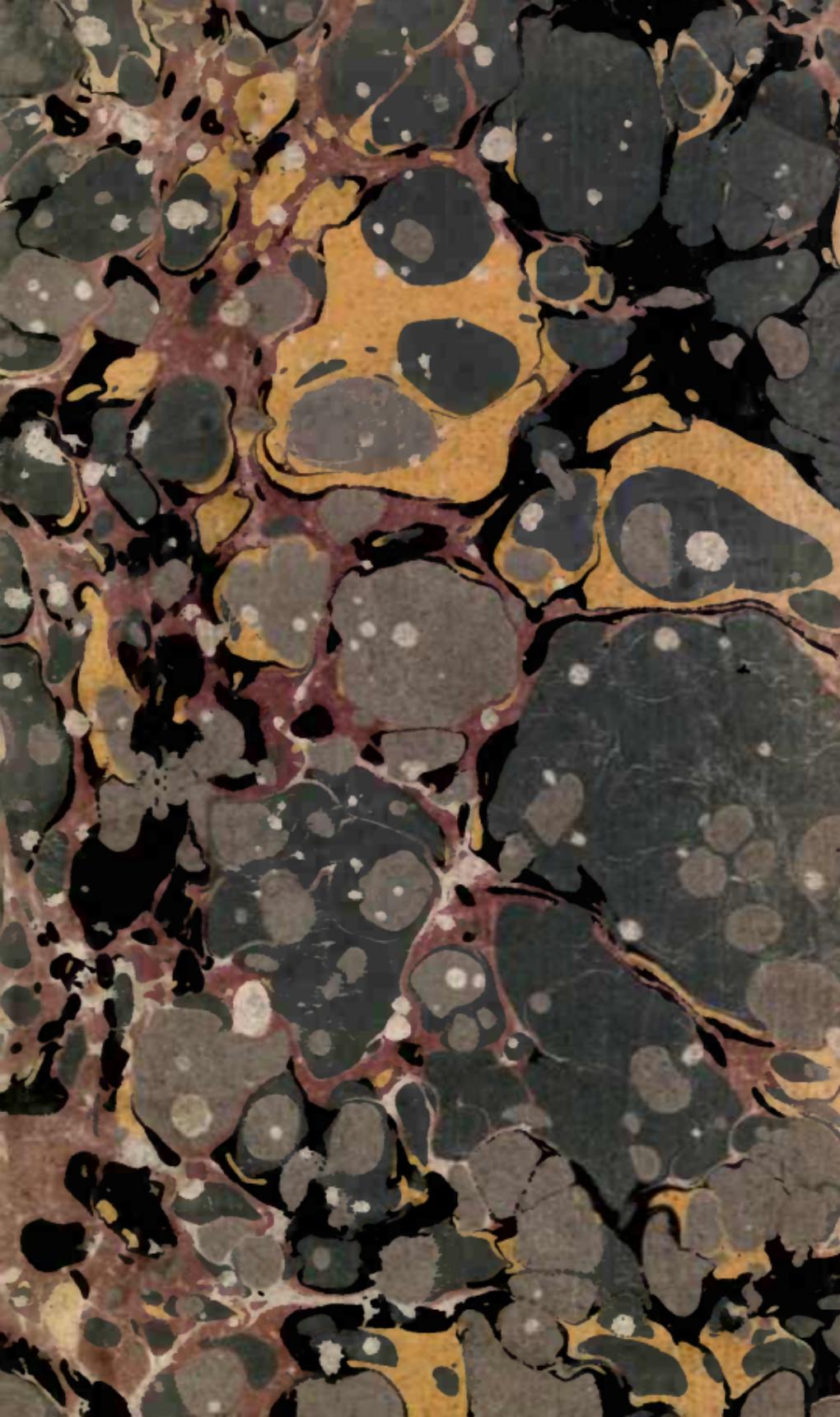




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T H E  
POETICAL WORKS  
O F  
SIR JOHN DAVIES,  
Confisting of his POEM on the  
IMMORTALITY of the SOUL :  
T H E  
H Y M N S O F A S T R E A ;  
A N D  
O R C H E S T R A  
A  
P O E M O N D A N C I N G ,  
I N  
A D I A L O G U E  
B E T W E E N  
P E N E L O P E and one of her WOOERS.

All published from a corrected Copy,  
Formerly in the Possession of W. THOMPSON of  
QUEEN'S COLL. OXON.

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L O N D O N :  
Printed for T. D A V I E S , in Russel-Street, Covent-Garden.  
M D C C L X X I I I .

## ДАНЕЯ

SIR JOHN D'YVOIS, BORN

この本は、著者による「アーティストとしての物語」

卷之三

१०८ अनुवाद एवं विवरण से २५३४  
प्रत्येक शब्द का अनुवाद एवं विवरण से २५३५

PR  
2242  
D28  
1773

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THE  
P R E F A C E  
TO  
SIR JOHN DAVIES's POEM  
ON THE  
IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL,  
PUBLISHED IN 1699.

*THERE is a natural love and fondness in Englishmen for whatever was done in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; we look upon her time as our golden age; and the great men who lived in it, as our chiefest heroes of virtue, and greatest examples of wisdom, courage, integrity and learning.*

— Among many others, the author of this poem merits a lasting honour; for, as he was a most eloquent lawyer, so, in the composition of this piece, we admire him for a good poet, and exact philosopher. 'Tis not rhyming that makes a poet, but the true and impartial representing of virtue and vice, so as to instruct mankind in matters of greatest importance. And this observation has been made of our countrymen, That Sir John Suckling wrote in the most courtly and gentleman-like style; Waller in the most sweet and flowing numbers; Denham with the most accurate judgment and correctness; Cowley with pleasing softness, and plenty of imagination: none ever uttered more divine thought than Mr. Herbert; none more philosophical than Sir John Davies. His thoughts are moulded into easy and significant words; his rhymes never mislead the sense, but are led and governed by it: so that in reading such useful performances, the wit of mankind may be refined from its dross, their memories furnished with the best notions, their judgments strengthened, and their conceptions enlarged, by which means

## THE P R E F A C E.

means the mind will be raised to the most perfect ideas it is capable of in this degenerate state.

But as others have laboured to carry out our thoughts, and to entertain them with all manner of delights abroad ; 'tis the peculiar character of this author, that he has taught us (with Antoninus) to meditate upon ourselves ; that he has disclosed to us greater secrets at home ; self-reflection being the only way to valuable and true knowledge, which consists in that rare science of a man's self, which the moral philosopher loses in a crowd of definitions, divisions and distinctions : the historian cannot find it amongst all his musty records, being far better acquainted with the transactions of a thousand years past, than with the present age, or with himself : the writer of fables and romances wanders from it, in following the delusions of a wild fancy, chimeras and fictions that do not only exceed the works, but also the possibility of nature. Whereas the resemblance of truth is the utmost limit of poetical liberty, which our author has very religi-

ously observed; for he has not only placed and connected together the most amiable images of all those powers that are in our souls, but he has furnished and squared his matter like a true philosopher; that is, he has made both body and soul, colour and shadow of his poem out of the store-house of his own mind, which gives the whole work a real and natural beauty; when that which is borrowed out of books, (the boxes of counterfeit complexion) shews well or ill as it has more or less likeness to the natural. But our author is beholding to none but himself; and by knowing himself thoroughly, he has arrived to know much; which appears in his admirable variety of well-chosen metaphors and similitudes that cannot be found within the compass of a narrow knowledge. For this reason the poem, on account of its intrinsic worth, would be as lasting as the *Iliad*, or the *Aeneid*, if the language tis wrote in were as immutable as that of the Greeks and Romans.

Now it would be of great benefit to the beaus of our age to carry this glass in their pocket, whereby they might learn to think, rather than dress well : it would be of use also to the wits and virtuous ones to carry this antidote about them against the poison they have sucked in from Lucretius or Hobbs. This would acquaint them with some principles of religion ; for in old times the poets were their di-vines, and exercised a kind of spiritual authority amongst the people. Verse in those days was the sacred style, the style of oracles and laws. The vows and thanks of the people were recommended to their gods in songs and hymns. Why may they not retain this privilege ? for - if prose should contend with verse, it would be upon unequal terms, and (as it were) on foot against the wings of Pegasus. With what delight are we touched in hearing the stories of Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, and Æneas ? Because in their characters we have wisdom, honour, fortitude, and justice, set before our eyes. It was Plato's opinion, that if a man could see virtue, he would be

strangely enamoured on her person. Which is the reason why Horace and Virgil have continued so long in reputation, because they have drawn her in all the charms of poetry. No man is so senseless of rational impressions, as not to be wonderfully affected with the pastorals of the ancients, when under the stories of wolves and sheep, they describe the misery of people under hard masters, and their happiness under good. So the bitter but wholesome Lambick was wont to make villainy blush; the Satire incited men to laugh at folly; the Comedian chastised the common errors of life; and the Tragedian made kings afraid to be tyrants, and tyrants to be their own tormentors.

Wherefore, as Sir Philip Sidney said of Chaucer, that he knew not which he should most wonder at, either that he in his dark time should see so distinctly, or that we in this clear age should go so stumblingly after him; so may we marvel at and bewail the low condition of poetry now, when in our plays scarce any

any one rule of decorum is observed, but in the space of two hours and an half we pass through all the fits of Bedlam ; in one scene we are all in mirth, in the next we are sunk into sadness ; whilst even the most laboured parts are commonly starved for want of thought ; a confused heap of words, and empty sound of rhyme.

This very consideration should advance the esteem of the following poem, wherein are represented the various movements of the mind ; at which we are as much transported as with the most excellent scenes of passion in Shakespear, or Fletcher : for in this, as in a mirror (that will not flatter) we see how the soul arbitrates in the understanding upon the various reports of sense, and all the changes of imagination : how compliant the will is to her dictates, and obeys her as a queen does her king. At the same time acknowledging a subjection, and yet retaining a majesty. How the passions move at her command, like a well disciplined army ; from which regular  
composure

*composure of the faculties, all operating in their proper time and place, there arises a complacency upon the whole soul, that infinitely transcends all other pleasures,*

" *What deep philosophy is this! to discover the process of God's art in fashioning the soul of man after his own image; by remarking how one part moves another, and how those motions are varied by several positions of each part, from the first springs and plummets, to the very hand that points out the visible and last effects. What eloquence and force of wit to convey these profound speculations in the easiest language, expressed in words so vulgarly received, that they are understood by the meanest capacities.*

" *For the poet takes care in every line to satisfy the understandings of mankind: he follows step by step the workings of the mind from the first strokes of sense, then of fancy, afterwards of judgment, into the*

the principles both of natural and supernatural motives: hereby the soul is made intelligible, which comprehends all things besides; the boundless tracks of sea and land, and the vaster spaces of heaven; that vital principle of action, which has always been busied in enquiries abroad, is now made known to itself; insomuch that we may find out what we ourselves are, from whence we came, and whither we must go; we may perceive what noble guests those are, which we lodge in our bosoms, which are nearer to us than all other things, and yet nothing further from our acquaintance.

— But here all the labyrinths and windings of the human frame are laid open: 'tis seen by what pulleys and wheels the work is carried on, as plainly as if a window were opened into our breast: for it is the work of God alone to create a mind.— The next to this is to shew how its operations are performed.

hall ; he was expelled the society of the Middle Temple. Upon this he retired to Oxford and prosecuted his studies. Afterwards by the favour of Lord Ellemore, Keeper of the Great Seal, being reinstated in the Temple, he practised the law as a barrister ; and was chosen a burgess in the parliament held at Westminster 1601. Upon the death of Queen Elizabeth, our author went with Lord Hunsdon into Scotland to congratulate King James. That prince was learned himself, and a great encourager of learned men ; when Hunsdon and his retinue were admitted into the king's presence, his majesty enquired the names of the gentlemen who accompanied him ; his lordship naming among the rest John Davies, the king presently asked whether he was Nosce Teipsum, which was the title of his poem on the Immortality of the Soul, and being answered that he was, he graciously embraced him, and assured him of his favour. The king presently after promoted him to the office of solicitor and then attorney general in Ireland, where in 1606 he was made serjeant at law, and afterwards speaker of the house of commons in that kingdom ; the year following he received the honour of knighthood from the king at Whitehall. In the year 1612 he published a very valuable book, called,

called, *A Discovery of the true Causes why Ireland was never entirely subdued, nor brought under Obedience of the Crown of England, until the Beginning of his Majesty's happy Reign.*

In this treatise, the author has proved that the old Irish had petitioned to be governed by the laws of England, and that that great blessing was denied them by the misrepresentations of interested and tyrannic men; who having obtained large grants of territory from the crown, oppressed in a most savage manner the ancient inhabitants as well as their own countrymen who were settled in Ireland. Great progress had been made by several able lord lieutenants, from Edward the Third's time to the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, to redress many enormous grievances which this unhappy country had groaned under.

But the complete settlement of Ireland was reserved for James the First; and this is the great honour of his reign. He passed an act of oblivion to quiet the minds of the people, and established the English laws in every part of the kingdom. Judges were appointed to go the circuits regularly as in England: Sir Edward Pelham and Sir John Davies

Davies were the first justices of assize that ever sat in the counties of Tyrone and Tryconnell. By such prudent regulations as these, the province of Ulster, which had formerly been the seat of rebellion and distraction, was rendered the most peaceable and submissive of any in the kingdom. The conclusion of this treatise is so much to the honour of the natives of Ireland, that I am sure my reader will not be displeased with me for transcribing it.

“ There is no nation of people under the sun  
“ that doth love equal and indifferent justice better  
“ than the Irish, or will rest better satisfied with  
“ the execution thereof, although it be against  
“ themselves ; so as they may have the protection  
“ and benefit of the law, when upon just cause they  
“ do desire it.”

Sir John, in 1612 quitted the post of attorney-general in Ireland, and was made one of his majesty's English serjeants at law. After his settling in England he was often appointed one of the judges of assize in the circuits. He married Eleanor Tonchet, youngest daughter of George Lord Audley, by whom he had a son an ideot, who died young, and a daughter named Lucy, married to Ferdinand

Ferdinand Lord Hastings, afterwards Earl of Huntingdon.

In 1626 Sir John was appointed Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench ; but before the ceremony of his installation could be performed, he died suddenly of an apoplexy the 7th of December, at his house in the Strand, in the 57th year of his age. His lady was a woman of a singular character, and it is said she foretold her husband's death ; she had, or pretended to have, the spirit of prophecy, and her predictions received from a voice which she often heard were generally wrapped up in dark and obscure expressions. It is commonly reported, that on the Sunday before Sir John's death, as she was sitting at dinner with him, she suddenly burst into tears ; he asking her the occasion, she answered, " Husband, these are your funeral tears." To which he replied ; " Pray, therefore, spare your tears now, and I will be content you shall laugh when I am dead. In 1649 an account was published of this lady's strange prophecies : She died in St. Bride's parish in London, the 5th of July, 1652, and was buried in St. Martin's church, near the remains of her husband.

Sir John Davies, besides his Poems and his Account of the Reduction of Ireland before-mentioned, published reports and other books relating to the constitution and laws of this kingdom. Anthony Wood says, there were several of his manuscripts on various subjects, which were formerly in the library of Sir James Ware, and since that in the possession of Edward Earl of Clarendon; besides these which were chiefly of a political kind: the same author says there were also some epigrams written by Sir John, and a metaphrase of several of King David's Psalms, but never published. The Poem on the Soul, which he called Nosce Teipsum, was first published in 1599, and afterwards in 1622 with Hymns to Astrea in Acrostick verse; and Orchestra, a poem expressing the antiquity and excellence of dancing, in a dialogue between Penelope and one of her wooers, containing one hundred and thirty-one stanzas unfinished. Mr. W. Thompson, the author of a poem called Sickness, was a great admirer of our author: it is from a corrected copy that Sir John Davies's Poems are published: he observes in a note upon the acrosticks, that they are the only good things of that kind; and laments that the Poem on Dancing was left unfinished. Sir John, though a good lawyer and an eminent politician,

cian, was still more eminent as a scholar and a poet. His poem on the Immortality of the Soul, will make his name live as long as our language.

N. Tate republished this excellent work in 1699, and introduced it with an admirable preface which is here reprinted. The author of the Biographia Britannia ascribes this preface to Tate, but it was written in a style and manner superior to that writer's abilities; and Tate himself tells us that the author was a clergyman whose name he was not permitted to give the public.

I shall conclude this Life of Sir John Davies, which is chiefly taken from Anthony Wood, with the inscription on his monument, fixed on a pillar near his grave:

"*Vir, ingenio compto, rara facundia, oratione  
tum soluta tum numeris astricta felicissimus adju-  
ridicam severitatem morum elegantia et ameni-  
ore eruditione mitigavit. Patronus fidus, judex  
incorruptus, ingenuæ pietatis amore, et anxiæ  
superstitionis contemptu juxta insignis.*"

A z

He was a man of fine abilities and uncommon eloquence, and a most excellent writer both in prose and verse. He tempered the severity of the lawyer with the politeness and learning of the gentleman : he was a faithful advocate, an impartial judge ; and equally remarkable for a love of sincere piety and a contempt of anxious superstition.

THE

**A U T H O R's**  
**D E D I C A T I O N**  
TO  
**QUEEN ELIZABETH.**

To that clear majesty which in the North  
Doth, like another sun, in glory rise,  
Which standeth fix'd, yet spreads her heav'nly worth ;  
Loadstone to hearts, and loadstar to all eyes.  
  
Like heav'n in all, like earth to this alone,  
That thro' great states by her support do stand ;  
Yet she herself supported is of none,  
But by the finger of th' Almighty's hand.

To the divinest and the richest mind,

Both by art's purchase, and by nature's dow'r,  
That ever was from heaven to earth confin'd,  
To shew the utmost of a creature's pow'r :

To that great spring, which doth great kingdoms  
move ;

The sacred spring, whence right and honour  
streams,

Distilling virtue, shedding peace and love,  
In every place, as Cynthia sheds her beams :

I offer up some sparkles of that fire,  
Whereby we reason, live, and move and be,  
These sparks by nature evermore aspire,  
Which makes them now to such a highnes flee,

Fair soul, since to the fairest body join'd,  
You give such lively life, such quick'ning pow'r ;  
And influence of such celestial kind,  
As keeps it still in youth's immortal flower :

As where the sun is present all the year,  
And never doth retire his golden ray,  
Needs must the spring be everlasting there,  
And every seafon like the month of May.

O ! many, many years may you remain  
A happy angel to this happy land :  
Long, long may you on earth our empress reign,  
Ere you in heaven a glorious angel stand.

Stay long (sweet spirit) ere thou to heaven depart,  
Who mak'st each place a heaven whercin thou art.

HER MAJESTY's

Devoted Subject

July 11,

1592.

And Servant,

JOHN DAVIES.

THE

卷之四

## ЗТИЭТИОБ

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## T H E

### I N T R O D U C T I O N.

W H Y did my parents send me to the schools,  
That I with *knowledge* might enrich my mind ?  
Since the *desire to know* first made men fools,  
And did corrupt the *root* of all mankind ;  
  
For when God's hand had written in the hearts  
Of the first parents, all the rules of good,  
So that their skill infus'd, did pass all arts  
That ever were, before, or since the flood ;

---

\* This poem was published by Mr. Tate with the universal applause of the nation ; and was without dispute, except Spencer's *Fairy Queen*, the best that was written in Queen Elizabeth's, or even King James the First's time.

*W. B.*

B

And

And when their reasons eye was sharp and clear,  
And (as an eagle can behold the sun)  
Could have approach'd th' eternal light as near,  
As th' intellectual angels could have done :

E'en then to them th' *spirit of lies* suggests,  
That they were blind, because they saw not *ill*,  
And breath'd into their incorrupted breasts  
A curious *wish*, which did corrupt their *will*.  
  
For that same ill they straight desir'd to know ;  
Which ill, being naught but a defect of good,  
In all God's works the Devil could not show,  
While man their Lord in his perfection stood.

So that themselves were first to *do* the ill,  
Ere they thereof the knowledge could attain,  
Like him that knew not poison's power to kill,  
Until (by tasting it) himself was slain.  
  
E'en so by tasting of that fruit forbid,  
Where they sought *knowledge*, they did *error* find ;  
Ill they desir'd to know, and ill they did ;  
And to give *passion* eyes, made *reason* blind.

For then their minds did first in *passion* see  
Those wretched shapes of *misery* and *woe*,  
Of *nakedness*, of *shame*, of *poverty*,  
Which then their own *experience* made them know.

But then grew *reason* dark, that *she* no more,  
Could the fair forms of *good* and *truth* discern,  
*Eats* they became, that *eagles* were before ;  
And this they got by their *desire* to learn.

But we, their wretched offspring, what do we ?  
Do not we still taste of the fruit forbid ?  
Whilst with fond fruitless curiosity,  
In books profane we seek for knowledge hid.

What is this *knowledge* ? but the sky-stol'n fire,  
For which the *thief* \* still chain'd in ice doth sit ?  
And which the poor rude *satyr* † did admire,  
And needs would kiss, but burnt his lips with it.

---

\* Prometheus.      † See *Aesop's Fables*.

iv THE INTRODUCTION.

What is it? but the cloud of empty rain,

Which when Jove's guest \* embrac'd; he monsters  
got ?

