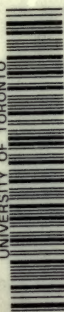
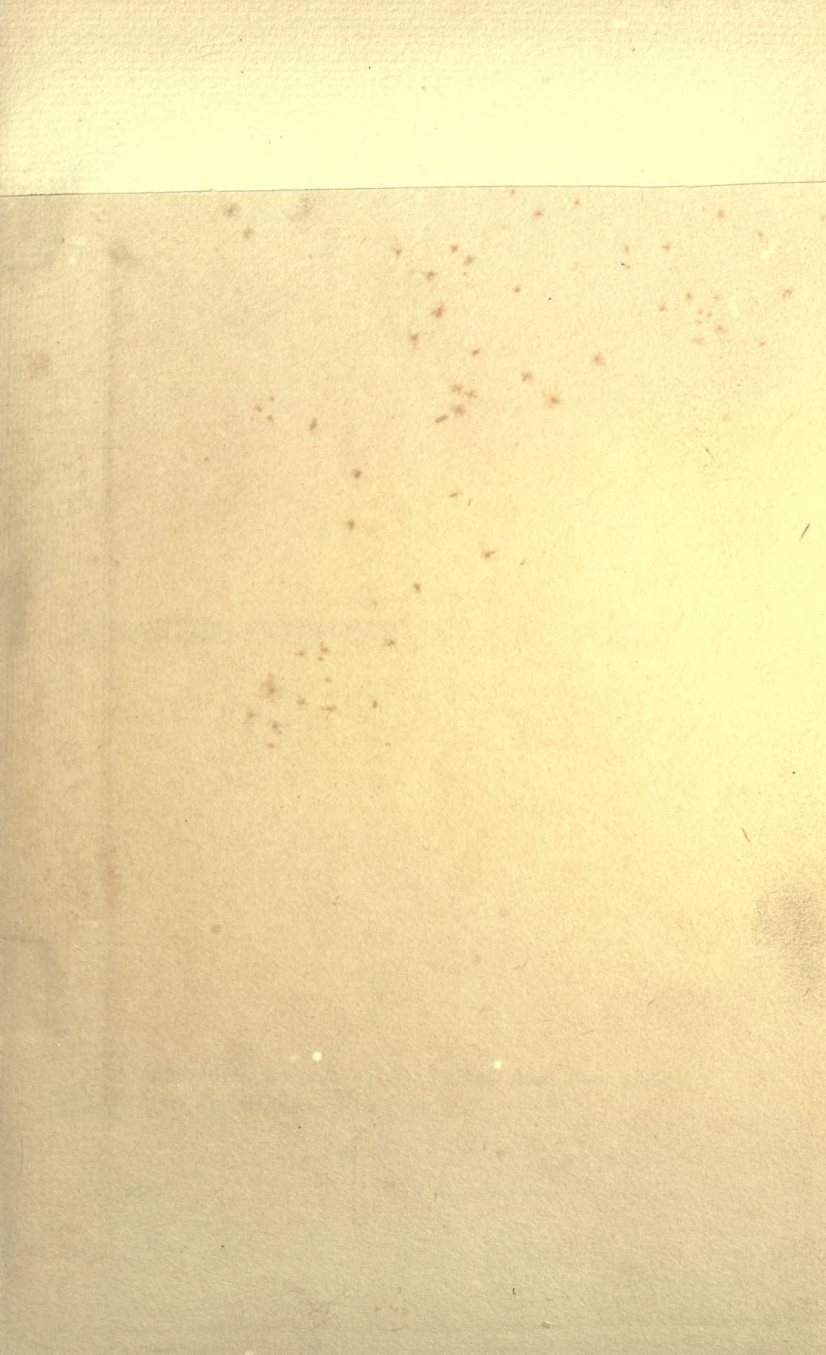


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CHARLES COTTON'S LYRICAL POEMS

*Two hundred copies only of this edition have been printed,
and the types distributed. This copy is No. 145.*

(Signed) J. R. Tutin —

*"Hail, generous magazine of wit, you bright
Planet of learning, dissipate the night
Of dulness, wherein us this age involves,
And (from our ignorance) redeem our souls. . . .
The world will find your lines are great and strong,
The nihil ultra of the English tongue."*

SIR ASTON COKAYNE : *To my most honoured cousin,
Mr Charles Cotton.*

*"Complete content—the day has brought it—
He fished for pleasure—and he caught it!"*

H. J. WISE.

*"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."*

SHAKESPEARE.

*"Oh! the gallant fisher's life,
It is the best of any."*

CHALKHILL and WALTON : *Song—"Oh! the gallant."*

*"Among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove."*

WORDSWORTH.

LYRICAL POEMS

BY

CHARLES COTTON

AUTHOR OF
THE SECOND PART OF "THE COMPLEAT ANGLER," ETC.

INCLUDING THE
POEMS OF
IZAAK WALTON

EDITED, WITH NOTES, ETC., BY

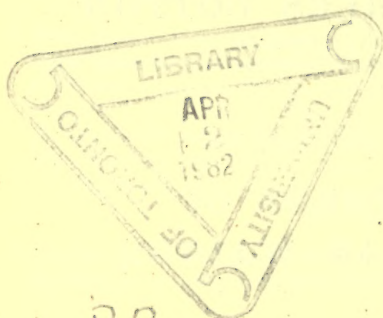
J. R. TUTIN

"All he desires, all that he would demand,
Is only that some amicable hand
Would but irriguate his fading bays
With due, and only with deserved praise."

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PREFACE

IT may not be easy to account for the general indifference to Charles Cotton's more serious and substantial verse during a very long period, yet something must be attempted in this respect.

He came immediately after a brilliant period in English letters; viz. the period of Milton and his immediate Carolian predecessors whose names are familiar to us as household words. It is hardly necessary to mention such names as Campion, Herbert, Carew, Herrick, Crashaw and others of that golden age of song, wherein flourished so many who have taken their places in the hierarchy of English Literature, save for this reason: that Charles Cotton, coming after such a golden harvest, and being more the product of his own age than they were of theirs, was less the poet of passionate love than many of his predecessors were. He was essentially a Restorationist, with all the fast living and license of phrase in verse as well as in prose which are characteristic of his period. Yet was his nature a more than one-sided one, as is the aim of the present Anthology to show. What he was at his worst, morally speaking, in literature, it is not necessary here to say. He was a better man than his worst words (in verse or prose) would lead some readers to suppose.

Let him be judged, if somewhat partially, by the present publication, which surely is sufficiently various to enable the most exacting reader to discern what sort of a man he was as regards both his personal character and his poetry. A man who could gain, and keep, the friendship—nay, love—of that good man, Izaak Walton, must have been no worthless rake, taking him all in all, as must be done if we wish to arrive at the truth in regard to him. He certainly pandered to the taste of his time in literature, and published, many years before his death, productions which in these days of refinement and delicacy are kept out of sight and rarely read. His travesties of Virgil and Lucian had a considerable popularity during the latter part of the seventeenth century and the early part of the eighteenth; and in their grosser text (for there is considerable difference betwixt the earlier and later editions of both) they are creditable neither to his taste nor his genius. No attempt to resuscitate *them*, at least, would be tolerated in this age. This Rabelais of travesty must then be content—as doubtless he is content, wandering in the Elysian fields—to see his imitations of classic authors remain in the cold. At heart he was a poet in the truest and best sense; and, without ignoring his lighter and humorous verse, it is my aim to show Charles Cotton in a favourable light as a serious and undoubted poet. What his true position in English poetry is let the critics decide—I cannot. If the present publication is not sufficient to judge him by (herein he is only shown as an original poet—not as a translator at all) let the would-be appraiser turn to *Poems on Several*

Occasions. Written by Charles Cotton, Esq.; London, printed for Tho. Basset, at the George in Fleet-Street; Will. Hinsman and Tho. Fox, in Westminster-Hall, 1689. The book may disappoint him in several respects, but it should serve to open his eyes to what Cotton was on his quieter and more serious side. Therein are several poems of some length which should find a place in every student's edition of Walton and Cotton's "Compleat Angler." One of those pieces, *The Retirement*, has figured, I believe, in every issue of Major's excellent edition of that classic; the others more especially referred to being *Contentation*, *The Angler's Ballad*, and *To my dear and most worthy friend Mr Izaak Walton*. To mention other poems equally attractive for one reason or another is hardly necessary here, but *Winter*, *The New Year* (the gentle Elia's favourite, seemingly), some of the amatory lyrics, and *Chanson a Boire*, in addition to the piscatory poems, are surely sufficient in themselves to warrant a small edition, such as this, of Cotton's more prizable productions. If not, he can wait; so can the edition; for the present edition is so small that in the event of its "falling flat" it will be allowed to move off at just as slow a pace as it will. Justice at least will come ere long to many another English poet besides Charles Cotton. Under many and prolonged difficulties—chiefly those of ill-health and physical weakness—I have endeavoured to do my part herein wisely, if not well, and I much regret the delay in sending this book to its subscribers.

The present ground has not, so far as I am aware, been

ploughed and harrowed previously, in any satisfactory sense of those terms, in so slovenly a manner was the editing of the *editio princeps* (that of 1689) performed. Our poet, dying in 1687, probably left his manuscripts in an unsatisfactory state, and whoever edited (?) the book of 1689 must have been an out-and-out incompetent person. Probably the editing was left entirely to the compositor, who would be left to deal as he chose with the large batch of manuscripts, the result being that there are fifteen or sixteen poems (totalling about 640 lines) printed twice over, these repetitions, in a number of cases, showing variations of text which I have duly recorded in my notes at the end of this volume. It has been my aim to present as good and correct a text as was possible under the not very easy circumstances of misprints and mis-spelling of the 1689 edition. One poem only—namely the one entitled, *To my old and most worthy friend Mr Izaak Walton, on his Life of Dr Donne*, etc.—has been taken from another source than the 1689 edition. It occurs in the 1675 (collective) edition of Walton's "Lives," and deserves a place beside the other pieces addressed to his worthy "father" Walton, which are also included in the present collection.

Izaak Walton's Poems—nine in number—are included herein for the satisfaction of admirers of Walton and Cotton's classic, "The Compleat Angler." Sir N. Harris Nicolas included most of these in his admirable Memoir of Walton, prefixed to his edition of the "Angler," as did Mr Richard Herne Shepherd, in his *Waltoniana: Inedited remains in verse and prose of Izaak Walton*

(*London, Pickering & Co., 1878*). In the present work a fuller collection of *variae lectiones* of the Walton pieces will be found than is given in either of the above-named publications.

If the notes to the present poems are not so full and comprehensive as the reader would wish, let him give me credit for having done what I could in this respect. Under somewhat difficult circumstances, and a limited library of reference, no more was possible.

To at least one friend, who kindly assisted in connection with the notes to Cotton's *Voyage to Ireland*, I am indebted, and hereby tender my best thanks for suggestions and assistance.

J. R. TUTIN.

GT. FENCOTE, YORKS.,
Sept. 2, 1903.

CHARLES COTTON'S LYRICAL POEMS

I.—MISCELLANEOUS

WINTER

I

HARK, hark, I hear the North Wind roar,
See how he riots on the shore!
And with expanded wings at stretch,
Ruffles the billows on the beach.

II

Hark, how the routed waves complain, 5
And call for succour to the main,
Flying the storm as if they meant
To creep into the continent.

III

Surely all Æol's huffing brood
Are met to war against the flood, 10
Which seem surpris'd, and have not yet
Had time his levies to complete.

WINTER

IV

The beaten Barque, her rudder lost,
 Is on the rolling billows tost ;
 Her keel now ploughs the ooze and soon 15
 Her top-mast tilts against the moon.

V

'Tis strange ! the Pilot keeps his seat ;
 His bounding ship does so curvet,
 Whilst the poor passengers are found,
 In their own fears already drown'd. 20

VI

Now fins do serve for wings, and bear
 Their scaly squadrons through the air ;
 Whilst the air's inhabitants do stain
 Their gaudy plumage in the main.

VII

Now stars concealed in clouds do peep 25
 Into the secrets of the deep ;
 And lobsters, spewèd from the brine,
 With Cancer constellations shine.

VIII

Sure Neptune's wat'ry kingdoms yet,
 Since first their coral graves were wet, 30
 Were ne'er disturb'd with such alarms,
 Nor had such trial of their arms.

WINTER

3

IX

See where a liquid mountain rides,
Made up of innumerable tides,
And tumbles headlong to the strand, 35
As if the sea would come to land.

X

A sail! a sail! I plainly spy
Betwixt the ocean and the sky:
An argosy, a tall built ship,
With all her pregnant sails a-trip. 40

XI

Nearer, and nearer, she makes way,
With canvas wings, into the bay;
And now upon the deck appears
A crowd of busy mariners.

XII

Methinks I hear the cordage crack, 45
With furrowing Neptune's foaming back,
Who wounded, and revengeful roars
His fury to the neighb'ring shores.

XIII

With massy trident high, he heaves
Her sliding keel above the waves, 50
Opening his liquid arms to take
The bold invader in his wrack.

WINTER

XIV

See how she dives into his chest,
 Whilst raising up his floating breast
 To clasp her in, he makes her rise 55
 Out of the reach of his surprise.

XV

Nearer she comes, and still doth sweep
 The azure surface of the deep,
 And now at last the waves have thrown
 Their rider on our *ALBION*. 60

XVI

Under the black cliff's spumy base
 The sea-sick hulk her freight displays,
 And as she walloweth on the sand,
 Vomits her burthen to the land.

XVII

With heads erect, and plying oar, 65
 The ship-wreck'd mates make to the shore ;
 And dreadless of their danger, climb
 The floating mountains of the brine.

XVIII

Hark ! hark ! the noise their echo make
 The island's silver waves to shake ; 70
 Sure with these throws, the lab'ring main
 'S delivered of a hurricane.

WINTER

5

XIX

And see the seas becalm'd behind,
Not crispt with any breeze of wind ;
The tempest has forsook the waves, 75
And on land begins his braves.

XX

Hark ! hark ! their voices higher rise,
They tear the welkin with their cries ;
The very rocks their fury feel,
And like sick drunkards nod and reel. 80

XXI

Louder, and louder, still they come,
Nile's cataracts to these are dumb ;
The Cyclop to these blades are still,
Whose anvils shake the burning hill.

XXII

Were all the stars enlighten'd skies, 85
As full of ears as sparkling eyes ;
This rattle in the Crystal Hall,
Would be enough to deaf them all.

XXIII

What monstrous race is hither tost,
Thus to alarm our British coast ; 90
With outeries such as never yet
War or confusion could beget.

WINTER

XXIV

Oh ! now I know them ; let us home,
 Our mortal enemy is come :
 Winter and all his blust'ring train 95
 Have made a voyage o'er the main.

XXV

Vanished the countries of the sun,
 The fugitive is hither run,
 To ravish from our fruitful fields
 All that the teeming season yields. 100

XXVI

Like an invader, not a guest,
 He comes to riot, not to feast,
 And in wild fury overthrows
 Whatever does his march oppose.

XXVII

With bleak and with congealing winds 105
 The earth in shining chains he binds ;
 And still as he doth farther pass,
 Quarries his way with liquid glass.

XXVIII

Hark ! how the blusterers of the Bear
 Their gibbous cheeks in triumph tear, 110
 And with continued shouts do ring
 The entry of their palsied king.

XXIX

The squadron nearest to your eye
Is his, Forlorn of infantry :
Bow-men of unrelenting minds, 115
Whose shafts are feather'd with the winds.

XXX

Now you may see his vanguard rise
Above the earthy precipice,
Bold horse on bleakest mountains bred,
With hail instead of provend fed. 120

XXXI

Their lances are the pointed locks
Torn from the brows of frozen rocks ;
Their shields are crystals, as their swords :
The steel the rusted rock affords.

XXXII

See ! the main body now appears ; 125
And hark the Æolian trumpeters
By their hoarse levets do declare
That the bold general rides there.

XXXIII

And look ! where mantled up in white,
He sleds it like the Muscovite ; 130
I know him by the port he bears,
And his life-guard of mountaineers.

XXXIV

Their caps are furr'd with hoary frost,
 The bravery their cold kingdom boasts ;
 Their spongy plaids are milk-white frieze, 135
 Spun from the snowy mountain's fleece.

XXXV

Their partisans are fine carved glass,
 Fringed with the morning's spangled grass ;
 And pendent by their brawny thighs
 Hang scimitars of burnisht ice. 140

XXXVI

See! see! the rearward now has won
 The promontory's trembling crown,
 Whilst at their numerous spurs, the ground
 Groans out a hollow murmuring sound.

XXXVII

The Forlorn now halts for the van ; 145
 The Rear-guard draws up to the main ;
 And now they altogether crowd
 Their troops into a threatening cloud.

XXXVIII

Fly! fly! the foe advances fast
 Into our fortress, let us haste 150
 Where all the roarers of the North
 Can neither storm nor starve us forth.

XXXIX

There underground a magazine
 Of sovereign juice is cellar'd in :
 Liquor that will the siege maintain, 155
 Should Phœbus ne'er return again.

XL

'Tis that that gives the Poet rage,
 And thaws the gelid blood of Age ;
 Matures the young, restores the old,
 And makes the fainting coward bold. 160

XLI

It lays the careful head to rest,
 Calms palpitations in the breast,
 Renders our lives' misfortune sweet,
 And Venus frolic in the sheet.

XLII

Then let the chill Sirocco blow, 165
 And gird us round with hills of snow ;
 Or else go whistle to the shore,
 And make the hollow mountains roar,

XLIII

Whilst we together jovial sit
 Careless, and crown'd with mirth and wit ; 170
 Where, though bleak winds confine us home,
 Our fancies round the world shall roam.

XLIV

We'll think of all the friends we know,
 And drink to all worth drinking to ;
 When having drunk all thine and mine, 175
 We rather shall want healths than wine.

XLV

But where friends fail us, we'll supply
 Our friendships with our charity ;
 Men that remote in sorrows live
 Shall by our lusty brimmers thrive. 180

XLVI

We'll drink the wanting into wealth,
 And those that languish into health,
 The afflicted into joy, th' opprest
 Into security and rest.

XLVII

The worthy in disgrace shall find 185
 Favour return again more kind,
 And in restraint who stifled lie
 Shall taste the air of liberty.

XLVIII

The brave shall triumph in success,
 The lovers shall have mistresses, 190
 Poor unregarded Virtue, praise,
 And the neglected Poet, bays.

WINTER

11

XLIX

Thus shall our healths do others good
Whilst we ourselves do all we would ;
For, freed from envy and from care, 195
What would we be but what we are ?

L

'Tis the plump grape's immortal juice
That does this happiness produce,
And will preserve us free together,
Maugre mischance, or wind and weather. 200

LI

Then let old Winter take his course,
And roar abroad till he be hoarse,
And his lungs crack with ruthless ire,
It shall but serve to blow our fire.

LII

Let him our little castle ply 205
With all his loud artillery ;
Whilst sack and claret man the fort
His fury shall become our sport.

LIII

Or, let him Scotland take, and there
Confine the plotting Presbyter ; 210
His zeal may freeze, whilst we keep warm
With love and wine, can take no harm.

THE NEW YEAR

TO MR W. T.

HARK, the cock crows, and yon bright star
Tells us, the day himself's not far ;
And see where, breaking from the night,
He gilds the western hills with light.
With him old Janus doth appear, 5
Peeping into the future Year,
With such a look as seems to say,
The prospect is not good that way.
Thus do we rise ill sights to see,
And 'gainst ourselves to prophesy ; 10
When the prophetic fear of things
A more tormenting mischief brings,
More full of soul-tormenting gall,
Than direst mischiefs can befall.
But stay ! but stay ! methinks my sight, 15
Better informed by clearer light,
Discerns sereneness in that brow,
That all contracted seem'd but now.
His reverse face may show distaste,
And frown upon the ills are past ; 20

THE NEW YEAR

13

But that which this way looks is clear,
 And smiles upon the New-born Year.
 He looks too from a place so high,
 The year lies open to his eye ;
 And all the moments open are 25
 To the exact discoverer.
 Yet more and more he shines upon
 The happy revolution.
 Why should we then suspect or fear
 The influences of a year, 30
 So smiles upon us the first morn,
 And speaks us good so soon as born ?
 [Plague] on't ! the last was ill enough,
 This cannot but make better proof ;
 Or, at the worst, as we brush'd through 35
 The last, why so we may this too ;
 And then the next in reason should
 Be superexcellently good :
 For the worst ills (we daily see)
 Have no more perpetuity, 40
 Than the best fortunes that do fall ;
 Which also bring us wherewithal
 Longer their being to support,
 Than those do of the other sort :
 And who has one good year in three, 45
 And yet repines at destiny,
 Appears ingrateful in the case,
 And merits not the good he has.
 Then let us welcome the New Guest
 With lusty brimmers of the best ; 50
 Mirth always should Good Fortune meet,

And render e'en Disaster sweet :
And though the Princess turn her back,
Let us but line ourselves with sack,
We better shall by far hold out,
Till the next Year she face about.

