Undarum regina *Thetis*, quæ condita mecum
 Servo, duos oculis similes tibi, Nympha, pyropos.
 Est mihi, quâ tumidas volventem ad littora moles
 Oceanum solitus *Triton* demittere, concha;
 Concha auro, & niveis gyros circum illita gemmis,
 Munera si tangunt: sed nec te munera tangunt.

Ah *Myrtille*! quis hic invasit pectora tantus,
 Quis tantus furor? has citiùs tibi carmine rupes

MYRTILLUS

Flectes, hanc citiùs, quæ ripæ irascitur, undam :
At rupes flere, & liquefactum frigore visæ
Aëra, guttásque è gelidis stillare cavernis :
Aspice, ceu rauco spumosa ad littora fracti
Tristia cum gemitu præbent mihi murmura venti :
Nec tu mota tamen. Vastos mihi reddite fluctus :
Certum iterum lymphas, iterum tentare profundum.

Vos mihi, vos gelidæ rupes, vos retia fixis
Nequicquam elapsos remis captantia soles,
Et tu, dum licuit, meritò charissima nobis
Cymba, vale : non te posthæc prope littora lætus
Saltantem lymphâ pariter saliente videbo.
Non ego te recubans mediâ, resonantia latè
Æquora mulcebo cantu, ventósve tonantes.
Vósque etiam rupes, levia, fluctúsque sonoros
Carmina, sed nunquam *Daphnen* motura superbam,
Carmina grata valete ; & tu quoque inutile munus,
Concha vale, gemmæque, vale immitissima *Daphne*.
Vos mihi defuncto exiguum de cespite bustum
Nymphæ, surrigite, & supremum inscribite carmen :
Ipsa suam *Daphne* feritatem in gramine spectet.

CESPITE MYRTILLUS IACET HOC, TUA CRIMINA,
DAPHNE.

QUANTULA IAM TANTO SUPEREST EX IGNE FAVILLA !

Dixit, & invitam protrusit in æquora cymbam.
Arguto miserum gemuerunt murmure venti :
Illum etiam lacrymis remi flevère madentes :
Flebilis illum etiam Alcyon, fulicæque sonoræ ;
Quæque etiam salsos stillabant retia fletus.

Lusus Ecloga.

THYRSIS, MYRTILLUS.

FOrtè greges uno pastorum læta juvenus
 Littore compulerant, cymbásque attraxit eòdem
 Piscantùm pubes: fuit illis nobile ripâ
 Certamen: *Thyrsis Myrtillo* (littoris iste
 Sylvarum alter amor) *Myrtillus Thyrside* pugnat.
 Insignes formâ juvenes, levibúsque cicutis
 Ambo, annísque pares, experti cantibus ambo:
 Ambo myrtetis tecti, prope littoris undam
 Consedère, fluunt circùm sylvestria Nymphæ
 Numina, & æquoreæ Tritonum incendia divæ:
 Illum pastorum, piscantùm hunc agmina cingunt;
 Myrtus utrique, utrique sonans admurmurat unda.
 Porrigit alta suas rupes cantantibus umbras:
 Inque repercussum repulit sua lumina solem.

Thyr. Da mihi, siqua fides juranti, *Cynthi[a]*, pãcta
 Quæ nuper memori recitãsti carmina lauro:
 Dum tibi jam facilis *Daphne*, jam mitior, ipsum
 Vertice (quã potuit) prono veneratur amantem.

Myr. Et mihi pollicitus, modò amanti credimus ulli,
Proteus, quo nuper placaverat æquora, carmen.
 Te delphin stupuit, *Proteu*, te æquabilis unda;
 Te (tua regna) atræ passim per littora phocæ.

Thyr. Viva mihi in sertis meritò gratissima laurus,
Laurus Apollinea, & leviter pudibundi *Hyacinthi*.
 Jam mihi, pastores, vestri si cura poëtæ,
 Jam mihi *Phæbeo* constringite tempora flore.

Myr. Ante alias me delectat *Cythereia* myrtus;
 Littora myrtus amat: mediis me lilia lymphis.
 Pontivagi, vobis si sit victoria curæ,
 Huic, juvenes, capiti *Paphias* appendite frondes.

LUSUS

Pastores amat, ipse olim quoque pastor, *Apollo*. *Thyr.*
Admeti ipse greges *Penei* pavit ad undas.
 Tu quoque perpetuis sopito, *Delia*, somnis
 Pastori furtiva alto fers oscula *Latmo*.

Quæ te littoribus, quæ tanta abstraxerat herba, *Myr.*
Glauce, auxilique deos? quin te quoque fluctibus ortam,
 Mollibus implicitam (prima ah cunabula!) spumis
 Dicimus, & jam tu tenerorum mater amorum.

Arcadicus me *Faunus* amat, me magnus *Apollo*: *Thyr.*
 Lætos ille greges, variam hic promiserat artem:
 At si tu me, *Nisa*, pari dignaris amore,
 Non *Pan Arcadicus* placeat, non magnus *Apollo*.

Et nostrum *Proteus*, & nostrum *Glaucus* amorem *Myr.*
 Vincere, piscatu hic tentat, sed cantibus ille:
 Quod si tu nostro, *Nerine*, carperis igne,
 Non *Proteus* nostrum obtineat, non *Glaucus* amorem.

Sparsa domi maculis pretium est mihi carminis agna; *Thyr.*
 Non illam grege mutârim: sunt pocula crebro
 Plena *Jovis* furto, varias prodentia flammæ:
 Jam tua, si vis, agna tamen; tua pocula, *Nisa*.

Par mihi cygnorum, & lævi mihi pocula conchâ, *Myr.*
 Pocula purpureo exteriùs fulgentia fuco:
 Pes illi niveus ceteo surgit ab osse:
 Pocula, *Nerine*, tua sint; tua præmia cygni.

Pronior en *Phæbus* (cantu desistite Musæ) *Thyr.*
 Lucem utrique secat divisam æqualiter orbi.
 Antea quàm globuloso humescant gramina rore,
 Arbuteis saturos claudamus finibus agnos.

En nimio, juvenes, albescunt retia sole: *Myr.*
 Frigidus in tenues aër jam liquitur imbres.
 Jam satis est; fixos pueri subducite remos,
 Colligite in solitos piscantes retia nodos.

Hæc illi: at *Nymphæ* lectis utrinque coronis
 Lauro illi, *Paphiâ* decorant huic tempora myrto,
 Et vario intexunt (ah dulcia præmia!) flore.

FINIS.



[DEDICATION AND PREFATORY
VERSES TO GILES FLETCHER
THE ELDER'S *DE LITERIS
ANTIQUÆ BRITANNIÆ.*]

FLORENTISSIMIS

Sororibusque Musis, Collegiis verè
Regalibus, huic Cantabrigiensi,
illi Ætonensi

*HAS PATRIS (TUM ADMO-
dum adolescentis) Ægidii Fletcheri in
utraque lege Doctoris, olim utri-
usque Alumni Camœnas*

PHINEES FLETCHERUS EJUS-
dem natu maximus, sed earum omnium mi-
nimus, in debitum omnis officii monu-
mentum consecravit.

COLLEGIIS RE-
GALIBUS, CANTABRIGI-

ensi, Ætonensi, has Ægidii Fletcheri
parentis optimi Camœnas dicat
dedicâtque P. F.

O *Quæ Vinsori turres Aquaduna superbas
Suspicias, & subterlabentem vertice Thamum
Despicias æthereo, Aënidum dulcissima Nutrix,
Cujus ab uberibus, cujus cervice rependens
Lactœola emulsi sitienti flumina labro ;
Vobisquæ adedò innocuæ (mibi prima crepundia) Musæ ;
Tûque Helicon mibi Regalis, blandissima Mater,
Cujus ab ore sacro ruit Aënia Aganippe,
Amne fluens placido, quam roscida mella loquentem
Pierides stupuère omnes, stupuère canentem,
Tu mibi læta fave : laxis siqua otia curis,
Respice parva quidem, sed plusquam debita mentis
Munera, quæ noti cecinit nova fistula Vatis
Carmina, dum innatos animi depascitur æstus ;
Quà Pater externis Chamus vix cognita rivis
Flumina demulcens Regales alluit hortos,
Templâque submissis veneratur Regia lymphis.
Nota etiam veteris Chamus vestigia cantûs.
Agnoscat : fôrs ipse Pater, fôrs accinet ipse.
Ast ego tanta minor longè vestigia Patris
Colligo, difficilisque sequor non passibus æquis.
Hic ego perstreperos culices, udâsque paludes
Inter, & æternâ tectum caligine cœlum
Disperdo ætatem : gelidus præcordia sanguis
Occupat, & lætas abigit de pectore Musas.
Hic mibi desuetæ torpent sub corde Camœnæ,
Et solidam gracili vix optant voce salutem.*

Devotissimus

P. F.

[COMMENDATORY VERSES PREFIXED
TO EDWARD BELOWES' *THEOPHILA*.]

In celeberrimam THEOPHILAM, feliciter elucubratam.