Or the false pails, † which oft being fill'd with pain?

Receiv'd the water, but retain'd it not?

In fine, what is it? but the fiery coach

Which the youth ‡ sought, and sought his death  
withal?

Or the boy's § wings, which when he did approach  
The sun's hot beams, did melt and let him fall?

And yet alas! when all our lamps are burn'd,

Our Bodies wasted, and our spirits spent;

When we have all the learned volumes turn'd

Which yield men's wits both help and ornament:

What can we know? or what can we discern?

When error choaks the windows of the mind;

The divers forms of things, how can we learn?

That have been ever from our birth-day blind?

---

\* Ixion.    † Danaides.    ‡ Phaeton.    § Icarus.

## THE INTRODUCTION. v

When reason's lamp, which (like the sun in sky)  
Throughout man's little world her beams did spread,  
Is now become a sparkle, which doth lie  
Under the ashes, half extinct, and dead :

How can we hope, that through the eye and ear,  
This dying sparkle, in this cloudy place,  
Can recollect these beams of knowledge clear,  
Which were infus'd in the first minds by grace ?

So might the heir, whose father hath in play  
Wafted a thousand pounds of ancient rent,  
By painful earning of one groat a day,  
Hope to restore the patrimony spent.

The wits that div'd most deep, and soar'd most high.  
: Seeking man's pow'rs, have found his weaknes such :  
“ Skill comes so slow, and life so fast doth fly,  
‘ “ We learn so little and forget so much.” ”

For this the wisest of all moral men  
Said, *He knew nought, but that he nought did know,*  
And the great mocking-master mock'd not then,  
When he said, *Truth was buried deep below.*

For how may we to other things attain,

When none of us his own *Soul* understands ?

For which the Devil mocks our curious brain,

When, *know thyself*, his oracle commands.

For why should we the busy *Soul* believe,

When boldly she concludes of that and this,

When of herself she can no judgment give,

Nor how, nor whence, nor where, not what she is.

All things without, which round about we see,

We seek to know, and how therewith to do :

But that whereby we *reason, live and be*,

Within ourselves, we strangers are thereto.

We seek to know the moving of each sphere,

And the strange cause of th' ebbs and floods of *Nile* ;

But of that *clock* within our breasts we bear,

The subtle motions we forget the while.

We that acquaint ourselves with ev'ry *zone*,

And pass both *tropicks*, and behold each *pole*,

When we come home, are to ourselves unknown,

And unacquainted still with our own *Soul*.

## THE INTRODUCTION.

vij

We study *speech* but others we persuade,  
We *leech-craft* learn, but others cure with it,  
We interpret *laws*, which other men have made,  
But read not those which in our hearts are writ.

Is it because the mind is like the eye,  
Through which it gathers knowledge by degrees,  
Whose rays reflect not, but spread outwardly ;  
Not seeing itself, when other things it sees ?

No, doubtless ; for the mind can backward cast  
Upon herself, her understanding's light,  
But she is so corrupt, and so defac'd,  
As her own image doth herself affright.

As is the Fable of the Lady fair,  
Which for her lust was turn'd into a cow,  
When thirsty to a stream she did repair,  
And saw herself transform'd she wist not how :

At first she startles, then she stands amaz'd ;  
At last with terror she from thence doth fly,  
And loathes the wat'ry glas wherein she gaz'd,  
And shuns it still, though she for thirst doth die :

x THE INTRODUCTION.

Neither *Minerva*, nor the learned *Muse*,  
Nor rules of *art*, nor *precepts* of the wise,  
Could in my brain those beams of skill infuse,  
As but the glance of this *dame's* angry eyes.

She within *lifts* my ranging mind hath brought,  
That now beyond myself I will not go ;  
Myself am *centre* of my circling thought,  
Only *myself* I study, learn, and know.

I know my Body's of so frail a kind,  
As force without, fevers within can kill ;  
I know the heavenly nature of my mind,  
But 'tis corrupted both in *wit* and *will* :

I know my *Soul* hath power to know all things,  
Yet is she blind and ignorant in all :  
I know I'm one of *nature's* little kings,  
Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.

I know my life's a *pain*, and but a *Span*,  
I know my *sense* is mock'd in ev'ry thing,  
And to conclude, I know myself a man,  
Which is a *proud*, and yet a *wretched* thing.

O F T H E  
S O U L O F M A N,

A N D T H E

Immortality thereof.

*T*H E lights of heav'n (which are the world's fair eyes)

Look down into the world, the world to see;  
And as they turn, or wander in the skies,  
Survey all things, that on this centre be.

And yet the *lights* which in my *tow'r* do shine,  
Mine *eyes* which view all objects, nigh and far;  
Look not into this little world of mine,  
Nor see my face, wherein they fixed are.

Since

Since *nature* fails us in no needful thing,

Why want I means my inward self to see ?  
Which sight the knowledge of myself might bring,  
Which to true wisdom is the first degree.

That *pow'r*, which gave me eyes the world to view,  
To view myself, infus'd an *inward light*,  
Whereby my *Soul*, as by a *mirror true*,  
Of her own *form* may take a perfect sight.

But as the sharpest *eye* discerneth nought,  
Except the *sun-beams* in the air do shine :  
So the best *Soul*, with her reflecting thought,  
Sees not herself without some light divine.

*O light* which mak'st the light, which makes the day !  
Which set'st the eye without, and mind within ;  
Lighten my spirit with one clear heavenly ray,  
Which now to view itself doth first begin.

For her true form how can my spark discern,  
Which dim by *nature*, art did never clear ?  
When the great wits, of whom all skill we learn,  
Are ignorant both *what she is*, and *where*.

OF THE SOUL.

5

One thinks the *Soul* is *air*; another, *fire*;  
Another *blood*, diffus'd about the heart;  
Another faith, the *elements* conspire,  
And to her *essence* each doth give a part.

*Musicians* think our *Souls* are *harmonies*,  
*Physicians* hold that they *complexions* be;  
*Epicures* make them swarms of *atomies*,  
Which do by chance into our *Bodies* flee.

Some think one gen'ral *Soul* fills ev'ry brain,  
As the bright *sun* sheds light in every star;  
And others think the name of *Soul* is vain,  
And that we only well-mixt *Bodies* are.

In judgment of her *substance* thus they vary,  
And thus they vary in judgment of her *seat*;  
For some her chair up to the brain do carry,  
Some thrust it down into the *stomach's* heat.

Some place it in the root of life, the *heart*;  
Some in the *river*, fountain of the veins,  
Some say, she's all in all, and all in ev'ry part:  
Some say, she's not contain'd, but all contains.

Thus

Thus these great clerks their little wisdom show,  
While with their doctrines they at hazard play ;  
Tossing their light opinions to and fro,  
To mock the *lewd*, as learn'd in this as they.

For no craz'd brain could ever yet propound,  
Touching the *Soul*, so vain and fond a thought ;  
But some among these masters have been found,  
.Which in their *schools* the self-same thing have  
taught.

*God only wise*, to punish pride of wit,  
Among men's wits hath this confusion wrought,  
.As the proud *tow'r* whose points the clouds did hit,  
By tongues confusion was to ruin brought.

But (*thou*) which didst *man's soul* of nothing make,  
And when to nothing it was fallen again,  
“ To make it new, the form of man didst take ;  
“ And *God* with *God*, becam'st a *man* with men.”

Thou that hast fashion'd twice this *Soul* of ours,  
So that she is by double title thine,  
Thou only know'st her nature and her pow'rs ;  
Her subtil form thou only canst define.

## OF THE SOUL.

1

To judge herself, she must herself transcend,  
As greater circles comprehend the less:  
But she wants pow'r, her own pow'rs to extend,  
As fetter'd men cannot their strength express.

But thou bright *morning-star*, thou *rising-sun*,  
Which in these later times hast brought to light  
Those mysteries, that, since the world begun,  
Lay hid in darkness, and eternal night.

Thou (*like the sun*) do'st with an equal ray,  
Into the *palace* and the *cottage* shine,  
And shew'st the *Soul*, both to the clerk and lay,  
By the clear *lamp* of *oracle* divine.

This lamp, through all the regions of my brain,  
Where my *Soul* sits, doth spread such beams of grace,  
As now, methinks, I do distinguish plain,  
Each subtle line of her *immortal* face.

*The Soul a substance, and a spirit is,*  
Which *God* himself doth in the *Body* make,  
Which makes the *man*, for every man from this,  
The *nature* of a *man*, and *name* doth take.

And

## THE IMMORTALITY

And though this spirit be to th' Body knit,  
As an apt means her pow'rs to exercise,  
Whick are *life, motion, sense, and will, and wit,*  
Yet she *survives*, although the Body dies.

## S E C T. I.

*That the SOUL is a Thing subsisting by itself  
without the Body.*

*SHE is a substance, and a real thing,  
Which hath itself an actual working might,  
Which neither from the *senses* power doth spring,  
Nor from the *Body's humours* temper'd right.*

*She is a *wine*, which doth no propping need  
To make her spread herself, or spring upright;  
She is a *star*, whose beams do not proceed  
From any *sun*, but from a *native light*.*

For when she sorts things *present* with things *past*,  
 And thereby things to *come* doth oft foresee;  
 When she doth *doubt* at first, and *chuse* at last,  
 These acts her *own*,\* without her Body be.

When of the dew, which th' *eye* and *ear* do take  
 From flow'rs abroad, and bring into the brain,  
 She doth within both wax and honey make:  
 This work is her's, this is her proper pain.

When she from sundry acts, one skill doth draw;  
 Gathering from divers fights one art of war;  
 From many cases, like one rule of law;  
 These her collections, not the *senses* are.

When in th' *effects* she doth the *causes* know,  
 And seeing the stream, thinks where the spring doth  
 rise;  
 And seeing the branch, conceives the root below;  
 These things she views without the Body's eyes.

\* That the *Soul* hath a proper operation without the Body.

When she, without a *Pegasus*, doth fly  
Swifter than lightning's fire from *East to West* ;  
About the *centre*, and above the *sky*,  
She travels then, although the Body rest.

When all her works she formeth first within,  
Proportioneth them, and sees their perfect end ;  
Ere she in act doth any part begin,  
What instruments doth then the Body lend ?

When without hands she doth thus *castles* build,  
Sees without eyes, and without feet doth run ;  
When she digests the world, yet is not fill'd ;  
By her own *pow'rs* these miracles are done.

When she defines, argues, divides, compounds,  
Considers *virtue*, *vice*, and *general things* ;  
And marrying divers principles and grounds,  
Out of their match a true conclusion brings.

These actions in her closet, all alone,  
(Retir'd within herself) she doth fulfil ;  
Use of her Body's organs she hath none,  
When she doth use the *pow'rs* of wit and will.

OF THE SOUL.

Yet in the Body's prison so she lies,  
As through the Body's windows she must look,  
Her divers powers of *sense* to exercise,  
By gath'ring notes out of the world's great book.

Nor can herself discourse or judge of ought,  
But what the *sense* collects, and home doth bring;  
And yet the pow'rs of her discoursing thought,  
From these collections is a *diverse* thing.

For though our eyes can nought but colours see,  
Yet colours give them not their pow'r of sight:  
So, though these fruits of *sense* her objects be,  
Yet she discerns them by her proper light.

The workman on his stuff his skill doth show,  
And yet the stuff gives not the man his skill:  
*Kings* their affairs do by their servants know,  
But order them by their own royal will.

So, though this cunning mistress, and this queen,  
Doth, as her instruments, the *senses* use,  
To know all things that are *felt, heard, or seen*;  
Yet she herself doth only judge and chuse.

E'en as a prudent *emperor*, that reigns  
By *sovereign* title over sundry lands,  
Borrows, in mean affairs, his subjects pains,  
Sees by their eyes, and writeth by their hands :

But things of weight and consequence indeed,  
Himself doth in his chamber them debate ;  
Where all his counsellors he doth exceed,  
As far in judgment, as he doth in state.

Or as the man whom *princes* do advance,  
Upon their gracious *mercy-seat* to sit,  
Doth common things, of course and circumstance,  
To the *reports* of common men commit :

But when the cause itself must be decreed,  
Himself in person, in his proper court,  
To grave and solemn hearing doth proceed,  
Of ev'ry proof, and ev'ry bye-report.

Then, like God's angel, he pronounceth right,  
And milk and honey from his tongue doth flow :  
Happy are they that still are in his sight,  
To reap the wisdom which his lips do sow.

Right so the *soul*, which is a lady free,  
And doth the justice of her *state* maintain ;  
Because the *senses* ready servants be,  
Attending nigh about her court, the brain :

By them the forms of outward things she learns,  
For they return into the *fantasie*,  
Whatever each of them abroad discerns ;  
And there enroll it for the mind to see.

But when she sits to judge the *good* and *ill*,  
And to discern betwixt the *false* and *true*,  
She is not guided by the *senses* skill,  
But doth each thing in her own *mirror*. view.

Then she the *senses* checks, which oft do err,  
And e'en against their false *reports* decrees ;  
And oft she doth condemn what they prefer ;  
For with a pow'r above the *sense*, she sees.

Therefore no *sense* the precious joys conceives,  
Which in her private contemplations be ;  
For then the ravish'd spirit th' *senses* leaves,  
Hath her own pow'rs, and proper actions free.

Her harmonies are sweet, and full of skill,  
When on the Body's instruments she plays ;  
But the proportions of the *wit* and *will*,  
Those sweet accords are even th' angels lays.

These tunes of *reason* are *Amphion's* lyre,  
Wherewith he did the *Theban* city found :  
These are the notes wherewith the heavenly *choir*,  
The praise of him which made the heav'n doth  
found.

Then her *self-being nature* shines in this,  
That she performs her *noblest* works *alone* :  
“ The *work*, the touch-stone of the *nature* is ;  
“ And by their *operations*, things are known.”

## S E C T. II.

*That the SOUL is more than a Perfection, or  
Reflection of the Sense.*

*A*R E they not *senseless* then, that think the *Soul*  
Nought but a fine perfection of the *Sense*,  
Or of the forms which *fancy* doth enroll;  
A quick resulting, and a consequence?

What is it then that doth the *Sense* accuse,  
Both of *false judgment*, and *fond appetites*?  
What makes us do what *Sense* doth most refuse,  
Which oft in torment of the *Sense* delights?

*Sense* thinks the *planets spheres* not much asunder:  
What tells us then their distance is so far?  
*Sense* thinks the lightning born before the thunder:  
What tells us then they both together are?

When men seem crows far off upon a tow'r,  
*Sense* faith, they're crows: What makes us think  
them men?

When we in *agues*, think all sweet things sour,  
What makes us know our tongue's false judgment  
then?

What pow'r was that, whereby *Medea* saw, ~~bad~~ <sup>new</sup> ~~old~~ <sup>old</sup> Y  
 And well approv'd, and prais'd the better course ;  
 When her rebellious *Sense* did so withdraw ~~governed~~ <sup>new</sup> ~~old~~ A  
 Her feeble pow'rs, that she pursu'd the worse ? ~~old~~ A

Did *Sense* persuade *Ulysses* not to hear ~~new~~ <sup>old</sup> ~~young~~ <sup>old</sup> B  
 The mermaid's songs which so his men did please,  
 That they were all persuaded, through the ear, ~~old~~ T  
 To quit the ship and leap into the seas ? ~~no~~ <sup>old</sup> A

Could any pow'r of *Sense* the *Roman* move, ~~old~~ <sup>new</sup> ~~old~~ A  
 To burn his own right-hand with courage stout ?  
 Could *Sense* make *Marius* fit unbound, and prove ~~old~~ <sup>new</sup> B  
 The cruel lancing of the knotty gout ? ~~old~~ <sup>old</sup> A

Doubtless, in *man* there is a *nature* found, ~~old~~ <sup>new</sup> ~~old~~ B  
 Beside the *Senses* and above them far ; ~~old~~ <sup>new</sup> ~~old~~ W  
 “ Tho' most men being in sensual pleasures drown'd,  
 “ It seems their *Souls* but in their *Senses* are.” ~~old~~ T

If we had nought but *Sense*, then only they ~~old~~ <sup>new</sup> ~~old~~ T  
 Should have found minds, which have their *Senses* ~~old~~ <sup>new</sup> ~~old~~ I  
 found : ~~old~~ <sup>new</sup> ~~old~~ I  
 But *wisdom* grows, when *Senses* do decay ; ~~old~~ <sup>new</sup> ~~old~~ X  
 And folly most in quickest *Sense* is found.

If we had nought but *Sense*, each living wight,  
 Which we call *brute*, would be more sharp than we ;  
 As having *Sense's apprehensive might*,  
 In a more clear and excellent degree.

But they do want that quick discoursing pow'r,  
 Which doth in us the erring sense correct ;  
 Therefore the bee did suck the painted flow'r,  
 And birds, of grapes, the cunning shadow peck'd.

*Sense* outsides knows, the *Soul* thro' all things sees :  
*Sense*, circumstance ; she doth the substance view :  
*Sense* sees the bark ; but she the life of trees :  
*Sense* hears the sounds ; but she the concords true.

But why do I the *Soul* and *Sense* divide,  
 When *Sense* is but a pow'r, which she extends ;  
 Which being in divers parts diversify'd,  
 The divers forms of objects apprehends ?

This power spreads outward, but the root doth grow  
 In th' inward *Soul*, which only doth perceive ;  
 For th' eyes and ears no more their objects know,  
 Than glasses know what faces they receive.

For if we chance to fix our thoughts elsewhere,  
Though our eyes open be, we cannot see :  
And if one pow'r did not both see and hear,  
Our sights and sounds would always double be.

Then is the *Soul* a nature, which contains  
The pow'r of *Sense*, within a greater pow'r ;  
Which doth employ and use the *Sense's* pains,  
But sits and rules within her private bow'r.

---

### S E C T. III.

*That the Soul is more than the Temperature  
of the Humours of the Body.*

*I*F she doth then the subtle *sense* excel,  
How gross are they that drown her in the blood ?  
Or in the Body's humours temper'd well ;  
As if in them such high perfection stood ?

As if most skill in that *musician* were,  
Which had the best, and best tun'd *instrument*?  
As if the *pencil* neat, and *colours* clear,  
Had pow'r to make the *painter* excellent?

Why doth not *beauty* then refine the *wit*,  
And good complexion rectify the *will*?  
Why doth not *health* bring *wisdom* still with it?  
Why doth not sickness make men brutish still?

Who can in *memory*, or *wit*, or *will*,  
Or *air*, or *fire*, or *earth*, or *water* find?  
What alchymist can draw, with all his skill,  
The *quintessence* of these out of the mind?

If th' elements which have nor *life*, nor *sense*,  
Can breed in us so great a *pow'r* as this,  
Why give they not *themselves* like excellence,  
Or other things wherein their *mixture* is?

If she were but the Body's quality,  
Then she would be with it *sick*, *maim'd* and *blind*:  
But we perceive where these privations be,  
An *healthy*, *perfect*, and *sharp-sighted* mind.

If she the Body's nature did partake,  
Her strength would with the Body's strength decay :  
But when the Body's strongest sinews flake,  
Then is the Soul most active, quick and gay.

If she were but the Body's accident,  
And her sole being did in it subsist,  
As white in snow, she might herself absent,  
And in the Body's substance not be miss'd.

But it on her; not she on it depends ;  
For she the Body doth sustain and cherish :  
Such secret pow'rs of life to it she lends,  
That when they fail, then doth the Body perish.

Since then the Soul works by herself alone,  
Springs not from Sense, nor humours well agreeing,  
Her nature is peculiar, and her own;  
She is a substance, and a perfect being.

## S E C T. IV.

*That the Soul is a Spirit.*

BUT though this substance be the root of sense,  
Sense knows her not, which doth but Bodies know:  
She is a Spirit, and heav'nly influence,  
Which from th' fountain of God's spirit doth flow.

She is a Spirit, yet not like air, or wind;  
Nor like the spirits about the heart, or brain;  
Nor like those spirits which alchymists do find,  
When they in ev'ry thing seek gold in vain.

For she all natures under heav'n doth pass, [see,  
Being like those spirits, which God's bright face do  
Or like Himself, whose image once she was,  
Though now (alas!) she scarce his shadow be.

For of all forms, she holds the first degree,  
That are to gross, material bodies knit;  
Yet she herself is bodyless, and free;  
And though confin'd, is almost infinite.

Where

Were she a *Body*, \* how could she remain  
Within this *Body*, which is less than she?  
Or how could she the world's great shape contain,  
And in our narrow breasts contained be?

All *Bodies* are confin'd within some place,  
But *she* all place within herself confines :  
All *Bodies* have their measure and their space ;  
But who can draw the *Soul's* dimensive lines ?

No *Body* can at once two forms admit,  
Except the one the other do deface ;  
But in the *Soul* ten thousand forms do fit,  
And none intrudes into her neighbour's place.

All *Bodies* are with other *Bodies* fill'd,  
But *she* receives both *heav'n* and *earth* together ;  
Nor are their forms by rash encounter spill'd,  
For there they stand, and neither toucheth either.

---

\* That it cannot be a *Body*.

Nor can her wide embracements filled be ;  
For they that most and greatest things embrace,  
Enlarge thereby their mind's capacity,  
As streams enlarg'd, enlarge the channel's space.