THE RETIREMENT

IRREGULAR STANZAS TO MR IZAAK WALTON

I

FAREWELL, thou busy World, and may
 We never meet again :
Here I can eat, and sleep and pray,
And do more good in one short day
Than he who his whole age outwears 5
Upon thy most conspicuous theatres,
Where nought but vice and vanity do reign.

II

Good God! how sweet are all things here!
How beautiful the fields appear!
How cleanly do we feed and lie! 10
Lord! what good hours do we keep!
 How quietly we sleep!
What peace! what unanimity!
How innocent from the lewd fashion
Is all our business, all our conversation! 15

III

Oh, how happy here's our leisure!
Oh, how innocent our pleasure!
15

Oh ye valleys, oh ye mountains,
 Oh ye groves and crystal fountains,
 How I love at liberty 20
 By turn to come and visit ye!

IV

O Solitude, the soul's best friend,
 That Man acquainted with himself dost make,
 And all his Maker's wonders to intend ;
 With thee I here converse at will, 25
 And would be glad to do so still ;
 For it is thou alone that keep'st the soul awake.

V

How calm and quiet a delight
 It is alone
 To read, and meditate, and write, 30
 By none offended, nor offending none ;
 To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease,
 And pleasing a man's self, none other to displease !

VI

Oh my belovèd nymph ! fair Dove,
 Princess of rivers, how I love 35
 Upon thy flowery banks to lie,
 And view thy silver stream,
 When gilded by a summer's beam,
 And in it all thy wanton fry

THE RETIREMENT 17

Playing at liberty, 40
And with my angle upon them,
The all of treachery
I ever learn'd to practise and to try!

VII

Such streams Rome's yellow Tiber cannot show,
Th' Iberian Tagus, nor Ligurian Po ; 45
The Meuse, the Danube, and the Rhine,
Are puddle-water all compar'd with thine ;
And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are
With thine much purer to compare :
The rapid Garonne, and the winding Seine 50
Are both too mean,
Belovèd Dove, with thee
To vie priority :
Nay, Thame and Isis, when conjoin'd, submit,
And lay their trophies at thy silver feet. 55

VIII

Oh my belovèd rocks ! that rise
To awe the earth, and brave the skies
From some aspiring mountain's crown
How dearly do I love,
Giddy with pleasure, to look down ; 60
And from the vales to view the noble heights above !

IX

Oh my belovèd caves ! from dog-star heats,
And hotter persecution, safe retreats ;

What safety, privacy, what true delight
 In the artificial night 65
 Your gloomy entrails make,
 Have I taken, do I take!
 How oft, when grief has made me fly
 To hide me from society,
 Even of my dearest friends, have I 70
 In your recesses' friendly shade
 All my sorrows open laid,
 And my most secret woes entrusted to your privacy!

X

Lord! would men let me alone,
 What an over-happy one 75
 Should I think myself to be;
 Might I in this desert place,
 Which most men by their voice disgrace,
 Live but undisturbed and free!
 Here in this despised recess 80
 Would I, maugre Winter's cold,
 And the Summer's worst excess,
 Try to live out to sixty full years old,
 And all the while
 Without an envious eye 85
 On any thriving under Fortune's smile,
 Contented live, and then contented die.

TO MY DEAR AND MOST WORTHY FRIEND,
MR IZAAK WALTON

WHILST in this cold and blust'ring clime,
Where bleak winds howl, and tempests roar,
We pass away the roughest time
Has been of many years before ;

Whilst from the most tempestuous nooks 5
The chillest blasts our peace invade,
And by great rains our smallest brooks
Are almost navigable made ;

Whilst all the ills are so improved
Of this dead quarter of the year, 10
That even you, so much beloved,
We would not now wish with us here ;

In this estate, I say, it is
Some comfort to us to suppose,
That in a better clime than this 15
You, our dear friend, have more repose ;

And some delight to me the while,
Though nature now does weep in rain,
To think that I have seen her smile,
And haply may I do again. 20

If the all-ruling Power please
 We live to see another May,
 We'll recompense an age of these
 Foul days in one fine fishing-day :

We then shall have a day or two, 25
 Perhaps a week, wherein to try,
 What the best Master's hand can do
 With the most deadly killing fly.

A day without too bright a beam,
 A warm, but not a scorching sun, 30
 A southern gale to curl the stream,
 And (Master !) half our work is done.

There whilst behind some bush we wait
 The scaly people to betray,
 We'll prove it just with treach'rous bait 35
 To make the preying trout our prey ;

And think ourselves in such an hour
 Happier than those, though not so high,
 Who, like Leviathans, devour
 Of meaner men the smaller fry. 40

This (my best friend) at my poor home
 Shall be our pastime and our theme ;
 But then should you not deign to come
 You make all this a flatt'ring dream. 44

CONTENTATION

DIRECTED TO MY DEAR FATHER AND MOST WORTHY
FRIEND, MR IZAAK WALTON

I

HEAVEN, what an age is this! what race
Of giants are sprung up, that dare
Thus fly in the Almighty's face,
And with His providence make war!

II

I can go nowhere but I meet 5
With malcontents and mutineers,
As if in life was nothing sweet,
And we must blessings reap in tears.

III

O senseless Man, that murmurs still 10
For happiness, and does not know,
Even though he might enjoy his will,
What he would have to make him so.

IV

Is it true happiness to be
 By undiscerning Fortune placed
 In the most eminent degree 15
 Where few arrive, and none stand fast ?

V

Titles and wealth are Fortune's toils
 Wherewith the vain themselves ensnare ;
 The great are proud of borrow'd spoils,
 The miser's plenty breeds his care. 20

VI

The one supinely yawns at rest,
 Th' other eternally doth toil,
 Each of them equally a beast,
 A pamper'd horse, or lab'ring moil.

VII

The Titulado's oft disgraced 25
 By public hate or private frown,
 And he whose hand the creature rais'd
 Has yet a foot to kick him down.

VIII

The drudge who would all get, all save,
 Like a brute beast both feeds and lies, 30
 Prone to the earth, he digs his grave,
 And in the very labour dies.

IX

Excess of ill-got, ill-kept pelf,
Does only death and danger breed ;
Whilst one rich worldling starves himself 35
With what would thousand others feed.

X

By which we see what Wealth and Power
—Although they make men rich and great—
The sweets of life do often sour,
And gull Ambition with a cheat. 40

XI

Nor is he happier than these
Who, in a moderate estate,
Where he might safely live at ease,
Has lusts that are immoderate ;

XII

For he, by those desires misled, 45
Quits his own vine's securing shade,
T' expose his naked, empty head
To all the storms Man's peace invade.

XIII

Nor is he happy who is trim,
Trick'd up in favours of the fair, 50
Mirrors, with every breath made dim,
Birds caught in every wanton snare.

XIV

Woman, man's greatest woe, or bliss,
Does offer far, than serve, enslave,
And with the magic of a kiss 55
Destroys whom she was made to save.

XV

O fruitful Grief, the world's disease !
And vainer Man to make it so,
Who gives his miseries increase
By cultivating his own woe. 60

XVI

There are no ills but what we make
By giving shapes and names to things ;
Which is the dangerous mistake
That causes all our sufferings.

XVII

We call that sickness which is health, 65
That persecution which is grace ;
That poverty which is true wealth,
And that dishonour which is praise.

XVIII

Providence watches over all,
And that with an impartial eye ; 70
And if to misery we fall
'Tis through our own infirmity.

CONTENTATION

25

XIX

'Tis want of foresight makes the bold
 Ambitious youth to danger climb,
 And want of virtue when the old 75
 At persecution do repine.

XX

Alas, our time is here so short
 That, in what state soe'er 'tis spent
 Of joy or woe, does not import,
 Provided it be innocent. 80

XXI

But we may make it pleasant too
 If we will take our measures right,
 And not what Heaven has done undo
 By an unruly appetite.

XXII

'Tis Contentation that alone 85
 Can make us happy here below,
 And, when this little life is gone,
 Will lift us up to Heaven too.

XXIII

A very little satisfies 90
 An honest and a grateful heart,
 And who would more than will suffice
 Does covet more than is his part.

XXIV

That man is happy in his share
 Who is warm clad, and cleanly fed;
 Whose necessaries bound his care, 95
 And honest labour makes his bed ;

XXV

Who free from debt, and clear from crimes,
 Honours those laws that others fear ;
 Who ill of Princes in worst times
 Will neither speak himself, nor hear ; 100

XXVI

Who from the busy world retires
 To be more useful to it still,
 And to no greater good aspires
 But only the eschewing ill ;

XXVII

Who, with his angle, and his books, 105
 Can think the longest day well spent,
 And praises God when back he looks,
 And finds that all was innocent.

XXVIII

This man is happier far than he
 Whom public business oft betrays, 110
 Through labyrinths of policy,
 To crookèd and forbidden ways.

XXIX

The World is full of beaten roads,
But yet so slippery withal,
That where one walks secure, 'tis odds 115
A hundred and a hundred fall.

XXX

Untrodden paths are then the best,
Where the frequented are unsure,
And he comes soonest to his rest 120
Whose journey has been most secure.

XXXI

It is Content alone that makes
Our pilgrimage a pleasure here,
And who buys sorrow cheapest takes
An ill commodity too dear.

XXXII

But he has Fortune's worst withstood, 125
And Happiness can never miss,
Can covet naught, but where he stood,
And thinks him happy where he is.

THE ANGLER'S BALLAD

I

AWAY to the brook,
All your tackle out-look,
Here's a day that is worth a year's wishing ;
See that all things be right,
For 'tis a very spite 5
To want tools when a man goes a-fishing.

II

Your rod with tops two,
For the same will not do
If your manner of angling you vary ;
And full well you may think, 10
If you troll with a pink,
One too weak will be apt to miscarry.

III

Then basket, neat made
By a master in 's trade,
In a belt at your shoulders must dangle ; 15
For none e'er was so vain
To wear this to disdain,
Who a true brother was of the Angle.

IV

Next, pouch must not fail,
Stuff'd as full as a mail, 20
 With wax, crewels, silks, hair, furs and feathers,
To make several flies
For the several skies,
 That shall kill in despite of all weathers.

V

The boxes and books 25
For your lines and your hooks,
 And, though not for strict need notwithstanding,
Your scissors and your hone
To adjust your points on,
 With a net to be sure for your landing. 30

VI

All these being on,
'Tis high time we were gone,
 Down, and upward, that all may have pleasure ;
Till, here meeting at night,
We shall have the delight 35
 To discourse of our fortunes at leisure.

VII

The day's not too bright,
And the wind hits us right,
 And all Nature does seem to invite us ;
We have all things at will 40
For to second our skill,
 As they all did conspire to delight us.

VIII

On stream now, or still,
A large panyer will fill,
Trout and grayling to rise are so willing ; 45
I dare venture to say
'Twill be a bloody day,
And we all shall be weary of killing.

IX

Away, then, away,
We lose sport by delay, 50
But first leave all our sorrows behind us ;
If Misfortune do come,
We are all gone from home,
And a-fishing she never can find us.

X

The Angler is free 55
From the cares that Degree
Finds itself with, so often, tormented ;
And although we should slay
Each a hundred to-day,
'Tis a slaughter needs ne'er be repented. 60

XI

And though we display
All our arts to betray
What were made for man's pleasure and diet ;
Yet both Princes and States
May, for all our quaint baits, 65
Rule themselves and their people in quiet.

XII

We scratch not our pates,
Nor repine at the rates
Our superiors impose on our living ;
But do frankly submit, 70
Knowing they have more wit
In demanding, than we have in giving.

XIII

Whilst quiet we sit
We conclude all things fit,
Acquiescing with hearty submission ; 75
For, though simple, we know
That soft murmurs will grow
At the last unto downright sedition.

XIV

We care not who says,
And intends it dispraise, 80
That an Angler t' a fool is next neighbour ;
Let him prate, what care we ?
We're as honest as he,
And so let him take that for his labour.

XV

We covet no wealth 85
But the blessing of health,
And that greater good, conscience within ;
Such devotion we bring
To our God and our King,
That from either no offers can win. 90

XVI

Whilst we sit and fish
We do pray as we wish,
For long life to our King, James the Second ;
Honest Anglers then may,
Or they've very foul play, 95
With the best of good subjects be reckon'd.

TO MY OLD AND MOST WORTHY FRIEND
MR IZAAK WALTON, ON HIS LIFE OF
DR DONNE, &c.

WHEN, to a nation's loss, the virtuous die,
There's justly due, from every hand and eye,
That can or write, or weep, an elegy.

Which though it be the poorest, cheapest way,
The debt we owe, great merits to defray, 5
Yet it is almost all that most men pay.

And these are monuments of so short date,
That with their birth, they oft receive their fate ;
Dying with those whom they would celebrate.

And though to verse great reverence is due, 10
Yet what most poets write, proves so untrue,
It renders truth in verse suspected too.

Something more sacred then, or more entire,
The memories of virtuous men require,
Than what may with their funeral torch expire : 15

This History can give ; to which alone
The privilege to mate oblivion
Is granted, when denied to brass and stone.

Wherein, my friend, you have a hand so sure,
Your truths so candid are, your style so pure, 20
That what you write may Envy's search endure.

Your pen, disdaining to be bribed or prest,
Flows without vanity or interest ;
A virtue with which few good pens are blest.

How happy was my father then to see 25
Those men he lov'd, by him he lov'd, to be
Rescued from frailties and mortality.

Wotton and Donne, to whom his soul was knit :
Those twins of virtue, eloquence, and wit,
He saw in Fame's eternal annals writ ; 30

Where one has fortunately found a place,
More faithful to him than his marble was :
Which eating Age, nor fire, shall e'er deface.

A monument, that, as it has, shall last,
And prove a monument to that defac'd ; 35
Itself, but with the world not to be raz'd.

And even, in their flowery characters,
My father's grave part of your friendship shares ;
For you have honour'd his in strewing theirs.

Thus, by an office, though particular, 40
Virtue's whole commonweal obliged are ;
For in a virtuous act all good men share.

TO WALTON : ON HIS *LIVES* 35

And by this act the world is taught to know
That the true friendship we to merit owe
Is not discharg'd by compliment and show. 45

But yours is friendship of so pure a kind,
For all mean ends and interest so refined,
It ought to be a pattern to mankind :

For whereas most men's friendships here beneath
Do perish with their friend's expiring breath, 50
Yours proves a friendship living after death ;

By which the generous Wotton, reverend Donne,
Soft Herbert, and the Church's champion,
Hooker, are rescued from oblivion.

For though they each of them his time so spent, 55
As rais'd unto himself a monument,
With which ambition might rest well content ;

Yet their great works, though they can never die,
And are in truth superlatively high,
Are no just scale to take their virtues by ; 60

Because they show not how the Almighty's grace,
By various and more admirable ways,
Brought them to be the organs of His praise.

But what their humble modesty would hide,
And was by any other means denied, 65
Is by your love and diligence supplied.

Wotton—a nobler soul was never bred!—
 You, by your narrative's most even thread,
 Through all his labyrinths of life have led ;

Through his degrees of honour, and of arts, 70
 Brought him secure from Envy's venom'd darts,
 Which are still levell'd at the greatest parts ;

Through all the employments of his wit and spirit,
 Whose great effects these kingdoms still inherit ;
 The trials then, now trophies of his merit. 75

Nay, through disgrace, which oft the worthiest have ;
 Through all state tempests, through each wind and wave,
 And laid him in an honourable grave.

And yours, and the whole world's belovèd Donne,
 When he a long and wild career had run 80
 To the meridian of his glorious sun ;

And being then an object of much ruth,
 Led on by vanities, error and youth,
 Was long ere he did find the way of truth ;

By the same clue, after his youthful swing, 85
 To serve at his God's altar here you bring,
 Where once a wanton muse doth anthems sing.

And though by God's most powerful grace alone
 His heart was settled in religion :
 Yet 'tis by you we know how it was done ; 90

And know, that having crucified vanities,
 And fix'd his hope, he clos'd up his own eyes,
 And then your friend, a saint and preacher, dies.

The meek and learned Hooker too, almost
 In the Church's ruins overwhelmed and lost, 95
 Is, by your pen, recovered from the dust.

And Herbert ;—he whose education,
 Manners, and parts, by high applauses blown,
 Was deeply tainted with ambition ;

And fitted for a court, made that his aim ; 100
 At last, without regard to birth or name,
 For a poor country cure does all disclaim ;

Where, with a soul, composed of harmonies,
 Like a sweet swan, he warbles as he dies,
 His Maker's praise, and his own obsequies. 105

All this you tell us, with so good success,
 That our oblig'd posterity shall profess
 To have been your friend, was a great happiness.

And now, when many worthier would be proud
 To appear before you, if they were allow'd, 110
 I take up room enough to serve a crowd :

Where, to commend what you have choicely writ,
 Both my poor testimony and my wit
 Are equally invalid and unfit :

Yet this, and much more, is most justly due : 115
Where what I write as elegant as true,
To the best friend I now or ever knew.

But, my dear friend, 'tis so, that you and I,
By a condition of mortality,
With all this great and more proud world, must die : 120

In which estate, I ask no more of Fame,
Nor other monument of honour claim,
Than that of your true friend to advance my name.

And if your many merits shall have bred
An abler pen, to write your Life when dead ;
I think an honest man can not be read. 126

[A SUMMER'S DAY]

I.—MORNING QUATRAINS

I

THE Cock has crow'd an hour ago,
'Tis time we now dull sleep forego ;
Tired Nature is by sleep redress'd,
And Labour's overcome by rest.

II

We have outdone the work of Night, 5
'Tis time we rise t' attend the Light,
And ere he shall his beams display,
To plot new business for the day.

III

None but the slothful, or unsound,
Are by the Sun in feathers found ; 10
Nor, without rising with the Sun,
Can the world's business e'er be done.

IV

Hark ! hark ! the watchful Chanticleer
Tells us the day's bright harbinger
Peeps o'er the eastern hills, to awe 15
And warn Night's sovereign to withdraw.

40 A SUMMER'S DAY—MORNING QUATRAINS

V

The Morning curtains now are drawn,
And now appears the blushing dawn ;
Aurora has her roses shed,
To strew the way Sol's steeds must tread. 20

VI

Xanthus and Æthon harness'd are,
To roll away the burning Car,
And, snorting flame, impatient bear
The dressing of the charioteer.

VII

The sable cheeks of sullen Night 25
Are streak'd with rosy streams of light,
While she retires away in fear
To shade the other hemisphere.

VIII

The merry Lark now takes her wings,
And long'd-for day's loud welcome sings, 30
Mounting her body out of sight,
As if she meant to meet the light.

IX

Now doors and windows are unbarr'd,
Each-where are cheerful voices heard,
And round about Good-morrrows fly, 35
As if Day taught Humanity.

X

The chimneys now to smoke begin,
And the old wife sits down to spin ;
Whilst Kate, taking her pail, does trip
Moll's swol'n and straddling paps to strip. 40

XI

Vulcan now makes his anvil ring,
Dick whistles loud, and Maud doth sing,
And Silvio with his bugle-horn
Winds an imprime unto the morn.

XII

Now through the morning-doors behold 45
Phœbus array'd in burning gold,
Lashing his fiery steeds, displays
His warm and all-enlight'ning rays.

XIII

Now each one to his work prepares,
All that have hands are labourers, 50
And manufactures of each trade
By opening shops are open laid.

XIV

Hob yokes his oxen to the team,
The Angler goes unto the stream,
The woodman to the purlieus hies, 55
And lab'ring bees to load their thighs.

42 A SUMMER'S DAY—MORNING QUATRAINS

XV

Fair Amaryllis drives her flocks,
All night safe-folded from the fox,
To flow'ry downs, where Colin stays
To court her with his roundelays. 60

XVI

The Traveller now leaves his inn
A new day's journey to begin,
As he would post it with the day,
And, early rising, makes good way.

XVII

The sleek-fac'd school-boy satchel takes, 65
And with slow pace small riddance makes ;
For why, the haste we make, you know,
To Knowledge and to Virtue's slow.

XVIII

The Fore-horse gingles on the road,
The Waggoner lugs on his load, 70
The Field with busy people snies,
And City rings with various cries.

XIX

The World is now a busy swarm,
All doing good, or doing harm ;
But let's take heed our acts be true, 75
For Heaven's eye sees all we do.