A*Ne novi, veterisve prius Monumenta revolvam
Ingenii? & Tragicos superantia Scripta Cothurnos,
Atq̄ Sophocleis numerari digna Triumphis?*

*Quàm bene vivificis depingitur Artibus ECHO?
Quàm bene monstiferas Vitiorum discutis Hydras?*

*Carminibusq̄ doces quantum peccaverit Ævum?
Quanta Polucephalis repserunt Agmina Sectis?
SPHINGE THEOLOGICA quæ dia Poemata pangis?
Mira & Vera canens, nodosa Ænigmata solvis.*

*Nec vitæ pars ulla perit, nec transigis unam
Ingratam sine Luce Diem; dum pervigil Artes
Exantlas, avidisq̄ bibis Permessida Labris.*

*Famq̄, velut primo Phœnix revocatus Eoo,
Apparet nostris nova Sponsa THEOPHILA Terris.
Illius è roseis flammatur Purpura malis;
Et Gemmis Lux major adest, & blandius Aurum
A Calamo, BENLOSE, tuo; dum Dotibus amplis
Excolis, Ingeniiq̄ Opibus melioribus ornas.
Lactea Ripheas præcellunt Colla Pruinas;
Fronte Decor radiat, sanctoq̄ Modestia Vultu;
Suada verecundis & Gratia plena Labellis
Assidet, & casti Mores imitata Poetæ,
Te Moderatorem fuis amplectitur Ulnis.*

*Hisce Triumphatrix decorata THEOPHILA Gemmis,
Celsior assurgit, Mundumq̄ nitentior intrat
Virgineis comitata Choris; QUAM Tramite longo
Agmina Cecropiis stipant Heliconia Turmis.*

*Non aliter quoties adremigat Æquoris Undas
Frænatis Neptunus Equis, fluit ocyus Antris
Nereidum Gens tota suis, Dominumq̄ salutant,
Blandula cæruleo figentes Oscula Collo.*

P. F.



VERSES AND TRANSLATIONS
IN
A FATHER'S TESTAMENT

[RELIGIOUS MUSINGS.]

[The Vanity of Possessions.]

I.

Fond Soul! is this
Thy way to bliss?
Grasp both the Indies, let thy mighty hand
The iron North, and golden South command;
Transcend the Moon,
Fasten thy Throne
Above the fixed stars: above expressions,
Above thy thought enlarge thy vast possessions;
Fond soul! all this
Cannot make up thy bliss.

II.

All these are vain,
Full, but with pain:
All Creatures have their end to serve, not bless thee;
As Servants they may help, as Lords oppress thee.
They vex in getting,
Us'd, lost with fretting;
Can slaves advance, shades fill, can grief give rest?
That, which was curs'd for thee, can't make thee blest.
They all are vain,
And bring not bliss, but pain.

III.

Fond Soul! thy birth
Is not of Earth,
Or Heav'n: thou Earth, and Heav'n it self survivest:
Though born in time, thou dying time out-livest.
They fail, deceive thee,
They age, dye, leave thee;
Soar up immortal spirit, and mounting fly
Into the arms of great Eternity;
Not Heav'n, or Earth,
He, he thy End, and Birth. (pp. 15, 16)

RELIGIOUS MUSINGS

Paraphrase in Verse upon...Ecclesiast[es] 2.

I.

Oh I am tir'd, I faint, I swoon, I dye,
I travel all the world to find a station,
Where weary souls may safe, and happy lye,
I search for rest, feel but vexation;
I grope for substance, grasp but vanity;
I seek for life, and health, find death, damnation;
I meet approaching death, death to eschew:
Toyl'd with vain sweat, I wax old, to renew
My weary life: so spend, and hate what I pursue.

II.

To Pleasures house I sail'd, and safe arriv'd
I lookt for Joy, but found a Bedlam there:
Into rich Mammons baggs, and Chests I div'd,
But saw them fill'd with grief, with care, and fear:
The Crown was but a Skep, where swarms are hiv'd
Of stinging thoughts; it wears me which I wear.
Has man no good? is't lost? or am I blind?
Who? who will point the way? or cleer my mind?
To find what I should seek, to seek that I may find?

III.

Look as th' industrious Bee from flowr to flowr
Jumps lightly, visits all, but dwells in none:
Or as a sickly taste tries sweet, and sowre,
Runs through a World of dishes, finds not one
To please his curious Palate: has no power
To relish what it likes: this bit, that bone
Long'd for, and loath'd: thus my unquiet breast
In Earth, Seas, Ayer, Heav'n vainly seeks for rest:
But serving them is curst, and serv'd by them not blest.

RELIGIOUS MUSINGS

Our Seas (a drop of thine) with arms dispread
Through all the earth make drunk the thirsty plains;
Our Sun (a spark of thine) dark shadows drains,
Guilds all the world, paints earth, revives the dead;
Seas (through earth pipes distill'd) in Cisterns shed,
And power their liver springs in river veins. (gleams
The Sun peeps through jet clouds, and when his face, and
Are maskt, his eyes their light through ayers spread,
Shall dullard earth bury life-giving streams?
Earths foggs impound heav'ns light? hell quench heav'n-
kindling beams?

How miss I then? in bed I sought by night,
But found not him in rest, nor rest without him.
I sought in Towns, in broadest streets I sought him,
But found not him where all are lost: dull sight
Thou canst not see him in himself: his light
Is maskt in light: brightness his cloud about him.
Where, when, how he'l be found, there, then, thus seek thy love:
Thy Lamb in flocks, thy Food with appetite,
Thy Rest on resting dayes, thy Turtle Dove
Seek on his cross: there, then, thus Love stands nail'd with love.
(pp. 91, 92)

[The Beatific Vision.]

I.

How is't, my soul, that thou giv'st eyes their sight
To view their objects, yet hast none
To see thine own?
Earths, ayers, Heav'ns beauties they discern; their light
Fair flowers admires; their several dresses,
Their golden tresses;
The Lilly, Rose, the various Tulip, scorning
The pride of Princes in their choice adorning.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

II.

They joy to view the ayers painted Nations ;
The Peacocks train, which th' head out vies
With fairer eyes,
And emulats the heav'nly constellations ;
The Ostrich, whose fair plume embraves
Kings, Captains, Slaves ;
The Halcions, whose Triton-bills appease
Curl'd waves, and with their Eggs lay stormy seas.

III.

Pilots fixt eyes observe the Artick Bear,
With all her unwasht Starry trains
In Heav'nly plains.
Night-Travellers behold the Moon to steer
Her Ship, sailing (while *Eol* raves)
Through cloudy waves :
Our less Worlds sunns with pleasure view the light
Which gives all beauties beauty, them their sight.

IV.

Thou that giv'st sight to clay, to blackness light
How art so dull, so dimm in duty
To view his beauty,
Who quickens every life, lights every light ?
His height those Eagles eyes surpasses ;
Thou wants thy glasses :
Take up that Perspective, and view those streams
Of light, and fill thy waning Orb with beams.

V.

Then see the flowers clad in his Liveries,
And from his cheek, and lovely face
Steal all their grace.
See Fouls from him borrow their braveries,
And all their feather-painted dresses
From his fair tresses :
See Starrs, and Moon, the Sun, and all perfection
Beg light, and life from his bright eyes reflection.

RELIGIOUS MUSINGS

VI.

Look on his lipps ; heav'ns gate there open lies :

Thence that grace-breathing Spirit blows,

Thence honey flowes.

Look on his hands, the Worlds full treasures ;

Fix all thy looks his heart upon,

Loves highest Throne.

And when thy sight that radiant beauty bears,

And dazels thy weak eyes ; see with thine ears.

(pp. 103—105)

[The Passage Perilous.]

No other passage? what? no way but this
Can bring my Pilgrim soul to rest, and bliss?
Proud Seas in Gyant waves 'gainst Heaven rise,
And casting mounts, fight with loud-thundering Skies,
Skies charge their double Cannons, and let fly
Their fires, and bullets; waters hizz, and fry.
How shall my tir'd Bark climb those mounts? how shall
It fall, and not than hell much deeper fall?
How shall a Potsheard stand one Volly? how
Shall glass cut through such storms, with brittle prow?
Were sails as wings to mount me o're those hills;
Who could secure me in those lesser rills?
Where Sirens fill the ear, and eye with wonder:
I more fear calm than storms, more songs than thunder.

Lend to the Latine Siren eyes, and ears,
Her face will seem an Angel, voice the Spheres.
The Belgian melts the soul with sugred strains,
Drops Wine, and loosness into swilling veins.
A third Gold, Plenty, Wealth, abundance sings:
And binds the captive ear with silver strings.
A fourth guilds all her notes with Thrones, and Crowns,
So Heav'n in earth, glory in honour drowns.
The last powrs honey from her pleasant Hive,
So stings, and kills, and buries men alive.

Lord steer my Bark: draw thou mine eye, and ear
From those vain frights, thy Word, and thee to fear.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Lord tune my heart to hear (in Saintly throngs)
More musick in thy thunders, than their songs.

Make me to think in all these storms, and charms,
In Sirens notes, and thundring Worlds alarms,
Thy presence is my guard, my Port, thy Bed and arms.
(pp. 116, 117)

[The Divine Lover.]

I.

Me Lord? can'st thou mispend
One word, misplace one look on me?
Call'st me thy Love, thy Friend?
Can this poor soul the object be
Of these love-glances, those life-kindling eyes?
What? I the Centre of thy arms embraces?
Of all thy labour I the prize?
Love never mocks, Truth never lies.
Oh how I quake: Hope fear, fear hope displaces:
I would, but cannot hope: such wondrous love amazes.

II.

See, I am black as night,
See I am darkness: dark as hell.
Lord thou more fair than light;
Heav'ns Sun thy Shadow: can Sunns dwell
With Shades? 'twixt light, and darkness what commerce?
True: thou art darkness, I thy Light: my ray
Thy mists, and hellish foggs shall pierce.
With me, black soul, with me converse.
I make the foul *December* flowry *May*,
Turn thou thy night to me: I'll turn thy night to day.

III.