*All things receiv'd, do such proportion take,*  
*As those things have, wherein they are receiv'd :*  
So little glasses little faces make,  
And narrow webs on narrow frames are weav'd.

Then what vast Body must we make the *mind*,  
Wherein are men, beasts, trees, towns, seas and lands ;  
And yet each thing a proper place doth find,  
And each thing in the true *proportion* stands ?

Doubtless, this could not be, but that she turns  
Bodies to Spirits, by *sublimation* strange ;  
As fire converts to fire the things it burns ;  
As we our meats into our nature change.

From their gross *matter* she abstracts the *forms*,  
And draws a kind of *quintessence* from things ;  
Which to her proper nature she transforms,  
To bear them light on her celestial wings.

This doth she, when, from things *particular*,

She doth abstract the *universal kinds*,

Which bodyless and immaterial are,

And can be only lodg'd within our minds.

And thus from divers *accidents* and *acts*,

Which do within her observation fall,

She goddesses, and pow'rs divine abstracts ;

As *nature*, *fortune*, and the *virtues* all.

Again ; how can she sev'ral *Bodies* know,

If in herself a *Body's* form she bear ?

How can a mirror sundry faces show,

If from all shapes and forms it be not clear ?

Nor could we by our eyes all colours learn,

Except our eyes were of all colours void ;

Nor sundry tastes can any tongue discern,

Which is with gross and bitter humours cloy'd.

Nor can a man of *passions* judge aright,

Except his mind be from all passions free :

Nor can a *Judge* his office well acquit,

If he posses'd of either party be.

If, lastly, this quick pow'r a Body were,  
Were it as swift as is the wind or fire,  
(Whose atoms do the one down side-ways bear,  
And th' other make in pyramids aspire.)

Her nimble Body yet in time must move,  
And not in instants thro' all places slide :  
But she is nigh and far, beneath, above,  
In point of time, which thought cannot divide :

She's sent as soon to *China*, as to *Spain* ;  
And thence returns, as soon as she is sent :  
She measures with one time, and with one pain,  
An ell of silk, and heav'ns wide spreading tent.

As then the *Soul* a substance hath alone,  
Besides the Body in which she's confin'd ;  
So hath she not a Body of her own,  
But is a spirit, and immaterial mind.

Since *Body* and *Soul* have such diversities,  
Well might we muse, how first their *match* began ;  
But that we learn, that he that spread the skies,  
And fix'd the earth, first form'd the *Soul* in man.

This true, *Prometheus* first made man of earth,  
And shed in him a beam of heav'nly fire ;  
Now in their mother's wombs, before their birth,  
Doth in all sons of men their *Souls* inspire.

And as *Minerva* is in fables said,  
From *Jove*, without a mother, to proceed ;  
So our true *Jove*, without a mother's aid ;  
Doth daily millions of *Minervas* breed.

---

## S E C T. V.

*Erroneous Opinions of the Creation of  
S O U L S.*

T H E N neither from eternity before,  
Nor from the time, when *time's* first point begun,  
Made he all *Souls*, which now he keeps in store ;  
Some in the moon, and others in the sun :

Nor

Nor in a *secret cloyster* doth he keep  
 These virgin-spirits, 'till their *marriage-day* ;  
 Nor locks them up in chambers, where they sleep,  
 Till they awake within these beds of clay.

Nor did he first a certain number make,  
 Infusing part in *beasts* and part in *men* ;  
 And, as unwilling further pains to take,  
 Would make no more than those he framed then.

So that the widow *Soul*, her Body dying,  
 Unto the next born Body married was ;  
 And so by often changing, and supplying,  
 Men's *Souls* to beasts, and beasts to men did pass.

(These thoughts are fond ; for since the Bodies born  
 Be more in number far, than those that die,  
 Thousands must be abortive, and forlorn  
 Ere others deaths to them their *Souls* supply : )

But as *God's handmaid, nature*, doth create  
 Bodies in time distinct, and order due ;  
 So God gives *Souls* the like successive date,  
 Which *himself* makes, in Bodies formed new.

Which *himself* makes of no material thing ;

For unto angels he no pow'r hath giv'n  
Either to form the shape, or stuff to bring

*From air or fire, or substance of the heav'n.*

Nor herein dotli he *nature's* service use ;

For tho' from Bodies, she can Bodies bring,  
Yet could she never Souls from Souls traduce,

*As fire from fire, or light from light doth spring.*

---

## S E C T. VI.

*That the SOUL is not ex traduce.*

**A**LAS ! that some who were great lights of old,  
And in their hands the lamp of God did bear !  
Some rev'rend fathers did this error hold,  
Having their eyes dimm'd with religious fear.

## O B J E C T I O N.

For when (say they) by rule of faith we find,  
That ev'ry *Soul* unto her Body knit,  
Brings from the mother's womb the *sin of kind*,  
The *root* of all the *ill* she doth commit.

How can we say that God the *Soul* doth make,  
But we must make him author of her sin?  
Then from man's *Soul* she doth beginning take,  
Since in man's *Soul* corruption did begin.

For if God make her first he makes her ill,  
(Which God forbid our thoughts should yield  
unto ;)  
Or makes the Body her fair form to spill,  
Which, of itself, it had not pow'r to do.

Not *Adam's Body*, but his *Soul* did sin,  
And so herself unto corruption brought;  
But our poor *Soul* corrupted is within,  
Ere she had sinn'd, either in act, or thought :

And yet we see in her such pow'rs divine,  
As we could gladly think, *from God she came:*  
Fain would we make him author of the wine,  
If for the dregs we could some other blame.

## A N S W E R.

*Thus these good men with holy zeal were blind,*  
When on the other part the truth did shine;  
*Whereof we do clear demonstrations find,*  
*By light of nature, and by light divine.*

None are so gross as to contend for this,  
That Souls from Bodies may traduced be;  
Between whose natures no proportion is,  
When root and branch in nature still agree.

But many subtle wits have justify'd,  
That Souls from Souls spiritually may spring;  
Which (if the nature of the Soul be try'd)  
Will e'en in nature prove as gross a thing.

## S E C T. VII.

*Reasons drawn from Nature.*

FOR all things made, are either made of nought,  
Or made of stuff that ready made doth stand ;  
Of nought no creature ever formed ought,  
For that is proper to th' Almighty's hand.

If then the *Soul* another *Soul* do make,  
Because her pow'r is kept within a bound,  
She must some former stuff, or *matter* take ;  
But in the *Soul* there is no *matter* found.

Then if her heav'nly form do not agree  
With any *matter* which the world contains,  
Then she of *nothing* must created be ;  
And to *create*, to God alone pertains.

Again, if *Souls* do other *Souls* beget,  
'Tis by themselves, or by the Body's pow'r ;  
If by themselves, what doth their working let,  
But they might *Souls* engender ev'ry hour ?

If by the Body, how can *wit* and *will*  
Join with the Body only in this act,  
Since when they do their other works fulfil,  
They from the Body do themselves abstract.

Again, if *Souls* of *Souls* begotten were,  
Into each other they should change and move :  
And *change* and *motion* still corruption bear ;  
How shall we then the *Soul* immortal prove ?

If, lastly, *Souls* do generation use,  
Then should they spread incorruptible seed :  
What then becomes of that which they do lose,  
When th' act of generation do not speed ?

And tho' the *Soul* could cast spiritual seed,  
Yet *would* she not, because she *never dies* ;  
For mortal things desire their like to breed,  
That so they may their kind immortalize.

Therefore the angels, sons of God are nam'd,  
And marry not, nor are in marriage giv'n :  
Their spirits and ours are of one *substance* fram'd,  
And have one father, e'en the *Lord of heaven* ;

Who would at first, that in each other thing,  
 The earth and water living Souls should breed,  
 But that man's Soul, whom he would make their king,  
 Should from himself immediately proceed.

And when he took the woman from man's side,  
 Doubtless himself inspir'd her Soul alone :  
 For 'tis not said, he did man's Soul divide,  
 But took flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone.

Lastly, God being made man for man's own sake,  
 And being like man in all, except in sin,  
 His Body from the virgin's womb did take ;  
 But all agree, God form'd his Soul within.

Then is the Soul from God ; so Pagans say,  
 Which saw by nature's light her heav'nly kind ;  
 Naming her kin to God, and God's bright ray,  
 A citizen of heav'n, to earth confin'd.

But now I feel, they pluck me by the ear,  
 Whom my young muse so boldly termed blind !  
 And crave more heav'nly light, that cloud to clear ;  
 Which makes them think, God doth not make the  
 mind.

## S E C T. VIII.

*Reasons from Divinity.*

GOD doubtless, makes her, and doth make her good,  
And grafts her in the Body, there to spring ;  
Which, though it be corrupted flesh and blood,  
Can no way to the Soul corruption bring :

Yet is not God the author of her ill,  
Though author of her being, and *being there* :  
And if we dare to judge our *Maker's* will,  
He can condemn us, and himself can clear.

First, God from infinite eternity

Decreed, what hath been, is, or shall be done ;  
And was resolv'd, that ev'ry man should be,  
And in his turn, his race of life should run :

And so did purpose all the Souls to make,  
That ever have been made, or ever shall ;  
And that their *being* they should only take  
In human Bodies, or not be at all.

Was

Was it then fit that such a weak event  
(*Weakness itself, the sin and fall of man*)

His counsel's execution should prevent,  
Decreed and fix'd before the world began ?

Or that one *penal law* by *Adam* broke,  
Should make God break his own *eternal law*;  
The settled order of the world revoke,  
And change all forms of things which he foresaw ?

Could *Eve's* weak hand, extended to the tree,  
In sunder rent that *adamantine chain*,  
Whose golden links, *effects and causes* be ;  
And which to God's own chair doth fix'd remain ?

O could we see how cause from cause doth spring ! -  
How mutually they link'd and folded are !  
And hear how oft one disagreeing string  
The harmony doth rather make than mar !

And view at once, how *death* by *sin* is brought ;  
And how from *death*, a better *life* doth rise !  
How this God's *justice*, and his *mercy* taught !  
We this decree would praise, as right and wise.

But

But we that measure times by first and last,  
The sight of things successively do take,  
When God on all at once his view doth cast,  
And of all times doth but one instant make.

All in *Himself*, as in a glass, he sees ;  
For from *Him*, by *Him*, thro' *Him*, all things be ;  
His sight is not discursive, by degrees ;  
But seeing th' whole, each single part doth see.

He looks on *Adam*, as a root, or well ;  
And on his heirs, as branches, and as streams :  
He sees all men, as one man, though they dwell  
In sundry cities, and in sundry realms.

And as the root and branch are but one tree,  
And well and stream do but one river make ;  
So, if the root and well corrupted be,  
The stream and branch the same corruption take.

So, when the root and fountain of mankind  
Did draw corruption, and God's curse, by sin ;  
This was a charge, that all his heirs did bind,  
And all his offspring grew corrupt therein.

And

And as when th' hand doth strike, the man offends,  
(For part from whole, law severs not in this)  
So Adam's sin to the whole kind extends ;  
For all their natures are but part of his.

Therefore this *sin of kind*, not personal,  
But real, and hereditary was ;  
The guilt thereof, and punishment to all,  
By course of nature, and of law doth pass.

For as that easy law was giv'n to all,  
To ancestor and heir, to first and last ;  
So was the first transgression general ;  
And all did pluck the fruit, and all did taste.

Of this we find some foot-steps in our law,  
Which doth her root from God and nature take ;  
Ten thousand men she doth together draw,  
And of them all, one corporation make :

Yet these, and their successors, are but one ;  
And if they gain, or lose their liberties,  
They harm, or profit not themselves alone,  
But such as in succeeding times shall rise.

And

And so the ancestor, and all his heirs,  
Though they in number pass the stars of heav'n,  
Are still but one ; his forfeitures are theirs,  
And unto them are his advancements giv'n :

His civil acts do bind and bar them all ;  
And as from *Adam*, all corruption take,  
So, if the father's crime be *capital*,  
In all the *blood*, law doth corruption make.

Is it then just with us, to disinherit  
Th' unborn nephews, for the father's fault ;  
And to advance again, for one man's merit,  
A thousand heirs that have deserved nought ?

And is not God's decree as just as ours,  
If he, for *Adam*'s sin, his sons deprive  
Of all those native virtues, and those pow'rs,  
Which he to him, and to his race did give ?

For, what is this contagious sin of kind,  
But a *privation* of that grace within,  
And of that great rich dowry of the mind,  
Which all had had, but for the first man's sin.

If then a man, on light conditions gain  
A great estate, to him, and his, for ever ;  
If wilfully he forfeit it again,  
Who doth bemoan his heir or blame the giver ;

So, though God make the *Soul* good, rich and fair,  
Yet when her form is to the Body knit,  
Which makes the man, which man is *Adam's heir*,  
Justly forthwith he takes his grace from it :

And then the *Soul*, being first from nothing brought,  
When God's grace fails her, doth to nothing fall ;  
And this declining proneness unto nought,  
Is e'en that *sin* that we are born withal.

Yet not alone the first good qualities,  
Which in the first *Soul* were, deprived are ;  
But in their place the contrary do rise,  
And real spots of sin her beauty mar.

Nor is it strange, that *Adam's ill desert*  
Should be transferr'd unto his guilty race,  
When *Christ* his grace and justice doth impart  
To men unjust, and such as have no grace.

Lastly,

Lastly, the *Soul* were better so to be  
 Born slave to sin, than not to be at all ;  
 Since (if she do believe) one sets her free,  
 That makes her mount the higher for her fall.

*Yet this* the curious wits will not content ;  
 They yet will know (since God foresaw this ill),  
 Why his high providence did not prevent  
 The declination of the first man's will.

If by his word he had the current stay'd  
 Of *Adam's* will, which was by nature free,  
 It had been one, as if his word had said,  
 I will henceforth, that *man no man shall be.*

For what is man without a moving mind,  
 Which hath a judging *wit*, and chusing *will* ?  
 Now, if God's pow'r should her election bind,  
 Her motions then would cease and stand all still.

And why did God in man this *Soul* infuse,  
 But that he should his Maker *know and love* ?  
 Now, if *love* be compell'd, and cannot chuse,  
 How can it grateful, or thank-worthy prove ?

Love must free-hearted be, and voluntary ;  
 And not inclined, or by fate constrain'd :  
 Nor like that love, which did *Ulysses* carry  
 To *Circe's* isle, with mighty charms enchain'd.

Besides, were we unchangeable in *will*,  
 And of a *wit* that nothing could mis-deem ;  
 Equal to God ; whose wisdom shineth still,  
 And never errs, we might ourselves esteem.

So that if man would be unvariable,  
 He must be God, or like a rock or tree ;  
 For e'en the perfect angels were not stable,  
 But had a fall more desperate than we.

Then let us praise that pow'r, which makes us be . -  
 Men as we are, and rest contented so ;  
 And knowing man's fall was curiosity,  
 Admire God's counsels, which we cannot know.

And let us know that God the maker is  
 Of all the *Souls*, in all the men that be ;  
 Yet their corruption is no fault of his,  
 But the first man's that broke God's first decree.

## S E C T. IX.

*Why the Soul is united to the Body.*

**T**HIS substance, and this spirit of God's own making,  
Is in the Body plac'd, and planted here,  
“ That both of God, and of the world partaking,  
“ Of all that is, man might the image bear.”

God first made angels bodiless, pure minds ;  
Then other things, which mindless Bodies be ;  
Last, he made man, th' *horizon* 'twixt both kinds,  
In whom we do the world's abridgment see.

Besides, this world below did need *one wight*,  
Which might thereof distinguish ev'ry part ;  
Make use thereof, and take therein delight ;  
And order things with industry and art :

Which also God might in his works admire,  
And here beneath yield him both pray'r and praise ;  
As there, above, the holy angels choir  
Doth spread his glory forth with spiritual lays.

Lastly,

Lastly, the brute, unreasonable wights,  
Did want a *visible king*, o'er them to reign :  
And God himself thus to the world unites,  
That so the world might endless bliss obtain.

## S E C T. X.

*In what manner the Soul is united to  
the Body.*

**B**UT how shall we this *union* well express ?  
Naught ties the *Soul*, her subtlety is such ;  
She moves the *Body*, which she doth possess ;  
Yet no part toucheth, but by *virtue's* touch.

Then dwells she not therein, as in a *tent* ;  
Nor as a pilot in his *ship* doth sit ;  
Nor as the spider in his *web* is pent ;  
Nor as the wax retains the print in it ;

Nor as a vessel water doth contain ;

Nor as one liquor in another shed ;

Nor as the heat doth in the fire remain ;

Nor as a voice throughout the air is spread :

But as the fair and cheerful *morning light*

Doth here and there her silver-beams impart,

And in an instant doth herself unite

To the transparent air, in all, and ev'ry part :

Still resting whole, when blows the air divide ;

Abiding pure, when th' air is most corrupted ;

Throughout the air, her beams dispersing wide ;

And when the air is toss'd, not interrupted :

So doth the piercing *Soul* the Body fill,

Being *all* in *all*, and *all* in part diffus'd ;

Indivisible, incorruptible still ;

Not forc'd, encounter'd, troubled or confus'd.

And as the *sun* above the light doth bring,

Though we behold it in the air below ;

So from th' Eternal Light the *Soul* doth spring,

Though in the Body she her pow'rs do show.

## S E C T. XI.

*How the Soul exercises her Powers in  
the Body.*

BUT as the world's sun doth effect beget  
Diff'rent, in-divers places ev'ry day ;  
Here Autumn's temperature, there Summer's heat ;  
Here flow'ry Spring-tide, and there Winter gray.  
  
Here ev'n, thiere morn ; here noon, there day, there  
night,  
Melts wax, dries clay, makes flow'rs, some quick,  
some dead ;  
Makes the Moor black, the European white ;  
Th' American tawny, and th' East-Indian red :  
  
So in our little world, this Soul of ours  
Being only one, and to one Body ty'd,  
Doth use, on divers objects, divers powers ;  
And so are her effects diversify'd.

## S E C T. XII.

*The Vegetative Power of the Soul.*

**H**E R quick'ning power in ev'ry living part,

Doth as a nurse, or as a mother serve ;

And doth employ her *œconomic art*,

And busy care, her houshold to preserve.

Here she *attracts*, and there she doth *retain* ;

There she *decocts*, and doth the food prepare ;

There she *distributes* it to ev'ry vein,

There she *expels* what she may fitly spare.

This pow'r to *Martha* may compared be,

Who busy was, the *houshold-things* to do :

Or to a *Dryas*, living in a tree :

For e'en to trees this pow'r is proper too.

And though the *Soul* may not this pow'r extend

*Out of the Body*, but still use it there ;

She hath a pow'r which she *abroad* doth send,

Which views and searcheth all things ev'ry where.

## S E C T. XIII.

*The Power of Sense.*

*T*HIS pow'r is Sense, which from abroad doth bring  
The colour, taste, and touch, and scent, and sound,  
The quantity and shape of ev'ry thing  
Within earth's centre; or heav'n's circle found.

*This guidz me and dhoth bre, as diod 'out baA*  
This pow'r, in parts made fit, fit objects takes ;  
Yet not the things, but forms of things receives ;  
As when a seal in wax impression makes,  
The print therein, but not itself, it leaves.

*And though things sensibl be numberles,*  
But only five the Sense's organis be ;  
And in those five, all things their forms express,  
Which we can touch, taste, feel, or hear, or see.

These are the windows, thro' the which she views  
The light of knowledge, which is life's load-star :  
“ And yet while she these spectacles doth use,  
“ Oft worldly things seem greater than they are.”

## S E C T. XIV.

## S E E I N G .

**F**IRST, The two Eyes, which have the seeing  
pow'r, Stand as one watchman, spy or sentinel,  
Being plac'd aloft, within the head's high tow'r,  
And tho' both see, yet both but one thing tell.

These mirrors take into their little space  
The forms of moon and sun, and ev'ry star,  
Of ev'ry Body, and of ev'ry place,  
Which with the world's wide arms embraced are:

Yet their best object, and their noblest use,  
Hereafter in another world will be,  
When God in them shall heav'nly light infuse,  
That face to face they may their Maker see.

Here are they guides, which do the Body lead,  
Which else would stumble in eternal night :  
Here in this world they do much knowledge read,  
And are the casements which admit most light :

They

They are her farthest reaching instrument,  
 Yet they no beams unto their objects send;  
 But all the rays are from their objects sent,  
 And in the *Eyes* with pointed angles end.

If th' objects be far off, the rays do meet  
 In a sharp point, and so things seem but small:  
 If they be near, their rays do spread and fleet,  
 And make broad points, that things seem great  
 withal.  
 Lastly, nine things to *Sight* required are,  
 The *pow'r* to see, the *light*, the *visible* thing,  
 Being not too *small*, too *thin*, too *nigh*, too *far*,  
 Clear space and time, the form distinct to bring.

Thus see we how the *Soul* doth use the *eyes*,  
 As instruments of her quick *pow'r* of *Sight*:  
 Hence doth th' arts *optick*, and fair *painting* rise,  
 Painting, which doth all gentle minds delight.

## S E C T. XV.

## H E A R I N G.

NOW let us hear how she the *Ears* employs :

Their office is, the troubled air to take ;  
Which in their mazes forms a sound or noise,  
Whereof herself doth true distinction make.