XX

None can that piercing sight evade,
It penetrates the darkest shade,
And Sin, though it could 'scape the eye,
Would be discover'd by the cry. 80

II.—NOON QUATRAINS

I

The Day grows hot, and darts his rays
From such a sure and killing place,
That this half-world are fain to fly
The danger of his burning eye.

II

His early glories were benign, 5
Warm to be felt, bright to be seen,
And all was comfort, but who can
Endure him when meridian ?

III

Of him we, as of Kings, complain,
Who mildly do begin to reign, 10
But to the zenith got of power,
Those whom they should protect devour.

44 A SUMMER'S DAY—NOON QUATRAINS

IV

Has not another Phæthon
Mounted the chariot of the Sun,
And, wanting art to guide his horse, 15
Is hurried from the Sun's due course ?

V

If this hold on, our fertile lands
Will soon be turn'd to parchèd sands,
And not an onion that will grow
Without a Nile to overflow. 20

VI

The grazing herds now droop and pant,
E'en without labour fit to faint,
And willingly forsook their meat
To seek out cover from the heat.

VII

The lagging ox is now unbound, 25
From larding the new turn'd up ground,
Whilst Hobbinol, alike o'erlaid,
Takes his coarse dinner to the shade.

VIII

Cellars and grottoes now are best
To eat and drink in, or to rest, 30
And not a soul above is found
Can find a refuge underground.

IX

When Pagan tyranny grew hot,
Thus persecuted Christians got
Into the dark but friendly womb 35
Of unknown subterranean Rome.

X

And as that heat did cool at last,
So a few scorching hours o'erpassed,
In a more mild and temperate ray
We may again enjoy the day. 40

III.—EVENING QUATRAINS

I

The Day's grown old, the fainting Sun
Has but a little way to run,
And yet his steeds with all his skill,
Scarce lug the chariot down the hill.

II

With labour spent, and thirst opprest, 5
Whilst they strain hard to gain the west,
From fetlocks hot drops melted light,
Which turn to meteors in the night.

46 A SUMMER'S DAY—EVENING QUATRAINS

III

The shadows now so long do grow,
That brambles like tall cedars show, 10
Mole-hills seem mountains, and the ant
Appears a monstrous elephant.

IV

A very little, little flock
Shades thrice the ground that it would stock ;
Whilst the small stripling following them 15
Appears a mighty Polypheme.

V

These being brought into the fold,
And by the thrifty master told,
He thinks his wages are well paid,
Since none are either lost or stray'd. 20

VI

Now lowing herds are each-where heard,
Chains rattle in the villain's yard ;
The cart's on tail set down to rest,
Bearing on high the cuckold's crest.

VII

The hedge is stript, the clothes brought in, 25
Naught's left without should be within ;
The bees are hiv'd and hum their charm,
Whilst every house does seem a-swarm.

VIII

The cock now to the roost is prest :
For he must call up all the rest ; 30
The sow's fast pegg'd within the sty,
To still her squeaking progeny.

IX

Each one has had his supping mess,
The cheese is put into the press ;
The pans and bowls clean-scalded all, 35
Rear'd up against the milk-house wall.

X

And now on benches all are sat
In the cool air to sit and chat,
Till Phœbus, dipping in the west,
Shall lead the World the way to rest. 40

IV.—NIGHT QUATRAINS

I

The Sun is set and gone to sleep
With the fair Princess of the deep,
Whose bosom is his cool retreat,
When fainting with his proper heat :

II

His steeds their flaming nostrils cool 5
 In spume of the Cerulean pool ;
 Whilst the wheels dip their hissing naves
 Deep in Columbus' western waves.

III

From whence great rolls of smoke arise 10
 To overshadow the beauteous skies ;
 Who bid the world's bright eye adieu
 In gelid tears of falling dew.

IV

And now from the Iberian vales
 Night's sable steeds her chariot hales,
 Where double cypress curtains screen 15
 The gloomy melancholic queen.

V

These, as they higher mount the sky,
 Ravish all colour from the eye,
 And leave it but an useless glass,
 Which few or no reflections grace. 20

VI

The crystal arch o'er Pindus' crown
 Is on a sudden dusky grown,
 And all's with funeral black o'erspread,
 As if the Day, which sleeps, were dead.

A SUMMER'S DAY—NIGHT QUATRAINS 49

VII

No ray of light the heart to cheer, 25
But little twinkling stars appear ;
Which like faint dying embers lie,
Fit nor to work nor travel by.

VIII

Perhaps to him they torches are,
Who guide Night's Sovereign's drowsy car, 30
And him they may befriend so near,
But us they neither light nor cheer.

IX

Or else those little sparks of light
Are nails that tire the wheels of Night,
Which to new stations still are brought, 35
As they roll o'er the gloomy vault ;

X

Or nails that arm the horses' hoof,
Which trampling o'er the marble roof,
And striking fire in the air,
We mortals call a shooting-star. 40

XI

That's all the light we now receive,
Unless what belching Vulcans give ;
And those yield such a kind of light
As adds more horror to the night.

50 A SUMMER'S DAY—NIGHT QUATRAINS

XII

Nyctimene now freed from day, 45
From sullen bush flies out to prey,
And does with ferret-note proclaim
Th' arrival of th' usurping dame.

XIII

The Rail now cracks in fields and meads, 50
Toads now forsake the nettle-beds,
The tim'rous hare goes to relief,
And wary men bolt out the thief.

XIV

The fire's new-rak'd, and hearth swept clean
By Madge, the dirty kitchen-quean ;
The safe is lockt, the mouse-trap set, 55
The leaven laid, and bucking wet.

XV

Now in false floors and roofs above,
The lustful cats make ill-tun'd love,
The ban-dog on the dunghill lies,
And watchful nurse sings lullabies. 60

XVI

Philomel chants it whilst she bleeds,
The Bittern booms it in the reeds,
And Reynard ent'ring the back yard,
The capitolian cry is heard.

XVII

The Goblin now the fool alarms, 65
Hags meet to mumble o'er their charms,
The nightmare rides the dreaming ass,
And fairies trip it on the grass.

XVIII

The drunkard now supinely snores,
His load of ale sweats through his pores ; 70
Yet when he wakes the swine shall find
A *crapula* remains behind.

XIX

The sober now, and chaste, are blest
With sweet, and with refreshing rest,
And to sound sleeps they've best pretence, 75
Have greatest share of innocence.

XX

We should so live, then, that we may
Fearless put off our clots and clay,
And travel through Death's shades to light ;
For every Day must have its Night. 80

THE STORM

TO THE EARL OF ——

How with ill nature does this world abound !
When I, who ever thought myself most sound,
And free from that infection, now must choose
Out you, my lord, whom least I should abuse
To trouble with a tempest, who have none 5
In your firm breast t' afflict you of your own ;
But since of friendship it the nature is,
In any accident that falls amiss,
Whether of sorrow, terror, loss, or pain,
Caused or by men or Fortune, to complain 10
To those who of our ills have deepest sense,
And in whose favour we've most confidence.
Pardon, if in a Storm I here engage
Your calmer thoughts ; and on a sea, whose rage,
When but a little moved, as far outbraves 15
The tamer mutinies of Adria's waves,
As they, when worst for Neptune to appease
The softest curls of most pacific seas ;
And though I'm vain enough half to believe
My danger will some little trouble give, 20
I yet more vainly fancy 'twill advance
Your pleasure too, for my deliverance.

'Twas now the time of year, of all the rest,
 For slow, but certain navigation best ;
 The earth had drest herself so fine and gay, 25
 That all the world, our little world, was May ;
 The Sea, too, had put on his smoothest face,
 Clear, sleek, and even as a looking-glass ;
 The rugged Winds were lockt up in their gaols,
 And were but zephyrs whisper'd in the sails, 30
 All Nature seemed to court us to our woe ;
 Good God ! can elements dissemble too ?
 Whilst we, secure, consider'd not the whiles
 That greatest treasons lie conceal'd in smiles.
 Aboard we went, and soon were under sail, 35
 But with so small an over-modest gale ;
 And to our virgin canvas so unkind,
 As not to swell their laps with so much wind
 As common courtship would in breeding pay
 To maids less buxom and less trim than they. 40
 But of this calm we could not long complain,
 For scarcely were we got out to the main
 From the still harbour but a league, no more,
 When the false Wind—that seem'd so chaste before—
 The ship's laced smock began to stretch and tear, 45
 Not like a suitor, but a ravisher :
 As if delight were lessen'd by consent,
 And tasted worse for being innocent.
 A sable curtain, in a little space,
 Of thick wove clouds was drawn o'er Phœbus' face, 50
 He might not see the horror of the sight,
 Nor we the comfort of his heavenly light :
 Then, as this darkness had the signal been,

At which the furious storm was to begin,
 Heaven's loud artillery began to play, 55
 And with pale flashes made a dreadful day :
 The centre shook by these, the Ocean
 In hills of brine to swell and heave began ;
 Which, growing mountains, as they rolling hit,
 To surge and foam, each other broke and split, 60
 Like men, who, in intestine storms of state
 Strike any they nor know, nor yet for what ;
 But with the stream of fury headlong run
 To war, they know not how nor why begun.

In this disorder straight the winds forlorn, 65
 Which had lain ambush'd all the flatt'ring morn,
 With unexpected fury rushes in,
 The ruffling skirmish rudely to begin ;
 The Sea, with thunder-claps alarmed before,
 Assaulted thus anew, began to roar 70
 In waves, that, striving which should fastest run,
 Crowded themselves into confusion.

At which advantage Æolus brought on
 His large spread wings, and main battalion,
 When by opposing shores the flying foe 75
 Forced back against the enemy to flow,
 So great a conflict followed, as if here
 Th' enragèd enemies embattled were ;
 Not only one another to subdue,
 But to destroy themselves and Nature too. 80

To paint this horror to the life, weak Art
 Must want a hand, Humanity a heart ;
 And I the bare relation whilst I make,
 Methinks am brave, my hand still does not shake ;

THE STORM

55

For surely since men first, in planks of wood, 85
 Themselves committed to the faithless flood,
 Men born and bred at sea did ne'er behold
 Neptune in such prodigious furrows roll'd ;
 Those Winds, which with the loudest terror roar,
 Never so stretch'd their lungs and cheeks before ; 90
 Nor on this floating stage has ever been
 So black a scene of dreadful ruin seen.

Poor Yacht ! in such a sea how canst thou live ?
 What ransom would not thy pale tenants give
 To be set down on the most desp'rate shore, 95
 Where serpents hiss, tigers and lions roar,
 And where the men, inhuman savages,
 Are yet worse vermin, greater brutes than these ?
 Who would not for a danger that may be
 Exchange a certain ruin that they see ? 100
 For such, unto our reason, or our fear,
 Ours did in truth most manifest appear ;
 And how could we expect a better end
 When Winds and Seas seemed only to contend,
 Not which should conquer other in this war, 105
 But in our wreck which should have greatest share ?
 The Winds were all let loose upon the Main,
 And every Wind that blew a hurricane ;
 Nereus' whole pow'r, too, muster'd seemed to be,
 Wave rode on wave, and every wave a sea. 110
 Of our small Bark gusts rushed the trembling sides
 Against vast billows that contain'd whole tides,
 Which in disdainful fury beat her back
 With such a force, as made her stout sides crack,
 'Gainst others that in crowds came rolling in, 115

As if they meant, their liquid walls between,
 T' engage the wretched hulk, and crush her flat,
 And make her squeeze to death her dying freight.
 Sometimes she on a mountain's ridge would ride,
 And from that height her gliding keel then slide 120
 Into a gulf, yawning and deep as hell,
 Whilst we were swooning all the while we fell ;
 Then by another billow raised so high
 As if the Sea would dart her into th' sky,
 To be a pinnacle to the Argosy ; 125
 Then down a precipice so low and steep,
 As it had been the bottom of the Deep,
 Thus whilst we up and down, and to and fro,
 Were miserably tossed and bandied so,
 'Twas strange our little Pink, though ne'er so tight, 130
 Could weather 't so, and keep herself upright,
 Or was not sunk with weight of our despair ;
 For hope, alas ! could find no anchoring there :
 Her prow, and poop, starboard, and larboard side
 Being with these elements so hotly plied, 135
 'Twas no less than a miracle her seams
 Not ripp'd and open'd, and her very beams
 Continued faithful in these loud extremes ;
 That her tall masts, so often bowed and bent,
 With gust on gust, were not already spent ; 140
 That all, or anything indeed withstood
 A Sea so hollow, such a high-wrought flood.
 Here, where no seaman's art nor strength avails,
 Where use of compass, rudder, or of sails,
 There now was none ; the mariners all stood 145
 Bloodless and cold as we ; or though they could

Something, perhaps, have help'd in such a stress,
Were every one astonish'd ne'ertheless
To that degree, they either had no heart
Their art to use, or had forgot their art. 150
Meanwhile the miserable passengers,
With sighs the hardest, the more soft with tears,
Mercy of Heaven in various accents craved,
But after drowning hoping to be saved.
How oft, by fear of dying, did we die? 155
And every death, a death of cruelty,
Worse than worst cruelties provoked impose
On the most hated, most offending foes.
We fancied Death riding on every wave,
And every hollow seemed a gaping grave; 160
All things we saw such horror did present,
And all of dying too were so intent,
Every one thought himself already dead,
And that for him the tears he saw were shed.
Such as had not the courage to behold 165
Their danger above deck, within the hold
Uttered such groans in that, their floating grave,
As even unto Terror terror gave;
Whilst those above, pale, dead, and cold appear,
Like ghosts in Charon's boat that sailing were. 170
The Last Day's dread, which none can comprehend,
But to weak fancy only recommend,
To form the dreadful image from sick fear;
That fear and fancy both were heighten'd here
With such a face of horror, as alone 175
Was fit to prompt imagination,
Or to create it where there had been none.

Such as from under hatches thrust a head
 T' enquire what news, seemed rising from the dead,
 Whilst those who stayed above, bloodless with fear, 180
 And ghastly look, as they new risen were.

The bold and timorous, with like horror struck,
 Were not to be distinguish'd by their look ;
 And he who could the greatest courage boast,
 Howe'er within, look'd still as like a ghost. 185

Ten hours in this rude tempest we were tost,
 And ev'ry moment gave ourselves for lost ;
 Heaven knows how ill-prepared for sudden death,
 When the rough Winds, as they'd been out of breath,
 Now seem'd to pant, and panting to retreat, 190

The Waves with gentler force against us beat ;
 The sky cleared up, the Sun again shone bright,
 And gave us once again new life and light.
 We could again bear sail in those rough seas,
 The seamen now resume their offices ; 195

Hope warmed us now anew, anew the heart
 Did to our cheeks some streaks of blood impart ;
 And in two hours, or very little more,
 We came to anchor falcon-shot from shore,
 The very same we left the morn before ; 200

Where now in a yet working Sea, and high,
 Until the Wind shall veer, we rolling lie,
 Resting secure from present fear ; but then
 The dangers we escaped must tempt again ;
 Which if again I safely shall get through 205

(And sure I know the worst the sea can do)
 So soon as I shall touch my native Land,
 I'll thence ride post to kiss your lordship's hand.

THE TEMPEST

I

STANDING upon the margent of the main,
 Whilst the high boiling tide came tumbling in,
I felt my fluctuating thoughts maintain
 As great an ocean, and as rude, within ;
 As full of waves, of depths, and broken grounds, 5
 As that which daily leaves her chalky bounds.

II

Soon could my sad imagination find
 A parallel to this half world of flood,
An ocean by my walls of earth confined,
 And rivers in the channels of my blood : 10
 Discovering man, unhappy man, to be
 Of this great frame, Heaven's epitome.

III

There pregnant argosies with full sails ride,
 To shoot the gulfs of sorrow and despair,
Of which the Love no pilot has to guide, 15
 But to her sea-born Mother steers by prayer,
 When, oh ! the Hope her anchor lost, undone,
 Rolls at the mercy of the regent Moon.

IV

'Tis my adored Diana, then must be
The guid'ress to this beaten bark of mine,
'Tis she must calm and smooth this troubled sea,
And waft my hope over the vaulting brine :
Call home thy venture, Dian, then at last,
And be as merciful as thou art chaste.

TO JOHN BRADSHAW, ESQ.

I

COULD you and I our lives renew
And be both young again,
Retaining what we ever knew
Of manners, times, and men,

II

We could not frame so loose to live, 5
But must be useful then,
Ere we could possibly arrive
To the same age again.

III

But Youth's devour'd in vanities 10
Before we are aware,
And so grown old before grown wise
We good for nothing are :

IV

Or, if by that time knowing grown,
By reading books and men,
For others' service, or our own, 15
'Tis with the latest then.

V

Happy's that man, in this estate,
 Whose conscience tells him still,
 That though for good he comes too late,
 He ne'er did any ill. 20

VI

The satisfaction flowing thence,
 All dolours would assuage,
 And be sufficient recompense
 For all the ills of Age :

VII

But very few (my friend) I fear, 25
 Whom this ill age has bred,
 At need have such a comforter
 To make their dying bed.

VIII

'Tis then high time we should prepare
 In a new World to live, 30
 Since here we breathe but panting air,
 Alas ! by short reprieve.

IX

Life then begins to be a pain,
 Infirmary prevails,
 Which, when it but begins to reign, 35
 The bravest courage quails ;

X

But could we, as I said, procure
To live our lives again,
We should be of the better sure
Or the worst sort of men.

SAPPHIC ODE

How easy is his life and free,
Who, urged by no necessity,
Eats cheerful bread, and over night does pay
For next day's *crapula*.

No suitor such a mean estate 5
Invites to be importunate,
No supple flatterer, robbing villain, or
Obstreperous creditor.

This man does need no bolts nor locks,
Nor needs he start when any knocks, 10
But may on careless pillows lie and snore,
With a wide open door.

Trouble and danger Wealth attend,
A useful but a dangerous friend,
Who makes us pay, ere we can be releas'd, 15
Quadruple interest.

SAPPHIC ODE

65

Let's live to-day, then, for to-morrow ;
The fool's too provident, will borrow
A thing, which, through chance or infirmity,
 'Tis odds he ne'er may see. 20

Spend all then ere you go to Heaven,
So with the World you will make even ;
And men discharge by dying Nature's score,
 Which done we owe no more.

HOPE

PINDARIC ODE

I

HOPE, thou darling, and delight
Of unforeseeing reckless minds,
Thou deceiving parasite,
Which nowhere entertainment finds
But with the wretched or the vain ; 5
'Tis they alone fond Hope maintain.
Thou easy fool's cheap favourite ;
Thou fawning slave to slaves, that still remains
In galleys, dungeons, and in chains ;
Or with a whining lover lov'st to play, 10
With treach'rous art
Fanning his heart,
A greater slave by far, than they
Who in worst durance wear their age away ;
Thou, whose ambition mounts no higher, 15
Nor does to greater fame aspire,
Than to be ever found a liar :
Thou treach'rous fiend, deluding shade,
Who would with such a phantom be betray'd, 19
By whom the wretched are at last more wretched made ?

II

Yet once, I must confess, I was
 Such an overweening ass,
 As in Fortune's worst distress
 To believe thy promises ;
 Which so brave a change foretold, 25
 Such a stream of happiness,
 Such mountain hopes of glitt'ring gold,
 Such honours, friendships, offices,
 In love and arms so great success ;
 That I e'en hugg'd myself with the conceit, 30
 Was myself party in the cheat,
 And in my very bosom laid
 That fatal hope by which I was betray'd,
 Thinking myself already rich and great :
 And in that foolish thought despis'd 35
 Th' advice of those who out of love advis'd ;
 As I'd foreseen what they did not foresee,
 A torrent of felicity,
 And rudely laugh'd at those who pitying wept for me.

III

But of this expectation, when't came to't, 40
 What was the fruit ?
 In sordid robes poor Disappointment came,
 Attended by her handmaids, Grief and Shame ;
 No wealth, no titles, no friend could I see,
 For they still court prosperity ; 45
 Nay, what was worst of what Mischance could do,
 My dearest love forsook me too ;

My pretty love, with whom, had she been true,
 Even in banishment,
 I could have liv'd most happy and content, 50
 Her sight which nourish'd me withdrew.
 I then, although too late, perceiv'd
 I was by flattering Hope deceiv'd,
 And call'd for it t' expostulate
 The treachery and foul deceit : 55
 But it was then quite fled away,
 And gone some other to betray,
 Leaving me in a state
 By much more desolate,
 Than if when first attack'd by Fate 60
 I had submitted there
 And made my courage yield unto despair.
 For Hope, like cordials, to our wrong
 Does but our miseries prolong,
 Whilst yet our vitals daily waste, 65
 And not supporting life, but pain,
 Call their false friendships back again,
 And unto Death, grim Death, abandon us at last.