See Lord, see I am dead:
Tomb'd in my self: my self my grave.
A drudge: so born, so bred:
My self even to my self a slave.

RELIGIOUS MUSINGS

Thou Freedom, Life: can Life, and Liberty
Love bondage, death? Thy Freedom I: I tyed
To loose thy bonds: be bound to me:

My Yoke shall ease, my bonds shall free.
Dead soul, thy Spring of life, my dying side:
There dye with me to live: to live in thee I dyed.

(pp. 126, 127)

[The Divine Offer.]

Behold, behold me: view, search every part:
Let beauty wooe thy eyes, thy eyes thy heart.

Thou dost, Lord, what thou speak'st; I somewhat see,
That I see nothing, nor my self, nor thee.

'Noint thee: what seest thou now? What tongue can tell?
In thee ten thousand heav'ns, in me an hell.

How lik'st thy self poor soul? how lik'st thou me?
Lord, I am dung, and all things dung to thee.

I made thee first, and come, now, new to make thee;
If then thou lik'st, stretch forth thy hand, and take me.

Take thee? Lord thou more rich than heav'n can make thee.
I poor; tak'st thou no portion but to take thee?

Lord I am naked, foul, thou can'st but loath me:
Ask'st thou no beauty but to cleanse, and cloath me?

Oh I am base: my self my self disdain:
Wilt thou no honour, but with thee to reign?

Is this thy whole demand, to leave mine own,
And take thee for my portion, beauty, Crown?

A glorious offer: madness to refuse it:
An easie choice: yet wretch I cannot chuse it.

Maim'd wretch! I see my bliss; yet, till thou make it,
I have no will to chuse, no hand to take it.

Let th' hand, which thee, which all thy glory proffers,
Give me an hand to take thy glorious offers.

Form, draw mine eyes; so shall I still behold thee;
Make, hold my hand: so shall I take, grasp, hold thee.

(p. 135)

PHINEAS FLETCHER

[Israel's Yoke.]

I.

A grievous, heavy Yoke! bonds! burthens! cords!
Ungrateful Israël! his happy reign
Heaps plentie, peace; mirth, safety, honour hords;
Lades you with gold; is this your load? your Lords
Turns to your slaves; are these the bonds ye[e] playn?
Tunes groanes to songs: is this your Yoke, and chain?
Was wisest Solomon a Tyrant? peace
Ungrateful Israel, thy false grumbling cease:
Thy wealth his grievous bond; his heavy Yoke thy peace.

II.

Lord! Solomon was but thy shadow: he
A peaceful Prince, and thou the Prince of peace.
The world is Israels type, who (blinded) see
Freedom in bonds, and bonds in libertie.
Thee they proclaym an hard man, hard to please;
Thy easy, easing Yoke lades with disease:
But murthuring Satan, lust the soul oppressing,
The cheating world, by pleasing most distressing,
These are their gentle Lords, their cursed Yokes their blessing.

III.

Poor souls have you no eyes? your eyes no light?
These old eyes nothing see; see nothing true.
- Get Perspectives; oh help your feeble sight;
Blind eyes make night as day, and day as night:
Turn to the light, and your old eyes renew.
Shake off hells spectacles, and better vieu
Your Lords, and service: had you light, and eyes,
How could you hate the truth, and love these lies?
Despise what you admire; admire what you despise.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

III.

How beauteous is thy house? thy spangled Court?
Yet to thy beautie durt.
How glorious is the Sun, the spring of light?
Yet to thy glory night.
How bright thy Angels in their spritely feature?
Yet to thy brightness smoke to fire.
How then should we (poor souls!) admire
Thy beautie, glory, brightness in thy creature.

IV.

Oh what am I (my Lord!) without thy likeness,
But a dull dying sickness?
Strip of thy Image, and that God-like feature
I, less than any creature.
The meanest, senseless, liveless overgits me,
And goes beyond me; stons last longer,
Flowers are fairer, trees are stronger:
The beasts out-sense, the Divels self outwits me.

V.

Let Swine then serve their muddy lusts, and ly
Mir'd in their stinking stie.
Doggs serve the ravening world, devour, be sick,
Spew, and their vomit lick.
But oh let me renew my first condition,
Conform'd unto thy glorious beautie
Serve thee in every holy dutie.
This my whole honour, this my sole ambition.

(pp. 168, 169)

[The Light of Lights.]

Great Fount of light, whose overflowing streams
Lend stars their dimmer sparks, Suns brighter beams,
Thy mouth spoke light, thy hands at first did shed it
Along the skie, and through the ayer did spred it,

RELIGIOUS MUSINGS

So shadedst earth with curtains of the night,
And drewst those curtains to give days their light.
Then gathering all that scattered light, compactedst
In one vast burning Lamp, and strait enactedst
That all less lights should beg their borrowed beams,
And from that fountain fill their narrow streams :

So that more spiritual, and sacred ray
Which rising from thy mouth gave spirits day,
In those first ages had no certain sphere,
But breath'd by thee, shin'd forth from mouth to ear ;
At length collected by thy gracious Spirit,
Fills all the world with light, with life, and spirit.
There I behold thy self, thy Lamb, and Dove,
Shining in grace, burning in heavenly love :
There I my death, and thine ; thy power, my duty
See, and by seeing change into thy beautie.

Lord let thy light draw off my wandring eyes
From empty forms, and lying vanities ;
Oh fix them on thy self, and make me see
(My Light !) in all things nothing, all in thee.
Thou boughtst me all, oh make me all thine own ;
Be all in me, I all in thee alone. (p. 205)

[The Transfiguration of Man.]

I.

Ayer of her self is dark, and hath no light
But what Heaven lends her, and when angry skies
Call in their debt, she sinks in dungeon night.
Nay while she borrowes light, oft foggs arise,
Or storms, and filch by stealth, or rob by might
Her lone : her day in youth, or childhood dies.

But while the present Suns with conquering ray
Dispel the shades, and their strong beams display,
She sparkles all with light, and broider'd gold-array.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

II.

Such now is Man : inform, void, empty, dark,
A Chaos, dungeon, grave, a starless night :
Rake all his ashes up, ther's not a spark
To tine quencht life, or kindle buried light :
And what he steals from others, (empty shark !)
Hell with his mists depraves : so robbs him quite.
But when his Life, and Light shines in his eyes,
In him he lives as he, and never dies ;
Glittring in light divine, he heaven, stars, Sun out-vies.

III.

For as in earthly sight the bodies eye
(To the object bent) is like the object form'd ;
So when the soul turn'd to the Deitie
Receives his likeness, it is soon transform'd
To what it sees : death, hell, and darkness fly,
And all the spirit to Light, and Life conform'd.
Soul of my soul ! draw my souls eyes to thee ;
Set them upon thy face ; make me to be
By seeing Life, and Light, the Light, and Life I see.
(pp. 216, 217)

[TRANSLATIONS OF *METRA* IN
BOETHIUS' *DE CONSOLATIONE*
PHILOSOPHIÆ.]

Boetius. *Libr. 2. Metr. 2.*

If Mammon empty all his baggs, to store
The greedy mind, (as Seas heap sands on shore)
If earth with Heaven vie Angels for her lovers,
And every star with golden Pieces covers;
If Plenty, hills of wealth, and mountains heaps,
And what it largely gives, as safely keeps;
The dropsie soul still whines, still thirsts, and pants
For earth, and feels not what it has but wants.
When God the mouth, the throat, the skin hath cram'd
With gold, the heart still gapes, and gasps as clam'd.
Nor earth, nor seas, nor heaven can quench this drouth:
As hell it ever yawns, ne're shuts the mouth.
What rein, what curb can bridle lustful fires?
And manage them in pace of just desires?
When all the gifts which from free Heaven came
Are but as oyl, and fuel to the flame.
He never can be full who feeds on ayre;
He never can be rich, who dreams he's poor, and bare.

(p. 22)

Boetius. *Libr. 4. Metr. 2.*

Those earthly Gods you trembling view
Mounted on starry thrones,
Array'd with Heaven (in spangled blue)
Guarded with armed drones,
With raging hearts, and lightning browes,
Storming with thundering mouths,
Could you unlace their vain attires,
And peep into their brest,
With chains, with gyves, with tortures, fires
Th' Oppressors lye opprest.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Clos'd in that shew, and Heav'n-like shell
You'll find the kernel hell.
Distracting lusts with cruel twitches
Rack the disjoynted Ghost:
Hope backs the heart, and spurrs, and switches
Wrath, anger, fear, and rost:
Hate, Envy scourge with snaky wreath;
Griefs, pressing, squeeze to death.
When then so many Tyrant Lords
Reign in one single brest;
How can it (bound with self-will'd cords)
Do what it self thinks best?
He that rules men, serves lust, 's a thing,
Much greater slave, than King. (pp. 28, 29)

Boetius. *Libr. 3. Metr. 7.*

All Pleasures ride with spurs: they goar the heart,
And drive it first to run, and then to smart.
Pleasures are Bees; Bees have their bag, and sting;
Those drops of sweet, these streams of torment bring.
The bag flies with the Bee; the sting remains:
How flitting are our joyes? how lasting pains?
He that in honied Hive of Pleasure dwells,
Soon dies to Heav'n, lives to a thousand hells. (p. 32)

Boetius. *Libr. 3. Metr. 8.*

When Ignorance leads fools (both blind) they stray.
How should they hitt, or miss their end, or way?
We seek not grapes on thorns, on thistles figgs:
Who gathers pearls from Vines, or gold from twiggs?
He that would feast his guests with Lenten dishes,
Draggs not dry Mountains, nor thin Ayer fishes.
He that with Ven'son would his palate please,
Swims not his Hounds in Brooks, or hunts the Seas.
Tethis black Closets (hid with dark deep floods)
Men search, know, rifle, ransack all her goods.