These wickets of the *Soul* are plac'd on high,  
Because all sounds do lightly mount aloft ;  
And that they may not pierce too *violently*,  
They are *delay'd* with turns and *windings* oft.

For should the voice directly strike the brain,  
It would astonish and confuse it much ;  
Therefore these plaits and folds the sound restrain,  
That it the *organ* may more gently touch.

As streams, which with their winding banks do play,  
Stopp'd by their creeks, run softly thro' the plain :  
So in th' Ear's *labyrinth* the voice doth stray,  
And doth with *easy* motion touch the brain.

This

This is the slowest, yet the daintiest *sense* ;  
For e'en the *Ears* of such as have no skill,  
Perceive a discord, and conceive offence ;  
And knowing not what's *good*, yet find the *ill*.

And tho' this *sense* first gentle music found,  
Her proper object is the *speech of men* ;  
But that speech chiefly which God's heralds found,  
When their tongues utter what his spirit did pen.

Our *Eyes* have lids, our *Ears* still ope we see,  
Quickly to hear how ev'ry tale is prov'd :  
Our *Eyes* still move, our *Ears* unmoved be ;  
That tho' we hear quick, we be not quickly mov'd.

Thus by the organs of the *Eye* and *Ear*,  
The *Soul* with knowledge doth herself endue :  
“ Thus she her *prison* may with pleasure bear,  
“ Having such *prospects*, all the world to view.”

These *conduit-pipes* of knowledge feed the mind,  
But th' other three attend the Body still ;  
For by their services the *Soul* doth find,  
What things are to the Body good or ill.

## S E C T. XVI.

## T A S T E.

**T**HE Body's life with meats and air is fed,

Therefore the Soul doth use the *tasting* pow'r,  
In veins, which thro' the tongue and palate spread,  
Distinguish ev'ry relish, sweet and sour.

This is the Body's *nurse*; but since man's wit  
Found th' art of *cook'ry* to delight his *sense*,  
More Bodies are consum'd and kill'd with it,  
Than with the sword, famine, or pestilence.

## S E C T. XVII.

## S M E L L I N G.

**N**EXT, in the nostrils she doth use the *Smell*;  
As God the *breath of life* in them did give;  
So makes he now this pow'r in them to dwell,  
To judge all airs, whereby we *breathe* and *live*.

This *sense* is also mistress of an art,

Which to soft people sweet perfumes doth sell ;  
Tho' this dear art doth little good impart,

“ Since they smell best, that do of nothing smell.”

And yet good *Scents* do purify the brain,

Awake the fancy, and the wits refine :

Hence old *devotion*, *incense* did ordain,

To make men's spirits apt for thoughts divine.

## S E C T. XVIII.

### F E E L I N G.

**L**ASTLY, *The feeling pow'r*, which is life's root,

Thro' ev'ry living part itself doth shed  
By *sinews*, which extend from head to foot ;  
And like a net, all o'er the Body spread,

Much like a subtle spider,\* which doth sit  
In middle of her web, which spreadeth wide ;  
If aught do touch the utmost *thread* of it,  
She feels it instantly on ev'ry side.

By *touch*, the first pure qualities we learn,  
Which quicken all things, *hot, cold, moist* and *dry* ;  
By *touch*, *hard, soft, rough, smooth*, we do discern :  
By *touch*, *sweet pleasure*, and *sharp pain* we try.

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\* "The spider's touch how exquisitely fine,  
    " Feels at each thread, and lives along the line."

POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN.

## S E C T . X I X .

*Of the IMAGINATION, or Common Sense.*

T H E S E are the outward instruments of *Sense* ;  
These are the *guards* which ev'ry thing must pass,  
Ere it approach the mind's intelligence,  
Or touch the *fantasy*, *wit's looking-glass*.

And yet these porters, which all things admit,  
Themselves perceive not, nor discern the things :  
One *common pow'r* doth in the *forehead* sit,  
Which all their proper *forms* together brings.

For all those *nerves*, which *spirits of Sense* do bear,  
And to those outward *organs* spreading go,  
United are, as in a *centre*, there ;  
And there this *pow'r* those sundry *forms* doth know.

Those outward organs present things receive,  
This inward *Sense* doth absent things retain ;  
Yet strait transmits all forms she doth perceive,  
Unto an higher region of the *brain*.

## S E C T. XX.

## FANTASY.

WHERE *Fantasy*, near hand-maid to the mind,  
Sits, and beholds, and doth discern them all ;  
Compounds in one, things diff'rent in their kind ;  
Compares the black and white, the great and small.

Besides, those single forms she doth esteem,  
And in her balance doth their values try ;  
Where some things good, and some things ill do seem,  
And neutral some, in her *fantaſtick eye*.

This busy pow'r is working day and night ;  
For when the outward *senses* rest do take,  
A thousand dreams, fantastical and light,  
With flutt'ring wings, do keep her still awake.

## S E C T. XXI.

## SENSITIVE MEMORY.

YE always all may not afore her be ;  
Successively she this and that intends ;  
Therefore such forms as she doth cease to see,  
To Memory's large volume she commends.

This *ledger-book* lies in the brain behind,  
Like Janus' eye, which in his poll was set :  
*The Iryman's tables, storehouse of the mind* ;  
Which doth remember much, and much forgot.

Here sense's apprehension end doth take ;  
As when a stone is into water cast,  
One circle doth another circle make,  
Till the last circle touch the bank at last.

## S E C T. XXII.

*The Passion of the Sense.*

BUT tho' the *apprehensive pow'r* do pause,  
The *motive virtue* then begins to move ;  
Which in the heart below doth *Passions* cause,  
*Joy, grief, and fear, and hope, and hate, and love.*

These Passions have a free commanding might,  
And divers actions in our life do breed ;  
For all acts done without true *reason's light*,  
Do from the *passion* of the *Sense* proceed.

But since the *brain* doth lodge the *pow'rs* of *Sense*,  
How makes it in the *heart* those passions spring ?  
The mutual love, the kind *intelligence*  
Twixt *heart* and *brain*, this *sympathy* doth bring.

From the kind heat, which in the *heart* doth reign,  
The *spirits* of life do their beginning take ;  
These *spirits* of life ascending to the *brain*,  
When they come there, the *spirits* of *Sense* do make.

These

These *spirits of Sense*, in fantasy's high court,  
 Judge of the forms of *objects*, ill or well ;  
 And so they send a good or ill report  
 Down to the heart, where all *affections* dwell.

If the report be *good*, it causeth *love*,  
 And longing *hope*, and well assured *joy* :  
 If it be *ill*, then doth it *hate* move,  
 And trembling *fear*, and vexing *grief*'s annoy.

Yet were these natural affections good,  
 (For they which want them, *blocks* or *devils* be)  
 If *reason* in her first perfection stood,  
 That she might *nature*'s passions rectify.

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## S E C T. XXIII.

## LOCAL MOTION.

BESIDES, another *motive-power* doth arise  
 Out of the heart, from whose pure blood do spring  
 The *vital spirits*; which born in *arteries*,  
 Continual motion to all parts do bring.

This makes the pulses beat, and lungs respire :

This holds the Snews like a bridle's reins ;

And makes the Body to advance, retire,

To turn, or stop, as she them flacks, or strains.

Thus the Soul tunes the Body's instruments,

These harmonies she makes with life and sense ;

The organs fit are by the Body lent,

But th' actions flow from the Soul's influence.

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### S E C T. XXIV.

#### *The intellectual Powers of the SOUL.*

BUT now I have a will, yet want a wit,

T' express the working of the wit and will;

Which, though their root be to the body knit,

Use not the body, when they use their skill.

These pow'rs the nature of the Soul declare,

For to man's Soul these only proper be ;

For on the earth no other wights there are

That have these heav'nly powers, but only we.

## S E C T. XXV.

*Wit, Reason, Understanding, Opinion,  
Judgment, Wisdom.*

THE *Wit*, the pupil of the *Soul's* clear eye,  
And in man's world, the only shining *star*,  
Looks in the *mirror* of the *fantasy*,  
Where all the *gath'rings* of the *senses* are.

From thence this *pow'r* the *shapes* of things abstracts,  
And them within her *passive part* receives,  
Which are enlight'ned by that part which acts ;  
And so the *forms* of single things perceives.

But after, by discoursing to and fro,  
Anticipating, and comparing things,  
She doth all *universal* natures know,  
And all *effects* into their *causes* bring.

When she *rates* things, and moves from ground to  
ground,  
The name of *Reason* she obtains by this :  
But when by *Reason* she the truth hath found,  
And standeth fix'd ; she *Understanding* is.

When her assent she *lightly* doth incline  
 To either part, she his *opinion's* light :  
 But when she doth by principles define  
 A certain *truth*, she hath *true Judgment's* sight.

And as from *senses*, *Reason's* work doth spring,  
 So many *Reasons* *Understanding* gain ;  
 And many *Understandings*, *knowledge* bring,  
 And by much *knowledge*, *Wisdom* we obtain.

So, many stairs we must ascend upright,  
 Ere we attain to *Wisdom's* high degree :  
 So doth this earth eclipse our *Reason's* light,  
 Which else (in instants) would like angels see.

---

## S E C T. XXVI.

*Innate Ideas in the SOUL.*

**Y**E T hath the *Soul* a dowry natural,  
 And *sparks of light*, some common things to see ;  
 Not being a blank where naught is writ at all,  
 But what the writer will, may written be.

For nature in man's heart her laws doth pen,  
 Prescribing *truth* to *wit*, and *good* to *will* ;  
 Which do *accuse*, or else *excuse* all men,  
 For ev'ry thought or practice, good or ill :

And yet these sparks grow almost infinite,  
 Making the world, and all therein, their food ;  
 As fire so spreads, as no place holdeth it,  
 Being nourish'd still with new *supplies* of wood.

And tho' these sparks were almost quench'd with *sin*,  
 Yet they whom that *just One* hath justify'd,  
 Have them increas'd with heav'nly light within ;  
 And like the *widow's oil*, still multiply'd.

## S E C T. XXVII.

*The Power of WILL, and Relation between  
 the WIT and WILL.*

AND as this *Wit* should *goodness* truly know,  
 We have a *Will*, which that true good should chuse,  
 Tho' *Will* do oft (when *Wit* false forms doth show)  
 Take *ill* for *good*, and *good* for *ill* refuse.

*Will* puts in practice what the *Wit* deviseth :

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*Will* ever acts, and *Wit* contemplates still :  
And as from *Wit*, the pow'r of wisdom riseth,  
*All other virtues* daughters are of *Will*.

*Will* is the *prince*, and *Wit* the *counsellor*,

Which doth for *common good* in council sit ;  
And when *Wit* is resolv'd, *Will* lends her pow'r  
To execute what is advis'd by *Wit*.

*Wit* is the mind's chief judge, which doth controul

Of *fancy*'s court the judgments false and vain :  
*Will* holds the royal scepter in the *Soul*,  
And on the *passions* of the heart doth reign.

*Will* is as free as any *emperor*,

Naught can restrain her gentle liberty :  
No tyrant, nor no torment hath the pow'r  
To make us *will*, when we unwilling be.

## S E C T. XXVIII.

*The Intellectual Memory.*

To these high pow'rs a store-house doth pertain,  
Where they all arts, and gen'ral reasons lay ;  
Which in the Soul, e'en after death, remain,  
And no Lethean flood can wash away.

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## S E C T. XXIX.

*The Dependency of the Soul's Faculties  
upon each other.*

THIS is the Soul, and these her virtues be ;  
Which, though they have their sundry proper ends,  
And one exceeds another in degree,  
Yet each on other mutually depends.

Our wit is giv'n Almighty God to know ;  
Our will is giv'n to love him, being known :  
But God could not be known to us below,  
But by his works, which thro' the sense are shown.

And

And as the *wit* doth reap the fruits of *sense*,  
So doth the *quick'ning* pow'r the *senses* feed :  
Thus while they do their sundry gifts dispense,  
“ The best the service of the least doth need.”

Ev'n so the king his magistrates do serve,  
Yet commons feed both magistrates and king :  
The common's peace the magistrates preserve,  
By borrow'd pow'r, which from the prince doth  
spring.

The *quick'ning power* would be, and so would rest ;  
The *sense* would not be only, but be well :  
But *wit's* ambition longeth to the best,  
For it desires in *endless* bliss to dwell.

And these three pow'rs three sorts of men do make ;  
For some, like plants, their veins do only fill ;  
And some, like beasts, their *senses* pleasure take ;  
And some, like angels, do contemplate still.

Therefore the fables turn'd some men to flow'rs,  
And others did with brutish forms invest ;  
And did of others make celestial pow'rs,  
Like angels, which still travel, yet still rest.

Yet these three pow'rs are not three *Souls*, but one ;  
As one and two are both contain'd in *three* ;  
*Three* being one number by itself alone,  
A shadow of the blessed Trinity.

Oh ! what is man (great Maker of mankind !)  
That thou to him so great respect dost bear !  
That thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,  
Mak'st him a king, and e'en an angel's peer !

Oh ! what a lively life, what heav'nly pow'r,  
What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire,  
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dow'r  
Dost thou within this dying flesh inspire !

Thou leav'st thy print in other works of thine ;  
But thy whole image thou in man hast writ :  
There cannot be a creature more divine,  
Except (like thee) it should be infinite.

But it exceeds man's thought, to think how high  
God hath rais'd man, since God a man became :  
The angels do admire this *Mystery*,  
And are astonish'd when they view the same.

Nor hath he giv'n these blessings for a day,  
 Nor made them on the Body's life depend :  
 The Soul, tho' made in time, survives for ay ;  
 And tho' it hath beginning, sees no end.

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## S E C T. XXX.

*That the SOUL is immortal, proved by  
 several Reasons.*

HE R only end, is never-ending bliss ;  
 Which is, the eternal face of God to see ;  
 Who, last of ends, and first of causes is :  
 And to do this, she must eternal be.

How senseless then, and dead a Soul hath he,  
 Which thinks his Soul doth with his Body die :  
 Or thinks not so, but so would have it be,  
 That he might sin with more security ?

For tho' these light and vicious persons say,  
 Our Soul is but a smoak, or airy blast,  
 Which, during life, doth in our nostrils play ;  
 And when we die, doth turn to wind at last :

Although

Although they say, *come let us eat and drink;*  
Our life is but a spark, which quickly dies:  
Though thus they *say*, they know not what to *think*;  
But in their minds ten thousand doubts arise.

Therefore no hereticks desire to spread  
Their light opinions, like these *epicures*;  
For so their stagg'ring thoughts are comforted,  
And other men's assent their doubt assures.

Yet tho' these men against their conscience strive,  
There are some sparkles in their flinty breasts,  
Which cannot be extinct, but still revive;  
That tho' they would, they cannot quite be *beasts*.

But who so makes a mirror of his mind,  
And doth with patience view himself therein,  
His Soul's eternity shall clearly find,  
Tho' th' other beauties be defac'd with sin.

## REASON I.

*Drawn from the desire of Knowledge.*

*First, in man's mind we find an appetite*

*To learn and know the Truth of ev'ry thing,  
Which is co-natural, and born with it,  
And from the essence of the Soul doth spring.*

*With this desire, she hath a native might*

*To find out ev'ry truth, if she had time ;  
Th' innumerable effects to sort aright,  
And by degrees, from cause to cause to climb.*

*But since our life so fast away doth slide,*

*As doth a hungry eagle thro' the wind ;  
Or as a ship transported with the tide,*

*Which in their passage leave no print behind ;*

*Of which swift little time so much we spend,*

*While some few things we thro' the sense do strain,  
That our short race of life is at an end,  
Ere we the principles of skill attain.*

Or God

Or God (who to vain ends hath nothing done)  
In vain this *appetite* and *pow'r* hath giv'n ;  
Or else our knowledge, which is here begun,  
Hereafter must be perfected in heav'n.

God never gave a *pow'r* to one whole kind,  
But most part of that kind did use the same :  
Most eyes have perfect sight, though some be blind ;  
Most legs can nimbly run, tho' some be lame.

But in this life no *Soul* the truth can know  
So perfectly, as it hath *pow'r* to do :  
If then perfection be not found below,  
An higher place must make her mount thereto.

## REASON II.

*Drawn from the Motion of the Soul.*

Again, how can she but immortal be,  
When with the motions of both *will* and *wit*,  
She still aspireth to eternity,  
And never rests, till she attain to it ?

Water in conduit-pipes, can rise no higher  
 Than the well-head, from whence it first doth spring :  
 Then since to eternal *God* she doth aspire,  
 She cannot be but an eternal thing.

" All moving things to other things do move,

" Of the same kind which shews their nature such :"  
 So earth falls down, and fire doth mount above,  
 Till both their proper elements do touch.

*And as* the moisture, which the thirsty earth  
 Sucks from the sea, to fill her empty veins,\*  
 From out her womb at last doth take a birth,  
 And runs a *lymph* along the grassy plains :

Long doth she stay, as loth to leave the land,  
 From whose soft side she first did issue make :  
 She tastes all places, turns to ev'ry hand,  
 Her flow'ry banks unwilling to forsake :

\* The Soul compared to a river.

Yet *nature* so her streams doth lead and carry,  
 As that her course doth make no final stay,  
 Till she herself unto the *ocean* marry,  
 Within whose watry bosom first she lay.

E'en so the *Soul*, which in this earthly mould  
 The Spirit of God doth secretly infuse,  
 Because at first she doth the earth behold,  
 And only this material world she views :

At first her *mother-earth* she holdeth dear,  
 And doth embrace the world, and worldly things ;  
 She flies close by the ground, and hovers here,  
 And mounts not up with her celestial wings :

Yet under heav'n she cannot light on aught  
 That with her heav'nly *nature* doth agree ;  
 She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,  
 She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in *honour*, *wealth*,  
 Or *pleasure of the sense*, contentment find ?  
 Who ever ceas'd to wish, when he had *health* ?  
 Or having *wisdom*, was not vex'd in mind ?

Then as a *bee* which among weeds doth fall,  
Which seem sweet flow'rs, with lustre fresh and gay;  
She lights on that, and this, and tasteth all ;  
But pleas'd with none, doth rise, and soar away :

So, when the *Soul* finds here no true content,  
And, like *Noah's dove*, can no sure footing take,  
She doth return from whence she first was sent,  
And flies to *him* that first her wings did make.

*Wit*, seeking *truth*, from cause to cause ascends,  
And never rests, till it the *first* attain :  
*Will*, seeking *good*, finds many middle ends ;  
But never stays, till it the *last* do gain.

Now *God* the *Truth*, and *First of Causes* is ;  
*God* is the *last good end*, which lasteth still ;  
Being *Alpha* and *Omega* nam'd for this ;  
*Alpha* to *Wit*, *Omega* to the *Will*.

Since then her heav'nly kind she doth display,  
In that to *God* she doth directly move ;  
And on no mortal thing can make her stay,  
She cannot be from hence, but from *above*.

And

And yet this *first true cause*, and *last good end*,  
 She cannot here so well, and *truly* see;  
 For this perfection she must yet attend,  
 Till to her *Maker* she espoused be.

As a *king's daughter*, being in person sought  
 Of divers princes, who do neighbour near,  
 On none of them can fix a constant thought,  
 Though she to all do lend a gentle ear:

Yet she can love a foreign *emperor*,  
 Whom of great worth and pow'r she hears to be,  
 If she be woo'd but by *ambassador*,  
 Or but his *letters*, or his *pictures* see:

For well she knows, that when she shall be brought  
 Into the *kingdom* where her *spouse* doth reign;  
 Her eyes shall see what she conceiv'd in thought,  
 Himself, his state, his glory, and his train.

So while the *virgin-soul* on *earth* doth stay,  
 She woo'd and tempted is ten thousand ways,  
 By these great pow'rs, which on the *earth* bear sway;  
 The *wisdom* of the *world*, *wealth*, *pleasure*, *praise*:

With these sometimes she doth her time beguile,  
These do by fits her fantasy possess ;  
But she distastes them all within awhile,  
And in the sweetest finds a tediousness.

But if upon the world's Almighty King  
She once doth fix her humble loving thought,  
Who by his *picture* drawn in ev'ry thing,  
And *sacred messages*, her *love* hath sought ;  
  
Of him she thinks she cannot think too much ;  
This honey tasted still, is ever sweet ;  
The pleasure of her ravish'd thought is such,  
As almost here she with her bliss doth meet :

But when in heav'n she shall his *essence* see,  
This is her *sov'reign good*, and *perfect bliss* ;  
Her longing, wishings, hopes, all finish'd be ;  
Her joys are full, her motions rest in this :  
  
There is she crown'd with garlands of *content* ;  
There doth she manna eat, and nectar drink :  
That presence doth such high delights present,  
As never tongue could speak, nor heart could think.

## REASON III.

*From Contempt of Death in the better Sort  
of Spirits.*

For this, the better *Souls* do oft despise  
The Body's death, and do it oft desire ;  
For when on ground, the burthen'd balance lies,  
The empty part is lifted up the higher :

But if the Body's death the *Soul* should kill,  
Then death must needs *against her nature* be ;  
And were it so, all *Souls* would fly it still,  
For nature hates and shuns her contrary.

For all things else, which nature makes to be,  
Their *being* to preserve, are chiefly taught ;  
And tho' some things desire a change to see,  
Yet never thing did long to turn to naught.