IV

In me, false Hope, in me alone,
 Thou thine own treach'ry hast out-done : 70
 For Chance, perhaps, may have befriended
 Someone th' hast labour'd to deceive
 With what by thee was ne'er intended,
 Nor in thy power to give :
 But me thou hast deceived in all, as well 75

HOPE

69

Possible, as impossible,
And the most sad example made
Of all that ever were betray'd.
But thou hast taught me Wisdom yet,

Henceforth to hope no more 80

Than I see reason for,
A precept I shall ne'er forget :
Nor is there anything below

Worth a man's wishing or his care,
When what we wish begets our woe, 85
And Hope deceived becomes Despair.

Then, thou seducing Hope, farewell,
No more thou shalt of sense bereave me,
No more deceive me,

I now can counter-charm thy spell, 90

And for what's past, so far I will be even,
Never again to hope for anything but Heaven.

AN EPITAPH ON MY DEAR AUNT, MRS ANN
STANHOPE

FORBEAR, bold passenger, forbear
The verge of this sad sepulchre :
Put off thy shoes, nor dare to tread
The hallowed earth, where she lies dead ;
For in this vault the magazine 5
Of female virtue's stored, and in
This marble casket is confined
The jewel of all womankind.
For here she lies, whose Spring was crowned
With every grace in Beauty found ; 10
Whose Summer to that Spring did suit,
Whose Autumn cracked with happy fruit ;
Whose Fall was like her life, so spent,
Exemplary and excellent ;
For here the fairest, chastest maid, 15
That this age ever knew, is laid :
The best of kindred, best of friends,
Of most faith and of fewest ends ;
Whose fame the tracks of Time survives ;
The best of Mothers, best of Wives. 20
Lastly, which the whole sum of praise implies,
Here she, who was the best of women, lies.

II.—AMATORY

ODE TO LOVE

I

GREAT Love, I thank thee, now thou hast
Paid me for all my suff'rings past,
And wounded me with Nature's pride,
For whom more glory 'tis to die
Scorn'd and neglected, than enjoy 5
All beauty in the world beside.

II

A Beauty above all pretence,
Whose very scorns are recompense,
The Regent of my heart is crown'd,
And now the sorrows and the woe 10
My youth and folly help'd me to,
Are buried in this friendly wound.

III

Led by my folly or my fate,
I loved before, I knew not what,

And threw my thoughts, I knew not where : 15
 With judgment now I love and sue,
 And never yet perfection knew,
 Until I cast mine eyes on her.

IV

My soul, that was so base before
 Each little beauty to adore, 20
 Now rais'd to glory, does despise
 Those poor and counterfeited rays
 That caught me in my childish days,
 And knows no power but her eyes.

V

Rais'd to this height I have no more, 25
 Almighty Love, for to implore
 Of my auspicious stars or thee,
 Than that thou bow her noble mind
 To be as mercifully kind
 As I shall ever faithful be. 30

TO CÆLIA

I

WHEN, Cœlia, must my old day set,
And my young morning rise
In beams of joy so bright as yet
Ne'er bless'd a lover's eyes ?
My state is more advanced than when 5
I first attempted thee ;
I sued to be a servant then,
But now to be made free.

II

I've served my time faithful and true,
Expecting to be placed 10
In happy freedom, as my due,
To all the joys thou hast :
Ill husbandry in love is such
A scandal to Love's power,
We ought not to misspend so much 15
As one poor short-lived hour.

III

Yet think not, Sweet, I'm weary grown,
That I pretend such haste ;

Since none to surfeit e'er was known,
 Before he had a taste :
My infant Love could humbly wait,
 When young it scarce knew how
To plead ; but, grown to man's estate,
 He is impatient now.

SONG

I

JOIN once again, my Celia, join
Thy rosy lips to these of mine,
 Which though they be not such,
Are full as sensible of bliss,
That is, as soon can taste a kiss, 5
 As thine of softer touch.

II

Each kiss of thine creates desire,
Thy odorous breath inflames Love's fire,
 And wakes the sleeping coal :
Such a kiss to be I find 10
The conversation of the mind,
 And whisper of the soul.

III

Thanks, sweetest, now thou'rt perfect grown,
For by this last kiss I'm undone ;
 Thou breathest silent darts. 15
Henceforth each little touch will prove
A dangerous stratagem in love,
 And thou wilt blow up hearts.

ODE TO CÆLIA

I

GIVE me my heart again (fair Treachery)
You ravish'd from me with a smile ;
Oh! let it in some nobler quarrel die
Than a poor trophy of your guile.
And faith (bright Cœlia) tell me, what should you,
Who are all falsehood, do with one so true? 6

II

Or lend me yours awhile instead of it,
That I in time my skill may try
Though ill I know it will my bosom fit
To teach it some fidelity ; 10
Or that it else may teach me to begin
To be to you what you to me have been.

III

False and imperious Cœlia, cease to be
Proud of a conquest in your shame ;
You triumph o'er an humble enemy, 15
Not one you fairly overcame.
Your eyes alone might have subdued my heart,
Without the poor confederacy of Art.

ODE TO CCELIA

77

IV

But to the power of Beauty you must add
The witchcraft of a sigh and tear. 20
I did admire before, but yet was made
By those to love ; they fixed me there :
I else, as other transient lovers do,
Had twenty loved ere this as well as you.

V

And twenty more I did intend to love, 25
Ere twenty weeks are past and gone,
And at a rate so modish, as shall prove
My heart a very civil one :
But oh (false fair!) I thus resolve in vain,
Unless you give me back my heart again. 30

TO CHLORIS

IRREGULAR STANZAS

I

LORD! how you take upon you still!
How you crow and domineer!
How still expect to have your will,
And carry the dominion clear,
As you were still the same that once you were! 5

II

Fie, Chloris, 'tis a gross mistake,
Correct your error, and be wise;
I kindly still your kindness take,
But yet have learn'd, though love I prize,
Your froward humours to despise, 10
And now disdain to call them cruelties.

III

I was a fool whilst you were fair,
And I had youth t' excuse it,
And all the rest are so that lovers are;
I then myself your vassal swear, 15
And could be still so; (which is rare);
Nay, I could force my will
To love, and at a good rate still,

TO CHLORIS

79

But on condition that you not abuse it ;
 I am now master of the gate, 20
 And therefore, Chloris, 'tis too late
 Or to insult, or to capitulate.

IV

'Tis beauty that to womankind
 Gives all the rule and sway ;
 Which once declining, or declin'd, 25
 Men afterwards unwillingly obey ;
 Your beauty 'twas at first did awe me,
 And into bondage, woeful bondage, draw me ;
 It was your cheek, your eye, your lip,
 Which raised you first to the dictatorship. 30

V

But your six months are now expir'd,
 'Tis time I now should reign,
 And if from you obedience be required,
 You must not to submit disdain,
 But practise what you've seen me do, 35
 And love and honour me as I did you ;
 That will an everlasting peace maintain,
 And make me crown you sovereign once again.

VI

And faith consult your glass, and see
 If I ha'n't reason on my side ; 40
 Are those eyes still the same they used to be ?
 Come, come, they're altered, 'twill not be denied ;

And yet although the glass be true,
 And show you, you no more are you,
 I know you'll scarce believe it, 45
 For womankind are all born proud, and never, never
 leave it.

VII

Yet still you have enough, and more than needs,
 To rule a more rebellious heart than mine ;
 For as your eyes still shoot, my heart still bleeds,
 And I must be a subject still ; 50
 Nor is it much against my will,
 Though I pretend to wrestle and repine :
 Your beauties, sweet, are in their height,
 And I must still adore ;
 New years, new graces still create ; 55
 Nay, maugre Time, Mischance and Fate,
 You in your very ruins shall have more
 Than all the Beauties that have graced the World before.

SONG

I

FIE, pretty Doris ! weep no more,
Damon is doubtless safe on shore,
 Despite of wind and wave ;
The life is fate-free that you cherish,
And 'tis unlike he now should perish 5
 You once thought fit to save.

II

Dry, Sweet, at last, those twins of light,
Which whilst eclips'd, with us 'tis night,
 And all of us are blind.
The tears that you so freely shed 10
Are both too precious for the dead,
 And for the quick too kind.

III

Fie, pretty Doris ! sigh no more,
The gods your Damon will restore,
 From rocks and quicksands free ; 15
Your wishes will secure his way,
And doubtless he, for whom you pray,
 May laugh at Destiny.

IV

Still then those tempests of your breast,
And set that pretty heart at rest, 20
 The man will soon return ;
Those sighs for Heaven are only fit,
Arabian gums are not so sweet,
 Nor offerings when they burn.

V

On him you lavish grief in vain, 25
Can't be lamented, nor complain,
 Whilst you continue true :
That man's disaster is above,
And needs no pity, that does love
 And is belov'd by you. 30

THE PICTURE

I

How, Chloris, can I e'er believe
 The vows of womankind,
 Since yours I faithless find,
So faithless, that you can refuse
 To him your shadow, that to choose, 5
You swore you could the substance give?

II

Is't not enough that I must go
 Into another clime,
 Where feather-footed Time
 May turn my hopes into despair, 10
 My downy youth to bristled hair,
But that you add this torment too?

III

Perchance you fear idolatry
 Would make the image prove
 A woman fit for love ; 15
Or give it such a soul, as shone
 Through fond Pygmalion's living stone ;
That so I might abandon thee.

THE PICTURE

IV

Oh, no! 'twould fill my Genius' room,
My honest one, that when 20
Frailty would love again,
And faltering with new objects burn,
Then, sweetest, would thy picture turn
My wandering eyes to thee at home. 24

ODE TO CHLORIS

FAREWELL, my sweet, until I come,
Improved in merit for thy sake,
With characters of Honour home,
Such as thou canst not then but take.

To Loyalty my love must bow, 5
My honour too calls to the field,
Where, for a Lady's busk, I now
Must keen and sturdy iron wield.

Yet, when I rush into those arms, 10
Where Death and Danger do combine,
I shall less subject be to harms,
Than to those killing eyes of thine.

Since I could live in thy disdain, 15
Thou art so far become my fate,
That I by nothing can be slain,
Until thy sentence speaks my date.

But, if I seem to fall in war,
 T' excuse the murder you commit,
Be to my memory just so far,
 As in thy heart t' acknowledge it ; 20

That's all I ask ; which thou must give
 To him, that dying, takes a pride
It is for thee ; and would not live
 Sole prince of all the world beside. 24

TAKING LEAVE OF CHLORIS

I

SHE sighs as if she would restore
The life she took away before ;
As if she did recant my doom,
And sweetly would relieve me home :
Such hope to one condemn'd appears 5
From every whisper that he hears.
But what do such vain hopes avail,
If those sweet sighs compose a gale
To drive me hence, and swell my sail ?

II

See, see, she weeps ! Who would not swear 10
That Love descended in that tear,
Boasting him of his wounded prize
Thus in the bleeding of her eyes ?
Or that those tears with just pretence
Would quench the fire that came from thence ? 15
But oh ! they are (which strikes me dead)
Crystal, her frozen heart has bred
Neither in love nor pity shed.

III

Thus of my merit jealous grown,
 My happiness I dare not own ; 20
 But wretchedly her favours wear,
 Blind to myself, unjust to her
 Whose sighs and tears at least discover
 She pities, if not loves, her lover ;
 And more betrays the tyrant's skill 25
 Than any blemish in her will,
 That thus laments whom she doth kill.

IV

Pity still, sweet, my dying state,
 My flame may sure pretend to that,
 Since it was only unto thee 30
 I gave my life and liberty.
 Howe'er my life's misfortune's laid,
 By love I'm Pity's object made.
 Pity me then, and if you hear
 I'm dead, drop such another tear,
 And I am paid my full arrear. 36

ODE

I

FAIR Isabel, if ought but thee
I could, or would, or like, or love ;
If other beauties but approve
To sweeten my captivity :
I might those passions be above, 5
Those powerful passions that combine
To make and keep me only thine.

II

Or, if for tempting treasure I
Of the world's god, prevailing gold,
Could see thy love, and my truth sold, 10
A greater, nobler treasury ;
My flame to thee might then grow cold,
And I like one whose love is sense,
Exchange thee for convenience.

III

But when I vow to thee, I do 15
Love thee above or health or peace,
Gold, joy, and all such toys as these,
'Bove happiness and honour too :

Those then must know, this love can cease,
Nor change for all the glorious show 20
Wealth and discretion bribes us to.

IV

What such a love deserves, thou, sweet,
As knowing best, may'st best reward ;
I for thy bounty well prepared,
With open arms my blessing meet. 25
Then do not, dear, our joys detard ;
But unto him propitious be,
That knows no love, nor life, but thee.

LAURA SLEEPING

ODE

I

WINDS, whisper gently whilst she sleeps,
And fan her with your cooling wings ;
While she her drops of beauty weeps,
From pure, and yet unrivall'd springs.

II

Glide over Beauty's field, her face, 5
To kiss her lip and cheek be bold ;
But with a calm and stealing pace ;
Neither too rude, nor yet too cold.

III

Play in her beams, and crisp her hair 10
With such a gale as wings soft Love,
And with so sweet, so rich an air,
As breathes from the Arabian grove.

IV

A breath as hush'd as lover's sigh ;
Or that unfolds the morning's door : 15
Sweet as the winds that gently fly
To sweep the Spring's enamell'd floor.

V

Murmur soft music to her dreams,
That pure and unpolluted run
Like to the new-born crystal streams,
Under the bright enamour'd sun. 20

VI

But when she waking shall display
Her light, retire within your bar ;
Her breath is life, her eyes are day,
And all mankind her creatures are. 24

LAURA WEEPING

ODE

I

CHASTE, lovely Laura, 'gan disclose,
Drooping with sorrow from her bed,
As with ungentle show'rs the rose,
O'ercharg'd with wet, declines her head.

II

With a dejected look, and pace, 5
Neglectingly she 'gan appear
When meeting with her tell-tale glass,
She saw the face of Sorrow there.

III

Sweet Sorrow drest in such a look,
As Love would trick to catch Desire ; 10
A shaded leaf in Beauty's book,
Charact'ed with clandestine fire.

IV

Down dropt a tear, to deck her cheeks
With orient treasure of her own ;
Such as the diving Negro seeks 15
T' adorn the monarch's mighty crown.

V

Then a full show'r of pearly dew
Upon her snowy breast 'gan fall,
As in due homage to bestrew ;
Or mourn her beauties' funeral. 20

VI

So have I seen the springing morn
In dark and humid vapours clad,
Not to eclipse but to adorn
Her glories by that conquer'd shade.

VII

Spare (Laura), spare those beauty's twins, 25
Do not our world of beauty drown,
Thy tears are balm for other sins,
Thou know'st not any of thine own.

VIII

Then let them shine forth to declare
The sweet serenity within, 30
May each day of thy life be fair,
And to eclipse one hour be sin.

SONG

I

SEE, how like twilight slumber falls
T' obscure the glory of those balls,
 And, as she sleeps,
 See how light creeps
Thorough the chinks, and beautifies 5
The rayey fringe of her fair eyes.

II

Observe Love's feuds, how fast they fly,
To every heart, from her clos'd eye ;
 What then will she,
 When waking, be ? 10
A glowing light for all t' admire,
Such, as would set the world on fire.

III

Then seal her eyelids, gentle Sleep,
Whiles cares of her mine open keep ;
 Lock up, I say, 15
 Those doors of Day,
Which with the Morn for lustre strive,
That I may look on her, and live.

SONG

I

WHY, dearest, shouldst thou weep, when I relate
 The story of my woe ?
Let not the swarthy mists of my black fate
 O'ercast thy beauty so ;
 For each rich pearl lost on that score 5
Adds to mischance, and wounds your servant more.

II

Quench not those stars that to my bliss should guide ;
 Oh, spare that precious tear !
Nor let those drops unto a deluge tide,
 To drown your beauty there ; 10
 That cloud of sorrow makes it night ;
You lose your lustre, but the world its light.

LES AMOURS

I

SHE, that I pursue, still flies me ;
Her, that follows me, I fly,
She, that I still court, denies me :
Her, that courts me, I deny.
Thus in one web we're subtly wove, 5
And yet we mutiny in love.

II

She, that can save me, must not do it,
She, that cannot, fain would do :
Her love is bound, yet I still woo it :
Hers by love is bound in woe. 10
Yet, how can I of love complain,
Since I have love for love again ?

III

This is thy work, imperious Child,
Thine's this labyrinth of love,
That thus hast our desires beguil'd, 15
Nor see'st how thine arrows rove.
Then prithee, to compose this stir,
Make her love me, or me love her.

IV

But, if irrevocable are
 Those keen shafts, that wound us so ; 20
Let me prevail with thee thus far,
 That thou once more take thy bow ;
Wound her hard heart, and by my troth
I'll be content to take them both. 24

THE EXPOSTULATION

I

HAVE I loved my Fair so long,
Six Olympiads at least,
And to Youth and Beauty's wrong,
On Virtue's single interest,
To be at last with scorn oppress'd? 5

II

Have I loved that space so true,
Without looking once awry,
Lest I might prove false to you,
To whom I vow'd fidelity,
To be repaid with cruelty? 10

III

Were you not, oh sweet! confess,
Willing to be so belov'd?
Favour gave my flame increase,
By which it still aspiring moved,
And had gone out, if disapproved. 15

IV

Whence then can this change proceed ?

Say ; or whither does it tend ?

That false heart will one day bleed,

When it has brought so true a friend

To cruel and untimely end.

SONG

I

PRITHEE, why so angry, Sweet ?
 'Tis in vain
To dissemble a disdain ;
That frown i' th' infancy I'll meet
And kiss it to a smile again. 5

II

In that pretty anger is
 Such a grace,
As Love's fancy would embrace,
As to new crimes may youth entice,
So that disguise becomes that face. 10

III

When thy rosy cheek thus checks
 My offence,
I could sin with a pretence :
Through that sweet chiding blush there breaks
So fair, so bright an innocence. 15

IV

Thus your very frowns entrap
 My desire,
And inflame me to admire,
That eyes, drest in an angry shape,
Should kindle, as with amorous fire.

THE RETREAT

I

I AM return'd, my Fair, but see
Perfection in none but thee :
 Yet many beauties have I seen,
 And in that search a truant been,
Through fruitless curiosity. 5

II

I've been to see each blear-ey'd star,
Fond men durst with thy light compare ;
 And, to my admiration, find
 That all but I, in love are blind,
And none but thee divinely fair. 10

III

Here then I fix, and now grown wise,
All objects, but thy face, despise ;
 Taught by my folly now I swear,
 If you forgive me, ne'er to err,
Nor seek impossibilities. 15

ADVICE

I

Go, thou perpetual whining lover ;
For shame leave off this humble trade,
'Tis more than time thou gav'st it over,
For sighs and tears will never move her :
By them more obstinate she's made ; . . . 5
And thou by Love, fond, constant Love, betray'd.

II

The more, vain fop, thou su'st unto her,
The more she does torment thee still ;
Is more perverse the more you woo her ;
When thou art humblest lays thee lower ; 10
And, when most prostrate to her will,
Thou meanly begg'st for life, does basely kill.

III

By Heaven ! 'tis against all nature,
Honour and manhood, wit and sense,
To let a little female creature 15
Rule, on the poor account of feature,
And thy unmanly patience
Monstrous and shameful as her insolence.

ADVICE

105

IV

Thou mayst find forty will be kinder,
Or more compassionate at least, 20
If one will serve, two hours will find her,
And half this 'do for ever bind her
As firm and true as thine own breast,
On Love and Virtue's double interest.

V

But if thou canst not live without her, 25
This only she, when it comes to't,
And she relent not (as I doubt her),
Never make more ado about her,
To sigh and simper is no boot ;
Go, hang thyself, and that will do't. 30

VIRELAY

THOU cruel Fair, I go
To seek out any fate but thee,
Since there is none can wound me so,
Nor that has half thy cruelty ;
 Thou cruel Fair, I go. 5

For ever then farewell ;
'Tis a long leave I take, but oh !
To tarry with thee here is hell,
And twenty thousand hells to go ;
 For ever, though, farewell. 10

III.—BACCHANALIAN

CHANSON A BOIRE

COME, let's mind our drinking,
Away with this thinking ;
It ne'er, that I heard of, did anyone good ;
Prevents not disaster,
But brings it on faster, 5
Mischance is by mirth and by courage withstood.

He ne'er can recover
The day that is over,
The present is with us, and does threaten no ill ;
He's a fool that will sorrow 10
For the thing called To-morrow,
But the hour we've in hand we may wield as we
will.