TRANSLATIONS FROM BOETHIUS

Where brightest Pearls she hoords in Oyster cells,
Where Coral grafts, where stores her purple shells :
They know her Markets, Fairs, where, when to buy
Each kind of Fish ; where Crabs, where Lobsters lye ;
But where that good, which makes man blessed, lyes,
They have no ears to hear, to see, no eyes.
On earth fools hunt, which far transcends the poles :
They tear, dig, delve, (oh are they men, or moles ?)
What curse deserve such Bedlams ? blindfold wretches
Tir'd let them still pursue their honours, riches,
And prest with false goods, give them eyes to view
The dross of false, the glory of the true. (pp. 37, 38)

Boetius. *Libr. 3. Metr. 10.*

Come, hither come (poor Captives) you whose minds
With dust (cast in your eyes) Lust cheating blinds,
And to base earth with willing fetters binds :

Come weary souls, here rest, here quiet bide,
Come, anchor, here's your Port, here safely ride :
Your guilt in this close Sanctuary hide.

Nor Golden *Tagus*, nor bright *He[r]mus* streams,
Nor India's self, whose womb *Sols* hotter beams
Fill with rich seed, red, white, green glittering gems,

No sparkling Pearls your quenched snuff can tine :
The more ye cleave to their deceitful shine,
The more y' are buried in their Dungeon mine.

Their glistening rayes, which kindle fond desire,
Are earthly, and beget but fatuous fire ;
Shine but in night : they rise, and set in mire.

But this Eternal Sun (whose splendour bright
Rules, quickens all, gives you both life, and light)
The eye that wistly views with fixed sight,
Will swear the Starrs, the Moon, the Sun it self is night.

(pp. 51, 52)

PHINEAS FLETCHER

Boetius. *Libr. 3. Metr. 12.*

Thrice happy soul, that turns his Sphere of sight
To that great Sun, and Fount of goodness bright ;
Thence fills his waining Orb with true, eternal light.

Happy ! who loosing his clogg'd feet, and hands
From pressing earths, and hells oppressing bands,
Mounts, soaring up to Heaven, and at that haven lands.

Once *Orpheus* plaining at his Spouses bier,
Gave Rocks a weeping eye, and listning ear ;
Brooks staid their hasty stream ; woods left their roots to hear.

But when no Muse his wounded heart could plaister,
Songs fann'd his fires, and flames brake out the faster,
His verses pleasing all, but easing not their Master,

Weary of life, to hell he desperate flings,
There fits his sweetest voice to sweeter strings,
And into pittty Lords of Shades, and darkness sings.

There what his Mothers spring, there what his eyes,
(Griefs double fountain) what (which both out-vies)
Lost-longing love affords, he to stern Ghosts applies.

Hells bauling Dog pricks up his thrice two ears,
To houl, to bark, to snarl, to whine he fears :
Haggs still their hissing snakes ; and Furies melt in tears.

Then first *Ixion*, and his wheel take rest ;
Tantale neglects his tast, his ear to feast ;
The Vulture, full of verse, scorns *Titius* loathed brest.

Dis yields, and with this law restores his Love,
Till hell be left, his sight back must not move.
Who gives Love laws ? alas ! Loves only law is love.

Now past black *Stix*, near to the verge of Skies,
Forc'd by desire, turning his longing eyes,
Euridice (at once) he saw, he lost, he dies.

This Fable looks to thee, who tir'd with night
Desir'st to draw thy soul to life, and light
On that Eternal Sun set, fasten, fix thy sight.

TRANSLATIONS FROM BOETHIUS

If you turn back on hellish Shades to pore,
Thou ever lovest what thou wan'st before :
Thy soul more barr'd from Heav'n, in hell implunged more.
(pp. 62—64)

Boetius. *Libr. 2. Metr. 4.*

If safe thou wouldst, and quiet dwell,
Refuse a Palace, chuse a cell.
Wouldst thou burn out thy fenced light
In peace, when winds, storms, tempests fight?
Wouldst thou despise the curl'd-head waves,
And laugh, when gaping Neptune raves?
Let not thy house on mountains soar,
Trust not the swilling, spewing shore.
There envious winds, and spiteful blasts
Reign, rage, and tear : there nothing lasts.
Here sinking earth, and bibbing sands
Betray the weight : here nothing stands.
Climb not aloft to seek fresh ayer,
Or pleasant seat : build sure, not fair.
The lowly Rock make thy foundation ;
A strong, a lasting situation.
When thundring storms with ruins fill
The pleasant shore, and mounting hill,
Lodgd in thy trenches, safely lying,
Fierce winds, and foming seas defying,
Safe maist thou mock the angry skie,
And quiet live, and quiet dy. (p. 178)

Boetius. *Libr. 3. Metr. 6.*

I.

The stock of man, the Root, the body, Boughs,
(Whose breadth or'e-spreads the earth, height tops the skies)
One Parent hath ; he Sire, and Dam ; he plowes,
Plants, waters : he our birth, growth, all supplies.
He fills the Sun with Seas of flowing beams ;
Surrounds, and drains the Moon with changing streams.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

II.

He peoples Seas with fish, the Heaven with Stars,
Plants ayer, and earth with living Colonies.

He pounds mans God-like Spirit in fleshly bars,
And by that spirit earth to himself allies.

Men are of high descent: their Petigree
Mortals derive from great Eternitie.

III.

Boast ye of Sires? and Grandsires? search ye earth
For Heaven? Heavens Register will shew your race.
Heavens King your Sire: from Heaven, in Heaven your birth
A noble, royal line. No man is base

But such, as for base earth Heavens birthright sell,
By vice cut off from Heaven, and grafted into Hell.

(pp. 185, 186)

Boetius. *Libr. 5. Metr. 5.*

I.

Into what different moulds doth Gods wise hand
Cast his wet clay? and to their various forms
Their divers postures fitts? some sweep the sand
Drawn out at length; as tottering boats in storms
They mount, and fall, dragging their lazy trains
They plow long furrowes on the dusty plains.

II.

Some (light as ayer) mounted on liquid sky
Spread to the gentle winds their featherd sails;
Swimming with plumed oars through Heavens fly:
Some shod with hoofs, some frosted with sharp nails
Through woods and forrests, plains, and mountains trace,
And set their prints upon th' earths scarr'd face.

TRANSLATIONS FROM BOETHIUS

III.

Yet though their various shapes, and gate betray,
How far their natures differ each from other,
All meet in this: All gaze upon the clay
From which they spring, and stare upon their Mother.
Prest down with earthy Yoke, their dullard sight
Pores on dark shades; they use, not view the light.

IV.

Man only rears aloft his honour'd head:
His body stands, and walks upright: his eyes
Transport his soul, where it was highly bred,
To keep acquaintance with his near Allies.
On earth his down-cast look he never places,
But when he stoops, and lofty head abases.

V.

If then thou art not beast, or earth; if man,
Thy body guides the soul, thy eye the mind:
Thy flesh looks where it tends, not wher't began,
Oh shall the Heaven-born soul forget his kind?
Shall heavenly minds mind earth? while earthy eyes
Eye Heaven? soar up my soul: transcend the skies.
Else while thy body lives, thy spirit dies.

(pp. 225—227)

APPENDIX



BRITTAİN'S
ID A.

Written by that Renowned Poët,
EDMOND SPENCER.

LONDON:
Printed for THOMAS WALKLEY, and
are to be sold at his shop at the *Eagle* and
Child in Brittaines Burſſe. 1628.



TO THE RIGHT
Noble Lady *MARY*,
Daughter to the most Illustri-
ous Prince *GEORGE*, Duke
of *Buckingham*.

MOST NOBLE LADY: I have presumed to present this little Poem to your Honourable hand, encouraged onely by the worth of the Famous Author (for I am certainly assured by the ablest, and most knowing men, that it must be a Worke of *Spencers*, of whom it were pittie that any thing should bee lost) and doubting not but your Ladyship will graciously accept, though from a meane hand, this humble present, since the man that offers it, is a true Honourer and
Observer of your Selfe, and your
Princely Family, and shall
ever remaine

The humblest of your
devoted Servants.

Thomas Walkley.

Martial.

*Accipe facundi culicem studiose
 Maronis,
 Ne nugis positus, arma virumque
 Canas.*

SE here that stately Muse, that erst could raise,
 In lasting numbers great Elizae's praise,
 And dresse faire Vertue in so rich attire,
 That even her Foes were forced to admire,
 And court her Heavenly beauty, shee that taught
 The Graces grace, and made the Vertues thought
 More vertuous then before, is pleased here,
 To slacke her serious flight, and feed your eare
 With loves delightsome toys; doe not refuse
 These harmlesse sports; 't is learned Spencer's Muse;
 But thinke his loosest Poëms worthier then
 The serious follies of unskillfull men.

Brittain's Ida.

The Argument. Cant. 1.

*The youthly Shepheards winning here,
And Beauties rare displayd appeare :
What exercise hee chiefe affects,
His Name, and scornfull love neglects.*

I

IN *Ida Vale* (who knowes not *Ida Vale*?)
When harmelesse *Troy* yet felt not *Græcian* spite :
A hundred Shepheards woon'd, and in the Dale,
While their faire Flockes the three leav'd Pastures bite :
The Shepheards boyes, with hundred sportings light,
Gave wings unto the times to speedy hast :
Ah foolish Lads, that strove with lavish wast,
So fast to spend the time, that spends your time as fast.