If then by death the *Soul* were quenched quite,  
She could not thus *against her nature* run ;  
Since ev'ry senseless thing, by nature's light,  
Doth preservation seek, destruction shun.

Nor could the world's best spirits so much err,  
If death took all, that they should all agree,  
Before this life, their *honour* to prefer :  
For what is praise to things that nothing be ?

Again, if by the Body's prop she stand ;  
If on the Body's life, her life depend,  
*As Meleager's* on the fatal brand,  
The Body's good she only would intend :

We should not find her half so brave and bold,  
To lead it to the wars, and to the seas,  
To make it suffer watchings, hunger, cold,  
When it might feed with plenty, rest with ease.

Doubtless, all *Souls* have a surviving thought,  
Therefore of death we think with quiet mind ;  
But if we think of *being turn'd to naught*,  
A trembling horror in our *Souls* we find.

## REASON IV..

*From the Fear of Death in the wicked Souls.*

And as the better spirit, when she doth bear  
 A scorn of death, doth shew she cannot die ;  
 So when the wicked Soul death's face doth fear,  
 E'en then she proves her own eternity.

For when death's form appears, she feareth not  
 An utter quenching or extinguishment ;  
 She would be glad to meet with such a lot,  
 That so she might all future ill prevent :

But she doth doubt what after may befall ;  
 For nature's law accuseth her within,  
 And faith, 'tis true what is affirm'd by all,  
*That after death there is a pain for sin.*

Then she who hath been hoodwink'd from her birth,  
 Doth first herself within death's mirror see ;  
 And when her Body doth return to earth,  
 She first takes care, how she alone shall be.

## THE IMMORTALITY

Who ever sees these irreligious men,  
With burthen of a sickness weak and faint,  
But hears them talking of religion then,  
And vowing of their *Souls* to ev'ry saint ?

When was there ever cursed *atheist* brought  
Unto the *gibbet*, but he did adore  
That blessed pow'r, which he had set at naught,  
Scorn'd and blasphemed all his life before ?

These light vain persons still are drunk and mad,  
With surfeiting and pleasures of their youth ;  
But at their death they are fresh, sober, sad ;  
Then they discern, and then they speak the truth.

If then all *Souls*, both good and bad, do teach,  
With gen'ral voice, that *Souls* can never die ;  
Tis not man's flatt'ring gloss, but *nature's speech*,  
Which, like *God's oracles*, can never lie.

## REASON V.

*From the general Desire of Immortality.*

Hence springs that universal strong desire,

Which all men have of immortality :

Not some few spirits unto this thought aspire,

But all men's minds in this united be.

Then this desire of nature is not vain,

" She covets not impossibilities ;

" Fond thoughts may fall into some idle brain,

" But one *assent* of all, is ever wise."

From hence that gen'ral care and study springs,

That *launching*, and *progression* of the mind,

Which all men have so much of future things,

That they no joy do in the present find.

From this desire, that main desire proceeds,

Which all men have surviving fame to gain,

By *tombs*, by *books*, by memorable *deeds* ;

For she that this desires, doth still remain.

Hence,

Hence, lastly, springs care of posterities,  
For things their kind would everlasting make : :  
Hence is it, that old men do plant young trees,  
The fruit whereof another age shall take.

If we these rules unto ourselves apply,  
And view them by reflection of the mind, : .  
All these true notes of immortality  
In our heart's tables we shall written find.

## REASON VI..

*From the very Doubt and Disputation of  
Immortality.*

And tho' some impious wits do questions move,  
And doubt if Souls immortal be, or no ;  
That doubt their immortality doth prove,  
Because they seem immortal things to know..

For he who reasons on both parts doth bring,  
Doth some things mortal, some immortal call ; .  
Now, if himself were but a mortal thing,  
He could not judge immortal things at all.

OF THE SOUL.

51

For when we judge, our minds we mirrors make ;  
And as those glasses which material be,  
Forms of material things do only take ;  
For thoughts or minds in them we cannot see :

So when we God and angels do conceive,  
And think of *truth*, which is eternal too ;  
Then do our minds immortal forms receive,  
Which if they mortal were, they could not do.

And as if beasts conceiv'd what reason were,  
And that conception should distinctly show,  
They should the name of *reasonable* bear ;  
For without *reason*, none could *reason* know :

So when the *Soul* mounts with so high a wing,  
As of eternal things she doubts can move ;  
She proofs of her eternity doth bring,  
Ev'n when she strives the contrary to prove.

For ev'n the *thought* of immortality,  
Being an act done without the Body's aid,  
Shews, that herself alone could move and be,  
Although the Body in the grave were laid.

## S E C T. XXXI.

*That the SOUL cannot be destroyed.*

AND if herself she can so lively move,  
And never need a foreign help to take;  
Then must her motion everlasting prove,  
“ Because herself she never can forsake.”

*But tho' corruption cannot touch the mind,*  
By any cause \* that from itself may spring,  
Some outward cause fate hath perhaps design'd,  
Which to the Soul may utter quenching bring.

*Perhaps her cause may cease, † and she may die :*  
God is her cause, his word her maker was ;  
Which shall stand fix'd for all eternity,  
When heav'n and earth shall like a shadow pass.

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\* Her cause ceaseth not,

† She hath no contrary.

Perhaps some thing repugnant to her kind,  
By strong *antipathy*, the *Soul* may kill :  
But what can be *contrary* to the mind,  
Which holds all *contraries* in concord still ?

She lodgeth heat, and cold, and moist, and dry,  
And life and death, and peace, and war together ;  
Ten thousand fighting things in her do lie,  
Yet neither troubleth, or disturbeth either.

Perhaps for want of food, the *Soul* may pine ; \*  
But that were strange, since all things *bad* and *good* ;  
Since all God's creatures, *mortal* and *divine* ;  
Since *God himself* is her eternal food.

Bodies are fed with things of mortal kind,  
And so are subject to mortality :  
But *truth*, which is eternal, feeds the mind ;  
The *tree of life*, which will not let her die.

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\* She cannot die for want of food.

*Yet violence, perhaps the Soul destroys,\**

*As lightning, or the sun-beams dim the sight ;  
Or as a thunder clap, or cannon's noise,  
The pow'r of hearing doth astonish quite :*

*But high perfection to the Soul it brings,*

*T' encounter things most excellent and high ;  
For, when she views the best and greatest things  
They do not hurt, but rather clear the eye.*

*Besides, as Homer's gods, 'gainst armies stand,*

*Her subtle form can thro' all dangers slide :  
Bodies are captive, minds endure no band ;*

*" And will is free, and can no force abide."*

*But lastly, time perhaps at last hath pow'r §*

*To spend her lively pow'rs, and quench her light ;  
But old god Saturn, which doth all devour,  
Doth cherish her, and still augment her might.*

\* Violence cannot destroy her.

§ Time cannot destroy her.

'Heav'n waxeth old, and all the *spheres* above  
Shall one day faint, and their swift motion stay ;  
And *time* itself, in time shall cease to move ;  
*Only the Soul survives*, and lives for ay.

"Our Bodies, ev'ry footstep that they make,  
" March towards death, until at last they die :  
" Whether we work or play, or sleep or wake,  
" Our life doth pass, and with *time's* wings doth  
" fly."

'But to the *Soul*, time doth perfection give,  
And adds fresh lustre to her beauty still ;  
. And makes her in eternal youth to live,  
Like her which nectar to the gods doth fill.

The more she lives, the more she feeds on *truth* ;  
The more she feeds, her *strength* doth more in-  
crease :  
And what is *strength*, but an effect of *youth*,  
Which if *time* nurse, how can it ever cease ?

## S E C T. XXXII.

*Objections against the IMMORTALITY of the SOUL, with their respective answers.*

BUT now these Epicures begin to smile,  
And say, my doctrine is more safe than true ;  
And that I fondly do myself beguile,  
While these receiv'd opinions I ensue.

## O B J E C T I O N I.

For, what, say they ? doth not the Soul wax old ?  
How comes it then that aged men do dote ;  
And that their brains grow sottish, dull and cold,  
Which were in youth the only spirits of note ?

What ? are not Souls within themselves corrupted ?  
How can there ideots then by nature be ?  
How is it that some wits are interrupted,  
That now they dazzled are, now clearly see ?

## ANSWER.

These questions make a subtil argument

To such as think both *sense* and *reason* one;

To whom nor agent, from the instrument,

Nor pow'r of working, from the work is known.

But they that know that wit can shew no skill,

But when she things in *sense's glass* doth view,

Do know, if accident this glass do spill,

It nothing sees, or sees the false for true.

For, if that region of the tender brain,

Where th' inward sense of fantasy should fit,

And th' outward senses, gath'rings should retain;

By nature, or by chance, become unfit:

Either at first uncapable it is,

And so few things, or none at all receives;

Or mar'd by accident, which haps amiss:

And so amiss it ev'ry thing perceives.

Then, as a cunning prince that useth *spies*,

If they return no news, doth nothing know;

But if they make advertisement of lies,

The prince's counsels all awry do go:

Ev'n so the *Soul* to such a body knit,  
 Whose inward senses undisposed be;  
 And to receive the forms of things unfit,  
 Where nothing is brought in, can nothing see.

This makes the idiot, which hath yet a mind,  
 Able to *know* the truth, and *chuse* the good;  
 If she such figures in the brain did find,  
 As might be found, if it in temper stood.

But if a *phrensy* do possess the brain,  
 It so disturbs and blots the forms of things,  
 As fantasy proves altogether vain,  
 And to the wit no true relation brings.

Then doth the wit, admitting all for true,  
 Build fond conclusions on those idle grounds:  
 Then doth it fly the good, and ill pursue;  
 Believing all that this false *Py* propounds.

But purge the humours, and the rage appease,  
 Which this distemper in the fansy wrought;  
 Then shall the *wit*, which never had disease,  
 Discourse, and judge discreetly, as it ought.

So, though the clouds eclipse the sun's fair light,  
Yet from his face they do not take one beam;  
So have our eyes their perfect pow'r of sight,  
Ev'n when they look into a troubled stream.

Then these defects in sense's organs be,  
Not in the *Soul*, or in her working might:  
She cannot lose her perfect pow'r to see,  
Though mists and clouds do choak her window  
light.

These imperfections then we must impute,  
Not to the agent, but the instrument:  
We must not blame *Apollo*, but his lute,  
If false accords from her false strings be sent.

The *Soul* in all hath one intelligence;  
Tho' too much moisture in an infant's brain,  
And too much dryness in an old man's sense,  
Cannot the prints of outward things retain:

Then doth the *Soul* want work, and idle sit,  
And this we *childishness* and *dotage* call;  
Yet hath she then a quick and active wit,  
If she had stuff and tools to work withal:

For, give her organs fit, and objects fair ;  
Give but the aged man, the young man's sense ;  
Let but *Medea*, *Aeson*'s youth repair,  
And straight she shews her wonted excellence.

As a good harper stricken far in years,  
Into whose cunning hands the gout doth fall,  
All his old crotchetts in his brain he bears,  
But on his harp plays ill, or not at all.

But if *Apollo* takes his gout away,  
That he his nimble fingers may apply ;  
*Apollo*'s self will envy at his play,  
And all the world applaud his minstrelsy.

Then *dotage* is no weakness of the mind,  
But of the *Sense* ; for if the mind did waste,  
In all old men we should this wasting find,  
When they some certain term of years had pass'd ;

But most of them, e'en to their dying hour,  
Retain a mind more lively, quick and strong ;  
And better use their understanding pow'r,  
Then when their brains were warm, and limbs were  
young.

For,

For, tho' the Body wasted be and weak,  
And tho' the leaden form of earth it bears ;  
Yet when we hear that half dead Body speak,  
We oft are ravish'd to the heav'nly *spheres*.

## OBJECTION II.

Yet say these men, if all her organs die,  
Then hath the *Soul* no pow'r her pow'rs to use :  
So, in a sort, her pow'rs extinct do lie,  
When unto *act* she cannot them reduce.

And if her pow'rs be dead, then what is she ?  
For since from ev'ry thing some *pow'rs* do spring ;  
And from those pow'rs, some *acts* proceeding be ;  
Then kill both *pow'r* and *act*, and kill the thing.

## ANSWER.

Doubtless, the Body's death, when once it dies,  
The instruments of sense and life doth kill ;  
So that she cannot use those faculties,  
Altho' their root rest in her substance still.

But (as the Body living) *wit* and *will*  
Can judge and chuse, without the Body's aid ;  
Though on such objects they are working still,  
As thro' the Body's organs are convey'd :

So, when the Body serves her turn no more,  
And all her *senses* are extinct and gone,  
She can discourse of what she learn'd before,  
In heav'nly contemplations, all alone.

So, if one man well on the lute doth play,  
And have good horsemanship, and learning's skill,  
Though both his lute and horse we take away,  
Doth he not keep his former learning still ?

He keeps it doubtless, and can use it too ;  
And doth both t'other *skills* in pow'r retain ;  
And can of both the proper actions do,  
If with his lute or horse he meet again.

So tho' the instruments, (by which we live,  
And view the world) the Body's death do kill ;  
Yet with the Body they shall all revive,  
And all their wonted offices fulfil.

## OBJECTION III.

*But how, till then, shall she herself employ ?*

Her spies are dead, which brought home news before :

What she hath got, and keeps, she may enjoy,

But she hath means to understand no more.

Then what do those poor *Souls*, which nothing get ?

Or what do those which get, and cannot keep ?

Like bucklers bottomless, which all out-let ;

Those *Souls*, for want of exercise, must sleep.

## ANSWER.

*See how man's Soul against itself doth strive :*

Why should we not have other means to know ?

As children, while within the womb they live,

Feed by the navel : here they feed not so.

These children, if they had some use of *sense*,

And should by chance their mother's talking hear,

That in short time they shall come forth from thence,

Would fear their birth, more than our death we  
fear.

They

They would cry out, if we this place shall leave,  
Then shall we break our tender navel strings :  
How shall we then our nourishment receive,  
Since our sweet food no other conduit brings ?

And if a man should to these babes reply,  
That into this fair world they shall be brought,  
Where they shall view the earth, the sea, the sky,  
The glorious sun, and all that God hath wrought :  
  
That there ten thousand dainties they shall meet,  
Which by their mouths they shall with pleasure take ;  
Which shall be cordial too, as well as sweet ;  
And of their little limbs, tall Bodies make :

This world they'd think a fable, e'en as we  
Do think the *story* of the *golden age* ;  
Or as some sensual spirits 'mongst us be,  
Which hold the *world to come, a feigned stage* :

Yet shall these infants after find all true,  
Tho' then thereof they nothing could conceive :  
As soon as they are born, the world they view,  
And with their mouths, the nurses milk receive.

So when the *Soul* is born (for death is naught  
But the *Soul's* birth, and so we should it call)  
Ten thousand things she sees beyond her thought ;  
And in an unknown manner, knows them all.

Then doth she see by spectacles no more,,  
She hears not by report of double spies ;  
Herself in instants doth all things explore ;  
For each thing's present, and before her lies.

## O B J E C T I O N IV.

But still this crew with questions me pursues :  
If *Souls* deceas'd (say they) still living be,  
Why do they not return, to bring us news  
Of that strange world, where they such wonders see ?

## A N S W E R.

Fond men ! if we believe that men do live  
Under the zenith of both frozen poles,  
Tho' none come thence, advertisement to give,  
Why bear we not the like faith of our *Souls* ?

The *Soul* hath here on earth no more to do,  
Than we have business in our mother's womb :  
What child doth covet to return thereto,  
Although all children first from thence do come ?

But as *Noah's* pigeon, which return'd no more,  
Did shew, she footing found, for all the flood ;  
So when good *Souls*, departed thro' death's door,  
Come not again it shews their dwelling good.

And doubtless, such a *Soul* as up doth mount,  
And doth appear before her Maker's face,  
Holds this vile world in such a base account,  
As she looks down and scorns this wretched place.

But such as are detru'd down to hell,  
Either for shame, they still themselves retire ;  
Or ty'd in chains, they in close prison dwell,  
And cannot come, although they much desire.

## OBJECTION V.

Well, well, say these vain spirits, though vain it is

To think our *Souls* to heav'n or hell do go;

Politick men have thought it not amiss,

To spread this *lie*, to make men virtuous so.

## ANSWER.

Do you then think this *moral virtue* good?

I think you do, ev'n for your private gain;

For commonwealths by *virtue* ever stood,

And common good the private doth contain.

If then this *virtue* you do love so well,

Have you no means, her practice to maintain;

But you this *lie* must to the people tell,

That good *Souls* live in joy, and ill in pain?

Must *virtue* be preserved by a *lie*?

*Virtue* and *truth* do ever best agree;

By this it seems to be a verity,

Since the effects so good and virtuous be.

For,

For, as the devil the father is of lies,

So vice and mischief do his lies ensue :

Then this good doctrine did not he devise ;

But made this lie, which faith, it is not true.

*For, how can that be false, which ev'ry tongue*

*Of ev'ry mortal man affirms for true ?*

Which truth hath in all ages been so strong,

As, load-stone like, all hearts it ever drew.

For, not the *Christian*, or the *Jew* alone,

The *Perſian*, or the *Turk*, acknowledge this ;

This mystery to the wild *Indian* known,

And to the *Canibal* and *Tartar* is.

This rich *Aſſyrian* drug grows ev'ry where ;

As common in the *North*, as in the *East* :

This doctrine doth not enter by the *ear*,

But of itself is native in the *breast*.

None that acknowledge God, or providence,

Their *Soul's* eternity did ever doubt ;

For all *religion* taketh root from hence,

Which no poor naked nation lives without.

For since the world for man created was,  
(For only man the use thereof doth know)  
If man do perish like a wither'd grass,  
How doth God's wisdom order things below?

And if that wisdom still wise ends propound,  
Why made he man, of other creatures, king;  
When (if he perish here) there is not found  
In all the world so poor and vile a thing?

If death do quench us quite, we have great wrong,  
Since for our service all things else were wrought;  
That *daws*, and *trees*, and *rocks* should last so long,  
When we must in an instant pass to naught.

But bless'd be that *Great Pow'r*, that hath us bless'd  
With longer life than heav'n or earth can have;  
Which hath infus'd into our mortal breast  
Immortal pow'rs not subject to the grave.

For though the Soul do seem her grave to bear,  
And in this world is almost bury'd quick,  
We have no cause the Body's death to fear;  
For when the shell is broke, out comes a chick.

## S E C T. XXXIII.

*Three Kinds of Life answerable to the three  
Powers of the Soul.*

*F*OR as the Soul's essential pow'rs are three ;  
The quick'ning pow'r, the pow'r of sense and reason ;  
Three kinds of life to her designed be,  
Which perfect these three pow'rs in their due season.

The first life in the mother's womb is spent,  
Where she the nursing pow'r doth only use ;  
Where, when she finds defect of nourishment,  
Sh' expels her Body, and this world she views.

This we call birth ; but if the child could speak,  
He death would call it ; and of nature plain,  
That she would thrust him out naked and weak,  
And in his passage pinch him with such pain.

Yet out he comes, and in this world is plac'd,  
Where all his senses in perfection be ;  
Where he finds flow'rs to smell, and fruits to taste,  
And sounds to hear, and sundry forms to see.

When

When he hath pass'd some time upon the stage,  
 His *reason* then a little seems to wake ;  
 Which tho' she spring when *sense* doth fade with age,  
 Yet can she here no perfect practice make.

Then doth aspiring *Soul* the Body leave,  
 Which we call *death* ; but were it known to all,  
 What *life* our *Souls* do by this *death receive*,  
 Men would it *birth*, or *gaol-deliv'ry* call.

In this third life, reason will be so bright,  
 As that her spark will like the *sun-beams* shine,  
 And shall of God enjoy the real sight,  
 Being still increas'd by influence divine.

## S E C T. XXXVI.

## THE CONCLUSION.

O *Ignorant* poor man ! what dost thou bear ?  
 Lock'd up within the casket of thy breast ?  
 What jewels, and what riches hast thou there ?  
 What heav'nly treasure in so weak a chest ?

Look

Look in thy *Soul*, and thou shalt *beauties* find,  
 Like those which drown'd *Narcissus* in the flood :  
*Honour* and *pleasure* both are in thy mind,  
 And all that in the world is counted *good*.

Think of her worth, and think that God did mean,  
 This worthy mind should worthy things embrace :  
 Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean,  
 Nor her dishonour with thy passion base.

Kill not her *quick'ning pow'r* with surfeiting :  
 Mar not her *sense* with sensuality :  
 Cast not her wit on idle things :  
 Make not her *free will* slave to vanity.

And when thou think'st of her *eternity*,  
 Think not that *death* against her nature is ;  
 Think it a *birth* : and when thou go'st to die,  
 Sing like a swan, as if thou went'st to bliss.

And if thou, like a child, didst fear before,  
 Being in the dark, where thou didst nothing see ;  
 Now I have brought thee *torch-light*, fear no more ;  
 Now when thou dy'st, thou canst not hood-wink'd  
 be.

And

And thou my *Soul*, which turn'st with curious eye,  
 To view the beams of thine own form divine,  
 Know, that thou canst know nothing perfectly,  
 While thou art clouded with this flesh of mine.