There's nothing but Bacchus
Right merry can make us,
That virtue particular is to the vine ; 15
It fires ev'ry creature
With wit and good nature,
Whose thoughts can be dark when their noses
do shine ?

A night of good drinking
Is worth a year's thinking, 20
 There's nothing that kills us so surely as sorrow ;
Then to drown our cares, boys,
Let's drink up the stars, boys,
 Each face of the gang will a sun be to-morrow. 24

CLEPSYDRA

I

WHY, let it run ! who bids it stay ?
Let us the while be merry ;
Time there in water creeps away,
With us it posts in sherry.

II

Time not employ'd's an empty sound, 5
Nor did kind Heaven lend it,
But that the glass should quick go round,
And men in pleasure spend it.

III

Then set thy foot, brave boy, to mine,
Ply quick to cure our thinking ; 10
An hour-glass in an hour of wine
Would be but lazy drinking.

IV

The man that snores the hour-glass out
Is truly a time-waster,
But we, who troll this glass about, 15
Make him to post it faster.

V

Yet, though he flies so fast some think,
 'Tis well known to the sages,
 He'll not refuse to stay and drink,
 And yet perform his stages. 20

VI

Time waits us whilst we crown the hearth,
 And doats on ruby faces,
 And knows that this career of mirth
 Will help to mend our paces.

VII

He stays with him that loves good time, 25
 And never does refuse it,
 And only runs away from him
 That knows not how to use it :

VIII

He only steals by without noise
 From those in grief that waste it, 30
 But lives with the mad roaring boys
 That husband it and taste it.

IX

The moralist perhaps may prate
 Of virtue from his reading ;
 'Tis all but stale and foisted chat 35
 To men of better breeding.

X

Time, to define it, is the space
That men enjoy their being ;
'Tis not the hour, but drinking-glass,
Makes time and life agreeing. 40

XI

He wisely does oblige his fate
Does cheerfully obey it,
And is of fops the greatest that
By temperance thinks to stay it.

XII

Come, ply the glass then quick about, 45
To titillate the gullet ;
Sobriety's no charm, I doubt,
Against a cannon-bullet.

ODE

I

THE Day is set did Earth adorn
To drink the brewing of the main,
And, hot with travel, will ere morn
Carouse it to an ebb again.

Then let us drink, time to improve, 5
Secure of Cromwell and his spies ;
Night will conceal our healths, and love
For all her thousand thousand eyes.

*Chorus : Then let us drink, secure of spies,
To Phœbus, and his second rise. 10*

II

Without the evening dew, and show'rs,
The Earth would be a barren place,
Of trees and plants, of herbs and flowers,
To crown her now enamell'd face ;

Nor can Wit spring, or Fancies grow, 15
Unless we dew our heads in wine,
Plump Autumn's wealthy overflow,
And sprightly issue of the Vine.

*Chorus : Then let us drink, secure of spies,
To Phœbus, and his second rise. 20*

III

Wine is the cure of cares, and sloth,
 That rust the metal of the mind ;
 The juice that man to man does, both
 In freedom and in friendship bind.

This clears the Monarch's cloudy brows, 25
 And cheers the hearts of sullen swains,
 To wearied souls repose allows,
 And makes slaves caper in their chains.

*Chorus : Then let us drink, secure of spies,
 To Phœbus, and his second rise.* 30

IV

Wine, that distributes to each part
 Its heat and motion, is the spring,
 The Poet's head, the subject's heart ;—
 'Twas wine made old Anacreon sing.

Then let us quaff it, whilst the Night 35
 Serves but to hide such guilty souls
 As fly the beauty of the light ;
 Or dare not pledge our loyal bowls.

*Chorus : Then let us revel, quaff, and sing
 Health, and his sceptre to the King.* 40

ODE

I

COME, let us drink away the time,
A plague upon this pelting rhyme!
When wine's run high, Wit's in the prime.

II

Drink, and stout drinkers are true joys ;
Odes, Sonnets, and such little toys, 5
Are exercises fit for boys.

III

Then to our liquor let us sit,
Wine makes the soul for action fit,
Who bears most drink has the most wit.

IV

The whining Lover, that does place 10
His wonder in a painted face,
And wastes his substance in the chase,

V

Could not in melancholy pine,
Had he affections so divine,
As once to fall in love with wine. 15

VI

The Gods themselves their revels keep,
And in pure nectar tipples deep,
When slothful mortals are asleep.

VII

They fuddled once, for recreation,
In water, which by all relation, 20
Did cause Deucalion's inundation.

VIII

The spangled globe, as it held most,
Their bowl, was with salt-water dos't,
The sun-burnt centre was the toast.

IX

In drink, Apollo always chose 25
His darkest oracles to disclose ;
'Twas wine gave him his ruby-nose.

X

The Gods then let us imitate,
Secure of Fortune, and of Fate ;
Wine wit, and courage does create. 30

XI

Who dares not drink's a wretched wight ;
Nor can I think that man dares fight
All day, that dares not drink all night.

XII

Fill up the goblet, let it swim
In foam, that overlooks the brim ; 35
He that drinks deepest, here's to him.

XIII

Sobriety and study breeds
Suspicion of our thoughts and deeds ;—
The downright drunkard no man heeds. . . . 39

IV

A VOYAGE TO IRELAND

IN BURLESQUE

THE lives of frail men are compared by the sages
Or unto short journeys or pilgrimages,
As men to their inns do come sooner or later
That is, to their ends, to be plain in my matter ;
From whence, when one dead is, it currently follows, 5
He has run his race, though his goal be the gallows ;
And this 'tis, I fancy, sets folk so a-madding,
And makes men and women so eager of gadding ;
Truth is, in my youth I was one of those people 9
Would have gone a great way to have seen an high steeple,
And tho' I was bred 'mongst the wonders o' th' Peak,
Would have thrown away money, and ventured my neck,
To have seen a great hill, a rock, or a cave,
And thought there was nothing so pleasant and brave ;
But at forty years old you may (if you please) 15
Think me wiser than run such errands as these ;
Or had the same humour still ran in my toes,
A voyage to Ireland I ne'er should have chose ;
But to tell you the truth on't, indeed it was neither
Improvement nor pleasure for which I went thither ; 20

I know then you'll presently ask me : " for what ? "
 Why, faith, it was that makes the old woman trot ;
 And therefore I think I'm not much to be blamed
 If I went to the place whereof Nick was ashamed.

O Coryate ! thou traveller famed as Ulysses, 25
 In such a stupendous labour as this is,
 Come lend me the aids of thy hands and thy feet,
 Though the first be pedantic, the other not sweet ;
 Yet both are so restless in peregrination,
 They'll help both my journey, and eke my relation. 30

'Twas now the most beautiful time of the year,
 The days were now long, and the sky was now clear,
 And May, that fair lady of splendid renown,
 Had drest herself fine in her flower'd tabby gown,
 When about some two hours and a half after noon, 35
 When it grew something late, though I thought it too soon,
 With a pitiful voice, and a most heavy heart,
 I tuned up my pipes to sing *loth to depart* ;
 The ditty concluded, I called for my horse,
 And with a good pack did my jument endorse, 40
 Till he groaned and he — under the burden,
 For sorrow had made me a cumbersome lurden :
 And now farewell, Dove, where I've caught such brave
 dishes

Of overgrown, golden, and silver-scaled fishes ;
 Thy trout and thy grayling may now feed securely : 45
 I've left none behind me can take 'em so surely ;
 Feed on then, and breed on, until the next year,
 But if I return I expect my arrear.

By pacing and trotting betimes in the even,
 Ere the sun had forsaken one half of the heaven, 50

We all at fair Congerton took up our inn,
 Where the sign of a king kept a King and his queen :
 But who do you think came to welcome me there ?
 No worse a man, marry, than good master mayor, 54
 With his staff of command, yet the man was not lame,
 But he needed it more when he went, than he came ;
 After three or four hours of friendly potation,
 We took leave each of other in courteous fashion,
 When each one, to keep his brains fast in his head,
 Put on a good nightcap, and straightway to bed. 60

Next morn, having paid for boiled, roasted, and bacon,
 And of sovereign hostess our leaves kindly taken
 (For her king, as 'twas rumour'd, by late pouring down,
 This morning had got a foul flaw in his crown),
 We mounted again, and full soberly riding, 65
 Three miles we had rid ere we met with a biding ;
 But there (having over-night plied the tap well)
 We now must needs water at a place call'd Holmes
 Chapel.

“ Ahay ! ” quoth the foremost, “ ho ! who keeps the
 house ? ”

Which said, out an host comes as brisk as a louse ; 70
 His hair combed as sleek as a barber he'd been,
 A cravat with black ribbon tied under his chin ;
 Though by what I saw in him, I straight 'gan to fear
 That knot would be one day slipped under his ear. 74

Quoth he (with low congé), “ What lack you, my lord ? ”
 “ The best liquor,” quoth I, “ that the house will afford.”
 “ You shall straight,” quoth he ; and then calls out,
 “ Mary,
 Come quickly, and bring us a quart of Canary.”

“Hold, hold, my spruce host! for i’ th’ morning so early
I never drink liquor but what’s made of barley.” 80
Which words were scarce out, but,—which made me
admire—

My lordship was presently turned into ’squire :

“Ale, ’squire, you mean?” quoth he nimbly again,
“What, must it be purl’d?”—“No, I love it best plain.”

“Why, if you’ll drink ale, sir, pray take my advice, 85
Here’s the best ale i’ th’ land if you’ll go to the price :
Better, I sure am, ne’er blew out a stopple :

But then, in plain truth, it is sixpence a bottle.”

“Why, faith,” quoth I, “friend, if your liquor be such,
For the best ale in England, it is not too much : 90

Let’s have it, and quickly.”—“O sir! you may stay ;
A pot in your pate is a mile in your way :

Come, bring out a bottle here presently, wife,
Of the best Cheshire hum he e’er drank in his life.”

Straight out comes the mistress in waistcoat of silk, 95
As clear as a milkmaid, as white as her milk,

With visage as oval and sleek as an egg,

As straight as an arrow, as right as my leg :

A curtsy she made, as demure as a sister.

I could not forbear, but alighted and kissed her : 100

Then ducking another with most modest mien,

The first word she said was, “Will’t please you walk in?”

I thanked her ; but told her, I then could not stay,

For the haste of my business did call me away.

She said she was sorry it fell out so odd, 105

But if, when again I should travel that road,

I would stay there a night, she assured me the nation

Should nowhere afford better accommodation :

Meanwhile my spruce landlord has broken the cork
 And called for a bodkin, though he had a fork ; 115
 But I showed him a screw, which I told my brisk gull
 A trepan was for bottles had broken their skull ;
 Which as it was true, he believed without doubt,
 But 'twas I that applied it, and pulled the cork out.
 Bounce ! quoth the bottle, the work being done, 116
 It roared, and it smoked, like a new-fired gun ;
 But the shot missed us all, or else we'd been routed,
 Which yet was a wonder, we were so about it.
 Mine host poured and filled, till he could fill no fuller ;
 "Look here, sir," quoth he, " both for nap and for colour,
 Sans bragging, I hate it, nor will I ere do't ; 121
 I defy Leek, and Lambhith, and Sandwich to boot."
 By my troth, he said true, for I speak it with tears,
 Though I've been a toss-pot these twenty good years,
 And have drank so much liquor has made me a debtor,
 In my days, that I know of, I never drank better : 126
 We found it so good, and we drank so profoundly ;
 That four good round shillings were whipt away roundly ;
 And then I conceived it was time to be jogging,
 For our work had been done, had we stayed t'other
 noggin. 130

From thence we set forth with more mettle and spright,
 Our horses were empty, our coxcombs were light ;
 O'er Dellamore forest we, tantivy, posted,
 Till our horses were basted as if they were roasted :
 In truth, we pursued might have been by our host, 135
 And I think Sir George Booth did not gallop so fast,
 Till about two o'clock after noon, God be blest,
 We came, safe and sound, all to Chester i' th' west.

And now in high time 'twas to call for some meat,
 Though drinking does well, yet some time we must eat :
 And i' faith we had victuals both plenty and good, 141
 Where we all laid about us as if we were wood :
 Go thy ways, Mistress Anderton, for a good woman,
 Thy guests shall by thee ne'er be turned to a common,
 And whoever of thy entertainment complains, 145
 Let him lie with a drab, and be p——d for his pains.

And here I must stop the career of my Muse,
 The poor jade is weary, 'las ! how should she choose ?
 And if I should further here spur on my course,
 I should, questionless, tire both my wits and my horse :
 To-night let us rest, for 'tis good Sunday's even, 151
 To-morrow to church, and ask pardon of Heaven.
 Thus far we our time spent, as here I have penn'd it,
 An odd kind of life and 'tis well if we mend it :
 But to-morrow (God willing) we'll have t'other bout,
 And better or worse be't, for murder will out ; 156
 Our future adventures we'll lay down before ye,
 For my Muse is deep sworn to use truth of the story.

CANTO II

After seven hours' sleep, to commute for pains taken,
 A man of himself, one would think, might awaken ; 160
 But riding, and drinking hard, were two such spells,
 I doubt I'd slept on, but for jangling of bells,
 Which, ringing to matins all over the town,
 Made me leap out of bed, and put on my gown,
 With intent (so God mend me) t' have gone to the choir,
 When straight I perceived myself all on a fire ; 166

For the two fore-named things had so heated my blood,
That a little phlebotomy would do me good :
I sent for chirurgeon, who came in a trice,
And swift to shed blood, needed not be call'd twice,
But tilted stiletto quite through the vein, 171
From whence issued out the ill-humours amain ;
When having twelve ounces, he bound up my arm,
And I gave him two Georges, which did him no harm ;
But after my bleeding, I soon understood, 175
It had cooled my devotion as well as my blood ;
For I had no more mind to look on my psalter,
Than (saving your presence) I had to a halter ;
But, like a most wicked and obstinate sinner,
Then sat in my chamber till folks came to dinner. 180
I dined with good stomach, and very good cheer,
With a very fine woman, and good ale and beer ;
When myself having stuffed than a bagpipe more full,
I fell to my smoking until I grew dull ;
And, therefore, to take a fine nap thought it best, 185
For when belly full is, bones would be at rest.
I tumbled me down on my bed like a swad,
Where, O ! the delicious dream that I had !
Till the bells, that had been my morning molesters,
Now waked me again, chiming all in to vespers ; 190
With that starting up, for my man I did whistle,
And comb'd out and powder'd my locks that were
grizzle ;
Had my clothes neatly brush'd, and then put on my
sword,
Resolved now to go and attend on the word.
Thus tricked, and thus trim, to set forth I begin, 195

Neat and cleanly without, but scarce cleanly within
 For why, Heaven knows it, I long time had been
 A most humble obedient servant to sin ;
 And now in devotion was even so proud,
 I scornèd (forsooth) to join prayer with the crowd ; 200
 For though courted by all the bells as I went,
 I was deaf, and regarded not the compliment,
 But to the Cathedral still held on my pace,
 As 'twere scorning to kneel but in the best place.
 I there made myself sure of good music at least, 205
 But was something deceived, for 'twas none of the best :
 But however, I stay'd at the church's commanding
 Till we came to the "Peace passes all understanding,"
 Which no sooner was ended but whirl and away,
 Like boys in a school when they've leave got to play ;
 All save master mayor, who still gravely stays 211
 Till the rest had left room for his worship and's mace :
 Then he and his brethren in order appear,
 I out of my stall and fell into his rear ;
 For why, 'tis much safer appearing, no doubt, 215
 In Authority's tail, than the head of a rout.
 In this reverend order we marchèd from pray'r ;
 The mace before me borne as well as the may'r ;
 Who looking behind him, and seeing most plain
 A glorious gold belt in the rear of his train, 220
 Made such a low congé, forgetting his place,
 I was never so honour'd before in my days ;
 But then off went my scalp-case, and down went my fist,
 Till the pavement, too hard, by my knuckles was kist ;
 By which, though thick-skulled, he must understand this,
 That I was a most humble servant of his ; 226

Which also so wonderful kindly he took
(As I well perceiv'd both b' his gesture and look),
That to have me dogg'd home he straightway appointed,
Resolving, it seems, to be better acquainted. 230
I was scarce in my quarters, and set down on crupper,
But his man was there too, to invite me to supper.
I start up, and after most respective fashion
Gave his worship much thanks for his kind invitation ;
But begg'd his excuse, for my stomach was small, 235
And I never did eat any supper at all ;
But that after supper I would kiss his hands,
And would come to receive his worship's commands.
Sure no one will say, but a patron of slander,
That this was not pretty well for a Moorlander ; 240
And since on such reasons to sup I refused,
I nothing did doubt to be holden excused ;
But my quaint repartee had his worship possess'd
With so wonderful good a conceit of the rest,
That with mere impatience he hopp'd in his breeches 245
To see the fine fellow that made such fine speeches :
"Go, sirrah !" quoth he, "get you to him again,
And will and require, in his Majesty's name,
That he come ; and tell him, obey he were best, or
I'll teach him to know that he's now in West-Chester."
The man, upon this, comes me running again, 251
But yet minced his message, and was not so plain ;
Saying to me only, "Good sir, I am sorry
To tell you my master has sent again for ye ;
And has such a longing to have you his guest, 255
That I, with these ears, heard him swear and protest
He would neither say grace, nor sit down on his bum,

Nor open his napkin, until you do come."
 With that I perceived no excuse would avail,
 And, seeing there was no defence for a flail, 260
 I said I was ready master may'r to obey,
 And therefore desired him to lead me the way.
 We went, and ere Malkin could well lick her ear
 (For it but the next door was, forsooth) we were there ;
 Where lights being brought me, I mounted the stairs,
 The worst I e'er saw, in my life, at a mayor's ; 266
 But everything else must be highly commended.
 I there found his worship most nobly attended,
 Besides such a supper as well did convince,
 A mayor in his province to be a great prince. 270
 As he sat¹ in his chair he did not much vary,
 In state nor in face, from our eighth English Harry ;
 But whether his face was swelled up with fat,
 Or puffed up with glory, I cannot tell that.
 Being entered the chamber half length of a pike, 275
 And cutting of faces exceedingly like
 One of those little gentlemen brought from the Indies,
 And screwing myself into congés and cringes,
 By then I was half-way advanced in the room,
 His worship most rev'rendly rose from his bum, 280
 And with the more honour to grace and to greet me,
 Advanced a whole step and a half for to meet me ;
 Where leisurely doffing a hat worth a tester,
 He bade me most heartily welcome to Chester.
 I thanked him in language the best I was able, 285

¹ By which you may note, that either the man was mistaken, or the mayor was not so good as his word, when he said he would not sit down till I came.

And so we forthwith sat us all down to table.

Now here you must note, and 'tis worth observation,
That as his chair at one end o' th' table had station,
So sweet mistress May'ress, in just such another,
Like the fair Queen of Hearts, sat in state at the other ;
By which I perceived, though it seemed a riddle, 291
The lower end of this must be just in the middle :
But perhaps 'tis a rule there, and one that would mind it
Amongst the town-statutes 'tis likely might find it.
But now into th' pottage each deep his spoon claps, 295
As in truth one might safely for burning one's chaps,
When straight, with the look and the tone of a scold,
Mistress may'ress complained that the pottage was cold ;
"And all 'long of your fiddle-faddle," quoth she. 299
"Why, what then, Goody Two-Shoes, what if it be ?
"Hold you, if you can, your tittle-tattle," quoth he.
I was glad she was snapped thus, and guessed by th'
discourse,

The may'r, not the gray mare, was the better horse ;
And yet for all that, there is reason to fear,
She submitted but out of respect to his year ; 305
However, 'twas well she had now so much grace,
Though not to the man, to submit to his place ;
For had she proceeded, I verily thought
My turn would the next be, for I was in fault ;
But this brush being past, we fell to our diet, 310
And every one there filled his belly in quiet.