2

Among the rest that all the rest excel'd,
A dainty Boy there wonn'd, whose harmelesse yeares,
Now in their freshest budding gently sweld ;
His Nymph-like face ne're felt the nimble sheeres,
Youth's downy blossome through his cheeke appeares :
His lovely limbes (but love he quite discarded)
Were made for play (but he no play regarded),
And fit love to reward, and with love be rewarded.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

3

High was his fore-head, arch't with silver mould,
(Where never anger churlish rinkle dighted)
His auburne lockes hung like darke threds of gold,
That wanton aires (with their faire length incited)
To play among their wanton curles delighted.

His smiling eyes with simple truth were stor'd :
Ah ! how should truth in those thiefe eyes be stor'd,
Which thousand loves had stol'n, and never one restor'd.

4

His lilly-cheeke might seeme an Ivory plaine,
More purely white than frozen *Apenine* :
Where lovely bashfulnesse did sweetely raine,
In blushing scarlet cloth'd, and purple fine.
A hundred hearts had this delightfull shrine,
(Still cold it selfe) inflam'd with hot desire,
That well the face might seeme, in divers tye,
To be a burning snow, or else a freezing fire.

5

His cheerefull lookes, and merry face would proove,
(If eyes the index be where thoughts are read)
A dainty play-fellow for naked love ;
Of all the other parts enough is sed,
That they were fit twins for so fayre a head :
Thousand boyes for him, thousand maidens dy'de,
Dye they that list, for such his rigorous pride,
He thousand boyes (ah foole) and thousand maids deni'd.

6

His joy was not in musiques sweete delight,
(Though well his hand had learnt that cunning arte)
Or dainty songs to daintier eares indite ;
But through the plaines to chace the nimble Hart,
With well tun'd hounds ; or with his certaine dart,
The tusked Boare, or savage Beare to wound ;
Meane time his heart with monsters doth abound,
Ah foole to seeke so farre what neerer might be found !

His name (well knowne unto those Woody shades,
 Where unrewarded lovers oft complaine them)
Anchises was; *Anchises* oft the glades,
 And mountaines heard *Anchises* had disdain'd them;
 Not all their love one gentle looke had gain'd them,
 That rockey hills, with echoing noyse consenting,
Anchises plain'd; but he no whit relenting,
 (Harder then rocky hils) laught at their vaine lamenting.

The Argument. Cant. 2.

Diones Garden of delight,
With wonder holds Anchises sight;
While from the Bower such Musique sounds,
As all his senses neere confounds.

I

ONE day it chanc't as hee the Deere persude,
 Tyred with sport, and faint with weary play,
 Faire *Venus* grove not farre away he view'd,
 Whose trembling leaves invite him there to stay,
 And in their shades his sweating limbes display:
 There in the cooling glade he softly paces,
 And much delighted with their even spaces,
 What in himselfe he scorn'd, hee prais'd their kinde imbraces.

2

The Woode with *Paphian* mirtles peopled,
 (Whose springing youth felt never Winters spiting)
 To laurels sweete were sweetely married,
 Doubling their pleasing smels in their uniting,
 When single much, much more when mixt delighting:
 No foote of beast durst touch this hallowed place,
 And many a boy that long'd the woods to trace,
 Entred with feare, but soone turn'd back his frighted face.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

3

The thicke-lockt bowes shut out the tell-tale Sunne,
(For *Venus* hated his all blabbing light,
Since her knowne fault which oft she wisht undone)
And scattered rayes did make a doubtfull sight,
Like to the first of day, or last of night :

The fittest light for Lovers gentle play ;
Such light best shewes the wandring lovers way,
And guides his erring hand : Night is loves holly-day.

4

So farre in this sweete Labyrinth he stray'd,
That now he viewes the Garden of delight ;
Whose breast, with thousand painted flowers array'd,
With divers joy captiv'd his wandring sight ;
But soone the eyes rendred the eares their right :

For such strange harmony he seem'd to heare,
That all his senses flockt into his eare,
And every faculty wisht to be seated there.

5

From a close Bower this dainty Musique flow'd,
A Bower appareld round with divers Roses
Both red and white ; which by their liveries show'd
Their Mistris faire, that there her selfe reposes :
Seem'd that would strive with those rare Musique clozes,
By spreading their faire bosomes to the light,
Which the distracted sense should most delight ;
That, raps the melted eare ; this, both the smel & sight.

6

The Boy 'twixt fearefull hope, and wishing feare,
Crept all along (for much he long'd to see
The Bower, much more the guest so lodged there)
And as he goes, he markes how well agree
Nature and arte in discord unity :
Each striving who should best performe his part,
Yet arte now helping nature ; nature arte :
While from his eares a voyce thus stole [into] his heart.

BRITAIN'S IDA

7

Fond men, whose wretched care the life soone ending,
 By striving to i[n]crease your joy, do spend it;
 And spending joy, yet find no joy in spending:
 You hurt your life by striving to amend it,
 And seeking to prolong it, soonest end it:
 Than while fit time affords thee time and leasure,
 Enjoy while yet thou mayst thy lifes sweet pleasure:
 Too foolish is the man that starves to feed his treasure:

8

Love is lifes end (an end but never ending)
 All joyes, all sweetes, all happinesse awarding:
 Love is life[s] wealth (nere spent, but ever spending)
 More rich, by giving, taking by discarding:
 Love's lifes reward, rewarded in rewarding,
 Then from thy wretched heart fond care remove;
 Ah should thou live but once loves sweetes to prove,
 Thou wilt not love to live, unlesse thou live to love.

9

To this sweete voyce, a dainty musique fitted
 Its well-tun'd strings; and to her notes consorted:
 And while with skilfull voyce the song she dittied,
 The blabbing Echo had her words retorted;
 That now the Boy, beyond his soule transported,
 Through all his limbes feeles run a pleasant shaking,
 And twixt a hope & feare suspects mistaking,
 And doubts he sleeping dreames, & broad awake feares waking.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

The Argument. Cant. 3.

*Faire Cythareas limbes beheld,
The straying Lads heart so inthral'd:
That in a Trance his melted spright,
Leaves th' senses slumbring in delight.*

I

NOW to the Bower hee sent his thevish eyes,
To steale a happy sight; there doe they finde
Faire *Venus*, that within halfe naked lyes;
And straight amaz'd (so glorious beauty shin'd)
Would not returne the message to the minde:
But full of feare, and superstitious awe,
Could not retire, or backe their beames with-draw,
So fixt on too much seeing made they nothing saw.

2

Her goodly length, stretch't on a Lilly-bed;
(A bright foyle of a beauty farre more bright,)
Few Roses round about were scattered,
As if the Lillies learnt to blush for spite,
To see a skinne much more then Lilly-white:
The bed sanke with delight so to be pressed,
And knew not which to thinke a chance more blessed,
Both blessed so to kisse, and so agayne be kissed.

3

Her spacious fore-head like the clearest Moone,
Whose full-growne Orbe begins now to be spent,
Largely display'd in native silver shone,
Giving wide roome to beauties Regiment,
Which on the plaine with love tryumphing went:
Her golden haire a rope of pearle imbraced,
Which with their dainty threds oft times enlaced,
Made the eie think the pearle was there in gold inched.

BRITAIN'S IDA

4

Her full large eye, in jetty-blacke array'd,
Prov'd beauty not confin'd to red and white,
But oft her selfe in blacke more rich display'd ;
Both contraries did yet themselves unite,
To make one beauty in different delight :
A thousand loves sate playing in each eye,
And smiling mirth kissing faire courtesie,
By sweete perswasion wan a bloodlesse victory.

5

The whitest white set by her silver cheeke,
Grew pale and wan like unto heavy lead :
The freshest Purple fresher dyes must seeke,
That dares compare with them his fainting red :
On these *Cupi[d]*o winged armies led,
Of little loves, that with bold wanton traine
Under those colours, marching on the plaine,
Force every heart, and to low vasselage constraine.

6

Her lips, most happy each in others kisses,
From their so wisht imbracements seldome parted,
Yet seem'd to blush at such their wanton blisses ;
But when sweete words their joyning sweet disparted,
To th' eare a dainty musique they imparted :
Upon them fitly sate delightfull smiling,
A thousand soules with pleasing stealth beguiling :
Ah that such shew's of joyes should be all joyes exiling ?

7

The breath came slowly thence, unwilling leaving
So sweet a lodge, but when she once intended,
To feast the aire with words, the heart deceiving,
More fast it thronged so to be expended ;
And at each word a hundred loves attended,
Playing ith' breath, more sweete then is that firing,
Where that *Arabian* onely bird expiring,
Lives by her death, by losse of breath more fresh respiring.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

8

Her chin, like to a stone in gold inched,
Seem'd a faire jewell wrought with cunning hand,
And being double, doubly the face graded.
This goodly frame on her round necke did stand,
Such pillar well such curious worke sustain'd ;
 And on his top the heavenly spheare up rearing,
 Might well present, with daintier appearing,
 A lesse but better *Atlas*, that faire heaven bearing.

9

Lower two breasts stand all their beauties bearing,
Two breasts as smooth and soft ; but ah alas !
Their smoothest softnes farre exceedes comparing :
More smooth and soft ; but naught that ever was,
Where they are first deserves the second place :
 Yet each as soft and each as smooth as other ;
 And whē thou first tri'st one & thē the other,
 Each softer seemesthen each, & each then each seemes smoother.