Take heed of *over-weening*, and compare  
 Thy *peacock's* feet with thy gay *peacock's* train :  
 Study the best and highest things that are,  
 But of thyself an humble thought retain.

Cast down thyself, and only strive to raise  
 The glory of thy Maker's sacred name :  
 Use all thy pow'rs, that blessed pow'r to praise,  
 Which gives thee pow'r to *be*, and *use the same*.

З И М У Н

А Э Я Т а А

ACROSTIC VERSE

H Y M N S

OF

A S T R E A,

I N

ACROSTICK VERSE.

I 2

THE

*THE Beauties of these Acrosticks make  
some Amends for the innumerable Two-lines  
of other Writers in this Kind, who are with  
great Justice ridiculed and condemned by Mr.  
DRYDEN, in his Mac Fleckno ; and Mr.  
ADDISON, in his Essay on Wit, in the  
First Volume of the Spectators.*

H Y M N

## HYMN I.

*Of Astrea.*

E A R L Y before the day doth spring ;  
 Let us awake my Muse and sing,  
 It is no time to slumber,  
 So many joys this time doth bring,  
 As time will fail to number.

B ut whereunto shall we bend our lays ?  
 E 'en up to Heaven, again to raise  
 T he Maid which thence descended ;  
 H ath brought again the golden days,  
 A nd all the world amended.

R udeness itself she doth refine,  
 E 'en like an alchymist divine,  
 G ross times of iron turning  
 I nto the purest form of gold ;  
 N ot to corrupt, till heaven wax old,  
 A nd be refin'd with burning.

## HYMN II.

*To Astrea.*

ETERNAL Virgin, Goddess true,

Let me presume to sing to you.

I love, e'en great Jove hath leisure

Sometimes to hear the vulgar crew,

And hears them oft with pleasure.

Blessed *Astrea*, I in part

Enjoy the blessings you impart,

The peace, the milk and honey,

Humanity, and civil art,

A richer dower than money.

Right glad am I that now I live,

E'en in these days whereto you give

Great happiness and glory;

If after you I should be born,

No doubt I should my birth-day scorn,

Admiring your sweet story.

## HYMN III.

*To the Spring.*

EARTH now is green, and heaven is blue,  
 Lively spring which makes all new,  
 Molly spring doth enter ;  
 Sweet young sun-beams do subdue  
 Angry, aged winter.

Balts are mild, and seas are calm,  
 Every meadow flows with balm,  
 The earth wears all her riches ;  
 Harmonious birds sing such a psalm,  
 As ear and heart bewitches.

Reserve (sweet spring) this nymph of ours,  
 Eternal garlands of thy flow'rs,  
 Green garlands never wasting ;  
 In her shall last our state's fair spring,  
 Now and for ever flourishing,  
 As long as heav'n is lasting.

## HYMN IV.

*To the Month of May.*

E A C H day of thine, sweet month of May,  
 L ove makes a solemn holy-day.  
 I will perform like duty,  
 S ith thou resemblest every way  
 A strea, queen of beauty.

B oth your fresh beauties do partake,  
 E ither's aspect doth summer make,  
 T houghts of young love awaking ;  
 H earts you both do cause to ake,  
 A nd yet be pleas'd with aching.

R ight dear art thou, and so is she,  
 E 'en like attracting sympathy,  
 G ains unto both like dearness ;  
 I ween this made antiquity,  
 N ame thee, Sweet *May of Majesty*,  
 A s being both like in clearness.

## HYMN V.

*To the Lark.*

E A R L Y cheerful mounting lark,  
 L ights gentle usher, morning's clark;  
 I n merry notes delighting :  
 S tint awhile thy song and hark,  
 A nd learn my new inditing.

B ear up this hymn, to heav'n it bear,  
 E 'en up to heav'n, and sing it there,  
 T o heav'n each morning bear it ;  
 H ave it set to some sweet sphere,  
 A nd let the angels hear it.

R enown'd *Astrea*, that great name,  
 E xceeding great in worth and fame,  
 G reat worth hath so renown'd it,  
 I t is *Astrea's* name I praise,  
 N ow then, sweet lark, do thou it raise,  
 A nd in high heaven resound it.

## HYMN VI.

*To the Nightingale.*

E V'R Y night from ev'n to morn,  
 L ove's chorister amid the thorn  
 I s now so sweet a singer,  
 S o sweet, as for her song I scorn  
 A pollo's voice and finger.

B ut nightingale, sith you delight  
 E ver to watch the starry night,  
 T ell all the stars of heaven,  
 H eaven never had a star so bright,  
 A s now to earth is given.

R oyal *Astrea* makes our day  
 E ternal with her beams, nor may  
 G ross darkness overcome her ;  
 I now perceive why some do write,  
 N o country hath so short a night,  
 A s England hath in summer.

## HYMN VII.

*To the Rose.*

E YE of the garden, queen of flow'rs  
 L ove's cup wherein lie nectar's pow'rs,  
 I ngender'd first of nectar :  
 S weet nurse-child of the spring's young hours,  
 A nd beauty's fair character.

B left jewel that the earth doth wear,  
 E 'en when the brave young sun draws near,  
 T o her hot love pretending ;  
 H imself likewise like form doth bear,  
 A t rising and descending.

R ose of the Queen of Love belov'd ;  
 E ngland's great kings divinely mov'd,  
 G ave roses in their banner ;  
 I t shew'd that beauty's rose indeed,  
 N ow in this age should them succeed,  
 A nd reign in more sweet manner.

## HYMN VIII.

*To all the Princes of Europe.*

E U R O P E, the earth's sweet paradise :  
 Let all thy kings that would be wise,  
 In politic devotion,  
 Sail hither to observe her eyes,  
 And mark her heavn'ly motion.

B rave princes of this civil age,  
 Enter into this pilgrimage :  
 His saint's tongue's an oracle,  
 Her eye hath made a prince a page,  
 And works each day a miracle.

R aise but your looks to her, and see  
 Even the true beams of majesty,  
 Great princes, mark her duly ;  
 If all the world you do survey,  
 No forehead spreads so bright a ray,  
 And notes a prince so truly.

## HYMN. IX.

*To Flora.*

**E**MPRESS of flow'rs, tell where away  
**L**ies your sweet court this *May*,  
**I**n Greenwich garden alleys :  
**S**ince there the heav'nly pow'rs do play  
**A**nd haunt no other valleys.

**B**eauty, *virtue*, *majesty*,  
**E**loquent Muses, three times three,  
**T**he new fresh *hours*, and graces,  
**H**ave pleasure in this place to be,  
**A**bove all other places.

**R**oses and lillies did them draw,  
**E**re they divine *Astrea* saw,  
**G**ay flow'rs they sought for pleasure :  
**I**nstead of gath'ring crowns of flow'rs,  
**N**ow gather they *Astrea's* dowers,  
**A**nd bear to heav'n that treasure.

## HYMN X.

*To the Month of September.*

E A C H month hath praise in some degree;  
 Let May to others seem to be  
 In sense the sweetest season;  
 September thou art best to me,  
 And best doth please my reason.

B ut neither for thy corn nor wine  
 Extoll I those mild days of thine,  
 Though corn and wine might praise thee,  
 Heaven gives thee honour more divine,  
 And higher fortunes raise thee.

R enown'd art thou (sweet Month) for this,  
 Among thy days her birth-day is,  
 Grace, plenty, peace and honour  
 In one fair hour with her were born,  
 Now since they still her crown adorn,  
 And still attend upon her.

## HYMN XI.

*To the Sun.*

EYE of the world, fountain of light,  
 LIFE of day, and death of night,  
 I humbly seek thy kindness :  
 SWEET, dazzle not my feeble sight,  
 AND strike me not with blindness.

B Ehold me mildly from that face,  
 E 'en where thou now dost run thy race,  
 T he sphere where now thou turnest ;  
 H aving like Phaeton chang'd thy place,  
 A nd yet hearts only burnest.

R ed in her right cheek thou dost rise,  
 E xalted after in her eyes,  
 G reat glory there thou shewest :  
 I n th' other cheek when thou descendest,  
 N ew redness unto it thou lendest,  
 A nd so thy round thou goest.

## HYMN XII.

*To her Picture.*

**E**XTR EME was his audacity,  
**L**ittle his skill that finish'd thee ;  
**I** am ash am'd and sorry,  
**S**o dull her counterfeit should be,  
**A**nd she so full of glory.

**B**ut here are colours red and white,  
**E**ach line, and each proportion right ;  
**T**hese lines, this red and whiteness,  
**H**ave wanting yet a life and light,  
**A**m age, and brightness.

**R**ude counterfeit, I then did err,  
**E**'en now when I would needs infer  
**G**reat boldnes in thy maker :  
**I** did mistake, he was not bold,  
**N**or durst his eyes her eyes behold,  
**A**nd this made him mistake her.

## HYMN XIII.

*Of her Mind.*

EARTH, now adieu, my ravish'd thought  
 Lifted to heav'n sets thee at naught ;  
 Infinite is my longing,  
 Secrets of angels to be taught,  
 And things to heav'n belonging.

Brought down from heav'n of angels kind,  
 Even now I do admire her mind,  
 This is my contemplation,  
 Her clear sweet spirit which is refin'd,  
 Above human creation.

Rich sun-beam of th' eternal light,  
 Excellent soul, how shall I write ;  
 Good angels make me able ;  
 I cannot see but by your eye,  
 Nor, but by your tongue, signify  
 A thing so admirable.

## HYMN XIV.

*Of the Sun-beams of her Mind.*

**E**XCEEDING glorious is this star,  
L et us behold her beams afar  
I n a side line reflected ;  
S ight bears them not, when near they are,  
A nd in right lines directed.

B ehold her in her virtue's beams,  
E xtending sun-like to all realms ;  
T he sun none views too nearly :  
H er well of goodness in these streams,  
A ppears right well and clearly.

R adiant virtues, if your light  
E nfeeble the best judgment's sight,  
G reat splendor above measure  
I s in the *mind*, from whence you flow :  
N o wit may have access to know,  
A nd view so bright a treasure.

## HYMN XV.

*Of her Wit.*

EYE of that mind most quick and clear,  
Like heaven's eye which from his sphere  
Into all things prieth,  
Sees through all things ev'ry where,  
And all their natures trieth.

Bright image of an angel's wit,  
Exceeding sharp and swift like it,  
Things instantly discerning :  
Having a nature infinite,  
And yet increas'd by learning.

Rebound upon thyself thy light,  
Enjoy thine own sweet precious sight  
Give us but some reflection ;  
It is enough for us if we,  
Now in her speech, now policy,  
Admire thine high perfection.

HYMNS OF ASTREA.

HYMN XVI.

*Of her Will.*

EVER well affected will,  
Loving goodness, loathing ill,  
I nestimable treasure !  
Since such a power hath power to spill,  
And save us at her pleasure.

B e thou our law, sweet will, and fay,  
E v'n what thou wilt, we will obey  
T his law ; if I could read it ;  
H erein would I spend night and day,  
A nd study still to plead it.

R oyal free-will, and only free,  
E ach other will is slave to thee ;  
G lad is each will to serve thee :  
I n thee such princely pow'rs is seen,  
N o spirit but takes thee for her queen,  
A nd thinks she must observe thee.

## HYMN XVII.

*Of her Memory.*

E XCELLENT jewels would you see,  
L ovely ladies come with me,  
I will (for love I owe you)  
S hew you as rich a treasury,  
A s East or West can shew you.

B ehold, if you can judge of it,  
E v'n that great store-house of her wit,  
T hat beautiful large table,  
H er memory, wherein is writ  
A ll knowledge admirable.

R ead this fair book, and you shall learn  
E xquisite skill; if you discern,  
G ain heav'n by this discerning;  
I n such a memory divine,  
N ature did form the Muses nine,  
A nd Pallas queen of learning.

## HYMN XVIII.

*Of her Fancy.*

E XQUISITE curiosity,  
L ook on thyself with judging eye,  
I f aught be faulty, leave it :  
S o delicate a fantafy  
A s this, will straight perceive it.

B ecause her temper is so fine,  
E ndow'd with harmonies divine ;  
T herefore if discord strike it,  
H er true proportions do repine,  
A nd sadly do mislike it.

R ight otherwise a pleasure sweet,  
E 'er she takes in actions meet,  
G raceing with smiles such meetness ;  
I n her fair forehead beams appear,  
N o summer's day is half so clear,  
A dorn'd with half that sweetness.

## HYMN XIX.

*Of the Organs of her Mind,*

E CLIPS'D she is, and her bright rays  
L y under veils, yet many ways  
I s her fair form revealed ;  
S he diversely herself conveys,  
A nd cannot be concealed.

B y instruments her pow'rs appear  
E xceedingly well tun'd and clear :  
T his lute is still in measure,  
H olds still in tune, e'en like a sphere,  
A nd yields the world sweet pleasure.

R esolve me, Muse, how this thing is,  
E re a body like to this  
G ave heav'n to earthly creature ?  
I am but fond this doubt to make  
N o doubt the angels bodies take,  
A bove our common nature.

## HYMN XX.

*Of the Passions of her Heart.*

E XAMINE not th' inscrutable heart,  
 L ight Muse of her, though she in part  
 I mpart it to the subject ;  
 S earch not, although from heav'n thou art,  
 A nd this an heav'ly object.

B ut since she hath a heart, we know,  
 E re some passions thence do flow,  
 T hough ever ruled with honour ;  
 H er judgment reigns, they wait below,  
 A nd fix their eyes upon her.

R ectify'd so, they in their kind  
 E ncrease each virtue of her mind ;  
 G overn'd with mild tranquillity ;  
 I n all the regions under heav'n,  
 N o state doth bear itself so even,  
 A nd with so sweet facility.

## HYMN XXI.

*Of the innumerable Virtues of her Mind.*

E RE thou proceed in these sweet pains A E  
 L earn Muse how many drops it rains I  
 I n cold and moist December ; I  
 S um up May flow'rs, and August's grains,  
 A nd grapes of mild September.

B ear the sea's sand in memory,  
 E arth's grass, and the stars in sky,  
 T he little moats which mounted,  
 H ang in the beams of Phœbus' eye,  
 A nd never can be counted.

R ecount these numbers numberless,  
 E re thou her virtue can express,  
 G reat wits this count will cumber.  
 I nstruct thyself in numb'ring schools ;  
 N ow courtiers use to beg for fools,  
 A ll such as cannot number.

## HYMN XXII.

*Of her Wisdom.*

EAGLE-ey'd wisdom, life's loadstar,  
 Looking near on things afar ;  
 Iove's best belov'd daughter,  
 Shows to her spirit all that are,  
 As Jove himself hath taught her.

By this straight rule she rectifies  
 Each thought that in her heart doth rise ;  
 This is her clear true mirror,  
 Her looking-glass, wherein she spies  
 All forms of truth and error.

Right princely virtue fit to reign,  
 Enthroniz'd in her spirit remain,  
 Guiding our fortunes ever ;  
 If we this star once cease to see,  
 No doubt our state will shipwreck'd be,  
 And torn and funk for ever.

## HYMN XXIII.

*Of her Justice.*

E XIL'D *Astrea's* come again,  
L o here she doth all things maintain  
I n number, weight, and measure :  
S he rules us with delightful pain,  
A nd we obey with pleasure.

B y love she rules more than by law,  
E 'en her great mercy breedeth awe ;  
T his is her sword and scepter ;  
H erewith she hearts did ever draw,  
A nd this guard ever kept her.

R eward doth fit in her right-hand,  
E ach virtue thence takes her garland  
G ather'd in honour's garden :  
I n her left hand (wherein should be  
N aught but the sword) sits clemency,  
A nd conquers vice with pardon.

## HYMN XXIV.

*Of her Magnanimity.*

E V'N as her state, so is her mind,  
L ifted above the vulgar kind,  
I t treads proud Fortune under ;  
S un-like it fits above the wind,  
A bove the storms and thunder.

B rave spirit, large heart, admiring nought,  
E steeming each thing as it ought,  
T hat swelleth not, nor shrinketh :  
H onour is always in her thought,  
A nd of great things she thinketh.

R ocks, pillars, and heaven's axle-tree,  
E xemplify her constancy ;  
G reat changes never change her :  
I n her sex fears are wont to rise,  
N ature permits, virtue denies,  
A nd scorns the face of danger.

## HYMN XXV.

*Of her Moderation.*

EMPERESS of kingdoms though she be,  
L arger is her sov'reignty,  
I f she herself do govern ;  
S ubject unto herself is she,  
A nd of herself true sovereign.

B eauty's crown though she do wear,  
E xalted into Fortune's chair,  
T hron'd like the queen of pleasure :  
H er virtues still possess her ear,  
A nd counsel her to measure.

R eason, if she incarnate were,  
E v'n Reason's self could never bear  
G reatness with moderation ;  
I n her one temper still is seen,  
N o liberty claims she as queen,  
A nd shews no alteration.

## HYMN XXVI.

*To Envy.*

ENVY, go weep; my Muse and I  
 Laugh thee to scorn, thy feeble eye  
 Is dazzled with the glory  
 Shining in this gay poesy,  
 And little golden story.

Behold how my proud quill doth shed  
 Eternal nectar on her head:  
 The pomp of coronation  
 Hath not such pow'r her fame to spread,  
 As this my admiration.

Respect my pen as free and frank  
 Expecting not reward nor thank,  
 Great wonder only moves it;  
 I never made it mercenary,  
 Nor should my Muse this burthen carry  
 As hir'd but that she loves it.

O R C H E S T R A ;

O R , A

P O E M

E X P R E S S I N G

The Antiquity and Excellency of  
D A N C I N G.

I N A

D I A L O G U E

Between PENELOPE and one of her  
WOOERS.

N O T F I N I S H E D .

О С Я Н Г А Т А  
А Д О  
М Е П  
Д А И С И Н Г  
Д И А Л О Г У Е

---

T O

T H E P R I N C E.

SIR, whatsoever *you* are pleas'd to do,  
It is your special praise, that *you* are bent,  
And sadly set your princely mind thereto :  
Which makes *you* in each thing so excellent.

Hence is it, that *you* came so soon to be  
A man at arms, in ev'ry point aright ;  
The fairest flow'r of noble chivalry ;  
And of Saint George's band, the bravest knight.

And hence it is, that all your youthful train  
In activeness, and grace, *you* do excel,  
When you do courtly dancings entertain,  
Then dancing's praise may be presented well.

To *you*, whose action adds more praise thereto,  
Than all the Muses with their pens can do.

10019. 12 T

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# O R C H E S T R A;

O R, A

## POEM on DANCING.\*

T.

W H E R E lives the man that never yet did hear  
Of chaste *Penelope*, *Ulysses'* queen ?  
Who kept her faith unspotted twenty year,  
Till he return'd that far away had been,  
*And many men, and many towns had seen :*  
Ten year at siege of Troy he ling'ring lay,  
And ten year in the Midland sea did stray.

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\* Sir John Harrington has writ an epigram in commendation of this poem. See the 2d Book, Epig. 57, at the end of his Translation of Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, folio.

It is a great pity, and to be lamented by the poetical world, that so very ingenious a poem should be left unfinished, or what is more likely, that the imperfect part should be lost; for in all probability, he completed it, being written in his youth, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, as appears from the conclusion.

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2.

*Homer*, to whom the muses did carouse  
A great deep cup with heav'nly nectar fill'd,  
The greatest, deepest cup in *Jove's* great house,  
(For *Jove* himself had so expressly will'd)  
He drank off all, nor let one drop be spill'd ;  
Since when, his brain that had before been dry,  
Became the well-spring of all poetry.

3.

*Homer* doth tell in his abundant verse,  
The long laborious travels of the man,  
And of his lady too he doth rehearse,  
How she illudes with all the art she can,  
Th' ungrateful love which other lords began :  
For of her lord, false fame had long sence sworn,  
That *Neptune's* monsters had his carcase torn.

4.

All this he tells, but one thing he forgot,  
One thing most worthy his eternal song,  
But he was old, and blind, and saw it not,  
Or else he thought he should *Ulysses* wrong,  
To mingle it his tragic acts among :  
Yet was there not in all the world of things,  
A sweeter burthen for his muses wings.

5. The

5.

The courtly love *Antinous* did make,  
*Antinous* that fresh and jolly knight,  
Which of the gallants that did undertake  
To win the widow, had most wealth and might,  
Wit to persuade, and beauty to delight.

The courtly love he made unto the queen,  
*Homer* forgot as if it had not been.

6.

Sing then *Terpsichore*, my light muse sing  
His gentle art, and *cunning courtesy* :  
You lady can remember ev'ry thing,  
For you are daughter of queen memory ;  
But sing a plain and easy melody :  
For the soft mean that warbleth but the ground,  
To my rude ear doth yield the sweetest sound.

7.

One only night's discourse I can report,  
When the great torch-bearer of heav'n was gone  
Down in a mask unto the Ocean's court,  
To revel it with *Thetis* all alone ;  
*Antinous* disguised and unknown,  
Like to the spring in gaudy ornament,  
Unto the castle of the princess went.

## 8.

The sov'reign castle of the rocky isle,  
 Wherein *Penelope* the princess lay,  
 Shone with a thousand lamps, which did exile  
 The shadows dark, and turn'd the night to day,  
 Not *Jove's* blue tent, what time the sunny ray  
 Behind the bulwark of the earth retires,  
 Is seen to sparkle with more twinkling fires.