Supper being ended, and things away taken,
Master mayor's curiosity 'gan to awaken ;
Wherefore making me draw something nearer his chair,
He willed and required me there to declare 315

My country, my birth, my estate, and my parts,
 And whether I was not a master of arts ;
 And eke what the business was had brought me thither,
 With what I was going about now, and whither :
 Giving me caution, no lie should escape me, 320
 For if I should trip he should certainly trap me.
 I answer'd, my country was famed Staffordshire ;
 That in deeds, bills, and bonds, I was ever writ squire ;
 That of land I had both sorts, some good, and some
 evil,
 But that a great part on't was pawned to the Devil ; 325
 That as for my parts, they were such as he saw ;
 That, indeed I had a small smatt'ring of law,
 Which I lately had got more by practice than reading,
 By sitting o' th' bench, whilst others were pleading ;
 But that arms I had ever more studied than arts, 330
 And was now to a Captain raised by my deserts ;
 That the business which led me through Palatine ground
 Into Ireland was, whither now I was bound ;
 Where his worship's great favour I loud will proclaim,
 And in all other places wherever I came. 335
 He said, as to that, I might do what I list,
 But that I was welcome, and gave me his fist ;
 When having my fingers made crack with his gripes
 He called to his man for some bottles and pipes.
 To trouble you here with a longer narration 340
 Of the several parts of our confabulation,
 Perhaps would be tedious ; I'll therefore remit ye
 Even to the most rev'rend records of the city,
 Where doubtless, the acts of the mayors are recorded,
 And if not more truly, yet much better worded. 345

In short, then, we piped, and we tipp'd Canary,
 Till my watch pointed one in the circle horary ;
 When thinking it now was high time to depart,
 His worship I thanked with a most grateful heart ;
 And because to great men presents are acceptable, 350
 I presented the mayor, ere I rose from the table,
 With a certain fantastical box and a stopper ;
 And he having kindly accepted my offer,
 I took my fair leave, such my visage adorning,
 And to bed, for I was to rise early i' th' morning. 355

CANTO III

The Sun in the morning disclosèd his light,
 With complexion as ruddy as mine over night ;
 And o'er th' eastern mountains peeping up's head,
 The casement being open, espied me in bed ;
 With his rays he so tickled my lids that I waked, 360
 And was half ashamed, for I found myself naked ;
 But up I soon start, and was dressed in a trice,
 And called for a draught of ale, sugar, and spice ;
 Which having turn'd off, I then call to pay,
 And packing my nawls, whipped to horse, and away.
 A guide I had got, who demanded great vails, 366
 For conducting me over the mountains of Wales :
 Twenty good shillings, which sure very large is ;
 Yet that would not serve, but I must bear his charges
 And yet for all that, rode astride on a beast, 370
 The worst that e'er went on three legs, I protest.
 It certainly was the most ugly of jades,
 His hips and his rump made a right ace of spades ;

His sides were two ladders, well spur-galled withal ;
 His neck was a helve, and his head was a mall ; 375
 For his colour, my pains and your trouble I'll spare,
 For the creature was wholly denuded of hair ;
 And, except for two things, as bare as my nail,
 A tuft of a mane, and a sprig of a tail ;
 And by these the true colour one can no more know, 380
 Than by mouse-skins above stairs the merkin below.
 Now such as the beast was, even such was the rider,
 With a head like a nutmeg, and legs like a spider,
 A voice like a cricket, a look like a rat,
 The brains of a goose, and the heart of a cat : 385
 Even such was my guide and his beast ; let them pass,
 The one for a horse, and the other an ass.
 But now with our horses, what sound and what rotten,
 Down to the shore, you must know, we were gotten ;
 And there we were told, it concerned us to ride, 390
 Unless we did mean to encounter the tide ;
 And then my guide lab'ring with heels and with hands,
 With two up and one down, hopped over the sands,
 Till his horse, finding th' labour for three legs too sore,
 Foaled out a new leg, and then he had four : 395
 And now by plain dint of hard spurring and whipping,
 Dry-shod we came where folks sometimes take shipping ;
 And where the salt sea, as the devil were in't,
 Came roaring, t'have hindered our journey to Flint ;
 But we, by good luck, before him got thither, 400
 He else would have carried us, no man knows whither.
 And now her in Wales is, Saint Taph be her speed,
 Gott splutter her taste, some Welsh ale her had need ;
 For her ride in great haste, and was like . . .

For fear of her being caught up by the fishes : 405
 But the lord of Flint Castle's no lord worth a louse,
 For he keeps ne'er a drop of good drink in his house ;
 But in a small house near unto't there was store
 Of such ale as, thank God, I ne'er tasted before ;
 And surely the Welsh are not wise of their fuddle, 410
 For this had the taste and complexion of puddle.
 From thence then we marched, full as dry as we came,
 My guide before prancing, his steed no more lame,
 O'er hills and o'er valleys uncouth and uneven,
 Until 'twixt the hours of twelve and eleven, 415
 More hungry and thirsty than tongue can well tell,
 We happily came to Saint Winifred's Well.
 I thought it the Pool of Bethesda had been,
 By the cripples lay there ; but I went to my inn
 To speak for some meat, for so stomach did motion,
 Before I did farther proceed in devotion : 420
 I went into th' kitchen where victuals I saw,
 Both beef, veal, and mutton, but all on't was raw ;
 And some on't alive, but it soon went to slaughter,
 For four chickens were slain by my dame and her
 daughter ; 425
 Of which to Saint Win. ere my vows I had paid,
 They said I should find a rare fricassée made :
 I thanked them, and straight to the well did repair,
 Where some I found cursing, and others at prayer ;
 Some dressing, some stripping, some out and some in, 430
 Some naked, where botches and boils might be seen ;
 Of which some were fevers of Venus I'm sure,
 And therefore unfit for the virgin to cure ;
 But the fountain, in truth, is well worth the sight,

The beautiful virgin's own tears not more bright, 435
 Nay, none but she ever shed such a tear,
 Her conscience, her name, nor herself were more clear.
 In the bottom there lie certain stones that look white,
 But streaked with pure red, as the morning with light,
 Which they say is her blood, and so it may be, 440
 But for that, let who shed it look to it for me.
 Over the fountain a chapel there stands,
 Which I wonder has 'scaped Master Oliver's hands ;
 The floor's not ill paved, and the margent o' th' spring
 Is inclosed with a certain octagonal ring, 445
 From each angle of which a pillar does rise,
 Of strength and of thickness enough to suffice
 To support and uphold from falling to ground
 A cupola wherewith the virgin is crowned.
 Now 'twixt the two angles that fork to the north, 450
 And where the cold nymph does her basin pour forth,
 Underground is a place where they bathe, as 'tis said,
 And 'tis true, for I heard folks' teeth hack in their head ;
 For you are to know that the rogues and the . . .
 Are not let to pollute the spring-head with their
 sores. 455
 But one thing I chiefly admired in the place,
 That a saint and a virgin, endued with such grace,
 Should yet be so wonderful kind a well-willer,
 To that whoring and filching trade of a miller,
 As within a few paces to furnish the wheels 460
 Of I cannot tell how many water-mills :
 I've studied that point much, you cannot guess why,
 But the virgin was, doubtless, more righteous than I.
 And now for my welcome, four, five or six lasses,

With as many crystalline liberal glasses, 465
 Did all importune me to drink of the water
 Of Saint Winifreda, good Thewith's fair daughter.
 A while I was doubtful, and stood in a muse,
 Not knowing, amidst all that choice, where to choose,
 Till a pair of black eyes, darting full in my sight, 475
 From the rest o' th' fair maidens did carry me quite ;
 I took the glass from her, and, whip ! off it went,
 I half doubt I fancied a health to the saint :
 For he was a great villain committed the slaughter,
 For Saint Winifred made most delicate water. 475
 I slipped a hard shilling into her soft hand,
 Which had like to have made me the place have pro-
 faned ;
 And giving two more to the poor that were there,
 Did, sharp as a hawk, to my quarters repair.
 My dinner was ready, and to it I fell, 480
 I never ate better meat, that I can tell ;
 When having half-dined, there comes in my host,
 A Catholic good, and a rare drunken toast ;
 This man, by his drinking, inflaméd the Scot,
 And told me strange stories, which I have forgot ; 485
 But this I remember, 'twas much on's own life,
 And, one thing, that he had converted his wife.
 But now my guide told me, it time was to go,
 For that to our beds we must both ride and row ;
 Wherefore calling to pay, and having accounted, 490
 I soon was downstairs, and as suddenly mounted :
 On then we travelled, our guide still before,
 Sometimes on three legs, and sometimes on four,
 Coasting the sea, and over hills crawling,

Sometimes on all four, for fear we should fall in ; 495
 For underneath Neptune lay skulking to watch us,
 And, had we but slipped once, was ready to catch us.
 Thus in places of danger taking more heed,
 And in safer travelling mending our speed :
 Redland Castle and Abergoney we past, 500
 And o'er against Connoway came at the last :
 Just over against a castle there stood,
 O' th' right hand the town, and o' th' left hand a wood ;
 'Twixt the wood and the castle they see at high water
 The storm, the place makes it a dangerous matter ; 505
 And besides, upon such a steep rock it is founded,
 As would break a man's neck, should he 'scape being
 drowned :

Perhaps though in time one may make them to yield,
 But 'tis prettiest Cob-castle e'er I beheld.

The Sun now was going t' unharness his steeds, 510
 When the ferry-boat brasking her sides 'gainst the weeds,
 Came in as good time as good time could be,
 To give us a cast o'er an arm of the sea ;
 And bestowing our horses before and abaft, 514
 O'er god Neptune's wide cod-piece gave us a waft ;
 Where scurvily landing at foot of the fort,
 Within very few paces we entered the port,
 Where another King's Head invited me down,
 For indeed I have ever been true to the Crown. 519

THE POEMS OF IZAAK WALTON

*If the all-ruling Power please
We live to see another May,
We'll recompense an age of these
Foul days in one fine fishing-day.*

C. COTTON : *To my dear and most worthy friend,
Mr Izaak Walton.*

*Whilst by some gliding river thou sittest down,
Thy mind's thy kingdom, and content's thy crown.*

ALEX. BROME : *To his ingenious friend,
Mr Izaak Walton.*

*Happy old Man ! whose worth all mankind knows
Except thyself,—who charitably shows
The ready way to virtue and to praise,
The way to many long and happy days.*

THOS. FLATMAN.

*Walton : Sage benign !
Whose pen, the mysteries of the rod and line
Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort
To reverend watching of each still report
That Nature utters from her rural shrine. . . .
He found the longest summer day too short,
To his loved pastime given by sedgy Lee,
Or down the tempting maze of Shawford brook.*

WORDSWORTH.

Meek Walton's heavenly memory.

IB.

THE ANGLER'S WISH

I IN these flowery meads would be :
These crystal streams should solace me ;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I with my Angle would rejoice :
 Sit here, and see the turtle-dove 5
 Court his chaste mate to acts of love :

Or, on that bank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty ; please my mind
To see sweet dewdrops kiss these flowers,
And then washed off by April showers : 10
 Here, hear my Kenna sing a song ;
 There, see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a laverock build her nest :
Here, give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above 15
Earth, or what poor mortals love :
 Thus, free from lawsuits and the noise
 Of princes' courts, I would rejoice :

Or, with my Bryan, and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford brook ; 20
There sit by him, and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set :
There bid good-morning to next day ;
There meditate my time away,
 And Angle on ; and beg to have
 A quiet passage to a welcome grave. 26

AN ELEGY UPON DR DONNE

Is Donne, great Donne deceased? then, England, say
Thou hast lost a man where language chose to stay,
And show its graceful power. I would not praise
That, and his vast wit (which in these vain days
Make many proud), but as they serv'd to unlock 5
That cabinet, his mind: where such a stock
Of knowledge was reposed, as all lament
(Or should) this general cause of discontent
And I rejoice I am not so severe,
But (as I write a line) to weep a tear 10
For his decease; such sad extremities
May make such men as I write Elegies,
And wonder not; for when a general loss
Falls on a nation, and they slight the Cross,
God hath raised prophets to awaken them 15
From stupefaction; witness my mild pen,
Not used to upbraid the world, though now it must
Freely and boldly, for the cause is just.
Dull age! oh, I would spare thee: but th'art worse:
Thou art not only dull, but hast a curse 20
Of black ingratitude; if not, couldst thou
Part with miraculous Donne, and make no vow
For thee and thine, successively to pay
A sad remembrance to his dying day?

Did his youth scatter Poetry, wherein 25
 Was all philosophy? Was every sin
 Character'd in his Satires? made so foul
 That some have fear'd their shapes, and kept their soul
 Freer by reading verse? Did he give days
 Past marble monuments to those whose praise 30
 He would perpetuate? Did he (I fear
 The dull will doubt) these at his twentieth year?
 But, more matured, did his full soul conceive,
 And in harmonious, holy numbers weave
 A Crown of sacred sonnets, fit to adorn 35
 A dying martyr's brow; or to be worn
 On that blest head of Mary Magdalen,
 After she wiped Christ's feet, but not till then?
 Did he (fit for such penitents as she
 And he to use) leave us a Litany, 40
 Which all devout men love, and sure it shall,
 As times grow better, grow more classical?
 Did he write Hymns, for piety and wit
 Equal to those great grave Prudentius writ?
 Spake he all languages? Knew he all laws? 45
 The grounds and use of physic, but, because
 'Twas mercenary, waiv'd it? Went to see
 That blessed place of Christ's nativity?
 Did he return and preach Him? preach Him so
 As none but he did, or could do? They know 50
 (Such as were blest to hear him know) 'tis truth.
 Did he confirm thy aged? convert thy youth?
 Did he these wonders? and is this dear loss
 Mourned by so few? (few for so great a cross).
 But sure the silent are ambitious all 55

To be close mourners at his funeral ;
 If not, in common pity they forbear
 By repetitions to renew our care :
 Or, knowing, grief conceiv'd, conceal'd, consumes
 Man irreparably (as poison'd fumes 60
 Do waste the brain), make silence a safe way
 T' inlarge the soul from these walls, mud and clay
 (Materials of this body), to remain
 With Donne in heaven, where no promiscuous pain
 Lessens the joy we have ; for, with him, all 65
 Are satisfied with joys essential.

My thoughts, dwell on this joy, and do not call
 Grief back by thinking of his funeral ;
 Forget he loved me ; waste not my sad years
 (Which haste to David's seventy), fill'd with fears 70
 And sorrow for his death ; forget his parts,
 Which find a living grave in good men's hearts ;
 And (for my first is daily paid for sin)
 Forget to pay my second sigh for him ;
 Forget his powerful preaching ; and forget 75
 I am his convert. Oh, my frailty ! let
 My flesh be no more heard ; it will obtrude
 This lethargy ; so should my gratitude,
 My vows of gratitude should so be broke ;
 Which can no more be than Donne's virtues spoke 80
 By any but myself ; for which cause, I
 Write no *Encomium*, but an *Elegy* ;
 Which, as a free-will offering, I here give
 Fame, and the world, and parting with it grieve,
 I want abilities fit to set forth 85
 A monument, great as Donne's matchless worth.

ON WILLIAM MARSHALL'S PORTRAIT OF
DONNE

THIS was, for youth, strength, mirth, and wit, that time
Most count their golden age ; but 'twas not thine.
Thine was thy later years, so much refin'd
From youth's dross, mirth and wit, as thy pure mind
Thought (like the Angels) nothing but the praise 5
Of thy Creator, in those last best days.

Witness this book (thy Emblem) which begins
With love ; but ends with sighs and tears for sins.

IN PRAISE OF MY FRIEND [LEWES ROBERTS]
AND HIS BOOK, ["THE MERCHANT'S MAP
OF COMMERCE," 1638]

If thou wouldst be a Statesman, and survey
Kingdoms for information, here's a way
Made plain and easy ; fitter far for thee
Than great Ortelius his geography.

If thou wouldst be a Gentleman, in more 5
Than title only, this Map yields thee store
Of observations, fit for ornament
Or use, or to give curious ears content.

If thou wouldst be a Merchant, buy this book,
For 'tis a prize worth gold ; and do not look 10
Daily for such disbursements ; no, 'tis rare,
And should be cast up with thy richest ware.

Reader, if thou be any or all three
(For these may meet and make a harmony),
Then praise this author for his useful pains, 15
Whose aim is public good, not private gains.

ON DR RICHARD SIBBES

OF this blest man let this just praise be given,
Heaven was in him, before he was in heaven.

ON THE DEATH OF MY DEAR FRIEND MR
WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT, RELATING TO
[HIS] ELEGIES

I CANNOT keep my purpose, but must give
Sorrow and verse their way ; nor will I grieve
Longer in silence ; no, that poor, poor part
Of nature's legacy, verse void of art,
And undissembled tears, Cartwright shall have 5
Fixt on his hearse ; and wept into his grave.

Muses, I need you not ; for grief and I
Can in your absence weave an elegy ;
Which we will do ; and often interweave
Sad looks, and sighs ; the groundwork must receive 10
Such characters or be adjudged unfit
For my friend's shroud : others have show'd their wit,
Learning, and language fitly ; for these be
Debts due to his great merits ; but for me,
My aims are like myself, humble and low, 15
Too mean to speak his praise, too mean to show
The world what it hath lost in losing thee,
Whose words and deeds were perfect harmony.

But now 'tis lost ; lost in the silent grave,
Lost to us mortals, lost, till we shall have 20
Admission to that kingdom, where he sings
Harmonious anthems to the King of kings.

146 ON THE DEATH OF WM. CARTWRIGHT

Sing on, blest soul ! be as thou wast below,
A more than common instrument to show
Thy Maker's praise : sing on, whilst I lament 25
Thy loss, and court a holy discontent,
With such pure thoughts as thine, to dwell with me,
Then I may hope to live and die like thee,—
 To live beloved, die mourned ; thus in my grave ;
 Blessings that kings have wished, but cannot have. 30

TO [EDWARD SPARKE, B.D.] UPON THE SIGHT
OF THE FIRST SHEET OF HIS BOOK,
["SCINTILLULA ALTARIS," 1652]

My worthy friend, I am much pleased to know
You have begun to pay the debt you owe
By promise, to so many pious friends,
In printing your choice Poems; it commends
Both them, and you, that they have been desired 5
By persons of such judgment; and admired
They must be most, by those that best shall know
What praise to holy Poetry we owe.

So shall your Disquisitions too; for, there
Choice learning, and blest piety, appear. 10
All useful to poor Christians: where they may
Learn primitive devotion. Each Saint's day
Stands as a land-mark in an erring age,
To guide frail mortals in their pilgrimage
To the celestial Canaan; and each fast 15
Is both the soul's direction, and repast:
All so exprest, that I am glad to know
You have begun to pay the debt you owe.

TO MY INGENIOUS FRIEND, MR BROME, ON
HIS VARIOUS AND EXCELLENT POEMS:
AN HUMBLE ECLOGUE. WRITTEN ON
THE 29TH OF MAY 1660

DAMON AND DORUS

DAMON

HAIL, happy day! Dorus, sit down;
Now let no sigh, nor let a frown
Lodge near thy heart, or on thy brow.
The King! the King's returned! and now
Let's banish all sad thoughts, and sing 5
We have our Laws, and have our King.

DORUS

Tis true, and I would sing, but oh!
These wars have shrunk my heart so low,
'Twill not be raised.

DAMON

What, not this day?
Why, 'tis the twenty-ninth of May: 10
Let Rebels' spirits sink: let those
That, like the Goths and Vandals, rose

TO MY FRIEND, MR BROME 149

To ruin families, and bring
Contempt upon our Church, our King,
And all that's dear to us, be sad ; 15
But be not thou ; let us be glad.
And, Dorus, to invite thee, look,
Here's a collection in this book
Of all those cheerful songs, that we
Have sung with mirth and merry glee : 20
As we have march'd to fight the cause
Of God's anointed, and our laws :
Such songs as make not the least odds
Betwixt us mortals and the Gods :
Such songs as Virgins need not fear 25
To sing, or a grave matron hear.
Here's love drest neat, and chaste, and gay
As gardens in the month of May ;
Here's harmony, and wit, and art,
To raise thy thoughts, and cheer thy heart. 30

DORUS

Written by whom ?

DAMON

A friend of mine,
And one that's worthy to be thine :
A civil swain, that knows his times
For business, and that done, makes rhymes ;
But not till then : my Friend's a man 35
Loved by the Muses ; dear to Pan ;

He blest him with a cheerful heart :
And they with this sharp wit and art,
Which he so tempers, as no swain
That's loyal, does or should complain. 40

DORUS

I would fain see him.

DAMON

Go with me,
Dorus, to yonder broad beech-tree,
There we shall meet him and Phillis,
Perigot, and Amaryllis,
Tityrus and his dear Chlora, 45
Tom and Will, and their Pastora :
There we'll dance, shake hands, and sing,
We have our Laws,

GOD BLESS THE KING.