10

Lowly betweene their dainty hemisphæres,
(Their hemisphæres the heav'nly Globes excelling,)
A path, more white then is the name it beares,
The lacteall path conducts to the sweet dwelling,
Where best delight all joyes sits freely dealing ;
 Where hundred sweetes, and still fresh joyes attending ;
 Receive in giving, and still love dispending,
 Grow richer by their losse, and wealthy by expending.

11

But stay bold shepheard, here thy footing stay,
Nor trust too much unto thy n[e]w-borne quill,
As farther to those dainty limbes to stray ;
Or hope to paint that vale, or beautious hill,
Which past the finest hand and choycest skill :
 But were thy Verse and Song as finely fram'd,
 As are those parts, yet should it soone be blam'd,
 For now the shameless world of best things is asham'd.

BRITTAİN'S IDA

12

That cunning *Artist*, that old *Greece* admir'd,
 Thus farre his *Venus* fitly portrayed;
 But there he left, nor farther ere aspir'd:
 His *Dædale* hand, that Nature perfected
 By arte, felt arte by nature limited.

Ah! well he knew, though his fit hand could give
 Breath to dead colours, teaching marble live,
 Yet would these lively parts his hand of skill deprive.

13

Such when this gentle boy her closly view'd,
 Onely with thinnest silken vaile o'er-layd,
 Whose snowy colour much more snowy shew'd,
 By being next that skin; and all betray'd,
 Which best in naked beauties are aray'd:
 His spirits melted with so glorious sight,
 Ran from their worke to see so splendent light,
 And left the fainting limbes sweet slumbring in delight.

The Argument. Cant. 4.

*The swo[u]nding Swaine recovered is
 By th' Goddess; his soule raptng blisse:
 There mutuall conference, and how
 Her service she doth him allow.*

I

SOft-sleeping *Venus* waked with the fall,
 Looking behind, the sinking Boy espies,
 With all she starts, and wondereth withall,
 She thinks that there her faire *Adonis* dyes,
 And more she thinkes the more the Boy she eyes:
 So stepping neerer, up begins to reare him;
 And now with love himselfe she will confer him,
 And now, before her love himselfe she will preferre him.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

2

The Lad soone with that dainty touch reviv'd
Feeling himselfe so well, so sweetly seated,
Begins to doubt whether he yet here liv'd,
Or else his flitting soule to heav'n translated,
Was there in starry throne, and blisse instated :
Oft would he dye, so to be often saved ;
And now with happy wish he closly craved,
For ever to be dead, to be so sweet ingraved.

3

The *Paphian* Princesse (in whose lovely breast,
Spitefull disdaine could never find a place)
When now she saw him from his fit releast,
(To *Juno* leaving wrath, and scolding base)
Comforts the trembling Boy with smiling grace,
But oh ! those smiles (too full of sweete delight)
Surfeit his heart, full of the former sight ;
So seeking to revive, more wounds his feeble sprite.

4

Tell me faire Boy (sayd she) what erring chance,
Hither directed thy unwary pace :
For sure contempt, or pride durst not advance
Their foule aspect, in thy so pleasant face :
Tell me, what brought thee to this hidden place ?
Or lacke of love, or mutuall answering fire,
Or hindred by ill chance in thy desire :
Tell me, what ist thy faire and wishing eyes require ?

5

The Boy (whose sence was never yet acquainted
With such a musique) stood with eares arected ;
And sweetly with that pleasant spell enchanted,
More of those sugred straines long time expected,
Till seeing she his speeches not rejected,
First sighes arising from his hearts low center,
Thus gan reply ; when each word bold would venter,
And strive the first, that dainty labyrinth to enter,

BRITTAİN'S IDA

6

Faire *Cyprian* Queene (for well that heavenly face
Prooves thee the mother of all conquering love)
Pardon I pray thee my unweeting pace,
For no presumptuous thoughts did hither moove
My daring feete, to this thy holy Grove ;
 But lucklesse chance (which if you not gaine-say,
 I still must rue) hath caus'd me here to stray,
 And lose my selfe (alas) in losing of my way.

7

Nor did I come to right my wronged fire,
Never till now I saw what ought be loved,
And now I see, but never dare aspire
To moove my hope, where yet my love is mooved ;
Whence though I would, I would it not removed :
 Onely since I have plac't my love so high,
 Which sure thou must, or sure thou wilt deny,
 Grant me yet still to love, though in my love to dye.

8

But shee that in his eyes Loves face had seene,
And flaming heart, did not such suite disdainē,
(For cruelty fits not sweete beauties Queene)
But gently could his passion entertainē,
Though she loves Princesse, he a lowly Swaine :
 First of his bold intrusion she acquites him ;
 Then to her service (happy Boy) admits him ;
 And like another love, with Bow and quiver fits him.

9

And now [with all] the loves he grew acquainted,
And *Cupids* selfe, with his like face delighted,
Taught him a hundred wayes with which he daunted
The prouder hearts, and wronged lovers righted,
Forcing to love, that most his love despited.
 And now the practique Boy did so approve him,
 And with such grace and cunning arte did moove him,
 That all the pritty loves, and all the Graces love him.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

The Argument. Cant. 5.

*The Lovers sad despairing plaints,
Bright Venus with his love acquaints ;
Sweetly importun'd he doth shew,
From whom proceedeth this his woe.*

I

YET never durst his faint and coward heart,
(Ah foole! faint heart faire Lady ne're could win)
Assaile faire *Venus* with his new-learnt arte,
But kept his love, and burning flame within,
Which more flam'd out, the more he prest it in :
And thinki[n]g oft, how just shee might disdain him ;
While some coole mirtle shade did entertaine him,
Thus sighing would he sit, & sadly would he plain him.

2

Ah fond, and haplesse Boy! nor know I whether,
More fond, or haplesse more, that all so high
Hast plac't thy heart, where love and fate together,
May never hope to end thy misery,
Nor yet thy selfe dare wish a remedy.
All hindrances (alas) conspire to let it ;
Ah fond, and haplesse Boy! if canst not get it,
In thinking to forget, at length learne to forget it.

3

Ah farre too fond, but much more haplesse Swaine !
Seeing thy love can be forgotten never.
Serve and observe thy love with willing paine ;
And though in vaine thy love thou doe persever,
Yet all in vaine doe thou adore her ever.
No hope can crowne thy thoughts so farre aspiring,
Nor dares thy selfe desire thine owne desiring,
Yet live thou in her love, and dye in her admiring.

BRITTAIN'S IDA

4

Thus oft the hopelesse Boy complayning lyes ;
But she that well could guesse his sad lamenting,
(Who can conceale love from loves mothers eyes ?)
Did not disdain to give his love contenting :
Cruell the soule, that feedes on soules tormenting :
Nor did she scorne him though not nobly borne,
(Love is nobility) nor could she scorne,
That with so noble skill her title did adorne.

5

One day it chanc't, thrice happy day and chance !
While loves were with the Graces sweetly sporting,
And to fresh musique sounding play and dance ;
And *Cupids* selfe with Shepheards boyes courting,
Laught at their pritty sport, and simple courting :
Faire *Venus* seates the fearefull Boy close by her,
Where never *Phœbus* Jealous lookes might eye her,
And bids the Boy his Mistris, and her name descry her.

6

Long time the youth bound up in silence stood,
While hope and feare with hundred thoughts begun,
Fit Prologue to his speech ; and fearefull blood
From heart and face, with these post-tydings runne,
That eyther now he's made, or now undone :
At length his trembling words, with feare made weake,
Began his too long silence thus to breake,
While from his humble eies first reverence seem'd to speake.

7

Faire Queene of Love, my life thou maist command,
Too slender price for all thy former grace,
Which I receive at thy so bounteous hand ;
But never dare I speake her name and face ;
My life is much lesse-priz'd than her disgrace :
And, for I know if I her name relate,
I purchase anger, I must hide her state,
Unlesse thou sweare by stix I purchase not her hate.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

8

Faire *Venus* well perceiv'd his subtile shift,
And swearing gentle patience, gently smil'd :
While thus the Boy persu'd his former drift :
No tongue was ever yet so sweetely skil'd,
Nor greatest Orator so highly stil'd ;
Though helpt [with all] the choisest artes direction,
But when he durst describe her heav'ns perfection,
By his imperfect praise, disprais'd his imperfection.

9

Her forme is as her selfe, perfect Cælestriall,
No mortall spot her heavenly frame disgraces :
Beyond compare ; such nothing is terrestriall ;
More sweete then thought or pow'rfull wish embraces,
The map of heaven ; the summe of all the Graces.
But if you wish more truely limb'd to eye her,
Than fainting speech, or words can well descry her,
Look in a glasse, & there more perfect you may spy her.

The Argument. Cant. 6.

*The Boyes short wish, her larger grant,
That doth his soule with blisse enchant :
Whereof impatient uttering all,
Inraged Jove contrives his thrall.*

I

THy crafty arte (reply'd the smiling Queene)
Hath well my chiding, and [h]ot rage prevented,
Yet might'st thou thinke, that yet 'twas never seene,
That angry rage, and gentle love consented :
But if to me thy true love is presented,
What wages for thy service must I owe thee ?
For by the selfe same vow, I here avow thee,
What ever thou require, I frankly will allow thee.

BRITAIN'S IDA

2

Pardon (replies the Boy) for so affecting,
Beyond mortality; and not discarding,
Thy service was much more than my expecting;
But if thou (more thy bounty-hood regarding)
Wilt needs heape up reward upon rewarding;
Thy love I dare not aske, or mutuall fi[r]jing,
One kisse is all my love, and prides aspiring,
And after starve my heart, for my too much desiring.