## 9.

That night the Queen came forth from far within,  
 And in the presence of her court was seen ;  
 For the sweet singer *Phænius* did begin  
 To praise the worthies that at *Troy* had been ;  
 Somewhat of her *Ulysses* she did ween.  
 In his grave hymn the heav'nly man would sing,  
 Or of his wars, or of his wandering.

## 10.

*Pallas* that hour with her sweet breath divine  
 Inspir'd immortal beauty in her eyes,  
 That with celestial glory she did shine,  
 Brighter than *Venus* when she doth arise  
 Out of the waters to adorn the skies ;  
 The wooers all amazed do admire,  
 And check their own presumptuous desire.

## 11.

Only *Antinous* when at first he view'd  
 Her star-bright eyes that with new honour shin'd,  
 Was not dismay'd, but therewithal renew'd  
 The nobleness and splendor of his mind ;  
 And as he did fit circumstances find,  
 Unto the throne he boldly did advance,  
 And with fair manners woo'd the Queen to dance,

## 12.

“ Goddess of women, sith your heav'nlyness  
 “ Hath now vouchsaf'd itself to represent  
 “ To our dim eyes, which tho' they see the less,  
 “ Yet are they bless'd in their astonishment,  
 “ Imitate heaven whose beauty's excellent ;  
 “ Are in continual motion day and night,  
 “ And move thereby more wonder and delight.

## 13.

“ Let me the mover be, to turn about  
 “ Those glorious ornaments, that youth and love  
 “ Have fix'd in you, ev'ry part throughout,  
 “ Which if you will in timely measure move,  
 “ Not all those precious gems in heav'n above  
 “ Shall yield a sight more pleasing to behold,  
 “ With all their turns and tracings manifold.”

142 A POEM ON DANCING.

14.

With this the modest princess blush'd and smil'd  
Like to a clear and rosy eventide ;  
And softly did return this answer mild :  
“ Fair Sir, you needs must fairly be deny'd,  
“ Where your demand cannot be satisfy'd :  
“ My feet which only nature taught to go,  
“ Did never yet the art of footing know.

15.

“ But why persuade you me to this new rage ?  
“ (For all disorder and misrule is new)  
“ For such misgovernment in former age  
“ Our old divine forefathers never knew ;  
“ Who if they liv'd, and did the follies view  
“ Which their fond nephews make their chief  
“ affairs,  
“ Would hate themselves that had begot such  
“ heirs.”

16.

“ Sole heir of virtue and of beauty both,  
“ Whence cometh it (*Antinous replies*)  
“ That your imperious virtue is so loth  
“ To grant your beauty her chief exercise ?  
“ Or from what spring doth your opinion rise.

“ That

“ That dancing is a frenzy and a rage,  
“ First known and us'd in this new fangled age ?

17.

“ *Dancing* \* (Bright Lady) then began to be,  
“ When the first seeds whereof the world did spring,  
“ The fire, air, earth and water did agree,  
“ By love's persuasion, nature's mighty king,  
“ To leave their first disorder'd combating ;  
“ And in a dance such measure to observe,  
“ As all the world their motion should preserve.

18.

“ Since when they still are carried in a round,  
“ And changing come one in another's place,  
“ Yet do they neither mingle nor confound,  
“ But ev'ry one doth keep the bounded space  
“ Wherein the dance doth bid it turn or trace :  
“ This wond'rous miracle did love devise,  
“ For dancing is love's proper exercise.

---

\* The antiquity of dancing.

“ 19. Like

19.

" Like this, he fram'd the God's eternal bow'r,  
 " And of a shapeless and confused mass,  
 " By his through piercing and digesting pow'r,  
 " The turning vault of heaven formed was:  
 " Whose starry wheels he hath so made to pass,  
 " As that their movings do a music frame,  
 " And they themselves still dance unto the same.

20.

" Or if this (all) which round about we see,  
 " (As idle *Morpheus* some sick brains have taught)  
 " Of undivided *motes* compacted be,  
 " How was this goodly architecture wrought?  
 " Or by what means were they together brought?  
 " They err, that say they did concur by chance,  
 " Love made them meet in a well order'd dance.

21.

" As when *Amphion* with his charming lyre  
 " Begot so sweet a syren of the air,  
 " That with her rhetoric made the stones conspire  
 " The ruin of a city to repair,  
 " (A work of wit and reason's wise affair :)  
 " So love's smooth tongue, the *motes* such mea-  
 " sure taught  
 " That they join'd hands, and so the world was  
 " wrought.

22. " How

## A POEM ON DANCING. 145

22.

“ How justly then is dancing termed new,  
“ Which with the world in point of time begun ;  
“ Yea time itself, (whose birth *Jove* never knew,  
“ And which indeed is elder than the sun)  
“ Had not one moment of his age outrun,  
“ When out leap'd dancing from the heap of  
“ things,  
“ And lightly rode upon his nimble wings.

23.

“ Reason hath both her pictures in her treasure,  
“ Where time the measure of all moving is ;  
“ And dancing is a moving all in measure ;  
“ Now if you do resemble that to this,  
“ And think both one, I think you think amiss :  
“ But if you judge them twins, together got,  
“ And time first born, your judgment erreth not.

24.

“ Thus doth it equal age with age enjoy,  
“ And yet in lusty youth for ever flow'rs,  
“ Like love his fire, whom painters make a boy,  
“ Yet is he eldest of the heav'nly pow'rs ;  
“ Or like his brother time, whose winged hours  
“ Going and coming will not let him die,  
“ But still preserve him in his infancy.”

25. This

146 A POEM ON DANCING.

25.

This said ; the Queen with her sweet lips, divine,  
Gently began to move the subtle air,  
Which gladly yielding, did itself incline  
To take a shape between those rubies fair ;  
And being formed, softly did repair  
With twenty doublings in the empty way,  
Unto *Antinous*' ears, and thus did say :

26.

" What eye doth see the heav'n but doth admire  
" When it the movings of the heav'ns doth see ?  
" Myself, if I to heav'n may once aspire,  
" If that be dancing, will a dancer be :  
" But as for this your frantic jollity  
" How it began, or whence you did it learn,  
" I never could with reason's eye discern."

27.

*Antinous* answer'd : " Jewel of the earth,  
" Worthy you are that heav'nly dance to lead ;  
" But for you think our dancing base of birth,  
" And newly born but of a brain-sick head,  
" I will forthwith his antique gentry read ;  
" And for I love him, will his herald be,  
" And blaze his arms, and draw his pedigree.

28. " When

28.

“ When Love had shap'd this world, *this great fair  
“ wight,*  
“ That all wights else in this wide womb contains  
“ And had instructed it to dance aright,\*  
“ A thousand measures with a thousand strains,  
“ Which it should practise with delightful pains,  
“ Until that fatal instant should revolve,  
“ When all to nothing should again resolve.

29.

“ The comely order and proportion fair  
“ On ev'ry side, did please his wand'ring eye,  
“ Till glancing thro' the thin transparent air,  
“ A rude disorder'd rout he did espy  
“ Of men and women, that most spightfully  
“ Did one another throng, and croud so sore,  
“ That his kind eye in pity wept therefore.

30.

“ And swifter than the light'ning down he came,  
“ Another shapeless chaos to digest,  
“ He will begin another world to frame,  
“ (For Love till all be well will never rest)  
“ Then with such words as cannot be express,

“ He cuts the troops, that all asunder fling,  
 “ And ere they wist, he casts them in a ring-

31.

“ Then did he rarify the element,  
 “ And in the centre of the ring appear,  
 “ The beams that from his forehead spreading went,  
 “ Begot an horror, and religious fear  
 “ In all the souls that round about him were ;  
 “ Which in their ears attentiveness procures,  
 “ While he, with such like sounds their minds  
 “ allures.

32.

“ How doth confusion’s mother, headlong chance,\*  
 “ Put reason’s noble squadron to the rout ?  
 “ Or how should you that have the governance  
 “ Of nature’s children, heav’n and earth throughout,  
 “ Prescribe them rules, and live yourselves without ?  
 “ Why should your fellowship a trouble be,  
 “ Since man’s chief pleasure is society ?

¶ The speech of Love, persuading men to learn dancing.

33.“ If

## A POEM ON DANCING. 149

33.

“ If sense hath not yet taught you, learn of me  
“ A comely moderation and discreet,  
“ That your assemblies may well order’d be  
“ When my uniting pow’r shall make you meet,  
“ With heav’nly tunes it shall be temper’d sweet :  
“ And be the model of the world’s great frame,  
“ And you earth’s children, *Dancing* shall it name.

34.

“ Behold the *world* how it is *whirled round*,  
“ And for it is so *whirl’d*, is named so ;  
“ In whose large volume many rules are found  
“ Of this new art, which it doth fairly show :  
“ For your quick eyes in wand’ring to and fro  
“ From East to West, on no one thing can glance,  
“ But if you mark it well, it seems to dance.

35.

“ First you see *fix’d* in this huge mirror blue  
“ Of trembling lights,\* a number numberless,  
“ *Fix’d* they are nam’d, but with a name untrue,  
“ For they all move, and in a dance express  
“ That *great long year* that doth contain no less

---

\* By the orderly motion of the fixed stars.

“ Than

“ Than threescore hundreds of those years in  
 “ all,  
 “ Which the fun makes with his course natural.

## 36.

“ What if to you these sparks disorder'd seem  
 “ As if by chance they had been scatter'd there ?  
 “ The gods a solemn measure do it deem,  
 “ And see a just proportion ev'ry where,  
 “ And know the points whence first their movings  
 “ were,  
 “ To which first points when all return again,  
 “ The axle-tree of heav'n shall break in twain.

## 37.

“ Under that spangled sky, five wand'ring flames,\*  
 “ Besides the King of Day, and Queen of Night,  
 “ Are wheel'd around, all in their sundry frames,  
 “ And all in sundry measures do delight,  
 “ Yet altogether keep no measure right :  
 “ For by itself, each doth itself advance,  
 “ And by itself, each doth a galliard dance.

---

¶ Of the planets,

38.

*Venus*, the mother of that bastard Love,  
 " Which doth usurp the world's great marshal's  
   " name,  
 " Just with the sun her dainty feet doth move,  
 " And unto him doth all the gestures frame :  
 " Now after, now afore, the flatt'ring dame,  
   " With divers cunning passages doth err,  
   " Still him respecting that respects not her.

39.

" For that brave sun the father of the day,  
 " Doth love this earth, the mother of the night,  
 " And like a reveller in rich array  
   " Doth dance his galliard in his leman's sight  
   " Both back, and forth, and sideways passing light,  
   " His princely grace doth so the gods amaze,  
   " That all stand still and at his beauty gaze.

40.

" But see the earth, when he approacheth near,  
 " How she for joy doth spring, and sweetly smile ;  
 " But see again her sad and heavy cheer  
   " When changing places he retires a while :  
   " But those black clouds he shortly will exile,  
   " And make them all before his presence fly,  
   " As mists consum'd before his cheerful eye.

M

41. " Who

41.

“ Who doth not see the measures of the moon,  
 “ Which thirteen times she danceth ev’ry year ?  
 “ And ends her pavin, thirteen times as soon  
 “ As doth her brother, of whose golden hair  
 “ She borroweth part and proudly doth it wear :  
 “ Then doth she coily turn her face aside,  
 “ That half her cheek is scarce sometimes descriy’d.

42.

“ Next her, the pure, subtle, and cleansing fire \*  
 “ Is swiftly carried in a circle even :  
 “ Though *Vulcan* be pronounc’d by many a liar  
 “ The only halting god that dwells in heav’n :  
 “ But that foul name may be more fitly giv’n  
 “ To your false fire, that far from heav’n is fall,  
 “ And doth consume, waste, spoil, disorder all.

43.

“ And now behold your tender nurse the air, †  
 “ And common neighbour that *aye runs around*,  
 “ How many pictures and impressions fair  
 “ Within her empty regions are there found,  
 “ Which to your senses dancing do propound ;

\* Of the fire.

† Of the air.

“ For

" For what are breath, speech, echoes, music, winds,  
 " But dancings of the air in sundry kinds ?

## 44.

" For when you breathe, the air in order moves,  
 " Now in, now out, in time and measure true ;  
 " And when you speak, so well she dancing loves,  
 " That doubling oft, and oft redoubling new,  
 " With thousand forms she doth herself endue :  
 " For all the words that from your lips repair,  
 " Are naught but tricks and turnings of the air.

## 45.

" Hence is her prattling daughter echo born,  
 " That dances to all voices she can hear :  
 " There is no sound so harsh that she doth scorn,  
 " Nor any time wherein she will forbear  
 " The airy pavement with her feet to wear :  
 " And yet her hearing sense is nothing quick,  
 " For after time she endeth ev'ry trick.

## 46.

" And thou sweet music, dancing's only life,  
 " The ear's sole happiness, the air's best speech,  
 " Loadstone of fellowship, charming rod of strife,  
 " The soft mind's paradise, the sick mind's leech,  
 " With thine own tongue thou trees and stones can  
 " teach,

" That when the air doth dance her finest mea-  
 " sure,  
 " Then art thou born the gods and mens sweet  
 " pleasure.

## 47.

" Lastly, where keep the *winds* their revelry,  
 " Their violent turnings, and wild whirling hays?  
 " But in the air's translucent gallery?  
 " Where she herself is turn'd a hundred ways,  
 " While with those maskers wantonly she plays;  
 " Yet in this misrule, they such rule embrace,  
 " As two at once encumber not the place.

## 48.

" If then fire, air, wand'ring and fix'd lights  
 " In ev'ry province of the imperial sky,  
 " Yield perfect forms of dancing to your sights,  
 " In vain I teach the ear, that which the eye  
 " With certain view already doth descry.  
 " But for your eyes perceive not all they see,  
 " In this I will your senses master be.

49.

“ For lo the *sea*\* that fleets about the land,  
 “ And like a girdle clips her solid waist,  
 “ Music and measure both doth understand :  
 “ For his great chrystral eye is always cast  
 “ Up to the moon, and on her fixed fast :  
 “ And as she danceth in her pallid sphere,  
 “ So danceth he about the centre here.

50.

“ Sometimes his proud green waves in order set,  
 “ One after other flow unto the shore,  
 “ Which when they have with many kisses wet,  
 “ They ebb away in order as before ;  
 “ And to make known his courtly love the more,  
 “ He oft doth lay aside his three-fork'd mace,  
 “ And with his arms the tim'rous earth embrace-

51.

“ Only the earth doth stand for ever still,  
 “ Her rocks remove not, nor her mountains meet,  
 “ (Although some wits enrich'd with learning's skill  
 “ Say heav'n stands firm, and that the earth doth fleet,  
 “ And swiftly turneth underneath their feet).

\* Of the sea.

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“ Yet though the earth is ever stedfast seen,  
“ On her broad breast hath dancing ever been.

52.

“ For those blue veins that through her body spread,  
“ Those sapphire streams which from great hills do  
“ spring,\*  
“ (The earth's great dugs ; for ev'ry wight is fed  
“ With sweet fresh moisture from them issuing)  
“ Observe a dance in their wild wand'ring :  
“ And still their dance begets a murmur sweet,  
“ And still the murmur with the dance doth  
“ meet.

53.

“ Of all their ways I love meander's path,  
“ Which to the tune of dying swans doth dance,  
“ Such winding flights, such turns and cricks he hath,  
“ Such creaks, such wrenches and such dalliance ;  
“ That whether it be hap or heedless chance,  
“ In this indented course and wriggling play  
“ He seems to dance a perfect cunning hay.

---

\* Of the rivers.

## 54.

" But wherefore do these streams for ever run ?  
 " To keep themselves for ever sweet and clear :  
 " For let their everlasting course be done,  
 " They straight corrupt and foul with mud appear.  
 " O ye sweet nymphs that beauty's loss do fear,  
 " Contemn the drugs that physic doth devise,  
 " And learn of love this dainty exercise.

## 55.

" See how those flow'rs that have sweet beauty too,  
 " (The only jewels that the earth doth wear, \* )  
 " When the young fun in bravery her doth woo  
 " As oft as they the whistling wind do hear,  
 " Do wave their tender bodies here and there ;  
 " And tho' their dance no perfect measure is,  
 " Yet oftentimes their music makes them kiss.

## 56.

" What makes the vine about the elm to dance,  
 " With turnings, windings, and embracements  
 " round ?  
 " What makes the loadstone to the north advance  
 " His subtle point, as if from thence he found  
 " His chief attracting virtue to redound ?

\* Of other things upon the earth.

158 A POEM ON DANCING.

" Kind nature first doth cause all things to love,  
" Love makes them dance and in just order move.

57.

" Hark how the birds do sing, and mark then how  
" Jump with the modulation of their lays,  
" They lightly leap, and skip from bough to bough &  
" Yet do the cranes deserve a greater praise  
" Which keep such measure in their airy ways,  
" As when they all in order ranked are,  
" They make a perfect form triangular.

58.

" In the chief angle flies the watchful guide,  
" And all the followers their heads do lay  
" On their foregoers backs, on either side ;  
" But for the captain hath no rest to stay  
" His head forwearied with the windy way,  
" He back retires, and then the next behind,  
" As his lieutenant leads them thro' the wind.

59.

" But why relate I ev'ry singular ?  
" Since all the world's great fortunes and affairs  
" Forward and backward rapp'd and whirled are,  
" According to the music of the spheres :  
" And change herself, her nimble feet upbears

" On

" On a round slippery wheel that rolleth ay,  
 " And turns all states with her imperious sway.

60.

" Learn then to dance, you that are princes born,  
 " And lawful lords of earthly creatures all ;  
 " Imitate them, and therefore take no scorn,  
 " For this new art to them is natural  
 " And imitate the stars celestial :  
 " For when pale death your vital twist shall sever,  
 " Your better parts must dance with them for  
 " ever.

61.

" Thus Love persuades, and all the crowd of men  
 " That stands around doth make a murmuring :  
 " As when the wind loos'd from his hollow den,  
 " Among the trees a gentle base doth sing,  
 " Or as a brook through pebbles wandering :  
 " But in their looks they utter'd this plain speech,  
 " That they would learn to dance, if Love would  
 " teach.\*

\* How Love taught men to dance.

\*\* These

## 62.

" Then first of all he doth demonstrate plain  
 " The motions seven that are in nature found,  
 " Upward and downward, forth, and back again,  
 " To this side, and to that, and turning round; \*  
 " Whereof a thousand brawls he doth compound,  
 " Which he doth teach unto the multitude,  
 " And ever with a turn they must conclude.

## 63.

" As when a nymph arising from the land,  
 " Leadeth a dance with her long watery train  
 " Down to the sea, she wryes to every hand,  
 " And every way doth cross the fertile plain:  
 " But when at last she falls into the main,  
 " Then all her traverses concluded are,  
 " And with the sea, her course is circular.

## 64.

" Thus when at first Love had them marshalled,  
 " As erst he did the shapeless mass of things,  
 " He taught them *rounds* and *winding hays* to tread,  
 " And about trees to cast themselves in rings:  
 " As the two Bears, whom the first mover flings

\* Rounds or Country Dances.

" With

" With a short turn about heaven's axle-tree,  
 " In a round dance for ever wheeling be.

65.

" But after these, as men more civil grew,  
 " He did more grave and solemn measures frame,\*  
 " With such fair order and proportion true,  
 " And correspondence ev'ry way the same,  
 " That no fault-finding eye did ever blame.  
 " For ev'ry eye was moved at the sight  
 " With sober wond'ring, and with sweet delight.

66.

" Not those young students of the heav'nly book,  
 " *Atlas* the great, *Prometheus* the wise,  
 " Which on the stars did all their life-time look,  
 " Could ever find such measure in the skies,  
 " So full of change and rare varieties ;  
 " Yet all the feet whereon these measures go,  
 " Are only spondees, solemn, grave and slow.

## • Measures.

67. " But

## 67.

“ But for more diverse and more pleasing show,  
   “ A swift and wand’ring dance \* she did invent,  
“ With passages uncertain to and fro,  
   “ Yet wjth a certain answer and consent  
“ To the quick music of the instrument.  
   “ Five was the number of the music’s feet,  
   “ Which still the dance did with five paces meet.

## 68.

“ A gallant dance, that lively doth bewray  
   “ A spirit and a virtue masculine,  
“ Impatient that her house on earth shou’d stay  
   “ Since she herself is fiery and divine :  
“ Oft doth she make her body upward fine ;  
   “ With lofty turns and capriols in the air,  
   “ Which with the lusty tunes accordeth fair.

## 69.

“ What shall I name those current traverses, †  
   “ That on a triple da&tyl foot do run  
“ Close by the ground with sliding passages,  
   “ Wherein that dancer greatest praise hath won  
   “ Which with best order can all orders shun :

\* Galliards.

† Courantes.

“ For

" For ev'ry where he wantonly must range,  
 " And turn, and wind, with unexpected change.

## 70.

" Yet is there one the most delightful kind,  
 " A lofty jumping, or a leaping round, \*  
 " Where arm in arm, two dancers are entwin'd,  
 " And whirl themselves with strict embracements  
 " bound,  
 " And still their feet an *anapest* do sound :  
 " An *anapest* is all their music's song,  
 " Whose first two feet are short, and third is long.