TO MY REVEREND FRIEND THE AUTHOR
OF THE SYNAGOGUE

SIR,

I lov'd you for your Synagogue before
I knew your person ; but now love you more,
Because I find
It is so true a picture of your mind :
Which tunes your sacred lyre 5
To that eternal quire
Where holy- Herbert sits
(O shame to profane wits !)
And sings his and your anthems, to the praise
Of Him that is the first and last of days. 10

These holy hymns had an ethereal birth,
For they can raise sad souls above the earth,
And fix them there,
Free from the world's anxieties and fear :
Herbert and you have power 15
To do this : every hour
I read you, kills a sin,
Or lets a virtue in
To fight against it ; and the Holy Ghost
Supports my frailties, lest the day be lost. 20

152 TO THE AUTHOR OF THE SYNAGOGUE

This holy war, taught by your happy pen,
The Prince of Peace approves. When we poor men
Neglect our arms,

W'are circumvested with a world of harms.

But I will watch and ward, 25

And stand upon my guard,

And still consult with you

And Herbert, and renew

My vows, and say: Well fare his and your heart,

The fountains of such sacred wit and art. 30

NOTES

I ever labour to make the smallest deviations that I possibly can from the text ; never to alter at all where I can by any possible means explain a passage into sense ; nor ever by any emendations to make the author better when it is probable the text came from his own hands.

LEWIS THEOBALD to WARBURTON.



CHARLES COTTON.

(1630-1687)

Author of the second part of *The Complete Angler, Poems,*
etc., etc.

NOTES

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

CHARLES COTTON was an only child and was born at Beresford on April 28, 1630. His father, according to several authorities, lived at Ovingdean, Sussex, but having married Olive Stanhope of Beresford, Staffs., succeeded to the Beresford estates in her right, settled there about the year 1628. There is no history of the Poet's education, but it is believed that he became a member of Cambridge University in or about the year 1649. In one of his poems he addresses his tutor Mr Ralph Rawson in most affectionate terms. He never took his degree, although his classical learning and knowledge of Continental languages was considerable, as is evidenced by his own published writings. It is more than probable that a large number of his poems were the work of his earlier years, although only a few of his original verses saw the light until two years after his death. They clearly establish that he was (as nearly all the poets of his time were) a Royalist, and an out-and-out enemy of Oliver Cromwell. In spite of this marked political bias, Cotton does not appear to have suffered at all, as many did during the Commonwealth. His friendship with that father of Angling, Izaak Walton, probably began about 1655, an association creditable especially to our Poet, who was the frailer moral being. According to the Second Part of "The Compleat Angler," Cotton was "a brother of the Angle" before he was seventeen years of age. In his twenty-seventh year he married his cousin Isabella

Hutchinson. It was not until the Restoration that he came before the public as an author, in a panegyric on Charles the Second. In 1664 came out his "Scarronides, or the First Book of Virgil Travestie"; and about this time he prepared for press Du Vaix's "Moral Philosophy of the Stoics," a work he had executed many years before. Corneille's "Horace" was his next piece of literary labour, which saw the light in 1671, although he had originally intended it for the "private amusement of a fair young lady." "A Voyage to Ireland in Burlesque" was composed about the year 1670. In it we get a livelier description of himself and his intemperate ways than is to be found elsewhere, and, although the present volume professes to deal chiefly with his more serious productions, this highly characteristic and excellent burlesque figures as the last poem herein. Cotton appears to be known best by this production, which is the principal poem by him to be found in the larger nineteenth century anthologies. During the eighteenth century his grosser "Virgil Travestie" was more popular than it deserved to be; at the same time his original miscellaneous pieces of 1689 were severely left alone, and no full reprint of them has ever appeared. Other publications by our author were: "A Translation of Gerard's History of the Life of the Duke of Esperon" (1670); "A Translation of De Montluc's Commentaries" (1674); "The Fair One of Tunis" (out of the French) 1674; "Burlesque upon Burlesque" (1675); "The Planter's Manual" (1675); "Compleat Angler," Second Part (1676); "The Wonders of the Peak" (a poem) (1681); "a Translation of Montaigne" (1685). His translation of the Memoirs of Pontis, and his Miscellaneous Poems were both posthumous publications. Another work—"The Complete Gamester" (1674)—has been attributed to him, but he was probably the author of only a part of it. Cotton lost his first wife (by whom he had three sons and five daughters) about the year 1670, but married, within two or three years, a daughter of the second Earl of Ardglass. When our

poet left his family homestead at Beresford cannot be definitely ascertained, but probably not later than 1684 or 1685, although it had been sold some years prior to that. In 1687 Charles Cotton died of a fever in London, and was buried at St Martin's Church.

In the absence of a more methodical work, Cotton's Poems (1689) is probably of most value in connection with the history of our poet's life; yet it is to be deplored that those productions were not given to the world by the poet himself.

P. 1. WINTER.—This poem alone, almost, should have insured for Charles Cotton a better reputation *as a poet* than he has hitherto had. Even recognised critics praise minor ("name soiled with all ignoble use") Poets for what is only *second best*, as in the case of the present singer. *The New Year* appears to have taken some of our Poet's appraisers by storm, in spite of this longer and finer production, which very early in the last century secured the praise of both Wordsworth and Coleridge, the former remarking in one of his prefaces: "I will refer to Cotton's 'Ode upon Winter,' an admirable composition . . . for a general illustration of the characteristics of Fancy. The middle part of this ode contains a most lively description of the entrance of Winter, with his retinue, as 'A palsied king,' and yet a military monarch,—advancing for conquest with his army; the several bodies of which, and their arms and equipments, are described with a rapidity of detail, and a profusion of *fanciful* comparisons, which indicate on the part of the poet extreme activity of intellect, and a correspondent hurry of delightful feeling," etc. Coleridge in speaking of Gray's *The Bard*, "and the rest of his lyrics," remarked, "I think them frigid and artificial," adding (the italics are our own), "*There is more real lyric feeling in Cotton's Ode on Winter*" (*Table Talk*, Oct. 23, 1833). In another place he indulges in equally complimentary remark on Charles Cotton. In spite of occasional dis-

criminating comment by recognised critics, still our poet (and he is a true one, we contend) has been kept out in the cold, rarely appearing even in anthologies, where one would have expected at least to have found *The New Year*, and a few of the shorter lyrics, the present poem—*Winter*—being too long for the average book of that kind. It is hoped that in the future he will fare better at the hands of Anthologists than he has done in the past, otherwise the ordinary lover of English poetry is hardly likely to obtain a knowledge of this true singer, who, we believe, was void of ambition as far as regards the after-fate of his poetical productions. (The Preface to this volume will deal with the Posthumous edition of his Poems (published 1689), and the comparative indifference of the eighteenth century to his original poetical productions).

P. 1, l. 5. *Æol*: Æolus, god of the winds; p. 2, l. 18, *curvet*: leap; p. 3, l. 52, *wrack*: wreck, ruin; p. 4, l. 61, *black cliff's spumy base*; 1689 edition misprints "black cliff, spumy base."

P. 6, l. 106. Compare Shelley ("Sensitive Plant," III. 94-95)—

"His breath was a chain which without a sound
The earth, and the air, and the water bound."

P. 6, l. 109. *blusterers of the Bear*: blustering North winds.

P. 7, l. 120. *provend*: provender (food).

P. „ l. 127. *levets*; calls to rise; p. 9, l. 158, *gelid*, icy.

P. 9, l. 154. *cellar'd in*; 1689 edition misprints "collard in."

P. „ l. 157. *'Tis that*. The 1689 edition misprints "Till that."

P. 10, l. 176. *healths*: 1689 edition reads "health."

P. „ l. 188. *the air of liberty*. Wordsworth has this phrase in his sonnet on Oxford ("Ye sacred Nurseries," etc.).

P. 11, l. 200. *maugre*: in spite of.

Before concluding the notes on this remarkable poem, I may add that it found a place in the first volume of Arber's "An English Garner."

P. 12. THE NEW YEAR.—Charles Lamb, in his essay on New Year's Eve, has familiarised many readers with this striking poem. If it had been Cotton's "best," as some critics would have us believe, there would be small chance of such a selection as the present book affords being wanted by any one. Lamb's rather memorable words anent this poem we quote with approval and pleasure for those who know them not; he styles our Poet "hearty, cheerful Mr Cotton," and after quoting the piece in full, says: "How say you, reader—do not these verses smack of the rough magnanimity of the old English vein? Do they not fortify like a cordial; enlarging the heart, and productive of sweet blood, and generous spirits, in the concoction? Where be those puling fears of death, just now expressed or affected?—Passed like a cloud—absorbed in the purging sunlight of clear poetry—clean washed away by a wave of genuine Helicon, your only Spa for these hypochondries."

P. 12, l. 1. *yon bright star*. The 1689 edition misprints "you, bright star."

P. 13, l. 33. [*Plague*]. This word has been substituted for Cotton's much grosser one.

P. 14, l. 53. *The Princess* is Fortune. See line 51.

P. 15. THE RETIREMENT.—How Wordsworthian and how *un-Cottonian* the present poem seems to the ordinary reader! And yet Charles Cotton was many-sided, as students of his entire out-put very well know. A more pleasing example showing the gentler and quieter side of our poet could not be named. The poem first appeared at the close of the Second Part of "The Compleat Angler" in the 1676 edition, which gives the following various readings:

P. 15, l. 7. "vanity and vice" for "vice and vanity" (1689).

P. 15, l. 15. "recreation" for "conversation" (1689).

P. 16, l. 22. "Dear Solitude," for "O Solitude" (1689).

P. „ l. 31. "and offending" for "nor offending" (1689).

P. 17, l. 43. "I ever learnt, industriously to try," for "I ever learn'd to practise and to try" (1689).

P. 17, l. 63. "And all anxieties, my safe retreat:" for "And hotter persecution, safe retreats;" (1689).

P. 18, l. 78. "in discourse disgrace" for "by their voice disgrace" (1689).

The following variants, taken from the 1750 (Moses Browne) edition of "The Compleat Angler" may interest the reader, but not convince him that M. B. had any authority whatever for them, he admittedly having undertaken in preparing his edition, to *improve upon* both Walton and Cotton. The references are to our own text.

P. 15, l. 1. "Thou busy World farewell!"

P. ,, l. 6. "On the most throng'd, conspicuous Theatres."

P. ,, l. 7. "Where nought but Vanity and Vice appear."

P. ,, l. 11. "What healthful, temperate Hours we keep!"

P. ,, l. 17. "Oh, how harmless all our Pleasure!"

P. 16, l. 18. "Oh, ye Valleys, Meads, and Mountains!"

P. ,, l. 21. "By turns, to come," etc.

P. ,, l. 22. "Dear Solitude, Thought's readiest Friend,"

P. ,, l. 29. "Is it, alone"

P. ,, l. 31. "and, offending none?"

P. ,, l. 32. "in unmolested Ease,"

P. ,, l. 33. "And, pleasing guiltless self,"

P. ,, l. 34. "Oh, my unequal'd Nymph, fair Dove!"

P. 17, l. 40. "Playing at fearless Liberty:"

P. ,, l. 47. "Are mere thick, muddy Floods, compared with thine;"

P. ,, l. 52. "Lov'd, beauteous Dove, with thee"

P. ,, l. 56. "Oh, my lov'd Rocks! that stately rise"

P. ,, l. 62. "Oh, my lov'd silent Caves! from Dog-stars heat,"

P. ,, l. 63. "And all Anxieties, my sought Retreat:"

P. 18, l. 71. "In your Recesses friendlier Shade,"

P. ,, l. 73. "And, my most secret Woes, in Trust, giv'n to your Privacy."

P. 18, l. 74. "Liv'd I, from vexing Man, alone ;"

P. „ l. 75. "What a too happy, happy one,"

P. „ l. 76. "Should I deem myself to be !"

P. „ l. 78. "(Which, in Opinion, most disgrace)"

P. „ l. 81. "Would I, Spite of Winter's cold,"

P. „ l. 87. "Live, all contented—and contented die."

Pp. 16-17, ll. 34-43. *Oh my beloved nymph . . . practise and to try!* With Henry Vaughan we may well say—quoting from his poem *To the River Usca* (Usk)—

"Mosella boasts Ausonius, and the Thames
Doth murmur Sidney's Stella to her streams ;
While Severn, swollen with joy and sorrow, wears
Castara's smiles mixed with fair Sabrin's tears.
Thus Poets—like the nymphs, their pleasing themes—
Haunted the bubbling springs and gliding streams."

And we may add, in plain prose, Lea boasts Walton, and the silver Dove doth murmur the name of Charles Cotton to the lovers of that Derbyshire stream. Elsewhere—viz. in *The Wonders of the Peak*, ll. 17-41—he sings as lovingly of his "nymph, fair Dove," as in this enthusiastic outburst entitled *The Retirement*. These lines, from "Wonders," we give not only as illustrative of that lovely sixth stanza of *The Retirement*, but as a favourable specimen (from the purely poetical point of view), of what may be found in this long poem on his native regions.

"'Twixt these twin-Provinces of Britain's shame,
The silver Dove (how pleasant is that name !)
Runs through a Vale high-crested cliffs o'ershade
(By her fair progress only pleasant made):
But with so swift a torrent in her course,
As shows the nymph flies from her native source,
To seek what there's denied, the sun's warm beams,
And to embrace Trent's prouder swelling streams.
In this so craggy, ill-contriv'd a nook
Of this our little world, this pretty brook,

Alas ! is all the recompense I share,
 For all the intemperances of the air,
 Perpetual Winter, endless solitude,
 Or the society of men so rude,
 That it is ten times worse. Thy murmurs (Dove),
 Or humour of lovers ; or men fall in love
 With thy bright beauties, and thy fair blue eyes
 Wound like a Parthian, whilst the shooter flies.
 Of all fair Thetis' daughters none so bright,
 So pleasant none to taste, none to the sight,
 None yields the gentle Angler such delight.
 To which the bounty of her stream is such,
 As only with a swift and transient touch
 To enrich her sterile borders as she glides,
 And force sweet flowers from their marble sides."

In our Poet's *Voyage to Ireland*, ll. 43-48, he again sings of his favourite stream ; as also in his *Epistle to John Bradshaw, Esq.*, as follows :—

"My River still through the same channel glides
 Clear from the tumult, salt, and dirt of tides ;
 And my poor Fishing-house, my Seat's best grace,
 Stands firm and faithful in the self-same place.
 I left it four months since, and ten to one
 I go a-fishing ere two days are gone."

This "fishing-house still stands within a bend of the river" (J. P. S.); but it is kept locked by the present proprietor (*vide* "Dove Dale Revisited," p. 35, edition 1902).

The following,—taken from Thorne's "Rambles by Rivers,"—on the source of the River Dove, may satisfy the would-be seeker for information on the subject.

"From its source to its union with the Trent, the Dove serves as a boundary to the counties of Staffordshire and Derbyshire ; its whole length is about forty-five miles. It rises on the side of the huge hill called Axe-hedge, and not far from its summit. Two streams which issue from

the slope of Axe-edge, and unite near its base, contend for the honour of the parentage of our river. The eastward one is said to afford the larger quantity of water, and is by some termed the main stream; but it is from the source of the other that the separation of the counties is marked, and not far below it, and on the stream that flows from it, and a long way from the first stream, is the little village of Dove-head: moreover, common fame assigns to this the pre-eminence, and common fame we shall, in this instance, follow. This, then, we shall consider the source of the Dove. The water bubbles up through a little well, whose sides are protected by a couple of flag-stones, with a larger one for a covering, and a little sill-stone over which the water trickles and runs merrily down the deep channel it has scouped out of the old hill."

P. 17, l. 55. *thy silver feet*: cf. William Browne's "silver-footed Thetis" (Britannia's Pastorals, Book II. Song 2, l. 230); Crashaw's "silver-footed rills" (*The Weeper*, stanza 1); and Herrick's "silver-footed Thamasis" ("The Hesperides," No. 1029, *His tears to Thamasis*, l. 2). In our Poet's lines *Upon the Great Frost*, addressed to his friend Bradshaw, he has the same phrase, also applied to his favourite stream: "Her silver feet in crystal fetters."

Stanza VIII. The author of "Rambles by Rivers" remarks in connection with this stanza, that we may imagine that Cotton had the long, narrow, and desolate valley of Narrowdale in his memory when he wrote it. There is the Lion Rock in Dove Dale, and Franklin Rock in Beresford Dale. Near Tissington there are rocks called "The Tissington Spires."

Stanza IX. In Major's edition of "The Complete Angler" is given a woodcut of the caves alluded to in this stanza. Their whereabouts is not stated, but they are probably in the vicinity of Beresford, where is a cleft called Cotton's Cave.

P. 19. TO MY DEAR . . . FRIEND, MR IZAAK WALTON. This poem, and *The Angler's Ballad* should be favourites with all disciples of Walton and Cotton, forming as they do, a poetical *vade mecum* for all lovers of angling.

P. 21. CONTENTATION. L. 24, *moil*, tiller of the soil.

P. 22, l. 25. *Titulado*. The present editor is unable to throw any light upon this word, after consulting several works of reference.

Cf. Sir Henry Wotton's *Character of a Happy Life*.

P. 28. THE ANGLER'S BALLAD. L. 11, *pink*, a ship or boat with a narrow stern; l. 28, *hone*, a stone to sharpen knives upon.

P. 30, l. 43. *On stream*. The 1689 edition misprints "Or stream." With this ballad compare the one by Chalkhill and Walton given along with the Notes to Walton's Poems herein.

P. 33. TO MY OLD AND MOST WORTHY FRIEND MR IZAAK WALTON, ON HIS LIFE OF DONNE, etc. This originally appeared in the second collected (1675) edition of Walton's "Lives," and is a solid and serious appreciation of his friend's work, although as poetry it may not rank high.

P. 34, l. 32 refers to Donne's monument in St Paul's before the fire of 1665.

P. 39. [A SUMMER'S DAY] I. MORNING QUATRAINS. The general title ("A Summer's Day") to this series is, of course, the present editor's.

P. 40, l. 19. *Aurora*, the goddess of morning.

P. ,, l. 21. *Xanthus*, one of Neptune's horses; *Æthon*, a horse of the Sun; p. 41, l. 40, *Moll*, the cow; l. 44, *imprime*, a salute (?).

P. 41, l. 46. *Phæbus*, the sun; l. 55, *purlieus*, disafforested lands; p. 42, l. 69, *forehorse gingles*, i.e. jingles its head-bell; p. 42, l. 71, *snies*, so the 1689 edition, but its meaning is doubtful.

P. 43. II. NOON QUATRAINS. P. 44, l. 13, *Phæthon*, son of Helios and Clymene. He obtained leave to drive the Sun's chariot for one day, and, had not Jupiter transfixed him with a thunderbolt, would have set the world on fire. See Lempriere's Classical Dictionary.

P. 45. III. EVENING QUATRAINS. P. 46, l. 16, *Polypheme*, a monster; l. 18, *told*, counted; l. 23, *on tail*, on its end; l. 24, *cuckold's crest*, farm-yard bird's crest.

P. 47. IV. NIGHT QUATRAINS. P. 48, l. 8, *Columbus' western waves*, the Atlantic Ocean; l. 12, *gelid*, icy; l. 21, *Pindus*, a mountain of Greece sacred to the Muses; p. 49, l. 34, *tire*, band; l. 42, *belching Vulcans*, fire-belching smithies; p. 50, l. 45, *Nyctimene*, the owl (see LEMPRIERE; under *Nycteus*); l. 56, *leaven*, dough; *bucking*, soiled clothes for washing; l. 59, *ban-dog*, a dog to ban thieves and trespassers; l. 61, *Philomel*, the nightingale; l. 63, *Reynard*, the fox; l. 64, *The capitolian cry*: the "cry" of disturbed fowls (?); p. 51, l. 66, *Hags*, witches; l. 72, *crapula*, intoxication.

P. 51, l. 72. *crapula*. The 1689 text reads "cropola."

P. 52. THE STORM. L. 18, *curls*, ripples; p. 54, l. 55, *Æolus*, god of the winds; p. 55, l. 88, *Neptune* here is evidently the sea; p. 56, l. 125, *Argosy*, a large ship; l. 130, *Pink*, a ship with a very narrow stern; *Charon*, conductor of souls over the rivers Styx and Acheron.

P. 59. THE TEMPEST. L. 1, *margent*, margin (edge).

P. 64. SAPPHIC ODE. L. 4, *crapula*, intoxication.

P. 71. ODE TO LOVE. This is one of a number of pieces that figure twice in the *editio princeps* (1689) of Cotton's Poems. The version on pp. 44-46 of that edition is herein adopted, and the following variants and misprints of the other are here noted.

P. 71, l. 11. "Youth, or Folly" for "Youth and Folly."

P. 72, l. 19. "So mean before" for "so base before."

P. „ l. 27. "Stars; on thee" for "stars or thee."

P. 73. TO CÆLIA. Another repeated poem of the 1689 volume, appearing on pp. 8-9, and on pp. 471-472. The following variations occur between them:

P. 73, l. 1. "my old Days" for "my old day."

P. „ l. 4. "a lover's eyes" for "a lover's eye."

P. 76. ODE TO CÆLIA. L. 14, *in your shame*. The edition of 1689 reads "*is your shame*,"—probably a misprint. I conjecture *in*.