3

Fond Boy! (sayd she) too fond that askt no more;
Thy want by taking is no whit decreased,
And giving, spends not our increasing store:
Thus with a kisse, his lips she sweetly pressed;
Most blessed kisse; but hope more than most blessed,
The Boy did thinke heaven fell while thus he joy'd;
And while joy he so greedily enjoy'd,
He felt not halfe his joy by being over-joy'd.

4

Why sighst faire Boy? (sayd she) dost thou repent thee
Thy narrow wish in such straight bonds to stay?
Well may I sigh (sayd he) and well lament me,
That never such a debt may hope to pay:
A kisse (sayd she) a kisse will backe repay:
Wilt thou (reply'd the Boy too much delighted)
Content thee, with such pay to be requited?
She grants; & he his lips, heart, soule, to payment cited.

5

Looke as a Ward, long from his Lands detain'd,
And subject to his Guardians cruel lore,
Now spends the more, the more he was restrain'd,
So he; yet though in laying out his store,
He doubly takes; yet findes himselfe grow poore:
With that, he markes, and tels her out a score,
And doubles them, and trebles all before:
Fond Boy! the more thou paist, thy debt still grows the more.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

6

At length, whether these favours so had fir'd him,
With kindly heate, inflaming his desiring ;
Or whether those sweete kisses had inspir'd him ;
Hee thinkes that some thing wants for his requiring ;
And still aspires, yet knows not his aspiring :

But yet though that hee knoweth, so she gave,
That he presents himselfe her bounden slave ;
Stil his more wishing face seem'd some what else to crave.

7

And boldned with successe and many graces,
His hand, chain'd up in feare, he now releast :
And asking leave, courag'd with her imbraces ;
Againe it prison'd in her tender breast ;
Ah blessed prison ! prisners too much blest !

There with those sisters long time doth he play ;
And now full boldly enters loves high way ;
While downe the pleasant vale, his creeping hand doth stray.

8

She not displeas'd with this his wanton play,
Hiding his blushing with a sugred kisse ;
With such sweete heat his rudenesse doth allay,
That now he perfect knowes what ever blisse,
Elder love taught, and he before did misse :

That moult with joy, in such untri'd joyes trying,
He gladly dies ; and death new life applying,
Gladly againe he dyes, that oft he may be dying.

9

Long thus he liv'd, slumbring in sweete delight,
Free from sad care, and fickle worlds annoy ;
Bathing in liquid joyes his melted sprite ;
And longer mought, but he (ah foolish Boy !)
Too proud, and to impatient of his joy,

To woods, and heav'n, and earth his blisse imparted ;
That *Jove* upon him downe his thunder darterd,
Blasting his splendent face, and all his beauty swarterd.

BRITTAİN'S IDA

10

Such be his chance, that to his love doth wrong,
Unworthy he to have so worthy place,
That cannot hold his peace and blabbing tongue :
Light joyes float on his lips, but rightly grace
Sinckes deepe, and th' hearts low center doth imbrace :
 Might I enjoy my love till I unfold it,
 I'de lose all favours when I blabbing told it :
 He is not fit for love, that is not fit to hold it.

FINIS.

NOTES

In the following references to the text the lines are numbered from the top of the page, including titles, but not headlines nor verse-numbers. Side-notes are numbered separately.

Additional particulars about the editions from which the text of the various poems is taken will be found in the Preface to this volume.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

THE PURPLE ISLAND, OR THE ISLE OF MAN.

The text of THE PURPLE ISLAND, PISCATORIE ECGLOGS, POETICALL MISCELLANIES and ELISA is that of the Quarto of 1633, hereafter denoted by Q.

p. 6, ll. 5—10. Quoted from Ph. Fletcher's *Sylva Poetica* (cf. p. 289, ll. 12—7) with *repetas* in l. 8 instead of the original *repetis*.

p. 12, ll. 17—9. Cf. *Locustæ*, vol. I. p. 123, ll. 2—4.

p. 14, ll. 18, 20, 29. Q] ha's.

p. 15, *side-notes*, l. 2. Q has no stop after] *Bartas*. l. 21. Q has no stop after towers.

p. 30, *side-notes*, l. 32. Q has no stop after eight.

p. 49, l. 3. Q has no stop after thought.

p. 50, *side-notes*, l. 20. Q has a full stop after *arterie*.

p. 51, l. 24. Q has no stop after planted.

p. 59, *side-notes*, l. 36. The u in *tunicle* is turned in Q.

p. 61, *side-notes*, l. 29. Q has no stop after *tunicle*.

p. 66, l. 11. Q] heavily. l. 15 to p. 68, l. 7. A paraphrase of *Libr. 3. Metr. 12* in Boethius' *De Consolatione Philosophie*. A closer version is found as Chorus to Act IV. of *Sicelides*, vol. I. p. 246 and p. 247, ll. 1—6, and, with variations and in fuller form, in *Poeticall Miscellanies*, vol. II. p. 243, l. 14 to p. 244, l. 40. See, further, note on latter passage. Yet another version, verbally closest, on the whole, to the original, but with a more distinctively religious trend, occurs among *Translations from Boethius*, p. 336, l. 1 to p. 337, l. 3.

p. 88, *side-notes*, l. 2. Q has no stop after Luke.

p. 89, *side-notes*, l. 13. Q] Unrighteousdesse.

p. 91, ll. 26—8. Cf. *Apollyonists*, vol. I. p. 132, ll. 2—4.

p. 93, ll. 8—14. These lines, with slight variations, and with additions between the two halves of l. 10, occur also in *Apollyonists*, vol. I. p. 151, ll. 10—8.

p. 96, l. 13. Q] sleering. ll. 18—24. These lines, with variations, occur also in *Apollyonists*, vol. I. p. 168, ll. 1—7.

NOTES

p. 98, l. 7. Q] snake, s hell. ll. 18—23. These lines, with variations, occur also in *Apollyonists*, vol. I. p. 164, ll. 19—24.

p. 102, l. 30. Q] *Mænads*.

p. 106, l. 29 to p. 107, l. 3. Cf. *Apollyonists*, vol. I. p. 132, ll. 5—10, and *Sicelides*, vol. I. p. 261, l. 21 (Great nature...), to l. 27 (...vertues selfe).

p. 141, l. 23. Q] *Ectecta*.

p. 151, l. 16 to p. 152, l. 21. Cf. the similar eulogy on the fisher's life, with parallel turns of phrase in the Chorus to Act II. of *Sicelides*, p. 212, ll. 22—33 and p. 213, ll. 16—26.

p. 154, l. 13. Q] *Cosmo's*.

p. 159, ll. 11—6. Cf. the Chorus to Act I. of *Sicelides*, vol. I. p. 200, ll. 18—25, which are, in large part, verbally identical with these lines.

p. 160, l. 31. Q] ever.

p. 166, l. 31. Q] humbe.

p. 168, l. 2. Q] loves. *But loving is necessary for the rhyme with moving in l. 4.*

p. 169, l. 12. Cf. *Sicelides*, vol. I. p. 248, l. 27.

p. 170, ll. 8—11. These lines, with variations, occur also in *Poetical Miscellanies*, p. 224, ll. 8—11. ll. 12—3, with variations in the latter line, appear in *Sicelides*, vol. I. p. 251, ll. 37—8, and in *Poetical Miscellanies*, p. 223, ll. 30—1.

PISCATORIE ECLOGS.

p. 178, ll. 15 and 18—28. Cf. *Sicelides*, vol. I. p. 229, ll. 5—9 and 11—6.

p. 181, l. 28. Q] ha's.

p. 188, ll. 20—1. Cf. *Apollyonists*, vol. I. p. 141, ll. 4—5.

p. 189, ll. 4—12, 15, 18—20 and 23—4. These lines, with variations, and adapted to the self-reproaches of a maid instead of a swain, occur also in *Sicelides*, vol. I. p. 215, ll. 11—22. ll. 26—31. Cf. *Sicelides*, vol. I. p. 214, ll. 28—33.

p. 193, l. 27. Q] mispent.

p. 194, ll. 3—4. Cf. *Sicelides*, vol. I. p. 201, ll. 6—7.

p. 197, ll. 19—24. Cf. *Apollyonists*, vol. I. p. 157, ll. 28—9 and p. 158, ll. 1, 3—4. l. 24. Q] *has no stop after made.*

p. 203, *side-notes*, l. 1. Q] *omits Damon.*

p. 206, ll. 5—9. Cf. *Sicelides*, vol. I. p. 230, ll. 13—7. The last three lines in both passages are almost identical.

p. 207, l. 5. Q] *has no stop after either.*

p. 208, ll. 1—3, 10—3 and 16—27. These lines, with variations, and in four-foot couplet form, occur also in the Chorus to Act III. of *Sicelides*, vol. I. p. 233, ll. 31—8 and p. 234, ll. 1—16.

p. 212, l. 9. Q] ha's.

p. 214, l. 20. Q] *has no stop after the bracket.*

p. 215, l. 8. Q] part. If this is the right reading, Fletcher has for once forgotten his rhyme-scheme. *A word is needed to rhyme with face and blaze (ll. 10—1), but none suggests itself which fits the sense.*

p. 217, ll. 15—6. Cf. *Sicelides*, vol. I. pp. 233, ll. 18—9.

NOTES

POETICALL MISCELLANIES.