## 71.

" As the victorious twins of *Leda* and *Jove*  
 " That taught the *Spartans* dancing on the sands,  
 " Of swift *Eurotas*, dance in heav'n above,  
 " Knit and united with eternal hands ;  
 " Among the stars their double image stands,  
 " Where both are carried with an equal pace,  
 " Together jumping in their turning race.

\* Lavoltas.

72.

“ This is the net wherein the sun’s bright eye  
     “ *Venus* and *Mars* entangled did behold,  
 “ For in this dance, their arms they so employ,  
     “ As each doth seem the other to enfold :  
     “ What if lewd wits another tale have told  
         “ Of jealous *Vulcan*, and of iron chains ?  
     “ Yet this true sense that forged lie contains.

73.

“ These various forms of dancing, Love did frame,  
     “ And beside these, a hundred millions more,  
 “ And as he did invent, he taught the same,  
     “ With goodly gesture, and with comely show,  
     “ Now keeping state, now humbly honouring lowe,  
     “ And ever for the persons and the place  
     “ He taught most fit, and best accordin g grac\*.

74.

“ For Love, within his fertile working brain  
     “ Did then conceive those gracious virgins three,  
 “ Whose civil moderation does maintain  
     “ All decent order and conveniency,  
     “ And fair respect, and seemly modesty :

\* Grace in dancing.

“ And then he thought it fit they should be  
 “ born,  
 “ That their sweet presence dancing might  
 “ adorn.

75.

“ Hence is it that these Graces painted are  
 “ With hand in hand dancing an endless round :  
 “ And with regarding eyes, that still beware  
 “ That there be no disgrace amongst them found ;  
 “ With equal foot they beat the slow'ry ground,  
 “ Laughing, or singing, as their passions will,  
 “ Yet nothing that they do becomes them ill.

76.

“ Thus Love taught men, and men thus learn'd of  
 “ Love  
 “ Sweet music's sound with feet to counterfeit,  
 “ Which was long time before high thund'ring  
 “ Jove  
 “ Was lifted up to heaven's imperial seat :  
 “ For though by birth he were the prince of  
 “ Crete,  
 “ Nor Crete, nor heav'n, should the young  
 “ prince have seen  
 “ If dancers with their timbrels had not been.

33. “ Since

77.

" Since when all ceremonious mysteries,  
 " All sacred orgies and religious rights,  
 " All pomps, and triumphs, and solemnities,  
 " All funerals, nuptials, and like public fights,  
 " All parliaments of peace, and warlike fights,  
 " All learned arts, and every great affair  
 " A lively shape of dancing seems to bear. \*

78.

" For what did he who with his ten-tongu'd lute  
 " Gave beasts and blocks an understanding ear ?  
 " Or rather into bestial minds and brute  
 " Shed and infus'd the beams of reason clear ?  
 " Doubtless for men that rude and savage were  
 " A civil form of dancing he devis'd,  
 " Wherewith unto their gods they sacrific'd.

79.

" So did *Museus*, so *Amphion* did,  
 " And *Linus* with his sweet enchanting song,  
 " And he whose hand the earth of monsters rid,  
 " And had men's ears fast chained to his tongue :  
 " And *Theseus* to his wood-born slaves among,

\* The use and forms of dancing in sundry affairs of man's life.

## A POEM ON DANCING. 167

“ Us’d dancing as the finest policy  
“ To plant religion and society.

80.

“ And therefore now the Thracian *Orpheus* lyre  
“ And *Hercules* himself are stellify’d ;  
“ And in high heaven amidst the starry quire  
“ Dancing their parts continually do slide :  
“ So on the zodiac *Garymede* doth ride,  
“ And so is *Hebe* with the muses nine  
“ For pleasing *Jove* with dancing, made divine.

81.

“ Wherefore was *Proteus* said himself to change  
“ Into a stream, a lion, and a tree,  
“ And many other forms fantastic strange,  
“ As in his fickle thought he wish’d to be ?  
“ But that he danc’d with such facility,  
“ As like a lion he could pace with pride,  
“ Ply like a plant, and like a river slide.

82.

“ And how was *Cæneus* made at first a man,  
“ And then a woman, then a man again  
“ But in a dance ? which when he first began  
“ He the man’s part in measure did sustain :  
“ But when he chang’d into a second strain,

N

“ He

168 A POEM ON DANCING.

“ He danc’d the woman’s part another space,  
“ And then return’d into his former place.”

83.

“ Hence sprang the fable of *Tiresias*,  
“ That he the pleasure of both sexes try’d :  
“ For in a dance he man and woman was  
“ By often change of place from side to side :  
“ But for the woman easily did slide,  
“ And smoothly swim with cunning hidden art,  
“ He took more pleasure in a woman’s part.

84.

“ So to a fish *Venus* herself did change,  
“ And swimming thro’ the soft and yielding wave,  
“ With gentle motions did so smoothly range  
“ As none might see where she the water drove :  
“ But this plain truth that falsed fable gave,  
“ That she did dance with sliding easiness,  
“ Pliant and quick in wand’ring passages.

85.

“ And merry *Bacchus* practis’d dancing too,  
“ And to the Lydian numbers rounds did make :  
“ The like he did in th’ Eastern India do,  
“ And taught them all when *Phœbus* did awake,  
“ And when at night he did his coach forsake,

“ To

“ To honour heav'n, and heav'n's great rolling eye  
 “ With turning dances, and with melody.

## 86.

“ Thus they who first did found a common-weal,  
 “ And they who first religion did ordain,  
 “ By dancing first the people's hearts did steal,  
 “ Of whom we now a thousand tales do feign :  
 “ Yet do we now their perfect rules retain,  
 “ And use them still in such devises new,  
 “ As in the world long since their withering grew.

## 87.

“ For after towns and kingdoms founded were,  
 “ Between great states arose well-ordered war ;  
 “ Wherein most perfect measure doth appear,  
 “ Whether their well-set ranks respected are  
 “ In quadrant form or semicircular :  
 “ Or else the march, when all the troops advance,  
 “ And to the drum in gallant order dance.

## 88.

“ And after wars, when white-wing'd victory  
 “ Is with a glorious triumph beautify'd,  
 “ And ev'ry one doth *Io Io* cry,  
 “ Whilst all in gold the conqueror doth ride ;  
 “ The solemn pomp that fills the city wide.

770 A POEM ON DANCING.

" Observes such rank and measure every where,

" As if they altogether dancing were.

89.

" The like just order mourners do observe,

(" But with unlike affection and attire)

" When some great man that nobly did deserve,

" And whom his friends impatiently desire,

" Is brought with honour to his latest fire :

" The dead corpse too in that sad dance is mov'd,

" As if both dead and living dancing lov'd.

90.

" A diverse cause, but like solemnity

" Unto the temple leads the bashful bride,

" Which blusheth like the Indian ivory

" Which is with dip of Tyrian purple dy'd :

" A golden troop doth pass on ev'ry side

" Of flourishing young men and virgins gay,

" Which keep fair measure all the flow'ry way.

91.

" And not alone the general multitude,

" But those choice *Nestors* which in council grave

" Of cities, and of kingdoms do conclude,

" Most comely order in their sessions have :

" Wherefore the wise Thessalians ever gave

" The

A POEM ON DANCING. 171

" The name of leader of their countries dance  
" To him that had their countries governance.

92.

" And those great masters of their liberal arts  
" In all their several schools do dancing teach,  
" For humble grammar first doth set the parts  
" Of congruent and well-according speech :  
" Which rhetoric whose state the clouds doth reach,  
" And heav'ly poetry do forward lead,  
" And divers measure diversely do tread.

93.

" For rhetoric clothing speech in rich array  
" In looser numbers teacheth her to range,  
" With twenty tropes, and turnings ev'ry way,  
" And various figures, and licentious change ;  
" But poetry with rule and order strange  
" So curiously doth move each single pace,  
" As all is mar'd if she one foot misplace.

94.

" These arts of speech the guides and marshals are ;  
" But logic leadeth reason in a dance,  
" Reason the connoisseur and bright load-star,  
" In this world's sea t' avoid the rock of chance,  
" For with close following and continuance

372 A POEM ON DANCING.

“ One reason doth another so ensue,

“ As in conclusion still the dance is true.

95.

“ So music to her own sweet tunes doth trip

“ With tricks of, 3, 5, 8, 15, and more :

“ So doth the art of numb’ring seem to skip

“ From even to odd in her proportion’d score :

“ So do those skills, whose quick eyes do explore

“ The just dimension both of earth and heaven,

“ In all their rules observe a measure even.

96.

“ Lo this is dancing’s true nobility :

“ Dancing the child of music and of love ;

“ Dancing itself both love and harmony,

“ Where all agree, and all in order move ;

“ Dancing the art that all arts do approve :

“ The fair character of the world’s consent,

“ The heav’ns true figure, and th’ earth’s orna-

“ ment.”

97.

The queen, whose dainty ears had borne too long

  The tedious praise of that she did despise,

Adding once more the music of the tongue

  To the sweet speech of her alluring eyes,

Began to answer in such winning wise,

As that forthwith *Antinous'* tongue was ty'd,  
His eyes fast fix'd, his ears were open wide.

## 98.

" Forsooth (quoth she) great glory you have won,  
" To your trim minion dancing all this while,  
" By blazing him Love's first begotten son ;  
" Of ev'ry ill the hateful father vile  
" That doth the world with sorceries beguile :  
" Cunningly mad, religiously profane,  
" Wit's monster, reason's canker, sense's bane.

## 99.

" Love taught the mother that unkind desire  
" To wash her hands in her own infant's blood ;  
" Love taught the daughter to betray her sire  
" Into most base and worthy servitude ;  
" Love taught the brother to prepare such food  
" To feast his brother, that the all-seeing sun  
" Wrapt in a cloud, that wicked sight did shun.

## 100.

" And ev'n this self same Love hath dancing taught,  
" An art that sheweth th' *idea* of his mind  
" With vainness, frenzy, and disorder fraught ;  
" Sometimes with blood and cruelties unkind :  
" For in a dance, *Tereus* mad wife did find

" Fit time and place by murder of her son,  
 " T' avenge the wrong his traiterous fire had  
 done.  
 101.

" What mean the mermaids when they dance and sing  
 " But certain death unto the mariner ?  
 " What tidings do the dancing dolphins bring,  
 " But that some dangerous storm approacheth near ?  
 " Then sith both love and dancing liveries bear  
 " Of such ill hap, unhappy may I prove,  
 " If sitting free I either dance or love."

102.

Yet once again *Antinous* did reply ;

" Great Queen, condemn not Love \* the innocent,  
 " For this mischevious lust, which traiterously  
 " Usurps his name, and steals his ornament :  
 " For that true love which dancing did invent,  
 " Is he that tun'd the world's whole harmony,  
 " And link'd all men in sweet society.

\* True Love inventor of dancing.

103.

“ He first extracted from th’ earth-mingled mind  
 “ That heav’ly fire, or quintessence divine,  
 “ Which doth such sympathy in beauty find,  
 “ As is between the elm and fruitful vine,  
 “ And so to beauty ever doth incline :  
 “ Life’s life it is, and cordial to the heart,  
 “ And of our better part, the better part.

104.

“ This is true Love, by that true Cupid got,  
 “ Which danceth galliards in your am’rous eyes,  
 “ But to your frozen heart approacheth not,  
 “ Only your heart he dares not enterprize ;  
 “ And yet thro’ every other part he flies,  
 “ And every where he nimbly dauceth now,  
 “ That in yourself, yourself perceive not how.

105.

“ For your sweet beauty daintily transfus’d  
 “ With due proportion throughout ev’ry part,  
 “ What is it but a dance where Love hath us’d  
 “ His finer cunning, and more curious art ;  
 “ Where all the elements themselves impart,  
 “ And turn, and wind, and mingle with such  
 “ measure,  
 “ That th’ eye that sees it, surfeits with the  
 “ pleasure ?  
 “ Love

106.

" Love in the twinkling of your eyelids danceth,  
 " Love danceth in your pulses and your veins,  
 " Love when you sow, your needles point advanceth,  
 " And makes it dance a thousand curious strains  
 " Of winding rounds, whereof the form remains :  
 " To shew, that your fair hands can dance the  
 " hay,  
 " Which your fine feet would learn as well as  
 " they.

107.

" And when your ivory fingers touch the strings  
 " Of any silver-sounding instrument,  
 " Love makes them dance to those sweet murmur-  
 " ings,  
 " With busy skill, and cunning excellent :  
 " O that your feet those tunes would represent  
 " With artificial motions to and fro,  
 " That Love this art in ev'ry part might show !

108.

" Yet your fair soul, which came from heav'n above  
 " To rule this house, another heav'n below,  
 " With divers powers in harmony doth move,  
 " And all the virtues that from her do flow,  
 " In a round measure hand in hand do go :  
 " Could I now see, as I conceive this dance,  
 " Wonder and love would cast me in a trance.

109. " The

109.

“ The richest jewel in all the heav’ly treasure  
 “ That ever yet unto the earth was shown,  
 “ Is perfect concord, th’ only perfect pleasure  
 “ That wretched earth-born men have ever known,  
 “ For many hearts it doth compound in one :  
 “ That what so one doth will, or speak, or do,  
 “ With one consent they all agree thereto,

110.

“ Concord’s true picture shineth in this art,  
 “ Where divers men and women ranked be,  
 “ And every one doth dance a several part,  
 “ Yet all as one, in measure do agree,  
 “ Observing perfect uniformity :  
 “ All turn together, all together trace,  
 “ And all together honour and embrace.

111.

“ If they whom sacred love hath link’d in one,  
 “ Do, as they dance, in all their course of life ;  
 “ Never shall burning grief nor bitter moan,  
 “ Nor factious difference, nor unkind strife,  
 “ Arise betwixt the husband and the wife :  
 “ For whether forth or back, or round he go,  
 “ As the man doth, so must the woman do.

112. “ What

## 112.

" What if by often interchange of place  
 " Sometime the woman gets the upper hand ?  
 " That is but done for more delightful grace,  
 " For on that part she doth not ever stand :  
 " But, as the measure's law doth her command,  
 " She wheels about, and ere the dance doth end,  
 " Into her former place she doth transcend.

## 113.

" But not alone this correspondence meet  
 " And uniform consent doth dancing praise,  
 " For comeliness the child of order sweet  
 " Enamels it with her eye-pleasing rays :  
 " Fair comeliness, ten hundred thousand ways,  
 " Thro' dancing sheds itself, and makes it shine,  
 " With glorious beauty, and with grace divine.

## 114.

" For comeliness is a disposing fair  
 " Of things and actions in fit time and place ;  
 " Which doth in dancing shew itself most clear,  
 " When troops confus'd, which here and there do  
 " trace  
 " Without distinction or bounded space,  
 " By dancing rule into such ranks are brought,  
 " As glads the eye, as ravisheth the thought.

115. " Then

## 115.

" Then why should reason judge that reasonless, *BY* "  
 " Which is wit's offspring, and the work of art,  
 " Image of concord and of comeliness. *AND* "  
 " Who sees a clock moving in every part, *OF* "  
 " A sailing pinnace, or a wheeling cart, *TO &* "  
 " But thinks that reason, ere it came to pass,  
 " The first impulsive cause and mover was?

## 116.

" Who sees an army all in rank advance, *FOR AND* .  
 " But deems a wise commander is in place. *ON A* "  
 " Which leadeth on that brave victorious dance? *BY*  
 " Much more in dancing's art, in dancing's grace  
 " Blindness itself may reason's footsteps trace:  
 " *For of Love's maze it is the curious plot*  
 " *And of mans fellowship the true-love knot.*

## 117.

" But if these eyes of yours, (load-stars of love  
 " Shewing the world's great dance to your minds  
 " eye)  
 " Cannot with all their demonstrations move  
 " Kind apprehension in your fantasy  
 " Of dancing's virtue, and nobility:  
 " How can my barbarous tongue win you thereto,  
 " Which heav'n and earth's fair speech could  
 " never do?

## 118. " O Love

180 A POEM ON DANCING.

118.

“ O Love my king ; if all my wit and power  
“ Have done you all the service that they can,  
“ O be you present in this present hour,  
“ And help your servant and your true liege-man,  
“ End that persuasion which I erst began :  
“ For who in praise of dancing can persuade  
“ With such sweet force as Love, which dancing  
“ made ?”

119.

Love heard his pray'r, and swifter than the wind  
Like to a page, in habit, face, and speech,  
He came, and stood *Antinous* behind,\*  
And many secrets to his thoughts did teach :  
At last a chrystral mirror he did reach  
Unto his hands, that he with one rash view,  
All forms therein by Love's revealing knew.

120.

And humbly honouring, gave it to the queen  
With this fair speech : “ See fairest queen (quoth he)  
“ The fairest sight that ever shall be seen,  
“ And th' only wonder of posterity,  
“ The riehest work in nature's treasury ;

---

\* A passage to the description of dancing in that age.

“ Which

“ Which she disdains to shew on this world’s stage,  
“ And thinks it far too good for our rude age.

121.

“ But in another world divided far,  
“ In the great, fortunate triangled isle,  
“ Thrice twelve degrees remov’d from the north star,  
“ She will this glorious workmanship compile,  
“ Which she hath been conceiving all this while  
“ Since the world’s birth, and will bring forth  
“ at last,  
“ When six and twenty hundred years are past.”

122.

*Penelope*, the queen, when she had view’d  
The strange eye-dazzling admirable light,  
Fain would have prais’d the state and pulchritude,  
But she was stricken dumb with wonder quite,  
Yet her sweet mind retain’d her thinking might:  
Her ravish’d mind in heav’nly thoughts did dwell,  
But what she thought, no mortal tongue can tell.

123.

You lady muse, whom *Jove* the counsellor  
Begot of memory, wisdom’s treasures,  
To your divining tongue is given a power  
Of uttering secrets large and limitless:  
You can *Penelope*’s strange thoughts express

Which

Which she conceiv'd, and then would fain have told,  
When she the wond'rous chryſtal did behold.

## 124.

Her winged thoughts bore up her mind so high,  
As that she ween'd she saw the glorious throne  
Where the bright moon doth sit in majesty,  
A thousand sparkling stars about her shone;  
But she herself did sparkle more alone  
Than all those thousand beauties would have done  
If they had been confounded all in one.

## 125.

And yet she thought those stars mov'd in such measure,  
To do their sovereign honour and delight,  
As sooth'd her mind with sweet enchanting pleasure,  
Although the various change amaz'd her sight,  
And her weak judgment did entangle quite:  
Beside, their moving made them shine more clear,  
As diamonds mov'd, more sparkling do appear.

## 126.

This was the picture of her wondrous thought;  
But who can wonder that her thought was so,  
Sith *Vulcan* king of fire that mirrour wrought,  
(Who things to come, present, and past, doth know)  
And there did represent in lively show

Our glorious English court's divine image,  
As it should be in this our golden age?



*Here are wanting some Stanzas describing  
QUEEN ELIZABETH.*

*Then follow these.*

127.

Her brighter dazzling beams of majesty  
Were laid aside, for she vouchsaf'd awhile  
With gracious, cheerful, and familiar eye  
Upon the revels of her court to smile;  
For so time's journies she doth oft beguile:  
Like sight no mortal eye might elsewhere see  
So full of state, art, and variety.

128.

For of her barons brave, and ladies fair,  
 (Who had they been elsewhere most fair had been)  
 Many an incomparable lovely pair,  
 With hand in hand were interlinked seen,  
 Making fair honour to their sovereign queen ;  
 Forward they pac'd, and did their pace apply  
 To a most sweet and solemn melody.

129.

So subtle and so curious was the measure,  
 With unlook'd for change in ev'ry strain ;  
 As that *Penelope* wrapt with sweet pleasure,  
 When she beheld the true proportion plain  
 Of her own web, weav'd and unweav'd again ;  
 But that her art was somewhat less she thought,  
 And on a meer ignoble subject wrought.

130.

For here, like to the silkworm's industry,  
 Beauty itself out of itself did weave  
 So rare a work, and of such subtlety,  
 As did all eyes entangle and deceive,  
 And in all minds a strange impression leave :  
 In this sweet labyrinth did *Cupid* stray,  
 And never had the power to pass away.

131. As

## A POEM ON DANCING. 185

131.

As when the Indians, neighbours of the morning,  
In honour of the cheerful rising sun,  
With pearl and painted plumes themselves adorning,  
A solemn stately measure have begun ;  
The god, well pleas'd with that fair honour done,  
Sheds forth his beams, and doth their faces kiss  
With that immortal glorious face of his.

132.

So &c. &c.      \* \* \*

F I N I S.

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E R R A T A.

In the Note Page i of the Introduction, instead of the Letters *W. B.* at the End of it, read *W. T.* In the Poem on the Immortality of the Soul Page 101, instead of *S E C T. XXXVI.* read *S E C T. XXXIV.* In the Note facing the Hymns of *Astrea* Page 107, instead of *Two-lines* read *Fodderies.*

# THE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE

BY JAMES HENRY BRADLEY  
LATE MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS  
AND OF THE HOUSE OF PEERS

IN EIGHT VOLUMES  
WITH A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH  
IN FIVE VOLUMES  
BY JAMES HENRY BRADLEY  
AND A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE  
IN ONE VOLUME  
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ONE AT A TIME.

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THE FIVE VOLUMES OF THE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH  
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