P. 77, l. 20. Compare Shakespeare's (*A Lover's Complaint*)—"What a hell of witchcraft lies In the small orb of one particular tear!"

P. 83. THE PICTURE. We have done our best to make a correct text, but if the student is dissatisfied he may be able in some cases to correct it by some of the following variants, the piece appearing a second time, with alterations of text, in the conglomeration of 1689.

P. 83, l. 2. "Woman-kind"; "Women-kind" (first version).

P. „ l. 5. "that to choose"; "t' whom, to choose" (second version).

P. 83, l. 11. "My downy youth"; "My youthful Dawn" (first version).

P. 83, l. 13. "Perchance you fear"; "Perhaps you fear m'" (second version).

P. 83, l. 17. "Pygmalion's living stone"; "Pygmalion's living bone" (second version).

P. 84, l. 20. "My honest one"; "Mine honest one" (second version).

P. 84, l. 22. "faltering"; "failing" (first version).

This love-song was set to music by Mr Laws.

P. 85. ODE TO CHLORIS. Compare the whole of this with

Cotton's friend Lovelace's finer lyric *To Lucasta, going to the Wars*, and especially ll. 5-8 with Lovelace's—

“A new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.”

P. 89. ODE (“Fair Isabel”). P. 90, l. 26, *detard*; so in 1689 edition and may be a misprint for *retard*.

P. 91. LAURA SLEEPING. Compare with Tennyson's *Sleeping Beauty*. L. 14, the 1689 edition misprints “morning” for “morning's.”

P. 95. SONG (“SEE, HOW LIKE TWILIGHT”). This short lyric alone should, we think, be sufficient to prove Cotton to be a true poet. For what it professes to be it could hardly be done better. With l. 16 compare Shakespeare's “eyes, the break of day,” in *Measure for Measure*, Act IV. Scene I.

This song was set to music by Mr Coleman.

P. 97. LES AMOURS. L. 9, *woo it*. The original misprints “woe it.” L. 13, the “imperious Child” is, of course, Cupid.

P. 99. THE EXPOSTULATION. L. 2, *Six Olympiads*, i.e. twenty-four years, an Olympiad being a period of four years. L. 11, “Were you not”; the original reads “Was you not.” Last line, “untimely end,” *cf.* Thomas Carew's (*On the Duke of Buckingham*) “An untimely grave.”

P. 101. SONG (“PRITHEE, WHY SO ANGRY”). This will remind the reader of Suckling's “Why so pale and wan, fond lover? Prithee, why so pale?”

P. 104. ADVICE. P. 105, l. 29, *boot, gain*.

P. 107. CHANSON A BOIRE. This is surely worthy of a place beside Burns' *Scotch Drink*, and if the devotees of Bacchus need a song by way of apology, it is here in Charles Cotton's *Chanson a Boire*.

P. 109. CLEPSYDRA. This title—a Latin one—translated, means the water clock used to measure the time during which an orator spoke. Its appositeness to this poem will be sufficiently apparent to the reader of the first stanza.

P. 112. ODE ("THE DAY IS SET"). L. 8. Crashaw has "eyes of Night," and Bourdillon "The night has a thousand eyes."

P. 113, l. 34. "'Twas wine made old Anacreon sing." The following are the first lines of a translation by Francis Fawkes, of one of Anacreon's Odes:—

"When gay Bacchus fills my breast,
All my cares are lull'd to rest,
Rich I seem as Lydia's King,
Merry Catch or Ballad sing;
Ivy-wreaths my temples shade,
Ivy that will never fade:
Thus I sit in mind elate,
Laughing at the farce of State."

P. 114. ODE ("COME LET US DRINK"). P. 115, l. 21. *Did cause Deucalion's inundation*. See Article, DEUCALION, in Lempriere's Classical Dictionary.

We have cut this piece short of its final triplet, *which need not be missed*, as the poem is well rounded off, and complete, in the best sense, without it. The few remaining words are chiefly these:—

"Let me have sack, tobacco store,
A drunken friend, a . . .
Protector, I will ask no more."

The "Protector" was, of course, Oliver Cromwell.

P. 117. A VOYAGE TO IRELAND IN BURLESQUE.—This is an unique production in several respects, but not quite suited to the best taste of our day. It could not, however, be left out of this volume, so characteristic of its author is it. It should serve to keep Cotton's reputation as a humourist for a long time. It was said by several critics (including Thomas Campbell) to anticipate in some measure the style of Anstey in the "New Bath Guide"; but Anstey's work is, we opine, decidedly inferior to this Burlesque of Cotton's.

P. 117, l. 11. *And tho' I was bred 'mongst the wonders o' th' Peak.* Cotton was born at Beresford, Staffordshire, April 28, 1630.

P. 118, l. 25. *Coryate.* The author of "Crudities," a great wit and a great traveller. He had travelled nearly all over Europe on foot. He died in 1617.

P. 118, l. 40. *jument*, beast of burden.

P. „ l. 42. *lurden*, a lazy man.

P. 119, l. 51. *Congerton*, Congleton, a town in Cheshire.

P. „ l. 68. *Holmes Chapel*, a village in Cheshire.

P. „ l. 75. *congé*, bow.

P. „ l. 78. *Canary*, Canary wine, no doubt.

P. 120, l. 84. *purled*, flavoured with aromatic herbs; now a name for beer flavoured with gin, sugar, and ginger.

P. 120, l. 94. *hum*, strong ale mixed with spirits.

P. 121, l. 111. *gull*, simpleton.

P. „ l. 122. *Leek, and Lambhith and Sandwiah*, places in, or near (?), Staffordshire, Leek being in that county.

P. 121, l. 133. *Dellamore Forest*: the Delamere forest district in Cheshire; *tantivy*, speedily.

P. 122, l. 146. We must refer the *curious* reader to the 1689 edition for the omitted words, as also in the two or three other cases of deletion in the present text of this poem.

P. 123, l. 169. *chirurgion*, surgeon.

P. „ l. 174. *two Georges*, two coins.

P. „ l. 187. *a swad*, a short, stout person.

- P. 125, l. 231. *crupper*, leather-seated chair.
- P. „ l. 254. *ye*: 1689 edition reads “you.” We print ‘*ye*’ for the sake of the rhyme.
- P. 126, l. 269. *Malkin*, a kitchen slut.
- P. „ l. 277. *One of those little gentlemen*, etc. A monkey.
- P. 127, l. 299. *long of*, on account of.
- P. 128, l. 325. *on't*, of it; *panned to the Devil*, mortgaged.
- P. „ ll. 330-1. Cotton obtained a Captain's commission in the army when he was forty years of age.
- P. 128, l. 338. *gripes*, grips.
- P. 129, l. 365. *nawls*, awls.
- P. „ l. 366. *vails*, tips.
- P. 130, l. 375. *helve*, an axe-handle; *mall*, a mallet or hammer.
- P. 130, l. 381. *merkin*, false hair.
- P. „ l. 399. *Flint*, the county town of Flint on the river Dee.
- P. 130, l. 402. *Saint Taph*, Saint David.
- P. „ l. 403. *Gott splutter*. So in the *editio princeps*, and we follow both Campbell and Gilfillan in printing the words (?) although they are unintelligible to us, and we can suggest nothing; probably a rather low colloquial expression.
- P. 131, l. 417. *Saint Winifred's Well*, Holywell.
- P. 132, l. 443. *Master Oliver*, Oliver Cromwell, whom our poet hated.
- P. 132, l. 444. *margent*, margin or edge.
- P. 133, l. 484. *inflamed the Scot*: surpassed the Scot as a tippler (?).
- P. 133, l. 490. *accounted*, paid the bill.
- P. 134, l. 496. *skulking*; 1689 edition misprints “shalking.”
- P. „ l. 500. *Redland Castle* is probably Rhuddlan in the county of Flint.
- P. 134, l. 501. *Connoway* is Conway (North Wales).
- P. „ l. 511. *brasking*, so 1689 edition; brushing (?).
- The following misprints of 1689 edition should be pointed out.

- P. 121, l. 111. "shew" for "showed."
P. ,, l. 124. "I have" for "I've."
P. ,, l. 137. "a clock" for "o'clock."
P. 122, l. 155. "t'over" for "t'other."
P. ,, l. 165. "I have" for "t'have."
P. 125, l. 228. "At I" for "As I."
P. 130, l. 400. "were" for "we."

In Campbell's "British Poets," as well as in Gilfillan's "Lesser known British Poets" the present Burlesque figures, a few words of the original text being omitted from each. The only change of text discovered is "made" for "left" in line 212.

The Storm may be associated with the *Voyage to Ireland* as it describes this voyage, which nearly resulted in shipwreck. See lines 186-7 of that poem.

NOTES TO IZAAK WALTON'S POEMS

P. 137. THE ANGLER'S WISH.—From "The Compleat Angler," Part I. chapter v., where it is introduced to the reader by the following speech of Piscator [Walton, of course]:

"I'll tell you, scholar; when I sat last on this primrose-bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence: 'That they were too pleasant to be looked on, but only on holy-days.' As I then sat on this very grass, I turned my present thoughts into verse: 'twas a Wish I'll repeat to you."

These beautiful stanzas were almost certainly written by Walton. "Kenna" is an allusion to his first wife, whose maiden name was Ken. For "Kenna" some editions read "Chlora."

P. 138, l. 19. "Bryan" was in all probability his dog.

P. ,, l. 20. *Loiter long days near Shawford-brook.* "Shawford-brook is the name of that part of the river Sow that runs through the land which Walton bequeathed to the corporation of Stafford to find coals for the poor. . . . Shawford, or Shallow-ford, is a liberty in the parish of St Mary, Stafford, though five miles distant from the town. . . . Shawford-brook winds beautifully through a narrow vale, and deserved Walton's commendation" (Sir Henry Ellis, in his edition of "The Complete Angler," published by Bagster, 1815).

We have previously spoken in these notes of the tinkering editing of Moses Browne, an eighteenth century editor of "The Compleat Angler." He has done with Walton as he did with Cotton—*i.e.*, *tried to improve* on his verse-making, with what success let the reader judge by the following paraphrase of

THE ANGLER'S WISH

In flow'ry Meads, here let me live ;
 These crystal Streams sweet Solace give ;
 To whose harmonious bubbling Sound,
 My dancing Float and Heart rebound :
 Stretch'd here at ease, I view the Dove
 Court his chaste Mate to Sports of Love ;
 Or, angling on those Banks, I find
 Health breath'd from Gales of Western Wind.
 See pearly Dew-drops deck the flow'rs,
 Wash'd off by April's hasty Show'rs.
 Here listen to my Chlora's Song,
 There see the Black-bird feed her young,
 Or the Leverock build her nest,
 While calm'd my wearied Spirits rest,
 Raising my grov'ling Thoughts above
 This Earth, and all vain Mortals Love ;
 Here joying in my peaceful Sports,
 From Law-suits free, and Pomp of Courts,
 Or let me with my Friend and Book,
 Loyer long Days near Shawford-Brook,
 Eat by him there my homely Meat,
 There see the Sun arise and set ;
 There bid Good-morrow to next Day,
 And meditate my Time away ;
 And angle on, and Passage crave
 In quiet, to my welcome Grave.

The following, which may be entitled *Piscator's Song*, is in all probability largely by Walton (see extract below from "The Compleat Angler") the name "Jo. Chalkhill" having been affixed for the first time in the *third* edition of "The Compleat Angler." We should have given it in the body of this work immediately after "The Angler's Wish" had we consulted our own feeling, but it would have been somewhat uncritical so to do, so it finds a suitable place among these Notes.

PISCATOR'S SONG

["It is many years since I learned (this song); and having forgotten a part of it, I was forced to patch it up by the help of mine own invention."—IZAAK WALTON: "Compleat Angler," Part I. chapter xvi.]

O the gallant Fisher's life,
 It is the best of any ;
 'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
 And 'tis beloved by many :
 Other joys Are but toys ;
 Only this Lawful is ;
 For our skill Breeds no ill,
 But content and pleasure.

5

In a morning up we rise,
 Ere Aurora's peeping ;
 Drink a cup to wash our eyes ;
 Leave the sluggard sleeping :
 Then we go To and fro,
 With our knacks At our backs,
 To such streams As the Thames,
 If we have the leisure.

10

15

When we please to walk abroad
 For our recreation,
 In the fields is our abode,
 Full of delectation :
 Where in a brook With a hook,
 Or a lake, Fish we take :
 There we sit, For a bit,
 Till we fish entangle.

20

We have gentles in a horn,
 We have paste and worms too ;
 We can watch both night and morn,
 Suffer rains and storms too ;

25

None do here Use to swear ;
 Oaths do fray Fish away ; 30
 We sit still, And watch our quill ;
 Fishers must not wrangle.

If the sun's excessive heat
 Make our bodies swelter,
 To an osier hedge we get 35
 For a friendly shelter ;
 Where, in a dike, Perch or Pike,
 Roach or Dace, We do chase ;
 Bleak or Gudgeon, Without grudging ;
 We are still contented. 40

Or we sometimes pass an hour
 Under a green willow,
 That defends us from a shower,
 Making earth our pillow ;
 Where we may Think and pray 45
 Before death Stops our breath.
 Other joys Are but toys,
 And to be lamented.

JO. CHALKHILL.

P. 175, l. 45. The first three editions of "The Compleat Angler" have

"There we may" for "Where we may."

For the last time we deal with Moses Browne, who has dealt in a similar way with the Song, *O the gallant Fisher's life*, to what he did with *The Angler's Wish*. The alterations are noted below ; the references being to the lines as printed above.

- P. 174, l. 1. "Oh the Fisher's gentle Life!"
 P. ,, l. 2. "Happiest is of any,"
 P. ,, l. 3. "'Tis full of Calmness, void of Strife,"
 P. ,, l. 4. "And belov'd of many"
 P. ,, l. 6. "Only this Harmless is"

- P. 174, l. 15. "To sweet Streams Lea or Thames,"
 P. " l. 16. "To enjoy our Leisure."
 P. " l. 21. "With a Hook, By a Brook,"
 P. " ll. 22-23. "Or a Lake, Sitting take,
 With Delight, Wait the Bite,"
 P. " l. 26. "Flies and Paste and Worms too,"
 P. " l. 28. "Suffer Rain" . . .
 P. 175, l. 29. "None are here Us'd to swear,"
 P. " l. 30. "Oaths with fray" . . .
 P. " l. 31. "We sit still, Watch our quill"
 P. " l. 35. "To a fragrant Hedge we get"
 P. " ll. 37-40. "Where in a Creek, Gudgeon, Bleak,
 As we like, Pearch, or Pike,
 Roach or Dace, Pleas'd we chase
 With our Sport contented."
 P. 175, ll. 41-43. "Or we sometimes muse an Hour
 'Neath a trembling Willow,
 That repels the soft, sweet Shower"
 P. 175, ll. 45-46. "There we may Think and pray
 Ere cold Death Seize our Breath."

P. 139. AN ELEGY UPON DR DONNE.—From Donne's Poems, edition 1633. The following variants, and the last three lines of text, are from the edition of 1635.

P. 139, ll. 1, 2.

"Our Donne is dead; England should mourn, may say,
 We had a man whose language chose to stay."

P. 139, l. 3. "Her" for "its"; p. 140, l. 29, "Safer" for "Freer"; l. 43, "for piety and wit"; ll. 50-51, "As since St Paul none did, none could! those know (Such as were blest to hear him) this is truth"; p. 141, l. 67, "Dwell on this joy, my thoughts; oh! do not call"; l. 79, "flows" for "vows"; l. 82, "this Elegy."

Additional various readings of this Elegy I extract from a version of it which is dated "April 7, 1631," in Bell and Daldy's pocket (1866) edition of Walton's "Lives." These readings are part of the text of this poem as always (?)

printed at the end of Walton's "Life of Donne." The references are to our adopted text.

P. 139, ll. 1, 2. "Our Donne is dead! and we may sighing
say,

We had that man," . . .

P. ,, l. 3. "And show her utmost power." . . .

P. ,, l. 4. "That, and his great wit, which in our vain
days"

P. ,, l. 5. "Make others proud; but as these serv'd" . . .

P. ,, ll. 7, 8. . . . "that I lament
Our just and general cause of discontent"

P. ,, l. 12. "Can make" . . .

P. ,, l. 13. . . . "for when so great a loss."

P. ,, l. 16. "From their dull lethargy;" . . .

P. ,, l. 22. "Part with this matchless man" . . .

P. ,, l. 24. "Some sad" . . .

P. 140, l. 26. "Lay love's philosophy?" . . .

P. ,, l. 27. "Pictur'd in his sharp satires" . . .

P. ,, l. 28. . . . sin's shapes" . . .

P. ,, l. 32. "Envy will doubt" . . .

P. ,, l. 41. . . . "and doubtless shall"

P. ,, l. 48. "That happy place" . . .

P. ,, l. 50. "As since St Paul none ever did" . . .

P. ,, l. 51. "Those happy souls that heard him—know
this truth."

P. ,, l. 53. . . . "and is his dear loss"

P. 141, l. 56. "To be close mourners of his funeral"

P. ,, ll. 60. 61. "Man's life insensibly,—as poison's
fumes

Corrupt the brain,—take silence for the
way"

P. 141, l. 64. "With him in heaven" . . .

P. ,, l. 65. "Lessens those joys we have" . . .

P. ,, l. 67. "Dwell on these joys, my thoughts! Oh!
do not call"

P. ,, l. 68. . . . "on his funeral;"

P. ,, l. 69. . . . "waste not my swift years,"

P. 141, l. 71. "And sorrows for his death;" . . .

P. ,, l. 72. "They find" . . .

P. ,, l. 80. "Which can no more be, than his virtues spoke"

P. 141, l. 82. . . . "no encomiums but this elegy;"

P. ,, l. 86. "A monument, as matchless as his worth."

Sir Harris Nicolas, in his edition of Walton's "Angler," suggests that the following "Hexastichon Bibliopolæ" was in all likelihood written by Walton, notwithstanding that the name of the publisher, "JO. MAR" (for the name of John Marriott) is affixed to it.

"I see in his last preach'd and printed book,
His picture in a sheet; in 'Paul's I look,
And see his statue in a sheet of stone;
And sure his body in the grave hath one:
Those sheets present him dead—these, if you buy,
You have him living to eternity."

P. 140, l. 35. *A Crown of Sacred Sonnets*. "La Corona," a sonnet on the Crown of Thorns. (See Chambers' *Donne's Poems*, vol. i. p. 152, edition 1896.)

P. 142. ON WILLIAM MARSHALL'S PORTRAIT OF DONNE.—These lines were placed under Marshall's portrait of Donne in the 1635 edition of *Donne's Poems*. The portrait is dated 1591 ætat 18.

P. 143. IN PRAISE OF MY FRIEND [LEWES ROBERTS].—These commendatory verses were prefixed to Roberts' "Merchants' Map of Commerce," 1638.

P. 144. ON DR RICHARD SIBBES.—This couplet was written (according to Sir Harris Nicolas in his *Memoir of Walton*) by Walton on the title of his copy of Sibbes's work "The Returning Backslider," 4to, 1650.

P. 145. ON THE DEATH OF MY DEAR FRIEND, MR WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.—Cartwright died in 1643, and these verses

were first printed in the edition of his works published in 1651. A poetical "son" of Ben Jonson who said of him: "My son Cartwright writes like a man."

P. 147. TO [EDWARD SPARKE].—These verses are taken from the first edition of "Scintillula Altaris" by Edward Sparke. (London, 1652.)

P. 148. TO MY INGENIOUS FRIEND MR BROME.—This Eclogue was first published in Alex. Brome's Songs and other Poems, 1661; the 1668 issue showing the following variation of text in line 20:—

"Have sung so oft and merrily."

P. 151. TO MY REVEREND FRIEND THE AUTHOR OF THE SYNAGOGUE.—Walton here praises a rather dull but pious collection of verses, which the reader may have met with, not unfrequently, bound up at the end of old editions of Herbert's "Temple." The Rev. C. Harvey had commended Walton's "Angler" in print, a portion of which commendation we may give here:—

"Here sits, in secret, blest Theology,
 Waited upon by grave Philosophy,
 Both natural and moral; History,
 Deck'd and adorn'd with flowers of Poetry,
 The matter and expression striving which
 Shall most excel in worth, yet not seem rich.
 There is no danger in his baits; that hook
 Will prove the safest, that is surest took."

THE END

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