- p. 223, ll. 30—1. See note on p. 170, ll. 12—3.
- p. 224, l. 3. Cf. *Sicelides*, vol. 1. p. 248, l. 27. ll. 8—11. See note on p. 170, ll. 8—11.
- p. 228, ll. 29—30. Cf. *Sicelides*, vol. 1. p. 213, ll. 25—6.
- p. 229, ll. 31—2. Almost identical with p. 225, ll. 19—20.
- p. 230, ll. 12—4. Repeated, with variations, from p. 228, ll. 21—3.
- p. 235, ll. 10—7. This stanza consists of eight lines, while all the preceding ones in the poem have nine. It is possible that a line, rhyming with ll. 10 and 13, has dropped out after l. 12. l. 16. On the problem of the significance of this line, in connection with the question of Fletcher's authorship of *Brittain's Ida*, see the Preface to this volume. l. 19. Q] ha's.
- p. 239, ll. 2—13 and 26—31. These lines, with differences in details, and the substitution of rhyming couplets for the six-line stanza, are also found in *Sicelides*, vol. 1. p. 202, ll. 3—20; l. 9, however, is replaced by an entirely different line.
- p. 242, l. 24. Q] has a bracket before a instead of before nothing.
- p. 243, ll. 14—35 and p. 244, ll. 1—40. A translation of *Libr. 3. Metr. 12 in De Consolatione Philosophiæ*. p. 243, ll. 20—35 (Once his...) and p. 244, ll. 1—22 (...musicks skill) are also found in *Sicelides*, vol. 1. p. 246, ll. 2—35. Apart, however, from differences in detail, p. 243, ll. 24—5 and 30—1 are omitted in *Sicelides*; p. 244, ll. 9—14 are condensed into two, and the arrangement of lines 15—22 is altered; and four lines (vol. 1. p. 246, ll. 24—5 and 28—9) are introduced which are not found in the present version. p. 244, ll. 22—40 are not found in *Sicelides*, which substitutes six other lines for which there is no hint in the Latin original. Another version of this poem of Boethius is found, as mentioned in note *ad loc.*, in *The Purple Island*, Canto v. p. 66, ll. 15—32, p. 67 and p. 68, ll. 1—7. Though in stanza form, and in different metre, it has many verbal parallelisms with the present version, and in a less degree with the Chorus in *Sicelides*. On the version included among *Translations from Boethius*, pp. 336—7, see note on p. 66, ll. 15 ff.
- p. 245, l. 12. Q] pefection. ll. 31—4 and p. 246, ll. 1—20. Cf. vol. 1. p. 14, ll. 1—24. The lines as printed here differ, however, in two points from the version prefixed to *Christs Victorie*; p. 246, l. 12 has *thawes instead of melts*, and l. 15 has *mountain instead of mountaines*.
- p. 246, l. 30. Q] bessed.

ELISA.

- p. 261, l. 2. As the poem is divided in the Quarto into two sets of 50 numbered stanzas, I have added the heading CANT. I. here, and CANT. II. on p. 272, l. 8.
- p. 270, ll. 31—2 and p. 271, l. 1. Cf. *The Purple Island*, Canto XII. p. 160, ll. 27—8.
- p. 271, l. 17. Q] 't was.
- p. 274, l. 15—7. Cf. *Sicelides*, vol. 1. p. 255, ll. 23—5.
- p. 277, ll. 6—7. Almost identical with *Sicelides*, vol. 1. p. 248, ll. 7—8. l. 9. Q] omits] *Al*.
- p. 280, ll. 4—8. It is noticeable that this simile in wording and in imagery closely resembles four lines of a passage in *Sicelides*, only found in the Rawlinson MS. and quoted in the note on vol. 1. p. 227, ll. 17—8.

NOTES

SYLVA POETICA.

The text is that of the Octavo of 1633, hereafter denoted by O.

p. 287, l. 29. Fletcher borrows this line from his verse-dedication of *Pietas Jesuitica* (afterwards *Locustæ*) to Prince Henry in the MS. recently owned by Mr Dobell, but now added to the British Museum collection. It there appears in the form :

Jam faveas, primoq, adsis, Henrice, labori.

It had already, when the dedication was transferred to Prince Charles in the Harleian MS., been more radically transformed into

Tu modo si faveas infanti Carole Musæ.

l. 31 is also taken, with slight adaptation, from an earlier line in the same dedicatory poem. See vol. I. pp. 281—2. Cf., further, the note below on p. 316, ll. 16—22 of this volume.

p. 293, ll. 2—33. Cf. vol. I. p. 15, where these verses are prefixed to Giles Fletcher's *Christs Victorie and Triumph*. But in l. 5, Et jam, in l. 7, Jam fletus teneros, cachinnulosque, and in l. 21, Vel saltem are from the 1632 edition of *Christs Victorie*, not the original 1610 edition. The heading to the verses, *Charissimo fratri Ægidio &c.*, is not found in any of the editions of *Christs Victorie*.

p. 294, ll. 29—36 and p. 295, ll. 1—13. A Latin version of p. 232, ll. 17—30 and p. 233, ll. 1—12. The lines, except the four opening ones, occur also, with slight variations, in *Locustæ*, vol. I. p. 108, ll. 15—29.

p. 299, ll. 15—19. A Latin version of the opening lines of the Chorus to Act I. of *Sicelides*, vol. I. p. 200, ll. 12—7.

p. 302, l. 28. O] *Nisæ*.

p. 305, l. 22. O has a semi-colon after quidem.

p. 306, l. 35. O] blanda.

p. 307, l. 16. O] illota...ursa.

p. 309, l. 19. O] ulva.

p. 310, l. 21. O] meritam...naulam. The false genders may be due to the printer, but it is equally possible that the mistake is Fletcher's own. The Latinised form of *ναῦλον* is not found in classical Latin, so far as I am aware, except in Juvenal, *Sat.* VIII. 97. l. 25. O] *Nymphe*. l. 31. O] *gelida*.

p. 312, l. 17. O] *Cynthia*.

p. 313, l. 20. O] *Nisæ*.

PREFATORY VERSES TO DE LITERIS ANTIQUÆ BRITANNIÆ.

p. 316, l. 11. O has a comma after] *Musæ*. ll. 16—22 (laxis...lymphis). Another reproduction by Fletcher, with variations, of lines in the verse-dedication of *Pietas Jesuitica* (*Locustæ*) to Prince Henry. See vol. I. p. 281, ll. 8—10 and 17—20. The last three lines, which are identical in both passages, had already been made use of by Fletcher in his final version of *Locustæ*, vol. I. p. 123, ll. 2—4. ll. 25—6. Cf. Dedication to *Sylva Poetica*, p. 287, ll. 26—7.

COMMENDATORY VERSES PREFIXED TO THEOPHILA.

F = Folio of 1652.

p. 317, l. 21. F] *Ingeniūq.* l. 28. F] *Mundumq.* l. 33. F] *Dominumq.*

NOTES

VERSES AND TRANSLATIONS IN A FATHER'S TESTAMENT.

The text is that of the Octavo of 1670, hereafter denoted by O. On the arrangement of the poems, and the titles prefixed to them, see the Preface to this volume.

- p. 320, l. 24. O has a mark of interrogation after Earth.
- p. 321, l. 1. This heading is supplied in the sentence which immediately precedes the verses: "Let me shut up this Chapter, with that *Princel Preacher*, and *Prophetical Poet*, in this Paraphrase (in Verse) upon 1 *Ecclesiast. 2.*"
- p. 326, l. 7. O has no comma after Port, but has one after thy. 1. O has no stop after commerce.
- p. 328, l. 6. O] yea. 1. 8. O has a comma after Tyrant.
- p. 334, l. 5. O has a semi-colon after switches. 1. 6. O has no stop after anger.
- p. 335, l. 20. O] *Hemus*.
- p. 336, ll. 1—33 and p. 337, ll. 1—3. See notes on p. 66, ll. 15 ff. and p. 243, ll. 20 ff.
- p. 337, l. 21. O] situation. *This may be a misprint for situation, but Fletcher may have used this irregular form for rhyming purposes.* ll. 26—7. Cf. *Sicclides*, vol. I. p. 213, ll. 25—6.
- p. 339, l. 15. O has no stop after began.

APPENDIX TO THE POEMS OF PHINEAS FLETCHER.

BRITAINS IDA.

The text is that of the Octavo of 1628, hereafter denoted by O.

- p. 348, ll. 14—6 and 22—4. *Not indented in O.*
- p. 349, ll. 27—9. *Not indented in O.*
- p. 350, ll. 6—8. *Not indented in O.* 1. 32. O] stole his heart. The line as printed in O is short of a foot, and the preposition is necessary to the sense.
- p. 351, l. 2. O] n turned in increase. 1. 11. O] life.
- p. 352, ll. 11—3. *Not indented in O.* 1. 13. O has a comma before too.
- p. 353, l. 13. O] *Cupio*. 1. 21. O] th'eare. 1. 30. O] ith'breath.
- p. 354, l. 5. O has a comma before well. 1. 26. O] now-borne.
- p. 355, l. 12. O] allbetray'd. 1. 18. O] *swonding*. 1. 19. *th'God-desse*.
- p. 356, l. 26. O has a bracket after with as well as after musique.
- p. 357, l. 1. O has a bracket after face. 1. 25. O] withall.
- p. 358, l. 9. *The s in his is wanting in the Rylands Library copy of O, but is found in Mr A. H. Huth's copy.* 1. 11. O] thinkidg.
- p. 360, l. 6. O] withall. 1. 23. O] and not rage.
- p. 361, l. 6. O] fixing.
- p. 362, l. 8. *Not indented in O.*
- p. 363, l. 5. O] th'hearts.

210

23

6

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